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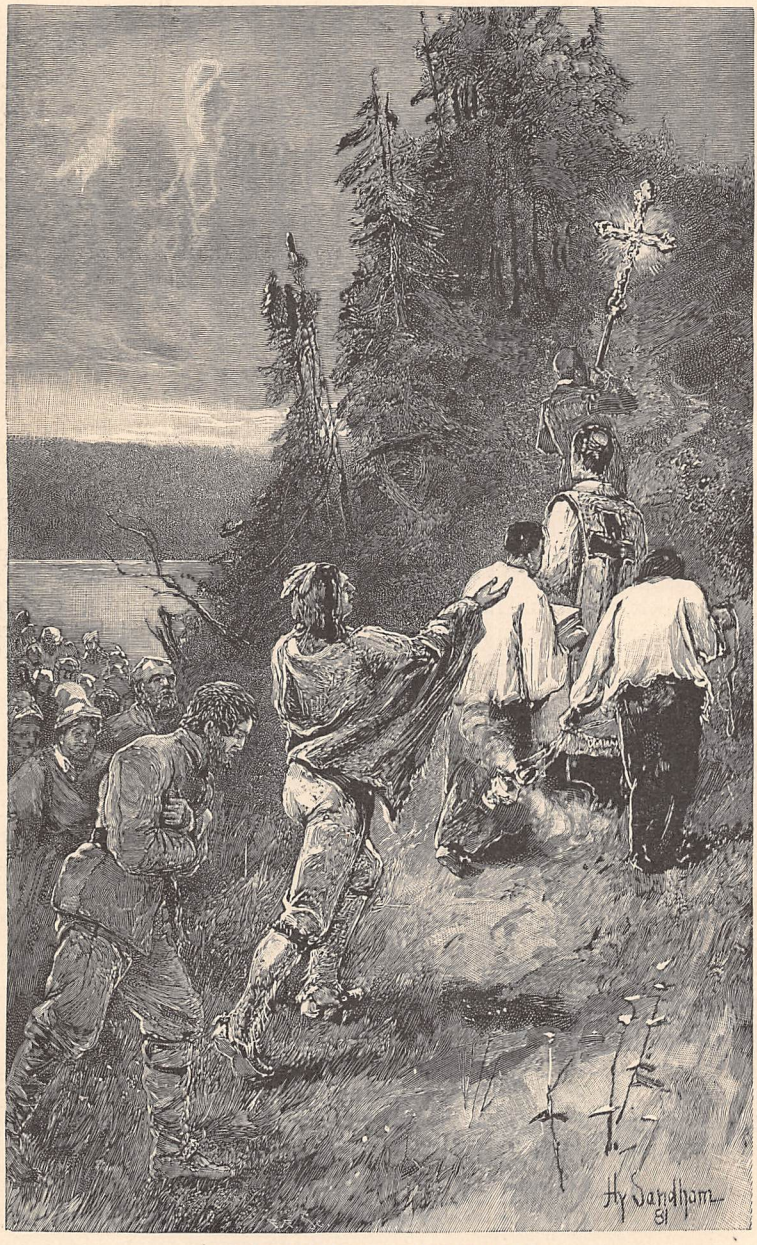
THE CANADIAN MECCA.

HAD you been a pagan Iroquois on the war-path from Onondaga* in the summer of 1661, standing on the Isle of Orleans, below Quebec, with the scalps of your Huron and French foes at your belt, you would have seen the remnant of the hated Christian Indians paddling in their bark canoes across the St. Lawrence to the northern shore. From the bluff of land where the picturesque church of St. François has stood for over a century and a half, you would have seen your enemies who had sold their ancient birthright for a mess of French rum and trinkets, steering for havens of refuge amid a rich panorama of forest and mountain—some of them up stream, where they found shelter under the guns of Quebec; most of them toward a great peak of the Laurentian chain of hills, where, close to the shore, a small stone chapel and a few houses marked the site of Petit Cap,—one of the oldest settlements on one of the oldest roads in Canada. Had you stolen before day-break at low tide across the water, and paddled through the marsh, you might have listened until you heard the bell for morning vespers, and then gliding ashore, you might have crept behind the brush and watched a procession of French and their Huron allies, headed by the priests, slowly marching to the chapel, and repeating the invocation: "*Jésus, Marie, Joseph, Joachim, et Anne, secourez-nous*," while your blood boiled with hate, and your fingers tingled to get at their hair. About a century later, had you been a loyal English colonist of New York, you might have followed the Highlanders in their attack on the French and Hurons along this same road, and in this same little village, then named Sainte Anne. And if tradition be true,—and a possible fable is as good for a *gobemouche* as a positive fact,—you might have seen the same little chapel delivered by the mysterious interposition of the saint herself, when the troops tried three times in succession to set it on fire, after the rest of the village had been burned. And now, one hundred and twenty-two years later, you may quietly run down on a holiday trip from Donnacona's ancient throne, the peaceful citadel of Quebec, to this same little village, now called "Ste. Anne de Beaupré," or more affectionately, "La Bonne Ste. Anne," and known as the most venerated shrine of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada—the soul and center of reputed miracles as wonderful as any that stirred the heart of mediæval Europe. Though not accepted without reserve by the more educated classes, they are as sacred to the superstitious habitant along the St. Lawrence as is the mother-shrine of Ste. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany, to the credulous sailors in the Morbihan.

The heathen red-skin of Onondaga has long since been Christianized, and is passing away. The English colonies, which had a sworn foe in the New France at the north, have become a great and independent nation. The old French colony, with its brilliant story, has disappeared in the Dominion of Canada, and Richelieu's grand scheme of a French transatlantic empire has its mockery in the small fishing-islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre, off the south coast of Newfoundland. Little did Richelieu imagine, when he excluded the Huguenots from France and her colonies, that he was doing as much as possible to add to the wealth of the Protestants of Europe and to the prosperity of the Puritans of New England, and that one of the results of his policy was to be the perpetuation of the very heresy he hated. Persecution often makes a

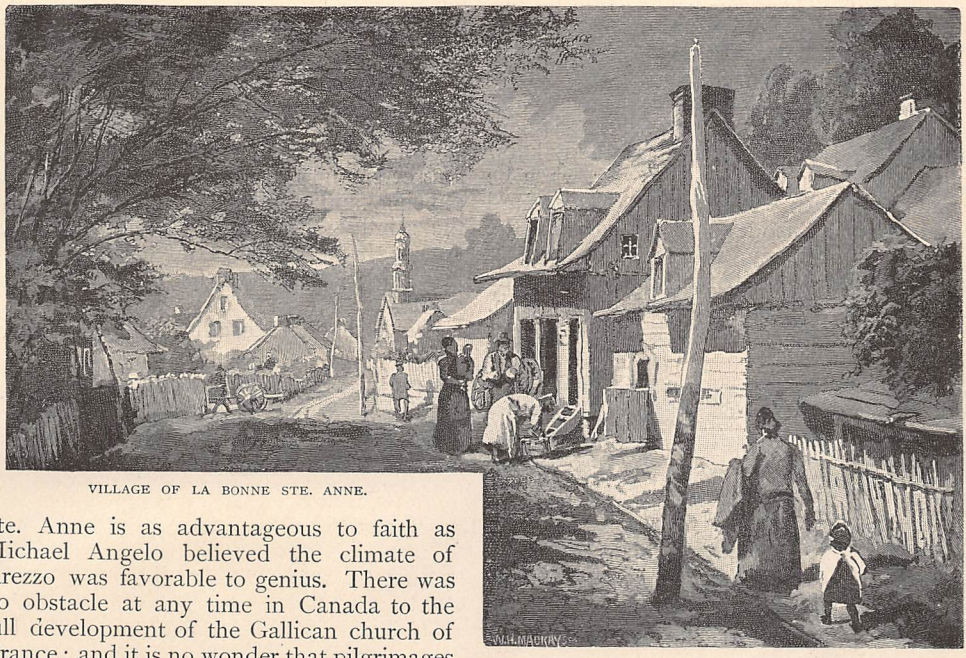
*As New York was then called.

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A PILGRIMAGE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

barren cause prolific. It has been the mother of great men and great nations. Little did Champlain imagine, when he prohibited the psalms of the Huguenots on the St. Lawrence, that a few more years would see the *fleur-de-lis* lowered forever from the city he founded; and France, once the mistress of the whole American continent north of Mexico, reduced to a few fishing-islands, equal to a square of fifteen miles! There that little remnant of French-American territory lies, as if to remind us of the past glory of a noble nation. Amid all these vicissitudes, our little Canadian shrine has slept its Rip van Winkle sleep; until to-day, with the revival in Europe of the mediæval trust in miracles, and in the efficacy of pilgrimages, an effort is here being made to waken the Canadian mind to the belief that La Bonne



VILLAGE OF LA BONNE STE. ANNE.

Ste. Anne is as advantageous to faith as Michael Angelo believed the climate of Arezzo was favorable to genius. There was no obstacle at any time in Canada to the full development of the Gallican church of France; and it is no wonder that pilgrimages should become an institution of the old French province, and that it should be claimed that more miracles have been wrought through the relics of a dead saint than are known to have been performed by Christ. Though Quebec city, with its sixty dioceses, is mentioned in a bull of Pius IX. as the metropolis of the church in America, you will need to rub your eyes to make sure that you are not in Belgium. Under the French *régime* it was the heart of the colony, and was a spiritual as well as a material fortress. Ste. Anne de Beaupré was one of its outposts.



PILGRIMS ON THE CÔTE DE BEAUPRÉ.

But who was this saint so revered long ago by the Canadian *voyageur* and habitant, and whose intercession, all the world over, now seems to be supplanting that of all other saints? It might be enough to know that, in 1876, the Pope declared Ste. Anne to be patroness of the Province of Quebec, though it is not stated how this affects the claim of St. Joseph, who has long been the patron of all Canada. But who was Ste. Anne? Tradition says she was the mother of the Virgin Mary, born of one of the family of David, and that her mother had predicted the birth through her of the Saviour. Having died at Jerusalem, she was buried in the family vault. When you are at our Canadian shrine you may see, in a little glass case, a confused mass of dried, broken bones, which you are told are those of the saint. You will naturally be curious to know how they got out of the family vault in Jerusalem into a little hamlet in Canada. In the time of Marcus Aurelius, the infidels destroyed all the monuments in the Holy Land, but, "according to tradition," one coffin could be

neither burned nor opened, and being thrown into the sea, floated off to the town of Apt, in Provence, where it lay for a long time buried in the sand. One day some fishermen caught in their net an enormous fish, which clearly by its actions showed that fishes have instinct and reason, and that St. Anthony knew more than we give him credit for, when he preached to them. This fish struggled so hard that it made a deep hole in the sand on the shore, and when the fishermen dragged it out, the coffin of Ste. Anne appeared in the hole. No one in Apt could open the coffin. The bishop Aurelius placed it in a crypt, put its associations with our Canadian shrine made the visit one of much interest. I must say, however, that the Canadian pilgrimages are never the scene of such debauchery as those in Brittany, for the devil seemed to have made it his holiday at the two Old-World pilgrimages witnessed by me. Religious ceremonies clashed with vulgar open-air dancing, and peasants who had just kissed the saintly relics, came out of church and boastingly swallowed brandy, glass after glass, in a deliberate effort to make themselves drunk.

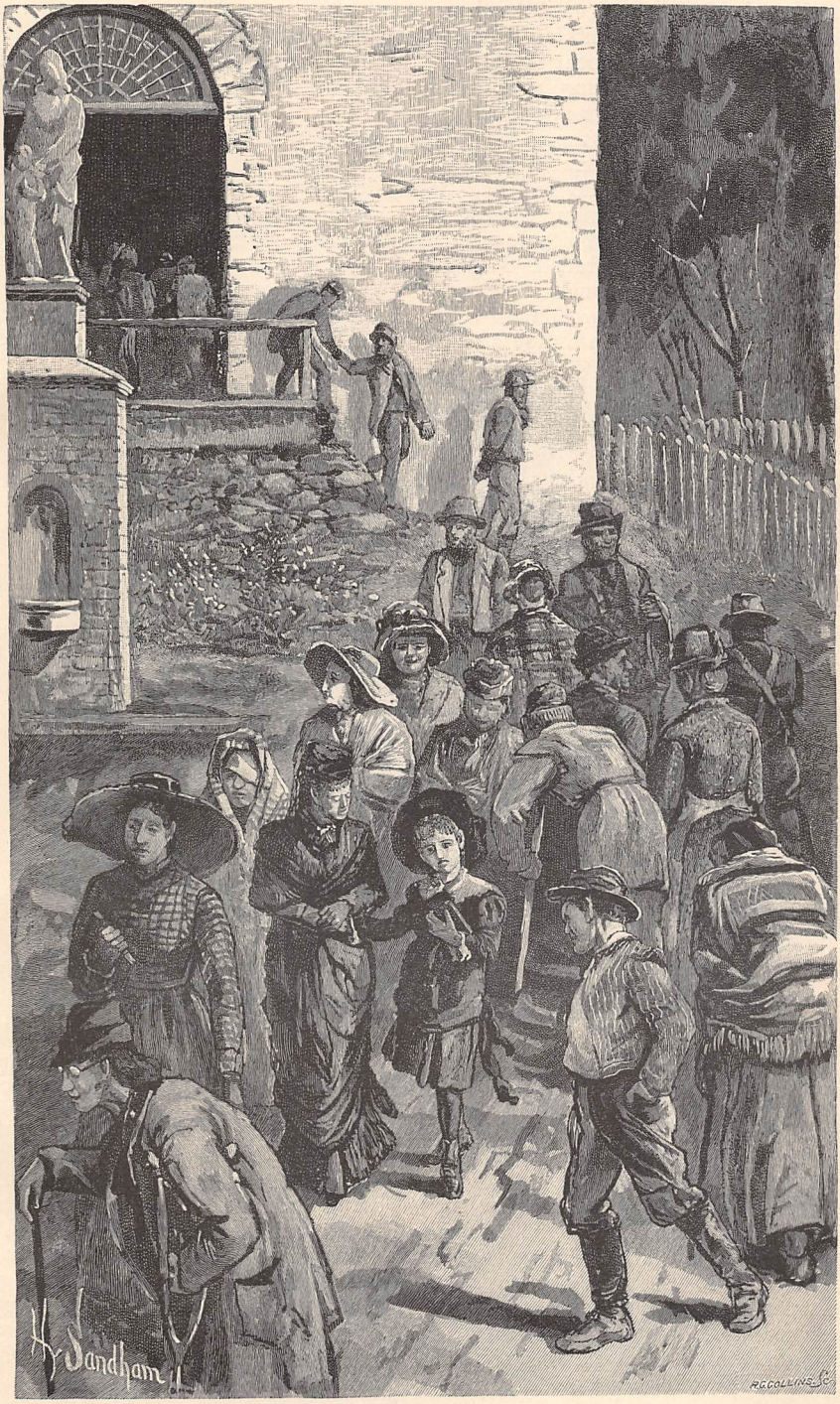
Our Canadian Mecca has an authentic date



A YOUNG PILGRIM IN AN OLD CRADLE.

a burning lamp before it, and had it hermetically walled up. Seven hundred years later, Charlemagne, moved by the appeal of a deaf and dumb boy, caused a certain wall to be destroyed, in which the coffin was found.

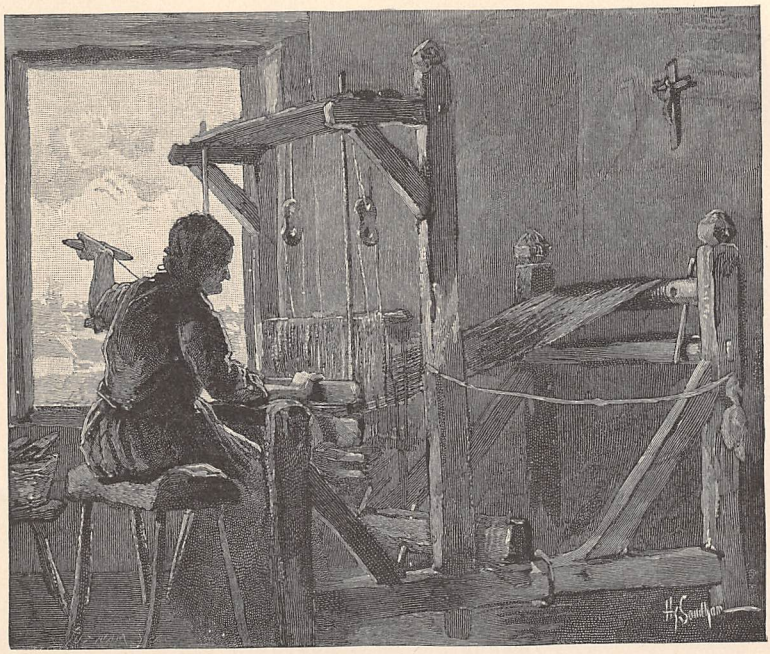
I remember visiting a beautiful cathedral in Apt, on the bank of the Calavon, said to have been erected on the exact spot where the fish leaped and the coffin was found. A short journey from the Celtic monuments of Carnac, in Brittany, is the little hamlet of Ste. Anne d'Auray, the most famous shrine of the saint in the world. On a fête-day, a few years ago, I saw the special pilgrimage, and back to 1658. A habitant of Petit Cap gave the parish priest of Quebec a portion of land, upon condition that in that year a church should be begun on the spot. The site was accepted, duly consecrated, and dedicated to Ste. Anne, the patroness of sailors. The foundation-stone was laid by the French governor. It is said that a peasant of Beaupré, who had "pains in his loins," went, out of devotion, to lay three stones of the foundation, and was suddenly cured; and that a woman who had been bent double for eight months by some affliction began to invoke the saint as soon as she heard of the miracle, and was "instantly



PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

able to stand on her feet, and as well able to move all her limbs as she had ever been." Miracle after miracle followed, until the sleepy little hollow was the talk of all New France. Soldiers, as they paced their beat on the fort, looked down the river as if they expected to see a vision. The peasantry grouped together in large family circles, just as they love to do to-day, and as the big logs crackled in the great fire-place, some one who had been to the shrine recounted his experience and gave reins to his imagination, and all piously crossed themselves when he had concluded. Pilgrims flocked to the New-World wonder on the St. Lawrence, and during the seventeenth century there were never less than a thousand on the feast-day of Ste. Anne. At all seasons of the year, individual pilgrims were seen going afoot along the Côte de Beaupré, and in winter in their sleighs on the frozen river. The Micmac Indians came regularly from New Brunswick for trade, and before feast-days their canoes were seen coming up stream to the shrine, where they built birch-bark huts to shelter the pilgrims. In fact, the whole country was excited by the mystery, and many churches were built in honor of the saint. It was a regular custom of vessels ascending the St. Lawrence to fire a broadside salute when passing the place. We who live in this age of electricity, and who affect to be beyond astonishment, but gape at every new sensation as if the world was yet in its teens, may imagine the thrill of wonder which would run through the minds of the simple peasantry, and the superstitious *voyageurs*, when the miracles were told.

It was not with the touching and simple spirit which led many to flock to the holy place in Jerusalem, in the time of the old Jewish law, that I went to La Bonne Ste. Anne. Nor was it with the unquestioning devotion of the Canadian peasant. I was simply a holiday lounger in search of the picturesque, with no more faith in La Bonne Ste. Anne than in the dozens of other shrines I had seen in Europe, and with a strong belief in the statements that, after the Crusades, innumerable relics were sold to the Latins by the cunning Greeks and Syrians, and that several skulls of the same saint were found within a hundred miles of each other. What I had seen of the pilgrimages in Brittany and Belgium did not raise them in my estimation. The picturesque in Brittany could not conceal the dirt and mental degradation. I remembered, too, an incident upon the arrival of our train, when little Breton boys and girls met us with offers, for a sou, to say prayers for us. One who is familiar with the many genial and admirable traits of the French-Canadian peasantry, the superior moral and spiritual tone, and the respectability, cleanliness, and sobriety which put them above the same class of Continental people, would have no thought of seeing here the vice and licentiousness



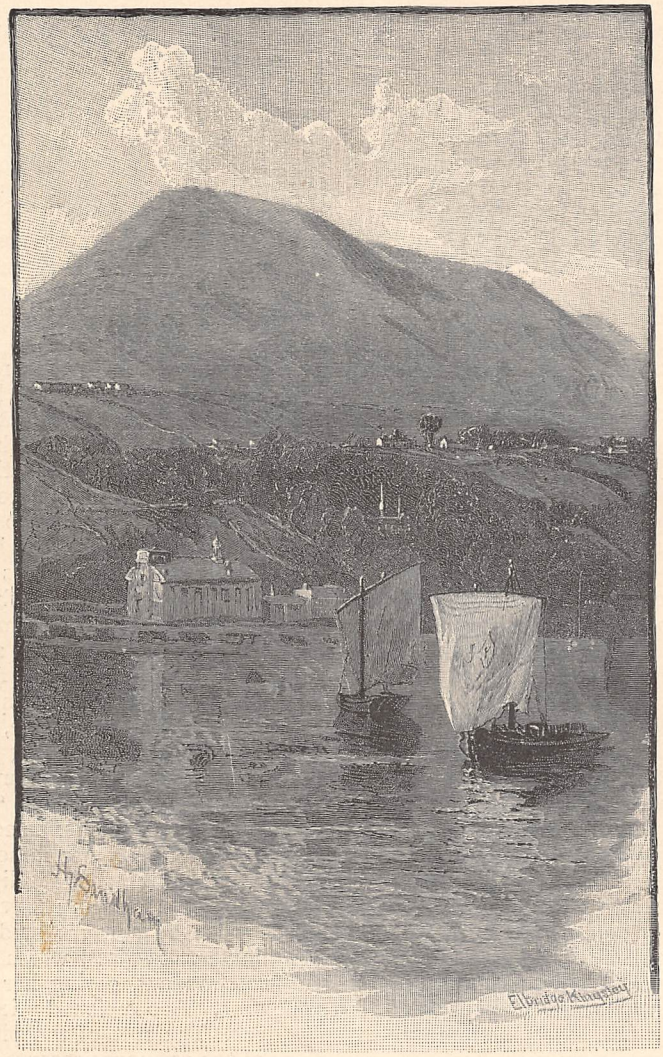
A CANADIAN INTERIOR.

common to the Breton gatherings. The French-Canadian peasant may not know how to read; he may fear the spiritual threats of his priest more than the punishment of the civil law; but as a rule he is a peaceful Christian according to his light. Ste. Anne, to many of them, is as sacred as was Jerusalem to the Jews, and no doubt our good countryman pities and prays for me and my heresy; and, had he been born a Mohammedan, would no doubt have believed that he who died without making a pilgrimage to Mecca might as well die a Jew or a Christian.

Almost any morning in summer you may get the early boat just below Dufferin Terrace, and see dozens of quiet people muttering their devotions to themselves, each carrying his or her burden of trouble to Ste. Anne. The crowded pilgrimages which are undertaken by whole parishes *en masse* have much the appearance of an ordinary picnic, and most of the pilgrims suggest the idea that they come "more for the green way than for devotion." But you cannot mistake the sincerity and superstition of those individual pilgrims who go down to the shrine without ostentation. They are mostly women, many widows, and nearly all dressed in the conventional black dress, with black bonnet and long crape veil. You may go down by steamer or by road. If you go by water you can study these people better; but when you see the rich landscape you will wish you had taken the road; from the Côte de Beaupré you see the lovely water-scape, and then you will wish you had gone by steamer; so I will indulge you in both. We need no scrip, staff, or scallop-shell; no unshod feet—though once I saw a barefooted pilgrimage below Cacouna; no gray gabardine girt with cincture; no asceticism, but a comfortable steamer or a double carriage, with every modern comfort cheek-by-jowl with much mediæval usage.

The river was alive with boats, steamers, barges. Half a dozen steam-yachts, used as tugs, were puffing consequentially, and scudding between Quebec and Pointe Levi. One little David had steamed up to a Goliath of a ship which had just crossed the Atlantic, and had taken the conceit out of the monster by lashing itself in some way to its side and puffing up the river with it, like a dwarf arresting a giant. After the usual jargon we were off, and had time to look about among our passengers. They were mostly pilgrims, and all French of the poorer class. But, no matter how poor, the French-Canadian is a model of tidiness. Like a sunflower amid ivy, there was the traditional young man from the country, arrayed, on a hot day, in black kid gloves, a flower in his coat, and a feather in his cap. Beside him—very much beside him—his "own sweet Genevieve," blushing in colors enough to make the rainbow pale, and every part of her jacket and the white veil over her face covered with little bits of red glass balls; a poor mother, holding a sick child in her arms, walking up and down the deck in a sort of penitential agony, and refusing any help, though many of the kind-hearted women proffered their aid; several very desolate-looking widows. I had been told that few, if any, ever went to Ste. Anne's to return thanks for blessings received, but the uncharitable statement was here refuted, for several poor women were *en route* especially to express gratitude for the recovery of personal health. One dear old lady, rheumatic and almost blind, was led about tenderly by her son. As I saw her thin gray hair and bended frame, and watched the affection of her boy, my heretical spirit found a feeling that made us kin, and, while refusing to believe in Ste. Anne, I prayed inwardly for her recovery. I would have sung my pæans of praise had the dear old soul found the fountain of youth in the waters of Ste. Anne, and had she been able to leave her crutch among those on the pyramid in the church. Alas! I saw her returning in the afternoon more feeble than when she came. One pale, thin girl had fasted for five days, having read that, like Moses and Elias, Ste. Anne and her husband fasted entirely for forty days, "and wept perpetually." A girl with inflamed and bandaged eyes was going with her father to perform a *novena*, or nine days' religious exercise. Two nuns were chatting together; a solemn servant of some convent held in one hand a five-minute sand-glass, which she turned as the sand ran out, saying her prayers at the same time. Two rubicund priests promenaded the deck. The rest of the pilgrims were fair types of the ordinary peasant, and were either ignorant or weak-minded.

Look at the splendid scenery before, behind, on either side. The Isle of Orleans, with its broad brow, is in front. The ships for England sail off to the southern channel. One fancies he can smell the sea here, and it may not be mere fancy, for the tide rises ninety miles above Quebec, and the water is brackish. It is out this morning, and there along the shore and up among the shiny rocks, the *bateaux* and wood-boats lie waiting for the flow. Just below us, as we keep to the left of Orleans, we meet two steamers tugging two great rafts, and the hardy Indian and French *voyageurs* wave their hats to us. There lies the Church of St. Pierre, upon the hill of Minigo, as the Indians called Orleans, built one hundred and twelve years

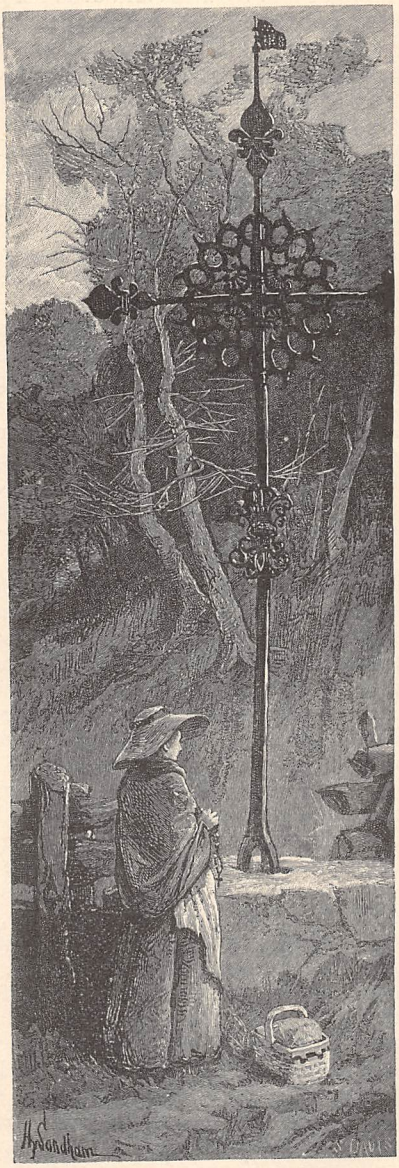


MOUNT STE. ANNE.

ago, on the site of a chapel erected in 1651. Looking to the left now, we see Montmorenci Falls, shining in the morning sun like a broad ribbon of molten silver, the dark shadows of the right bank casting long lines of gloom into the glen. As we pass the falls, we are wedging in between Orleans on the right, and gaps and grooves on the main-land to the left, eaten by ice and rains. Zigzag foot-paths run up to the hill-tops from the river and road-side; narrow strips of land, fenced into all sorts of geometrical figures, straggle up over the hills into the horizon; clumps of pines are seen along the shore; and above and about the trees are the picturesque white farm-houses, with their gray, brown, and red roofs—a perfect chain, long drawn out, of quaint hamlets set in frames of mountain and river; peeps of the blue Laurentian Mountains far behind; the white houses of Château Richer hugging the shore; and behind them the hills rolling up into waves of land, until they run to a peak of two thousand six hundred and eighty-seven feet to form Mount Ste. Anne, then droop into the valleys, and again run up against the blue sky to form the home of the bear and the blue-berry—Cape Tourmente. Here and there you see the stone churches and bright spires, both on the main-land and on the island. Look back now from the stern. I once heard a world-wide traveler say he had

never anywhere seen such a picture as this view back at the city. Quebec and Pointe Levi seem to be blended in one semicircular bay of bright water, lapping a dazzling array of glittering gems. The citadel looks clear cut, as if its masonry had been run into a mold. We see barges, with loads of hay or wood, and with only two hands on board, trusting to a rough sail and a stout oar to get to their destination; fresh-water sailors in heavy boats, pushing their oars before them as they face the bow, as one sees so often on Continental rivers and as often elsewhere on the St. Lawrence, about Quebec. The Isle of Orleans reposes like an emerald in the water at the point where the fate of a continent was decided. There on its bosom St. François sleeps, as if the dread Iroquois had never yelled their war-whoop on its hills; and if history has no echoes to stir you, come with me from that quiet little hamlet some autumn, with gun and rod, on the broad meadows of Argentenay, or among the marshes of the Château Richer, and I will promise you as fine a bag of snipe and duck as you can get anywhere within sight of civilization on this side of New Brunswick. What feasts of wild fowl, what epicurean relishes with Parisian cookery, they must have had in the way of game when peace reigned in the old château of St. Louis on the rock, the castle of the French governor, and life in this part of New France, brilliant with the wit and song of the nobility of Louis XIV., was more feasting than fasting; when Orleans was called the Isle of Bacchus, because of its great grape-vines, and of the fish, honey, and melons with which the red-skins regaled Jacques Cartier. I wonder Parisian wit did not try upon the Indian the civilizing influence of Parisian cookery; for it is related of a convert who lay at the point of death that he anxiously inquired if, in the pale-face heaven to which he was going, he would get pies to equal those which the French had given him. All about here—on mountain, in valley, on island, on river—you can trace the richest pages of Canadian and much of American history. Memories of Jacques Cartier, Sir William Phipps, Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe, Montcalm, Carleton, Arnold, Montgomery, Murray, rise from the surroundings. And then you may come down from your imagining and see Huron and Iroquois merging into French and English, and the queer jumble of Indian, Norman, Breton, English, in name, in face, in speech, in religion, slowly but surely blending, as the centuries roll away, to form one people. Is it not a bit of early British history—the story of the Norman, Dane, and Saxon—being repeated in the New World?

But now we see the sun playing on the convent-spire of Ste. Anne; Cape Tourmente and Orleans seem to meet, and the river has the appearance of a great bay. Long ribbons of the characteristic Canadian fence run crookedly up to the crest of pines; a fringe of houses lies along the shore. And now the main-land and the island divide; the open river shows the line of the hazy shore downstream, and we are approaching the long wharf and the toll-gatherer of our Mecca. But come back with me to Quebec, and drive through the romantic hamlets of the Côte de Beaupré, with its endless interest in life, char-



BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

acter, and scenery. This is by far the most charming way to visit Ste. Anne's, especially if you have good company, if you like walking, and can talk the *patois*. If, too, you ever have walked through Normandy and Brittany, you can find no more fascinating trip for its associations than this Côte de Beaupré. If you are fresh from the story of "Evangeline," you will enjoy it doubly, for though the people are losing a good deal of their picturesque character, and you will rarely see the *toque bleu* of the habitant, yet in the same room you may often see grandmother at her spinning-wheel and granddaughter at her sewing-machine; you may cut into by-ways, and even get peeps into the low-roofed and high-peaked houses as you pass, that will bring back the poet's words and carry you into the eighteenth century. There are old men and old women, old houses and old habits, old agricultural and domestic implements and furniture, and old china enough to gladden the heart of any antiquarian. I fear, though, that the province is being stripped of its old clocks.

This trip by land is delightful. Early one morning we left the St. Louis Hotel in Quebec. If you are going ten miles into the country here, you are sure to receive "*bon voyage!*" as often as if you were going to Hong-Kong. Passing through St. Roche's and crossing the bridge over the St. Charles River, we were soon out in the open country. We were at once struck with the fondness of the people for flowers. Little squares and bits of land are devoted to their culture. They hang from gallery and window, around wall and well, and grow in wooden boxes, old jars, and miniature birch-bark canoes. Big and beautiful dahlias of all colors nod their full heads to us; the marigold, whose seeds were brought from France by the early explorers; the hollyhock, fox-glove, China-aster, and Normandy's flaming favorite, the sunflower, and other old-fashioned flowers of old-fashioned people, beautify and brighten the surroundings. Little houses, like stables, often just big enough to shelter a cow or a horse, and little gardens, are characteristic of this truly Canadian road. Springs of crystal water run down the hill into troughs for the horses, as in Swiss villages. All along for miles from Beaupré, the hill-side is luxuriant with wild plums, which are gathered and sent to the city market.

Along this road you will see some of the choicest specimens of the early French farm-houses, built of rough stone and mortar, with high-peaked roof and big chimney, often built out beyond the level of the gable, and with projecting eaves and dormer-windows. Some of these old houses are contemporaneous with the conquest of Canada. Most of them are close to the road, and the fences on each side are as a rule very ragged, except among the best farmers. Little picket-fences, some of them over a century old, are characteristic—many of them so tattered that they remind you of the broken hedges of Tipperary, where, when a pig goes through a hole, he finds he is still on the same side of the hedge. The tall Lombardy poplar is an old-time favorite of the Canadian farmer. Some of the stables and barns have thatched roofs and a peculiar projection, at the gable or at the sides, several feet beyond the line of the foundation. At the same time you can see here as fine modern farm-houses and barns as in any other part of the province.

Montmorenci Falls is the first rest. Then you have a charming drive over the hills until you come to the quaint hamlet of Ange Gardien, where there is a small oratory at the entrance and another at the exit, and in the middle of the village the old church. As our carriage rolls on, little boys and girls with bare head and feet chase beside us, holding out bouquets in the hope that we will buy. They do not turn hand-springs like the waifs who follow the traveler's carriage in England. Sometimes children offer you a glass of spring-water, or raspberries or strawberries in cones of birch-bark. They are an improvement upon the way-side beggars of Savoi in Switzerland; for our Canadians have not arrived at the high art of mendicancy—singing songs in groups, chanting ballads in honor of Ste. Anne, or blowing Laurentian horns in lieu of Alpine. The children one meets on this road are most interesting. The Côte de Beaupré is historically prolific in babies, and you may see many charming children, such as one diminutive artist in mud-pies, or the little vagabond who roosts on the fence and sings out his "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" as you pass; or the three little graces whom we meet coming out of school, in their pretty Canadian hats and aprons. And here are two genuine rustic boys from the hill-tops, going to Ste. Anne's to sell bottles at the holy fountain. You will never forget the native courtesy of these little men and women, as they doff their hats or courtesy to you. The grace, the look of the eye, and the movement of the body—surely it is nature's own, and *la belle France* can show none lovelier.

One of the institutions of this road is the healthy beggar, who is usually a good pedestrian, and with no such show of feigned affliction as the fraternity of the south and west of Ireland. Generally they are masterpieces of patchwork. Invariably they are as dirty as Bretons. Every village has its tolerated staff of these creatures, who go about as if they

had some sort of succession from the beggars of scriptural times. If the apostles had lived in our day and traveled on the road to Ste. Anne, they would not have had to go out into the lanes to bring in the beggars. The beggars would have swarmed on the road to welcome the apostles.

If you have seen the dogs used in small carts in Belgium by the market-peddlers, either tandem or abreast, you will recognize their lineal descendants along the Côte de Beaupré. Even the women who drive them will remind you of Ghent and Bruges. These dogs are to the peasant here what the pig is to the peasant of Munster. They lie on the galleries or sun themselves undisturbed at the door, and are allowed the run of the house. They are large black mastiffs, patient beasts of burden, without enterprise enough to bark. They do a great deal of hard work, are more domesticated than the coolie, and a sort of aid-de-camp to the horse at whose heels, or under whose cart, they trot. Near them sits an old lady on a bench knitting socks, wearing a cap the fashion of which her great-grandmother brought from St. Malo.

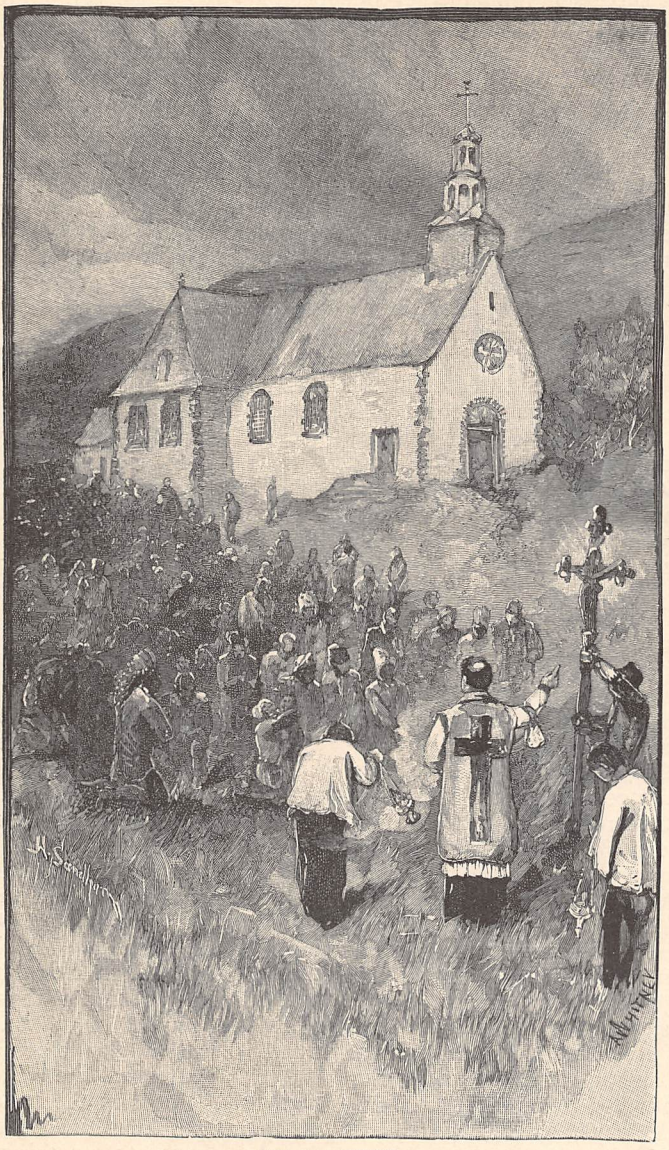
In a few moments we trot into the heart of our Mecca and pull up at "The Retreat," a cozy and clean hotel, kept by an English family who are as intelligent as they are hospitable. Mine host has a telegraphic instrument in the house. It was regarded with superstition by the habitant, whereas it is one of superstition's worst foes. We had arrived several hours before an expected grand pilgrimage coming down the river in chartered steamers, like the *traines de piété* at Lourdes. The village consists of one long street, and, were it paved with stone, would bear a strong resemblance to village streets in Switzerland, with the projecting signs, gables, and galleries of the many little *auberges*. Every house is an improvised inn, and all the fishermen are amateur inn-keepers. The street lies at the foot of the hill, and, as you go through it, you will see faces and figures that constantly remind you of the coarse women seen in similar streets in Swiss villages. Most French-Canadian country-women become stout and wrinkled in middle life, owing to the excessive heat of the houses in winter, badly cooked food, and hard work; but those who have to go up and down these steep hills become especially clumsy. It is wonderful to see these heavy women going up the zigzag hill-roads, swinging their arms at right angles from their shoulders, and climbing fences like a man.

One of the characters of Ste. Anne is our jolly harness and shoe maker—a woman on the shady side of sixty. If her deportment has been neglected, she is thoroughly honest and happy, as she smokes her clay pipe and shoves her spectacles up on her forehead to take a better look at her visitors. You may laugh at her ancient cap, but if you could find out why she laughs at you, you would learn that she laughs at your modern bonnet. Just over the way we saw, through an open window, a real live Evangeline, in her pretty Norman cap, at a spinning-wheel.

Let us walk down to the other end of the village: what has become of the ancient church built in 1660? To the right of the road stands a large structure a few years old, disagreeable in its ostentatious modernness. What right had they ruthlessly to destroy the old one? We are told that the walls were cracking. So much the better. To the left stands a small chapel, also modern, yet wearing a genial aged look. This was built out of the stones of the ancient chapel. The picturesque double bell-tower of the old building surmounts this chapel, and a part of the old interior was utilized, but one misses the plain façade, with its rose-window and its Norman doors; gone altogether is the atmosphere of antiquity which hovered about the old interior.

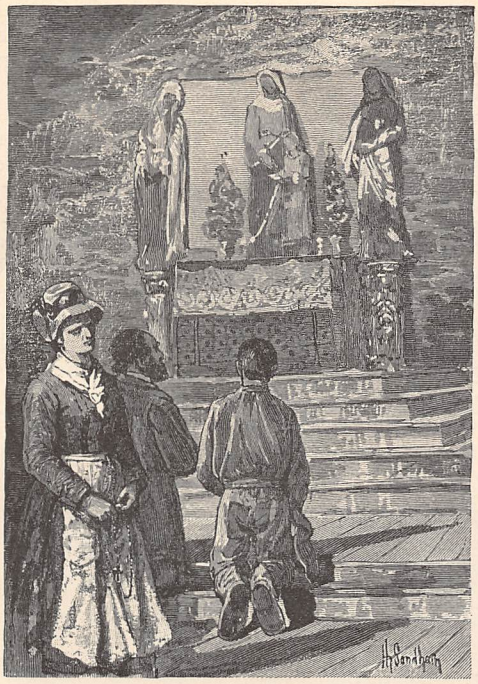
Look down the road toward "The Retreat." Is it not as if you were transported to a Swiss village? Painted on the gable-end of one house, you read: "Ici Bonne Maison de Pension." And there, fastened to a stable, is the sign: "Bureu de Poste Ofcie," in very unclassical French. And what is this huge sign projecting out into the street? "E. Lachance, Epoux de Dlle. Mercier. Maison de Pension" (E. Lachance, husband of Miss Mercier. Boarding-house). And next door has another, surmounted by a fish: "Maison de Pension. Dlle. Mercier." Thereby hangs a tale: The house of Mercier had two daughters, one of them "fair, fat, and forty," who was the belle of the parish. Many a pilgrim from Quebec went to Ste. Anne more to see this maiden than to pray. An enterprising rival, who kept the hotel next door, cast sheep's-eyes upon the goddess; she succumbed, and became his wife, and transferred her interest in the hotel business to her liege lord. The old house still kept up the old sign of "Miss Mercier," and the ingenious benedict took down his old one and had it repainted, so as to announce to the world that he had married, and was in possession of the great attraction of the rival house.

But there the steamers come, and soon two thousand pilgrims land on the wharf. A brass band leads the way, and the people file up in long procession, dusty but devoted, many, no doubt, with mingled hopes and fears. Over



THE OLD CHURCH.

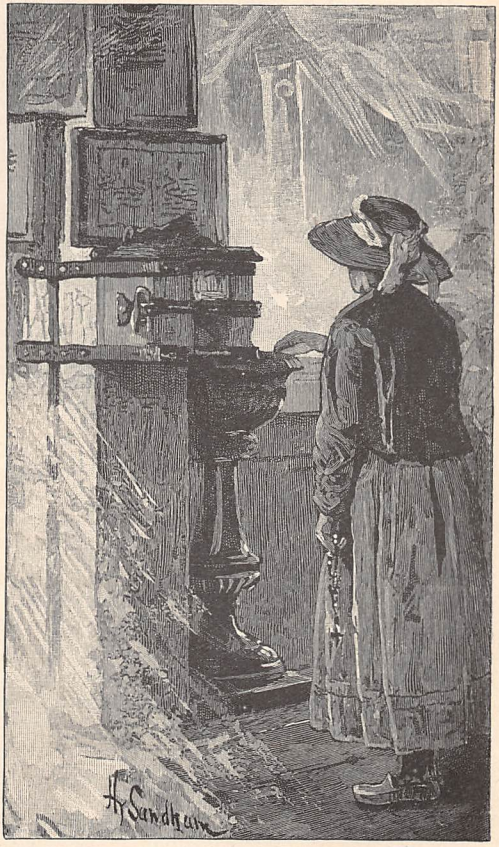
forty cripples limp along on crutches, or supported by friends, and a pitiable sight it is. The procession enters the new church, where, at the high altar and at the sides, a number of priests preside. As you enter, you see a large money-box, of ancient date and curious construction, fastened to a pillar by iron stanchions. The quaint padlock is opened by an old-fashioned bed-key. Over the side doors are rude *ex voto* paintings, representing wonderful rescues from peril by water through intercession to Ste. Anne. Over the altar is a picture of the saint by Le Brun, the eminent French artist, and the side altars contain paintings by the Franciscan monk Lefrançois, who died in 1685. Hung upon a decorated pedestal is a handsome oval frame or reliquary like a large locket, surrounded with garnets, and having in its center a rich cross of pearls. Besides this, you see the collection of bones said to be the relics of the saint, consisting of a piece of one finger-bone, obtained in 1663, by Bishop Laval, from the chapter of Carcassonne, and which was first exposed to view on the 12th of March, 1670. In another case there is a piece of bone of the saint, obtained in 1877, but the Redemptorist Fathers, who have charge of the mission,



IN THE NEW CHURCH, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD.

do not know to what part of the body it belongs. The dry bones of the saint do not appear to differ in glory from those of a sinner. The church also claims to own a piece of the true cross upon which our Saviour died, and a piece of stone from the foundation of the house in which Ste. Anne lived, brought from France in 1879. Also there may be seen a superb chasuble, given by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., and some silver crucifixes.

Nothing, however, will excite more curiosity than the great pyramid of crutches, and aids to the sick and the crippled, twenty-two feet high, divided into six tiers, and crowned by a very old gilt statue of the saint. The collection is very curious and principally home-made, comprising plain walking-sticks, odd knobbed fancies of sexagenarians, queer handles, and padded arm and shoulder rests, made of pine, oak, birch, ash, hickory, rock-elm—of all common and many novel designs. A half-leg support testifies to a reputed removal of anchylosis of the knee-joint by intercession to the saint. I have no desire to sneer, but that there is some imposition and much imagination about these "miracles" no impartial mind can doubt. One may carry his charity to the verge of believing that implicit faith in intercession to a saint, with mingled hope and fear and a strong determination to force a cure, may in some cases really throw off disease; but the power of mind and will over the body without any such intercession is familiar to every student, and is no doubt an undeveloped branch of medical science. A coincidence is not a miracle, neither is this power of the will over the body a miracle. Among the long list of reputed miracles, the following from a manual of devotion will be sufficiently suggestive: "In the year 1664, a woman broke her leg. As the bone was fractured in four places, it was impossible to set it. For eight months she was unable to walk, and the doctors gave up all hope of a cure. She made a *novena*, in honor of the saint, and vowed that if she was cured she would visit the shrine every year. She was carried to the church, and during the communion she put aside her crutches and was cured at once." Sworn testimony is given as to instant recovery in diseases said by physicians to be incurable by ordinary means, and among the particular favors accorded to the parish, the temporal as well as spiritual is not forgotten. The Bishop of Montreal says that it is Ste. Anne who obtains for it "rain in the time of drought." "For it is a pious tradition among you," says he, "that a little picture representing Ste. Anne, with her august



HOLY-WATER FOUNT AND POOR-BOX.

daughter, is the instrument of God's mercy towards you."

During the service in the church, the pilgrims crowd up to the altar and kneel in long rows in front of the balustrade. The officiating priests carry the relics in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, and touch the glass cover to the lips of the worshipers, wiping it after each kiss.

As you come out, you see pilgrims around the fountain, drinking its water and filling bottles to carry home. It is not the original well, which is said to have been the scene of cures as miraculous as those performed at Lourdes; but if it was justifiable to move the church, why not the well? As you turn to the left, you see a picturesque way-side oratory, built of rough stones and mortar, from which



EX VOTO PAINTING, 1754.

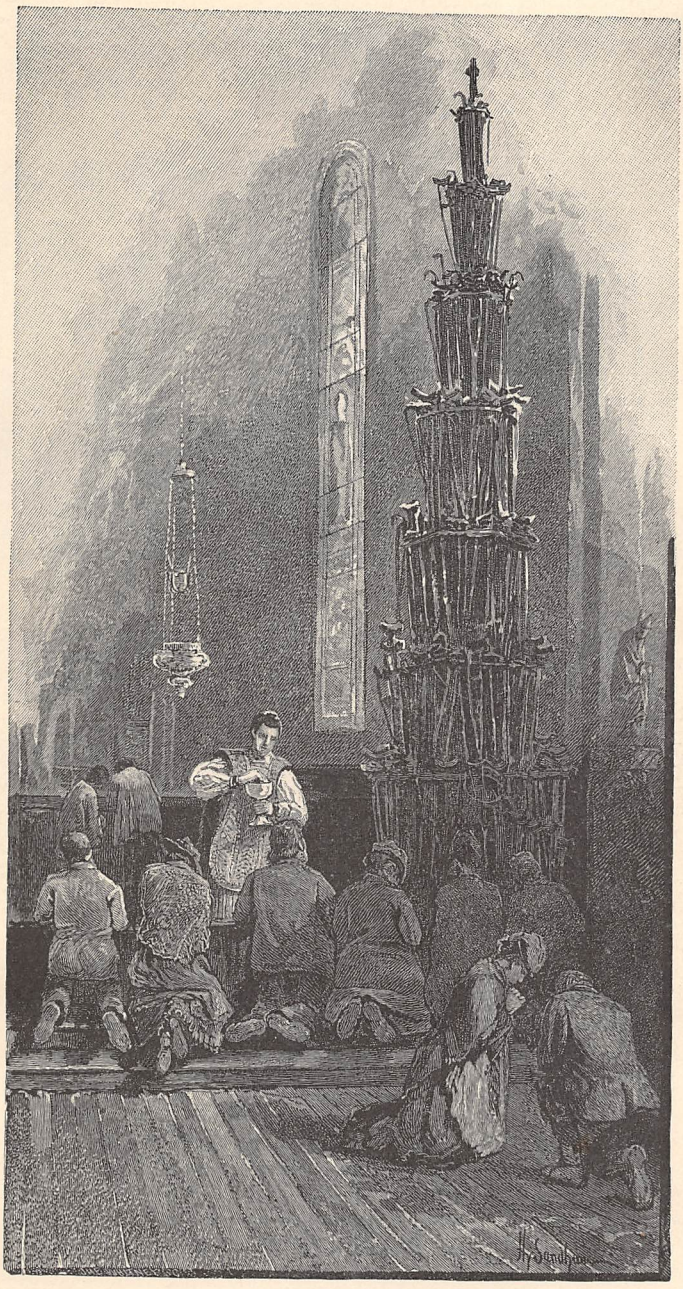
which the pilgrims pin on their coats and dresses, like the shells worn by the pilgrims who have visited the shrine of Ste. Anne in Brittany. Heaps of little brass and plaster statues, photographs, beads, and other trinkets, attract the visitor. The air is full of babble from the crowds of tired yet talkative people sitting on the grass or the benches, eating their luncheon out of huge carpet-bags. Two girls, who had heard from me of the wonderful well in Brittany, were throwing pins into the fountain to find out their matrimonial prospects, and laughing heartily over their efforts. When the pins fell head foremost, hope grew sick; when the points first touched the water, the prospect of marriage within a year was certain. I noticed that, like the Chinese praying to his

a stream of water comes from the hill. A walk along this road is very interesting. You may see the black cross against the wall of every house. The heraldic emblem of Berne is not more revered in that city than the statue of Ste. Anne here, and in every house you see it in plaster, brass, or picture. An old cemetery here has been used so much that the beadle told me he had himself laid three long rows of people, burying them indiscriminately side by side, and on top of each other—"first come, first served." Those who pay from twenty-five to a hundred dollars may be buried under the new church, the vaults of which are specially reserved for this purpose.

Little rustic booths do an active business in memorials of the saint, in the shape of medals, favorite idol for "more money," they both persisted until the test turned the right way.

Coming back to our hospitable "Retreat," we saw a fascinating study of life and character. A tidy, handsome village girl had a boy seated on a stool on the sidewalk in front of her house, and was vigorously clipping his shaggy locks, catching the *débris* in her apron, which she had tucked around the lad's neck. "Surely some pilgrim to Ste. Anne will lose his heart if he risk his hair to the pretty barber," thought I. It turned out that some pilgrim had, and that she was a fisherman's wife.

Every house seems to share in the profits of the pilgrimages, for though the older habitants hardly ever spend a sou, youth and beauty must have its fling. You see barrels of root



THE COLLECTION OF CRUTCHES.

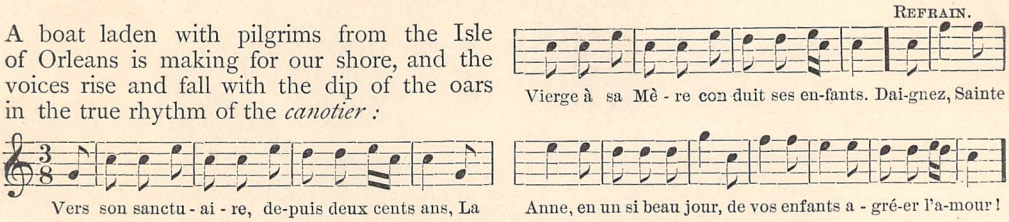
or spruce beer, huge slices of brown bread and butter, berries, gingerbread, boiled corn on the cob, and other Canadian luxuries, on the sills of the windows, or on rough deal tables at the doors. Inside you see long rows of solemn white cups and saucers, and piles of plates. In one little *auberge* there is a queer character, with a monstrous hump on her back and another on her nose. She has been living at Ste. Anne's for seven years, interceding every day for the reduction of her deformity, but it increases with her age.

But what song is that stealing over the water, like a Canadian voyageur's refrain?



AT THE FOUNTAIN OF BLESSED WATER.

A boat laden with pilgrims from the Isle of Orleans is making for our shore, and the voices rise and fall with the dip of the oars in the true rhythm of the *canotier :*



W. George Beers.

ESTRANGEMENT.

The path from me to you that led,
  Untrodden long, with grass is grown,
Mute carpet that his lieges spread
  Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
  You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
  Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
  With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
  Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

James Russell Lowell.

Chelsea, 4th Oct., 1849.—I will now, my long confused wayfarings of the summer being ended, endeavour to write down with all despatch what I can remember of them. After much sorting of paper-rubbish, reading over of all the Irish letters to my wife and kindred, and in some measure clearing the decks (not for "action" yet, alas, no, no!) set about this, which I partly consider a clearing of my own mind, as some kind of "preparation for action." *Faxit.*

REMINISCENCES OF MY IRISH JOURNEY.

Saturday, 30th June, 1849.—After endless "agonies of preparation," natural to a poor stationary, sedentary, biliary, and otherwise much bewildered mortal, about eight in the morning I got on board the Chelsea steamer here, at the Cadogan Pier; left my poor wife gazing sorrowfully after me, and, in a close, damp-sunny morning, was wafted swiftly down the river. Memory now is a blank nightmare till I reach the wooden platform swinging on the river just above London Bridge, north side, and call earnestly for some boatman to take my luggage and me "to the *Athlone*, at Alderman Stairs." Boatman comes, a ragged, lean greasy and sooty creature, with hurried toilsome eyes and shallow *shelf* chin—"a wholesome small nature, terribly beaten upon and stunted"—who cheerfully takes me in; zealously descends the river with me, tide against him; whisks his way like a needle thro' innumerable impediments of ships, rafts, barges; sweating, panting, eyes looking still more toilsome, jacket doffed, shelf-chin still more protruded; and at half-past nine, reaches the *Athlone*, a dingy dirty-looking Dublin steamer (but a steamer and mode of travel I had chosen *against* my lazy *wishes*, and in obedience to my insights and determinations); and, after rowing round (steward or third-mate at first refusing to let down the steps) puts me on board—takes 1*s.* 6*d.* with protest, the double his fare, and splashes away again about his business. There am I on board.

Steamer lying all, to an unexpected degree, as if in a kind of greasy sleep. £2 fare demanded by some landsman interested seems the liveliest fact. Canaille of various kinds, Irish by look, getting itself located in the fore-deck; one yellow-faced, roughish, very slight-made Irish figure in cap half-drunk fixes my attention, by his endless talk to stewards etc., seemingly about nothing at all or next to nothing: a sorrowful phenomenon often confirmed afterwards. Half-pay Serjeant looking figure,—clean old Lancashire physiognomy of fifty (old Indian soldier, now at Falmouth, as I learned afterwards) is talking insipidities about the news from the papers, I forget what. Other figures—the more spectral in my memory, somewhat like spectral flies in a spectral gluepot! I was very sick in body, perhaps still more so in soul; and had, by no means, a lively mirror of attention to hold up to them. At ten o'clock, nevertheless, with unexpected precision, a bell rang, the steam mechanism began growling, and we jumbled forth on our way.

To the river-mouth I remember little with distinctness; the day had settled into grey; with more than enough of east-wind now that our own velocity was added to it. The brick-chaos and ship-and-boat-chaos of big London till after Greenwich lies across my remembrance like an ugly indistinct *smear*, full of noise and confusion, no figure distinct in it. Passengers, one after one, came on board; at Greenwich a great many soldiers "recruits and invalids" Irish both, the latter from India, and "bad subjects" mostly, as I learned afterwards,—these came on board at Gravesend in great number, drunk many of them, with or without officers (*without* it afterwards turned out); a nasty sight rather. Pilot-boats hooked themselves astern of us, and went shoving thro' the foam; sometimes as many as 4 boats at once: "pilots looking out for a job,"—favored by the steamers. A tall antelope or panther figure in red coat (about Gravesend, I think) misses the proper boarding-place from his boat; steps into one of these pilot-boats, cool he amid the tumult of noises and splashing of spray; and twists gallantly aloft over the stern; dashes the spray from self and papers, and with a brisk calmness which I could not but admire, stept smiling forwards to his place, the foredeck: a corporal of foot; commander he, as I found, of the broken military there. An exceedingly tall lank simple-looking Irish gentleman came on board thereabouts too, whom I afterwards named to myself the "Irish *Toots*" (see Dickens). A very short well-conditioned cockney-looking gentleman had likewise come. I took him for the captain of these Majesty's forces of ours; but found afterwards he was a tourist, "looking

at all the capital Cities," Paris last year, Dublin this; he had a small tear-store (from which I guessed a wife too); his big blue eyes, silly as he was, had at times a beautiful sorrow in them while he sat silent in the evening on deck for a while; a rough pug-face—tamed into perfect peaceable politeness,. had in it an air of limited rationality, veracity and English wholesomeness, which pleased me. But I must get on! Somewhere on the river a big fat Englishman of fifty stept on board, burly, black, pock-marked, one eye shut (seemingly out, but it proved to be *in* too, on occasion): some trader (one would have hoped, in *bacon* and *edibles)* to the Plymouth region, I afterwards found. Our other cabin passenger, *where* entering I noticed not, was an elderly Lancashire or Cumberland man, you could not say of what quality below a gentn.; feeble-minded, good-humoured, his old wrinkly face grew quite blown-out at last, the eyes almost shut up, by inflammatory regimen of whiskey &c. and want of sleep before the voyage ended. I did not in the least hate, yet how little either, did I pity this poor old man. Alas, wrapt up in our own black cares (which we ought to conquer, and keep moderately conquered, if we stood to our post), shut up the soul of man from feeling for his brother,—surely an ignoble state! let this suffice for our ship's loading. I remember very vaguely Erith, much more so Southend or rather the *name* of "Southend and its long Pier" (a cockney bathing-place). I have a dim *tint* of grey-green country and spectral objects enough there rushing past me all that day and afternoon. Our Captain, an excellent, civil, able, old Welshman, kept aloft on the platform; very obliging when you spoke to him. I went twice there with a cigar, looked down into the sea of Irish rabble, and began to decipher type-faces of the Irish. The "light boats," we passed near to two or three of them; the dreariest objects I ever in this world saw; the *Girdler Tongue* &c. on their several shoals of those names; must keep a light burning at night; the two men have no function else whatever; I suppose they can *eat* terribly, and sleep nearly the whole day. Their boats were bobbing and capering in the wild surf; narrow was the share otherwise these poor fellows had of this Universe. It is a wild expanse of shoals and channels, this Thames mouth. I had never been on that side of it, at least never in daylight, having usually in former voyages passed by the Nore. Of Broadstairs and Ramsgate, nothing but a tremulous cloudy shadow remains. Ditto of Deal. I saw Walmer Castle, Duke of Wellington's, looking down on us with wings of planted wood; less memorably some big Hotel, perhaps more than one, its windows glittering in the bleared windy sunset,—not beautiful to me they, or anything, in that sad mood. Dover (lived at twenty-four years before, one autumn) looked grim enough in the twilight; I could recognise almost nothing of my old localities, the new "entrance of the tunnel" was not recogniseable except as a small blotch. How I took tea &c. and went to bed is quite *abolished* from recollection; too well can I recollect the *snoring* of my one-eyed provision friend,—whose *eating* at tea, whole chickens and plates of ham vanishing before him, I do now recollect! Also that I got up, probably about midnight; was *told* we were opposite Brighton, but could see no token of that or of anything but a dim flat coast with some kind of luminous gleam all along where sea met land; whereupon I had to smoke a pipe, and descend to my lair again. Cyclops snoring still more effectively now—seldom or never heard such snoring, which was not a *stream*, diastole and systole, but a *whirlpool* rather, or system of whirlpools, bottomless maelstroms and sandy systis conjoined (ah me!), for the man was nearly suffocated by cloud curtains and by vanished plates of ham. I have a dim but certain recollection of jumping out of my bed or drawer at last, indignantly dashing his curtains open, with some passionate demand to "*cease* that beastly gurgling and gluddering, in the name of all the devils!" Whereby at least my heavy provisional friend did awake; and I fell asleep and heard no more of him for that night. Poor fellow; not a bad creature, after all; there seemed a kind of healthy banter in him, a merry vivid eye; probably an *excellent* dealer in bacon, praiseworthy as a British citizen of 1849; but he did eat excessively, and his snoring was to me at once hateful and terrible,—poor fellow after all!

Sunday morning (1 July) at seven came on deck: beautifully sunny morning, Isle of Wight, Ventnor region lying close at hand, and the ship motionless waiting for the turn of the tide—wind had gone round from east to west in the night: we hung for about an hour with little, at first with next to no motion, opposite that southwest region of the little Island. The special localities, none of which were known to me beforehand, I did not get committed to memory. A straggling hamlet (perhaps about Dunnose, I can't now find on the map any name that fixes itself as the name then given me) with a kind of bay and clayey unbeautiful coasts, this stood distinct; less so other struggling human objects; and now only Ventnor itself figures as absorbing the whole vivid past of the scene. A steepish slope, very green but rather treeless; houses and little gardens

sprinkled over a good part of it, connected by oblique paths; grass-surface very beautiful everywhere, shrubberies apparently flourishing; a pleasant group of dwellings hung out there against the morning sun,—and one of them, I know not which, had been John Sterling's last dwelling! I looked intently, with many thoughts. Bonchurch not visible now—had it been? I knew also (what was curious to think of) that John Forster, little dreaming of my whereabout, was in one White's at Bonchurch, down from London that very morning. Far elsewhither was I bound. With eye or with glass, looking never so intently I could discover no human or even living figure; which proves perhaps that our distance was greater than the short distance it appeared to be. "Toots" very loquacious when he could get a chance, came talking about Dr. McHale of Tuam ("Chuam" he called it) and Nangles of Achil Island; and how John had "cursed them all with bell, book, and candle" etc. which I shook off, not believing it at all literally in spite of Toots's evident *bona fides*, and wishing indeed to see Ventnor rather than *it*. After Ventnor, talk with the half-pay Serjt. Major; Wight now flitting faster by us, the ship being under full movement again. Of Indian soldiering; mainly about the economics, difficulties, etc., of locomotion for armies; but above all things the *prices* of articles in the various markets, allowances of grog—what you could *get*, and pocket or swallow, by your soldiering in India—this was the theme of my half-pay Serjt. A most healthy practical man; simplicity itself, and yet *savoir-faire* enough, tough as leather, and a *stroke* in him (I could see) like that of a quarter staff of *oak*. Man worth remembering, told me of his pensions, promotions, appointment now (to some military charge of a district, I think) at Falmouth: "as good as one hundred pounds in all, sir, which is very well, *you* see"; more total absence of *bragging*, nay of self consciousness or of any unwholesome element it was impossible to see or figure. Soldiering like working, in such men; *strong* both ways, as native oak: the strongest kind of men. After Wight, Needles &c. (terribly worn, almost dilapidated and ruinous ugly-looking) had rapidly flowed past,—perhaps before ten o'clock,—the coast left us; Southampton &c. far in the distance, passed unnoticed, and I think I must have taken to read Quaker Pim's book on Ireland which else passed unnoticed. Or perhaps I went to sleep? Probably that *was* it? Yes, in my notebook (pencil) it is marked so "fell asleep on deck a little in the sun towards noon."

N. B. After three days more there is not even a pencil scrap, nothing but the letters to help me to decipher what was the exact day of this or that occurrence still remembered by me.

It turned out now there had a man been *lost* last night. The good old Captain so reported it. On Saturday evening, most of the poor Irish wretches of "invalids" got more or less completely drunk; some of them even on entering, had needed no completing. One of them, a lean, angry, misguided, entirely worthless looking creature, age perhaps forty, came staggering upon the quarter-deck, and made a turn there: turn nearly completed, he came right upon the captain who of course ordered him off,—which order, tho' given mildly enough, the poor drunk wretch felt to be insulting to his honour, and swore fiercely not to comply with. A scuffle had ensued (Captain's hand got "twisted"): all of us started up to conjure the poor wretch &c.; he did then turn off, abashed, perhaps repentant, had taken more drink for consolation; was "last seen about midnight": it was now he that was never to be seen more! The Irish physiognomies I studied often from the upper platform: besides my yellow friend with the cap, I had made out some five or six type-physiognomies, which I could recognize as specimens of Irish *classes* of faces: there was the angry-bewildered, for instance the poor wretch that went overboard, or a still better yet left on board, a lean withered show of a creature with hanging brows, droop nose, mouth-corners drooping, chin narrow, narrow eyes full of sorrow and rage; "I have a right to be here, sir, I want my ration!" said he once. There was there a blonde big tiger-face (to whom I lent a light for his pipe); this is of mixed breed, I think a north-country face: noble possibility quite marred. Irish sailor at the helm in wig and storm hat; bulky, with acquiline face and closed mouth, wild cunning little eye: like Jock McDonald of my early years. Ah me! These faces are still very clear to me; and were I a painter, I could draw them; others, one or two, not thought of again till now, have got erased; I was struck in general with the air of faculty *misbred*, and gone to waste, or more or less "excellent possibility much marred," in almost all these faces. The man had found himself so enveloped in conditions which he deemed unfair, which he had revolted against, but had not been able to conquer, that he had so to speak, *lost his way*; a sorry sight, the *tragedy* of each of these poor men; but here too surely is a "possibility"; if the Irish faculty be good, you *can* breed it, put it among conditions which *are* fair or at least fairer.

"Portland Bill": it was on awakening from one of my deck sleeps, well on in the afternoon that this object: a muddy-beached little Island, I found,—perhaps an Island only at high tide:—shaped rather like a battle *bill:* was that the origin of the name? From this point the Coast continued our neighbour again; by degrees Dorsetshire passed, and then Devonshire with its gnarled rocks (as if they were whinstone or limestone, and Scotch rocks) winded rapidly off, as the evening sank—viewless now, damp, and rather windy, as we were running into the teeth of the breeze. Many caves, gnarled promontories, rock islets; trim houses and fields, no human creature visible; a silent English sabbath country,—like the dream of a sabbath. Mate, of whom anon, points out Plymouth light in the thickening dusk; past ten we make the light: Breakwater with its *red* lamp with its sudden calm of sea, and tumult of boats;—we were in some most dark, strait place, with rain beginning, and they called it Plymouth Harbour. Toots's talk to me, while the bustle went on, about an Irish lord (just dead?) and his brother, transcendent blackguards, beautiful once, dance or dinner of innumerable improper-females in London once—pity rather that I have forgotten that: but of Toots who could do anything but forget? Smooth-flowing shallow shameless river of talk; always in one or two minutes, when I could not bodily get away from him, my thoughts slid far away. These transcendent Irish lords were connected, somehow by marriage with the late Duke of Gordon. Of my night in this harbour there remains yet sad memorial; in a scrawl of a letter begun about midnight to my wife! Enough here to record the stages or chief epochs: 1. To bed very sleepy. Toots and the Lancashire Non-significant, talking serious jargon for about an hour in the cabin, wouldn't let me; I remember, the poor cockney tourist had been asking "for a pen," remembered Post Office *here*, and started up to *write*, by way of deliverance from that ear-torment:—2. Writing with ear-torment still *worn* near at hand, my Provisional friend (O Heaven I thought *he* had been gone, never to snore more) stept in, evidently full of food and porter; at sight of him I start, can write no farther; lock up my writing case, wait impatiently that Toots and Non-significant would end. 3. Try bed again; can't at all. Toots and Non-significant stumble in, rain patters on the deck, Provisional friend takes to *snoring*—"blubber—gurgle—gludder!" I start up and don my clothes; find in the cabin too a poor under-steward snoring, loudly but humanly, and have not the heart to awaken him. Uncertain what to do, fly on deck, smoke (under my umbrella), try *not* to despair; find at last a side cabin with nothing in it but rubbish of clothes, a sofa and an open window; fling myself down there, thanking Heaven, and fall sound asleep —till eight next morning.

Monday, 2d July.—All busy when I came on deck; sunny morning, boxes, bales, persons getting or got on board; soon sail; have seen nothing of Plymouth, see little even of the harbour except confusion of ropes and ships;—size of it guessable at less than I expected. Tract of town (Cutwater they called it?) stretching back on the right as we sailed *out;* buildings like public storehouses, or official houses farther down; two neat women step hurriedly on board there. *Mis*venturous Irishwomen, giving up their plan of emigration to Australia, and cowering back to Ennis in Clare, as I afterwards learned; sisters, Misses Hewit by name. Breakwater a stone glacis, with light-tower (perhaps Cannon-tower too) and small esplanade at the end, some frigates scattered about; it was Plymouth Sound; pretty enough in the summer morning after such a night. Various new figures now on board; new prey to Toots. I spoke to none; hoped they would leave at Falmouth where we were to call. Sick gentleman in big wicker cradle lay on the deck; poor fellow! "paralytic in the lower extremities," going to Dublin for surgery, attended only by a rough clown of a servant; his eyes look mild and patient, tho' sad; intelligent white face; age probably about thirty-five; they shifted him round out of the sun; not to embarrass him, we had to forbear looking at his cradle or him.

Cornish coast, as that of Devonshire had been, gnarled rocky; indented all along, harbour and sound (when once you had "opened" it) at the bottom of each little bay "Pol"—something or other, when you asked the name. An interesting event to me. Looe: "that is Looe," that strait hardly perceptible crack or notch in the rocks there.—Poor C. Buller, poor old years of his and mine! Fowey-harbour entrance was marked by white spots, a couple, *painted* on the rocks; not find it otherwise. Toots *preying* on the new-comers. "Hum-m-m. Drum-m-m!" with a strong Irish intonation in it. Many trim sloops of one pattern, with red sails and conspicuous label ("P. H. No. 1," etc.? something like that) were nimbly cutting about: "Pilchard-boats, sir!" All busy here, crowded steamer crossed us on the left; pleasure-trip, Falmouth—to the Eddystone probably. Half-pay Serjeant did the honours of the Coast as we approached his new home; has liberty

seemingly of the quarter-deck, but feeds and sleeps in some region of his own. About noon or after, past St. Mawes and on the left past Pendennis,—Falmouth; and moor there "for about an hour"—which proved two hours and more.

I might, had I foreseen that latter fact, have gone ashore to see "Barclay Fox" and Co., if nothing better; nay, I was near going, had my foot on the ladder towards a boat, but in the scrambling tumult gave it up again, and decided to stay and look about me and pensively smoke and consider. John Sterling's house was there too; but nobody could tell me which; tho' one, a brisk young damsel did point out the warehouse of the Foxes, a big house near the sea. Falmouth might contain three or four thousand souls (as the look suggested to guess); it hung, pleasantly enough, tho' much too bare-looking, on the slope of the acclivity and down close to the Sea; reminded me a little of Kirkcaldy, except that this was squarish in shape, not "a long town" rather a "loose town," as I judged; one street near the sea, main street I suppose, on the *level;* the sloping thoroughfares I judged to be mostly lanes. The country looked bare; the harbour land-locked is beautiful, and if deep must be excellent. Assisted clown to screen the poor invalid gentleman in his cradle from the hot windless sun; fixed up my own umbrella over him, which the clown afterwards told me, in confidential gratitude, was "a graat suppoart"—Sent a card ashore to Fox; admired the clean, sturdy, clear-looking boatmen; watched their long dangerous loading and disloading. Toots had gone, Provisional friend (O joy!) had gone; hoped we should now have a stiller time. About two the steam growled again, and we got under way, close to the little pleasant Castle of Pendennis this time, a trim castellated height with trim paths &c. (one company in it, Serjt. Halfpay had said); and so again out to the open deep.

Our 2 Irishwomen "from Ennis in Clare" with their clean summer bonnets (mere clean calico, folded full over paste board, with a tack or two; much admired by me) had come to the quarter-deck; wished evidently to be spoken to; were by me after others of us. Father had been a Lieutenant of foot with pension, mother too with pension; both being dead, resources were all out: parson had advised emigration, "free passage to Australia" was certain if we would deposit £12 in advance; deposited, sold off, came to Plymouth, found the "free passage" a passage among parish paupers, and shrinked (of course) at the notion of it! Officers had been extremely helpful and polite; got us back, with difficulty, our £12 and here we are, wending our sad way home again! A more distressing story I had not lately heard. For both the women, "ladies" you could not have hesitated even in the poor-house to call them, were clearly of superior faculty and quality: the elder some forty-five perhaps, a ruggid brave-looking woman; the younger delicate, graceful, and even still beautiful, tho' verging towards middle-age also. The two unfortunates, was there nothing other for them by way of career in the world but this! The younger was quite pleasant company; but at "the Lizard" or earlier began to grow sick, grew ever sick, and I had to lead her to her place, a horrible den called "Second Cabin," and there leave her sister and her. Ill-nature of the stewardess, tiff between the good old captain and her because of these poor Miss Hewits. "Bring me our basket, pray sir! Stewardess will give it you!" were the last words of the elder from her dark den. Stewardess knew nothing of their basket, not she; old captain awoke from his after dinnner nap, reproached the woman for her greedy hard character, *ordered* her to "know" the basket, which, with very angry tears, assisted by me and my soothing eloquence, the creature at last did. Base, in many cases, under certain aspects, is the mind of man!

The "Lizard point" we would pass before dinner; stormy place of cliffs, high cliffs, rough water; I found that in shape it did resemble somewhat the head of a lizard,—at least on the western sides it does. We were past the "southern" most land of Britain then; but the tossing of the water did *not* abate as promised; the evening light glared wild and sad upon the solitary sea, to the Land's-end, that was the word now. Coast still high and all rock; Land's-end stretching out black ahead; it was towards sunset when we actually reached it; passed it round the lighthouse at the distance perhaps of a mile. The wildest most impressive place I ever saw on the coasts of Britain. A lighthouse rises on a detached rock some considerable space ahead; many detached rocks, of a haggard skeleton character, worn haggard by the wild sea, are scattered about between the lighthouse and end of the firm cliff; that cluster, where the lighthouse is, had seemed to me like the ruins of a cathedral for some time. Very wild and grim, impressive in itself and as the notablest of British capes. A farmhouse called by sailors "First and last" stands very near to the extremity; farther round to the west are villages and many houses visible, "mining village" you are told; the promontory itself is among

the highest I have seen (much higher than St. Bees I thought); sheer and black. A boat or two, poor specks of piscatory human art, were seen rocking and paddling among the angry skeleton rocks in these ever-vexed waters; where they were to land, or how get up to "First and last" one didn't well see. But here at last is the spectre of the mixed cathedral,—a lighthouse among haggard sea-beat rocks, namely; and we are *round* the Land's-end, getting round towards the western side of it, and had better look well our *last*. The sunshine now went *out*, angry breeze blew colder from dark cloudy skies,—baddish night, probably? Some poor laboring ship, with patched sails and not otherwise of prosperous aspect met us just past the lighthouse, borne into the grim evening, it on its way, we on ours; and the Land's-end was among the things that had been; "standing for the Tuscar, sir!"—Tuscar light on the coast of Wexford, one hundred and thirty miles off. And so the evening and the morning had been a new day.

As there was nothing to be seen on deck but the dim tumult of sea and sky, I suppose I must have gone early to bed: I can remember shutting my little cabin door, (for the harsh stewardess, in hope probably of a shilling, had volunteered to make a bed for me in the place where I had found refuge the night before) with a satisfied feeling, and turning in with great hope: but, alas, it proved far otherwise. My first experience in the new bed was a jolt that nearly threw me out: the wind had risen, was still rising; the steamer pitched, rolled, tumbled, creaked and growled: doors banging, men's feet and voices sounding, and the big sea booming and roaring: not a wink of sleep could be had all night, hardly could one's place in bed be maintained. Some time, perhaps between three and four I went on deck to smoke; a wild wet stormy dimness everywhere; the mate dripping from every angle of his face and person—with thin wet shoes on, I remember—approached my shelter, talking sea stoicisms to me, admitting that it was a roughish night: noticeable fellow this; very civil, very good-humoured, sliding about (for he *trailed* his limbs and feet with thin shoes) to put this and that detail in order always; voice thin, creaky, querulous—hesitatory, and as if it couldn't be troubled to speak; a rocking, sliding, innocent-hearted "sea-pedant" (as such I had classed him); with lips drawn in, puckered brow, and good-humoured eyes *pretending* to be wearier than they were; came from the Medway, had been wrecked, traded to Aberdeen, was now puddling about in these seas;—may he prosper, poor fellow! I flung myself next on the sofa, under miscellaneous wrappage, and did then get some stony sleep till the morning fairly broke.

Tuesday, 3rd July.—On deck between eight and nine, all hands looking out for "the Tuskar" when doing nothing else; old captain and a wretched passenger or two trying to *walk* the quarter-deck (impossible for any *two*-footed land animal); big sheets of spray dashing over them from time to time. A wild grey tumult; sight and sound everywhere of the rather dismal sort in sea and in sky. One ship or perhaps two at various times visible; elsewhere no Tuskar, no motion that was not of the *chaotic* powers. Sailors made a wave or motion or sound of some sort from the platform, captain too looked; Tuskar at last! In a few instants more I also could see it; white pillar or tower rising steady amid the tumult of the waters, strange and welcome; some twelve miles off, they said. We turned now gradually to the right: for Arklow head, for Wicklow do., then was Dublin itself to come. Wind, as we turned *from* it on our new course, grew softer somewhat and water smoother, but all day it was gusty, very uncomfortable and too cold. The poor sick gentleman had passed the night on deck, his cradle well screened under tarpaulins; and didn't seem much hurt by the rough weather. Lancashire Non-significant, who took a little punch perhaps too often, seemed greatly out of sorts; his poor face, red as vermilion in parts, and swollen as if you had blown up all its old wrinkles with wind;—poor devil; yet he ate again at breakfast, and made no complaint, took nothing amiss.

"Wexford Harbour," visible only as a blank on the line of coast, was a mere tradition to us. Wexford and Wicklow hills (I supposed about Eniscorthy and Ferns) many commonplace looking hills of moderate height and complex arrangement now visible. Vinegar Hill, a peaked flat cone, conspicuous enough among the others. Thought of the "Battle of Vinegar Hill," but not with interest, with sorrow rather and contempt; one of the ten times ten thousand futile fruitless "battles" this brawling unreasonable people has fought,—the saddest of distinctions to them among peoples! In heaven's name learn that "revolting" is not the trade which will profit you. The unprofitablest of all trades, if you *exceed* in it! In heaven's name either be at peace, or else try to fight with some chance of success! "Hill of Tarah" visible too, of conical shape; but not the historical-illustrious Tara,—that is in Meath, I think; tho' that too is but moderately "illustrious" to me.

Arklow Town I didn't see at all; understood there was next to no town, but remem-

bered "Wooden Ludlow's" adventure there, and could have liked to take some picture of the ground with me. Wicklow head, beautiful trim establishment of a light-house there, properly *three* towers (one or else two of them having proved wrong built), accurately white-washed, walled in, with paths &c., a pleasure to look at upon the brown way. These generally like that of Devonshire or the *lower* forms of Scotch coast; interior not ill-cultivated; houses trim enough from the distance, fields fenced and some small stragglings of plantation even. Behind Wicklow Head, in a broad shallow bay looking rather *bleared*, found Wicklow Town, kept looking at it as we sailed northward right away from it; lies in a hollow on the *southern* side of the bay screened by Wicklow head from the east winds—rather a feeblish kind of County Town; chapels, a steeple, slate roofs, thin cloud of smoke; perhaps 2 or towards 3 thousand inhabitants, as I judged. In all these seas we saw no ship. Absolutely none at all but one Wicklow Fishing-sloop, of the same form but quite rusty and out of repair as the Cornish Pilchard-sloops of yesterday; —alas one, & in this state of ineffectuality. A big steamer farther on, making from Dublin towards "Bristol" (I think our captain said); this and a pilot boat *not* employed by us; except these three we saw no other ships at all in those Irish seas that day. Wonderful & lamentable! chorus all my Irish friends; and grope for their pikes to try and mend it! Bray Head I had seen before; and Bray, but couldn't make my recollections correspond. Beautiful suburban country by the shores there, on the Dublin side. Works of Wicklow Railway, hanging over the sea, I remember, probably about Bray Head. Afternoon sinking lower, wind cold, bleary, loud; no dinner till one got to Dublin: wish we were there. Dublin Bay at last; Kingston with its small *exotic* rows of Villas hanging over the saltwater; Dalkey Islet, with ruined church, close on the other side of us; Kingstown Harbour, huge square basin within granite moles, few ships, small business in it, wild wind was tossing some filament of steam about (mail steamer, getting ready I suppose for Holyhead), and the rest was idle vacancy. Long lines of granite embankment, a noble channel with docks, *miles* of it (there seemed to me), and no ship in it, no human figure on it, the genius of vacancy alone possessing it! Will "be useful some day" I suppose? The look of it, in one's own cold wretched humour, was rather sad.—Dublin Harbour at last; a few ships actually moored here, along the keys nearest to the City. Tumult, as usual; our key was on the north bank. Miss Hewits came up, specially begged me not to leave *their* luggage once on shore till they themselves came with the remainder of it: did so, tho' little able to wait; was hardly ever in a more *deplorable* state of body than even now. Despatched the Miss Hewits; got into a cab myself escaping from the unutterable hurlyburly. "Imperial Hotel, Sackville street!"—and was safely set down there, in wind and dust, myself a mass of dust and inflammatory ruin, about 6 or 7 in this evening of Tuesday, July 3.—What a pleasure to get fairly washed, and into clean linen and clothes, once more! small wholesome dinner in the ground storey; fine roomy well-ordered place: but, alas, at the Post Office there was no admittance, "all shut at seven." I had to take that disappointment, and instead of receiving letters write letters.

Imperial-Hotel people, warned I suppose by Fitzgerald (Miss Purcell the proprietress's nephew) had brightened up into enthusiastic smiles of welcome at sound of my name: all was done for me then that human waiterage in the circumstances could do; I had a brisk-eyed deft Irish youth by way of special attendant, really a clever, active, punctual youth, who seemed as if he would have run to the world's end for me at lifting of my finger: he got me cloakpins (my little bed-room the "quietest" they had, wanted such); bath tubs, attended to my letters, clothes, messages, waited on me like a familiar fairy. Could they have got me into a room really "quiet," where I might have really slept, *all* had been well there. But that was not possible; not there, nor anywhere else in Inns. One's "powers of observation" act under sad conditions, if the nerves are to be continually in a shatter with want of sleep and what it brings! Under that sad condition, as of a gloomy pressure of waking nightmare, were all my Irish operations, of observation or other, transacted; no escape from it; take it silently therefore, *say* nothing more of it, but do the best you may under it as under a law of fate.

About 10 at night, still writing letters, I received "John O'Hagan's" visit; a note from Duffy, who was dining there, had lain waiting for me before—brisk innocent modest young barrister, this John O'Hagan; Duffy's sister-in-law did by no manner of means *let* rooms; so her offer of one, indicated in Duffy's note, had to be at once declined: Duffy himself "would be here in half an hour." Wrote on to my mother or to Jane: Duffy came soon after the time set. Drank a "glass of lemonade" from me, I a glass of punch; took my letters of introduction home with him to scheme out a route, gave me a road *series* "drive here first, then there, &c." for Dublin

introductions on the morrow; and after a silent pipe I tumbled into bed.

Wednesday, 4th July.—Breakfast in the Public room: considerable company; polite all, and less of noise among them than when I was formerly there: arrangements all perfect; "toasted bacon," coffee, toast, all right and well served—No letters for me at the Post-Office! strange, but no help. Car ("a shilling an hour") about noon (I think) to go and deliver my introductions; *got* a body of letters just as I was stepping out on this errand: all right, I hope, Postmaster mistaken before! M'Donnel of the National Schools, "engaged," very well; to Board of Works, Poor-law Power not come; Larcom just coming, read my *letters* in his room, go *away* then as he has not yet got his business done. In Merrion Square Doctor Stokes *in:* clever, energetic, but squinting, rather fierce, sinister-looking man,—at least some dash of that suspectible in him: to dine there, nevertheless, to-morrow evening—Doctor Kennedy not at home, Sir R. Kane do. (out of town); Sir Duncan Macgregor, found him, an excellent old Scotchman, soldierly, open, genial, sagacious: Friday night to dine with him; left my other military letters there, and drove to Mrs. Callan's (Duffy's sister-in-law);—had missed Pim the Quaker before; "in London"; left Forster's letter, declining to see the other members of the firm just now. Long talk with Mrs. Callan, Dr. C., and Mrs. Duffy; Duffy in his room ill of slight cold. Home to Imperial again; with a notice that I will go and *bathe* at Howth;—find Dr. Evory Kennedy at the door as I am inquiring about that; go in with him, talk; he carries me in his vehicle to the Howth Station, not possible for this night; *can* do it at Kingston, drives off for the station *thither*, with repeated invitations that I will dine with him,—finds on the road that Kingston also will not do, and renews his entreaties to dine, which seeing now no prospect for the evening, I comply with Ky.; drives me all about; streets beautiful, but idle, empty; charming little country house (*name* irrecoverable now), beyond some iron-foundry or forge-works, beyond "Rev. Dr. Todd's," on the Dundrum or Ranelagh side: wife and sisters all out to receive us: sisters, especially elder sister, expected to be charmed at sight of "Thomas Carloil!" tho' whether they adequately were or not, I cannot say.—Pleasant enough little dinner there; much talk of Pitt Kennedy, a brother now with Napier in India; vivid inventive patriotic man, it would appear, of whose pamphlets they promised me several (since read, not without some real esteem of the headlong Pitt Kennedy); other brother is Lord Bath's agent in Monaghan,—*hence* chiefly those attentions to me. Ladies gone,—pale, elderly earnest-eyed lean couple of sisters, insipid-beautiful little wife.—"Dr. Cooke Taylor" is announced, a snuffy, babbling, baddish fellow, whom I had not wished at all specially to see.—Strange *dialect* of this man, a Youghal native, London had little altered that; immense lazy gurgling about the throat and palate regions, speech coming out at last not so much in *distinct* pieces and vocables, as in *continuous* erudition, semi-masticated speech. A peculiar smile too dwelt on the face of poor snuffy Taylor; I pitied, but could not love him—with his lazy gurgling, semi-masticated, semi-deceitful (and self-deceiving) speech, thought and action. Poor fellow, one of his books that I read "On the Manufacturing regions in 1843," was not so bad; Lord Clarendon, a great Patron of his, had got him a pension, brought him over to Ireland:—and now (about a fortnight ago, end of Septr.) I learn that he is dead of cholera, that, better or not so good, I shall never see him again! We drove home together that night, in Dr. Kennedy's car; I set him out at his house (in some modest clear street, near Merrion Square); two days after, I saw him at the Zoölogical breakfast; gurgle-snuffle, Cockney-and-Youghal wit again in semi-masticated dialect, with great *expressions* of regard for me, as well as with other half or whole untruths;—and so poor Taylor was to vanish, and the curtains rush down between us impenetrable for evermore. *Allah akbar, Allah Kerim!*

Thursday, 5th July.—What people called, what bustle there was of cards, and people, and appointments, and invitations in my little room, I have *quite* forgotten the details of (letters indicate more of it perhaps): what I can remember is mainly what I *did*, and not quite definitely (except with effort) all or the most of that.

Notes and visitors, hospitable messages and persons, Macdonnel, Colonel Foster, Dr. Kennedy—in real truth I have forgotten *all* the particulars; of Thursday I can remember only a dim hurly-burly, and whirlpool of assiduous hospitable calls and proposals, till about four o'clock when a "Sir Philip Crampton," by no means the most notable of my callers, yet now the most noted in my memory, an aged, rather vain and not very deep-looking Doctor of Physic, came personally to "drive me out,"—drive me to the Phoenix Park and Lord Lieutenant's, as it proved. *Vapid-inane* looking streets in this Dublin, along the quays and everywhere; sad defect of waggons, real *business* vehicles or even gentleman's car-

riages; nothing but an empty whirl of street cars, huckster carts and other such "trashery." Sir P's. talk, Twistleton mainly—Phoenix Park, gates, mostly in grass, monument, a pyramid, I really don't remember in "admonition" of what,—some victory perhaps? Frazer's "Guide-book" would tell. Hay going on, in pikes, coils, perhaps swaths too; patches of potatoes even: a rather dimmish wearisome look. House with wings (at right angles to the body of the building) with esplanade, two sentries, and utter solitude, looked decidedly dull. Sir P., some business inside, tho' Ldship. *out*, leaves me till that end; I write my name, with date merely, not with address, in his Lordship's *book* ("haven't the honor to know her Ladyship,") am conducted through empty galleries, into an empty room in the western (or is it *northern?*) wing, am there to wait. Tire soon of waiting; walk off leaving message. Sir P. overtakes me before we reach the gate; sets me down at my hôtel again, after much celebration of his place in the Wicklow Hills, etc., after saluting an elderly roué Prince or Graf something, a very unbeautiful old boiled-looking foreign dignitary (Swede, I think) married to somebody's sister;—and with salutations, takes himself away, muttering about "Zoölogical society breakfast on Saturday," and I, barely in time now for Stokes's dinner, behold no more.

Stokes's dinner was well replenished both with persons and other material, but it proved rather unsuccessful. Foolish Mrs. Stokes, a dim Glasgow lady, with her I made the reverse of progress,—owing chiefly to ill-luck. She did bore me to excess, but I did not give way to that; had difficulty however in resisting it; and at length once, when dinner was over, I answering somebody about something chanced to quote Johnson's, "Did I say anything that *you* understood, Sir?" the poor foolish lady took it to herself; bridled, tossed her head with some kind of indignant-polite ineptitude of a reply; and before long flounced out of the room (with her other ladies, not remembered now), and became, I fear, my enemy for ever! Petrie, a Painter of Landscapes, notable antiquarian, enthusiastic for Brian Boru and all that province of affairs; an excellent simple, affectionate lovable soul, "dear old Petrie," he was our chief figure for me: called for *punch* instead of wine, he, and was gradually imitated; a thin, wrinkly, half-ridiculous, yet mildly dignified man; old bachelor, you could see; speaks with a *panting* manner, difficult to find the word; shews real knowledge, tho' with sad credulity on Irish antiquarian matters; not knowledge that I saw on anything else. Burton, a young Portrait-Painter; thin-acquiline man, with long thin locks scattered about, with a look of real Painter-talent, but thin, proud-vain; not a pleasant "man of genius." Todd, antiquarian parson (Dean or something), whose house I had seen the night before: little round-faced, dark-complexioned, squat, good humored and knowing man; learned in Irish Antiquities he too; not without good instruction on other matters too.—These and a mute or two were the dinner; Stokes, who has a son that carves, sitting at the side; after dinner there came in many other *mutes* who remained such to me. Talk, in spite of my endeavours, took an Irish-versus-English character; wherein, as I really have no respect for Ireland as it now is and has been it was impossible for me to be popular! Good humor in general, tho' not without effort always, did maintain itself. But Stokes, "the son of a United-Irishman" as I heard, grew more and more gloomy, emphatic, contradictory: after eleven I was glad to get away. Petrie and others in kindly mood going with me so far as our roads coincided; and about twelve (I suppose) I got to bed,—and do *not* suppose, also, but *know*, that there was a wretched wakeful night appointed me: some neighbouring guest taken suddenly ill, as I afterwards heard. (I must get on *faster*, be infinitely *briefer* in regard to all this!

Friday, 6th July.—Still in the bath-tub, when my waiter knocked at the door, towards 9; and so soon as let in, gave me a letter with notice that some orderly, or heiduc, or I know not what the term is, was waiting in some vehicle for an answer. Invitation from Lord Clarendon to dine with him on Saturday: here was a nodus! For not having slept, I had resolved to be out of Dublin and the noise without delay; Kennedy had pressed me to his country-house for a dinner on Saturday, and that, tho' not yet in words I had resolved to do, his hospitality being really urgent and his place quiet;—and now has the Lord Lieutenant come, whose invitation *abolished* by law of etiquette all others! Out of the cold bath, on the spur of the moment, thou shalt decide, and the heiduc waits! Polite answer (well enough really) that I am to quit Dublin that evening, and cannot come. Well so far; so much is tolerably ended. New very polite note came from Lord Clarendon offering me introductions &c. an hour or two after; for which I wrote a 2nd note, "not needed, thousand thanks." This morning I had to breakfast with O'Hagan, where were two young "Fellows of Trinity" great admirers &c. and others to be.

Fellows of Trinity, breakfast and the rest of it accordingly took effect: Talbot Street—

I think they called the place,—lodgings, respectable young barrister's. Hancock the Political-Economy Professor, whom I had seen the day before; he and one Ingram, author of the Repeal Song "True man like you man," were the two Fellows; to whom as a mute brother one Hutton was added, with "invitation to me" from the parental circle, "beautiful place somewhere out near Howth,"—very well as it afterwards proved. "Dr. Murray," Theology-Professor of Maynooth, a big burly mass of Catholic Irishism; he and Duffy, with a certain vinaigrous pale shrill logician figure who came in after breakfast, made up the party—Talk again *England versus Ireland;* a sad unreasonable humour pervading all the Irish population on this matter—"England does not hate you at all, nor love you at all; merely values and will pay you according to the work you can do!" No teaching of that unhappy people to understand so much. Dr. Murray, head cropt like stubble, red-skinned face, harsh grey Irish eyes; full of fiery Irish zeal too, and rage, which however he had the art to keep down under buttery-vocables: man of considerable strength, man not to be "loved" by any manner of means! Hancock, and *now* Ingram too, were wholly English (that is to say, Irish-rational) in sentiment. Duffy very *plaintive* with a strain of rage audible in it. Vinaigrous logician, intolerable in that vein, drove me out to smoke. Not a pleasant breakfast in the humour I was then in!

University after, along with these two fellows: Library and busts; Museum, with big dark Curator Ball in it; many knick-nacks,—Skull of Swift's Stella, and plaster-cast of Swift: couldn't *write* my name, except all in a tremulous scratchy shiver, in such a state of nerves was I. Todd had, by appointment, been waiting for me; was gone again. Right glad I to get home, and smoke a pipe in peace, till Macdonnel (or somebody) should come for me!—Think it was this day I saw among others, Councillor Butt, brought up to me by Duffy: a terrible black burly son of earth: talent visible in him, but still more animalism; big bison-head, black, not *quite* unbrutal: glad when he went off "to the Galway Circuit" or whithersoever.

Sad reflexions upon Dublin, and the animosities that reign in its hungry existence—*Not* now the "Capital" of Ireland; has Ireland any Capital, or *where* is its future capital to be? Perhaps Glasgow or Liverpool is its real "capital city" just now! Here are no longer lords of any kind; not even the shamlords with their land-revenues come hither now. The place has no manufactures to speak of; except of ale and whisky, and a little poplin-work, none that I could hear of. All the "litigation" of Ireland, whatever the wretched Irish people will still pay for the voiding of their quarrels, comes hither; that and the sham of Government about the Castle and Phoenix Park,—which could as well go anywhither if it were so appointed. Where will the future capital of Ireland be! Alas, *when* will there any real aristocracy arise (here or elsewhere) to need a Capital for residing in!—

About four p. m. as appointed, Macdonnell with his car came. "Son of a United Irishman," he too. Florid handsome man of 45 with grey hair, keen hazel eyes, not of the *very* best expression: active, quick, intelligent, energetic, with something smelling of the Hypocrite in him, disagreeably limiting all other respect one might willingly pay him. *Talis qualis*, with him through the Streets. Glassnevin tollbar, woman has *not* her groat of change ready; streaks of irregularity, streaks of squalor noticeable in all streets and departments of things. Glassnevin Church; woody, with high enclosures, frail-looking old edifice, roof mainly visible: —at length Glassnevin model-farm—nearly the *best thing*, to appearance, I have yet seen in Ireland. Modest slated buildings, house, school and offices, for real use, and fit for that. Slow-spoken heavy-browed, schoolmaster, croaks out sensible pertinent speech about his affairs: an Ulster man (from Larne, I think; name forgotten), has forty-five pupils, from seventeen to twenty-one years; they are working about, dibbling, sorting dungheaps, sweeping yards. Mac. speaks to several: coarse rough-haired lads, from all sides of Ireland, intelligent well-doing looks thro' them all. Schooling alternates with this husbandry work. Will become National Schoolmasters,—probably factors of estates, if they excel and have luck. Clearly, wherever they go they will be practical missionaries of good order and wise husbandry, these poor lads; *anti* chaos missionaries these: good luck go with them, more power to their elbow! Such were my reflections, expressed partly in some such words. Our heavy-browed croaking-voiced friend had some thirty Cows; immense pains to preserve all manure, it is upon this that his husbandry turns. A few pigs, firstrate health in their air. Some thirty acres of ground in all; wholly like a garden for cultivation: best hay, best barley; best everything. I left him and his rough boys, wishing there were 1000 such establishments in Ireland: alas, I saw no other in the least equal to it; doubt if there is another. Mac. talking confidentially and with good insight too of Archbishop Whately

& C., set me down at the Hôtel, to meet again at dinner. Hasty enough toilette, then Sir Dn. Mc Gregor's close Car, and I am whisked out to Drumcoudra where the brave Sir Dn. himself with wife and son, and a party including Larcom and two ancient Irish Gentlemen &c are waiting.

Pleasant old country-house; excellent quietly genial and hospitable landlord: dinner pleasant enough really. McDonnell sat by me, somewhat flashy; Larcom opposite, perhaps do. but it was in the English style. Ancient Irish gentn. were of really excellent breeding, yet Irish altogether: these names quite gone (if ever known, according to the *underbreath* method of introduction), their figures still perfectly distinct to me. In white neck cloth, opposite side, a lean figure of sixty; wrinkly, like a washed blacksmith in face, yet like a gentn. too,—elaborately washed and dressed, yet still dirty-looking; talks of ancient experiences, in hunting, claret drinking, experiences of others his acquaintances, all dead and gone now, which I have entirely forgotten; high Irish accent; clean dirty-face wrinkled into stereotype, of smile or of stoical frown you couldn't say which: that was one of the ancient Irishmen; who perhaps had a wife there? The other, a more florid man with face not only clean but clean-looking, and experiences somewhat similar; a truly polite man in the Irish style: he took me home in his car. Sir Dn. had handed me a general missive to the Police Stations "Be serviceable, if you ever can, to this traveller,"—which did avail me once. At home lies Kennedy's letter, enjoining me to *accept* the Lord Lieutenant's dinner, whither he too is going; which I have already refused! *What* to do to-morrow night? Duffy is to be off to Kilkenny; to lodge with "Dr. Cane the Mayor"; who invites me too (Duffy, on the road to O'Hagan's breakfast, shewed me that), which I accept.

Saturday, 7th July.—Wet morning; wait for Kennedy's promised Car,—to breakfast in the Zoölogical gardens. Smoking at the door, buy a newspaper, old hawker pockets my groat, then comes back saying "Yer Hanar has given me by mistake a threepenny!" Old knave, I gave him back his newspaper, ran upstairs for a penny,—discover that the threepenny has a hole drilled in it, that it is his,—and that I am done! He is off when I come down—Petrie under an umbrella, but no Kennedy still. We call a car, we two; I give him my "Note to Chambers Walker, Barrister," whom he knows, who will take me up at Sligo, when he (P) will join us, and we shall be happy. Well;—we shall see—Muddy Street, rain about done; Carboy coming over one of the bridges, drives against the side of our car, seemed to me to see clearly for some instants that he *must* do such a thing, but to feel all the while that it would be so convenient to him *if* he didn't,—a reckless humour, *ignoring* of the inevitable, which I saw often enough in Ireland. Even the mild Petrie swore, and brandished his umbrella. "How could I help it?; could I stop, and I goin' so rapid!" At the gate of Zoölogical which is in Phoenix Park, were Hancock, Ball of the Museum, another Ball of the Poor-law, Cook Taylor (for the last time, poor soul!), and others strolling under the wet boscage: breakfast now got served in a dim very damp kind of place (like some small rotundo, for limited public-meetings),—unpleasant enough wholly; and we got out into the gardens, and walked smoking, with freer talk (of mine mainly) good for little. Animals &c.,—public subscription scanty—Government helps:—adieu to it. In Kennedy's car to Sackville Street; Poor-law Ball and a whole set of us; pause at Sackville street, part go on, part will take me to Royal Irish Academy, after I have got my letters of this morning's post. With Hancock I settle that *Hutton* this night shall lodge me at Howth; that he and Ingram shall escort me out thither, when I will bathe. Nerves and health—ach Gott, be *silent* of them!

Royal Irish Academy really has an interesting museum: Petrie does the honours with enthusiasm. Big old iron cross (Smith's name on it in Irish, and date about 1100 or so, ingenious old smith really); Second Book of Clogher (tremendously old, said Petrie), torques, copper razor, porridge-pots, bog butter (tastes like wax), bog-cheese (didn't taste that, or even see); stone mallets (with cattle-bones copious where they are found,—"old savage feasting-places"): really an interesting museum, for everything has a certain *authenticity*, as well as national or other significance, too often wanting in such places. Next to Petrie, my most assiduous expositor was the Secy., whom I had seen at Stokes's; a mute, but who spoke now and civilly and to the purpose. Bustle-bustle. Evory Kennedy and others making up a route for me in the library room; at length, in a kind of paroxysm, I bid adieu to them all, and get away,—to the hotel to pack and settle.

Larcom next comes: for an hour and half in Board of Works with him. Sir W. Petty's *old* survey of Irish lands (in another office from L's); Larcom's new one,—very ingenious; coloured map, with dots, figures referring you to tables, where is a complete account of all estates, with their pauperisms, liabilities,

rents, resources: for behoof of the Poor-law Commrs. and their "electoral divisions"; a really meritorious and as I fancy most valuable work. Kirwan a western squire accidentally there; astonished at me, poor fellow, but does not hate me, invites me even. Larcom to hotel door with me: adieu, adieu! to the hotel people too, who have done all things zealously for me, and even schemed me out a route for the morrow (*wrong*, as it proved, alas!) I bid affecting adieus; and Ingram and Hancock bowl me off to the Howth Railway. Second-class, say they, but gentn. tho' crowded: Dublin cockneys on a Saturday.

The Hutton house, that evening amid "Josinian" really well-conditioned people: much should not be said of it. Hospitality's self: tall silent-looking Father Hutton (for they live at Ballydoyle, this side of Howth) meets me with "hopes" &c. at the Station there: car is to follow us to Howth, where I am to bathe, whither we now roll on. Bathe, bad bathing-ground, tide being out, wound heel in the stones (slippers *were* in the Bathing Machine, but people *didn't tell me)*; *Cornish* Pilchard-sloops fishing here; dirty village; big old Abbey over-grown with thistles, nettles, burdocks and the extremity of squalor, to which we get access thro' dark cabins by the *back windows*,—leaving a few coppers amid hallelujahs of thanks. Car, get wrapped, and drive to Lord Howth's gate: admittance there, to those of us on foot, not without difficulty: beautiful avenue, beautiful still house looking out over the still sea at eventide; among the beautifullest places I ever saw. Lord Howth a *racer*, away now, with all his turf-equipments; *Cornish* people obliged to come and fish his Bay,—his mainly for 500 years back, I believe. Call in by a Cousin Hutton (poor George Darley's classfellow, a barrister, I afterwards find) who is to go with us; twilight getting darker and darker,—I still without dinner, and growing cold, reduced to tobacco merely! Arrive at last; succedaneum for dinner is readily provided, consumed along with coffee; night passes, not intolerably, tho' silence for me was none; alas, on reflecting, I had not come there for silence! Cousin Hutton and Ingram off; a clever indignant kind of little fellow the latter. Mrs. Hutton, big black eyes *struggling* to be in earnest; four young ladies sewing,—*schöne kinder* truly.—At last do get to bed; sleep sound till 6, bemoaned by the everlasting main. "No train (Sunday) at the hour given by Imperial Hotel people," so it appears! The good Huttons have decided to send me by their carriage. Excellent people; poor little streetkin of Ballydoyle fronting a wide waste of sea-sands (fisher people, I suppose): peace and good be with you!

Sunday, 8th July.—Escorted by Hancock and young Hutton, am set down at Imperial Hotel, and thence my assiduous Familiar brings out luggage, in a Car to Kildare Railway Station, (in the extreme west,—King's or Temple-bridge, do they call it?): three-quarters of an hour too soon; rather wearisome the waiting. Fields all about have a weedy look, ditches rather dirty; houses in view, extensive some of them, have a patched dilapidated air—lime-pointing on *roofs* (as I gradually found) is uncommonly frequent in Ireland; do. white-washing to cover a multitude of sins: grey time-worn look in consequence—lime is everywhere abundant in Ireland; few bogs themselves but are close in the neighborhood of lime.

Start at last: second class but *not* quite Gentn. this time; plenty of *room* however. Irish traveller alone in my compartment; big *horse*-faced elderly; not a bad fellow (a Wexforder?),—for Limerick I suppose. Two Irish *gents* (if not gentn.) in the next compartment (for we were all visible to one another); mixed rusticity or cockneity, not remembered, in the other. Gents had both of them their tickets stuck in hatband; good, and often seen since in Scotland and there: talked to one another, loud but empty: first gent beaming black animal eyes, florid, ostentatious, voracious-looking: a sensual gent; neighbour had his back towards me, and he is lost: both went out awhile before me.—Kildare Station between twelve and one (I think): indifferent *porterage*—Country with hay and crops, in spite of occasional bogs, had been good,—waving champaign with Wicklow Hills in the distance; railway well enough, tho' sometimes at Stations or the like some little thing was wrong.—Letter of the Inscription knocked off, or the like. This then is Kildare:—but alas I nowhere see the City; above all, see no Peter Fitzgerald, whom I expected here to receive me. In the open space, which lies behind the station, get a view of Kildare, round tower, black and high, with old ruin of cathedral, on a height half a mile off; poor enough "City" to all appearance! Ask for St. Bridget's "Fire Tower-house" that once was; nobody knows it; one young fellow pretends (and only pretends I think) to know it. Two gentlemen, fat fellows, out of the train seemingly had seen the label on my luggage; rush round to ask me eagerly, "Are you Mr. Thomas Carloil?" I thought they had been Fitzgerald, and joyfully answered and enquired: alas, no they were Mr. Something else altogether, and had to roll away again next instant. Seeing no Fitzger-

ald I had to bargain with a car-man (I think there was but one), and roll away towards Halverstown—up a steepish narrow road to Kildare first.

Kildare, as I entered it looked worse and worse: one of the wretchedest wild villages I ever saw; and full of ragged beggars this day (Sunday),—exotic altogether, "like a Village in Dahomey." Man and Church both, knots of worshipping people hung about the streets, and every-where round them hovered a harpy-swarm of clamorous mendicants, men, women, children:—a village *winged*, as if a flight of harpies had alighted in it! In Dublin I had seen winged groups, but not *much* worse than some Irish groups in London that year: here for the first time was "Irish beggary" itself!—From the centre or top of the village I was speeding thro', when the Cathedral and Round Tower disclose, or properly had disclosed, themselves on my right: I turn a little to survey them; and here Fitzgerald and lady, hospitable pair, turn up and make themselves known to me *à la bonne heure*.

Beggars, beggars; walk through the wretched streets, Nunneries here, big chapel here, my hosts are Catholics: I went smoking in their carriage till they make a call; won't give beggars anything who depart, all but 2 young fellows, cowering nearly naked on opposite sides of me 20 yards off "Take this groat and divide it between you!" Explosion of thanks; exeunt round the corner—resented one: "Ach, yer honor! He won't give me the two pence"—"Then why don't you lick him, you blockhead, till he either die or give it you?" Two citizens, within hearing, burst into a laugh.—Home to Halverstown, pleasant rough-cultivated Country, ragged hedges, fertile weedy fields, one *good* farmstead or two: Mrs. Purcell welcomes us with genial smiles.

Monday, 9th July 1849.—Went from Halverstown to Glendalough, wonderful passage, especially after Holywood a desolate hamlet among the hills. Scarecrow figures all busy among their peats, ragged all, old straw hats, old grey loose coats in tatters, vernacular aspect all. Horse unwilling to perform uphill, at length down hill too; we mostly walk. Young shepherd, very young gossoon (had been herding with somebody for no wages), was now sent home to "the Churches," where he had a brother (minor) and sister left,—fibbed to me (as I found in the begging line), otherwise good and pitiable, I made him mount downhill. Resemblance to Galloway, in the hills, or to the pass beyond Drevien; hills *all* black and boggy some very craggy too; cattle kylors, sheep mongrels: wild stony huts, patches of corn few yards in area. [Woman near Kilcullen milking a goat in the morning—goats frequent enough here, pick living in the ditches] Wicklow Gap; Lead Mines; stones on the road. Guide (a sulky stupid creature) drives over it eyes open.—Like much here, like potatoe-culture. Cottages mostly cabins to the right hand under the road, and more frequent all the way down. Some mine-works (water wheel *going*), many mine shafts all the way down. At bottom inn, shop, swift river steps; beggars, churches, churchyard, wreck of *grey* antiquity grown *black*; round tower—"Cathedral," small Church with arch roof still entire, and little round belfry (? windows in it) at one end. Third church there; then lower and upper lake opening. Strait cul-de-sac of a glen, a spoke (or radius) making an *angle* with Wicklow Gap Glen: fit *pot* among the black mountains for St. Kevin to macerate himself in. Scarecrow, boatman; big mouth, rags, hunger and good humour, has his "chance" (of this best with strangers) by way of wages. Woman squirrel clambering on the rocks to shew St. Kevin's Bed; which needed no "shewing" at all; husband had deserted her, children all dead in workhouse but one; shed under a cliff; food as the ravens. New carman, rapid, good-humoured and loquacious; miner hurt among the hills; man galloping for doctor and priest; howl of woman's lamentation heard among the twilight mountains; very miserable to hear. No whiskey at Twainer's; handsome gift of milk by pretty daughter brought sixpence all the same. Home about ten; expense enormous, 30/ or more to *me*.

Tuesday 10th July.—Lane, the Scotch farmer; excellent farming; Gentn. (Burrowes) that wouldn't allow draining. 800 people *took* the Common; priest had petitioned Peel 10 years ago, but took no notice; peasant vagaries did, and here their cabins and grottos all *are*. Fitz's brother (a useful good servant) has a cabin and field there, with wife in it; good ground if it were drained. All Commons have been settled that way; once they were put away from, and the ditches levelled *twice* (so said our first Carman, a fine active lad) the *third* time it held, and so they stay. O'Connor (Mrs. Purcell's brother) a smart dandyish landlord, complained dreadfully of these "Commoners" now mostly *paupers*; nobody's property once, now *his* (to bed). All creatures, Love among the rest, cling to the potatoe, as the one hope or possibility they have or ever dream of; look upon the chance of failure, as our Sulky did upon the stone "perhaps I'll get over it." In the afternoon Curragh of Kildare, best of race-courses, a sea of beautiful green land, with

fine cropt furze on it here and there, a fine race-stand (like the best parish church) at one end, saddling house, &c.; racing apparatus enough; and *work* for about 10,000 people if they were set to it instead of left to beg, (circle of 3 miles, 4,000 acres, look?) Newbridge village and big barrack; Liffey both at Kilcullen and it; *Monastery* Mrs. P. saluted priest; people all lounging, village idle, silent, many houses *down*.—Railway, whirl of dust, smoke and screaming uproar, past Kildare again, past Athy *(A-thigh)* old walls, now a village, Wexford hills on this hand, Q's County hills on that: good green waving country alternating with detestable bogs to Carlow—saw into the grey old hungry-looking stones as we whirled past in the evening sun—Railway Station, broken windows there (done by mischievous boys), letters knocked off, &c., now and then all the way from Dublin. Car at Bagnalstown, eloquent beggar. "More power to you wherever you go! The Lord Almighty preserve your honor from all sickness and hurt and the dangers of the year!" &c., &c. Never saw such begging in this world; often get into a rage at it. On to Kilkenny (over the Barrow &c.); noisy vulgar fellow, talks, seems to know me. Castle Inn door; Dr. Cane's, where I now am [writing in dressing gown] 7 a. m. not having slept; morning the flower of summer; town old decayed and grey.

(To be continued.)

Thomas Carlyle.

THE DREAMER.

Oh, I have sailed
Where others failed;
Found polar seas and Happy Isles,
And gone a million million miles,
Through summer and through snowing!
And I have seen
Old Pan between
The oaken vistas, as I passed
Low banks Lycæus overcast,
His oaten pipe a-blowing.

Sometimes, on seas,
Sweet melodies
Of phantom voices fill the sky,
And fairy barges pass me by,
Bound out for El Dorado.
Through frozen noons
And torrid moons,
Toward stranger noons and moons I steer;
Through wood and waste I journey near,
The Valley of the Shadow.

In crowded throngs,
I hear strange songs,
And blare of trumpets sounding by
Old villages and castles high,
And pied and daisied hollows;
Or see, between
The spring's young green,
The gleaming shoulder, pearly white,
Of laughing dryad, in swift flight,
The gay faun hotly follows.

Sometimes the night
Is filled with light,
And all the sweet myrrh-thickets glow
With softened yellow, when below
Ten thousand lanterns quiver.
Through outer glooms,
And trailing blooms,
I sweep into enchanted lands,
Fast skimming o'er the golden sands
Of Bagdad's storied river.

And dancing girls,
In dreamy whirls,
By palace-doors that brightly gleam,
Float through like visions in a dream,
The sweet thought follows after.
And eyes meet eyes,
In love's surprise;
Hearts beat, and loud the wailing flute.
And murmur of the drowsy lute,
Do mimic happy laughter.

The grace that gleams
In poets' dreams
And lovers' thoughts I still pursue;
For me the sunlight paints the dew,
And lilies perfume-laden.
To me bird-song
And joy belong,
And poles come near, and stars draw nigh;
For me doth droop the laughing eye
Of arch and tender maiden.

L. Frank Tooker.

OPERA IN NEW YORK. III.

A SINGLE season brought the operatic adventurers in Astor Place to bankruptcy. Following upon two splendid performances (one of *Romeo* by the veteran prima-donna, Catarina Barili-Patti, in which, notwithstanding the lack of freshness in her voice, she delighted the most appreciative part of her audience by her splendid and truly imposing display of the grand style in the old Italian school of singing, and one by Truffi of the Jewess in Verdi's "Nabucco," in which, by her nobility of person and of action, and no less by her fine musical declamation, she made an impression never to be effaced from the memories of those who received it), the doors of the new and beautiful lyric theater were closed, with great uncertainty as to when and by whom they would be re-opened.

New York was not, however, left without Italian opera, and that of no mean order. The Havana company returned in the spring of 1848, and appeared at Niblo's Theater. Their visits to New York were regular for a few years, and were events of musical importance. Not only was the number of the principal artists large, and their merit great, but such a chorus, and an orchestra so well filled and so ably directed (always by Arditi), American audiences were not accustomed to; nor were operatic performances of such completeness common even in Europe, except in some two or three of the great capitals. And these performances were given at a very low price; the object of the manager, Señor Marty, of Havana, being less to make money by the visits of his company to America, than to keep them together and preserve their health, and diminish his expenses during the sickly season in Cuba. Their visit this season was made remarkable by the appearance of a tenor, Salvi, who, as a vocalist, among the eminent tenors who have been heard in New York, was second only to Mario, the greatest of his time, and since whose retirement the world has heard none worthy even to be called his successor. Although Salvi was past his youth when he first sang in New York, his voice was yet in perfect preservation. It lacked nothing that is to be expected in a tenor voice of the first class: and it had that mingling of manliness and tenderness, of human sympathy and seraphic loftiness, which, for lack of any other or better word, we call divine. As a vocalist, he was not in the first rank; but he stood foremost in the second. His presence was manly and dignified, and he was a good actor. But it was as a vocalist pure and simple that he captivated and moved his audiences. He was heard in America at brief intervals during a few years, and his influence upon the taste of the general music-loving public was very considerable and wholly good. Singing at Niblo's, at Castle Garden, and other like places, at which the price of admission was never more than one dollar, and was generally fifty cents, he gave to multitudes who would otherwise have had no such opportunity, that education in art which is to be had only from the performances of a great artist. In purity of style he was unexceptionable. He lacked only a little higher finish, a little more brilliancy of voice and impressiveness of manner, to take a position among tenors of the very first rank. Of these, however, there are never two in the world at the same time, scarcely two in the same generation; and so Salvi prepared the public for the coming Mario. His forte was the cantabile, and his finest effects were those in *mezza voce*, expressive of intense suppressed feeling. More than once, when he sang "*Spirto gentil*," as he rose to the crescendo of the second phrase, and then let his cry pass suddenly away in a dying fall, I have heard a whole house draw suspended breath, as if in pain; so nearly alike in their outward manifestations are pain and fine, keen pleasure.

With the Havana company came also at this time Signora Steffanone, a soprano, without some mention of whom these sketches would be thought ungratefully imperfect by all those who remember her satisfying voice, her admirable style, and her pleasing although notably ample person. It seemed as if she might and should have been a great prima-donna; and, always pleasing to the most exacting hearers, at certain moments, on certain nights, she rose to grandeur, and aroused her audiences to enthusiasm. But as time went on she deteriorated rather than improved; and it was said—truly, I believe—that she was addicted to habits of self-indulgence, which in the end are ruinous to a man and are swiftly destructive to a woman.

In this year, 1848, Max Maretzek made his appearance in the New York musical world, in which he was destined to fill the place both of musical director and operatic manager, some-

times one, sometimes the other, sometimes both, for more than a decade, with distinction, and not without success. He was a clever and well-instructed musician, but was inclined to seek success by the art of management rather than by the management of his art. He cannot be said to have done anything to educate or to elevate the public taste; but it would be unjust not to say that he appears never to have done anything willingly to degrade it. Under his baton, sometimes under his management, there were unseasonable seasons and disjointed performances of many old operas and some new ones, by companies made up of a jumble of all or some of the materials—*disjecta membra*—of companies which had gone to pieces; most of this leading only to insolvency, and nothing of it being here worthy of special mention. But Maretzek himself always showed ability. He merely could not do what was impossible.

In the summer of 1850, Señor Marty's company came again from Havana to New York, and this time with an array of musical force that had in it something of grandeur. The chorus was large, and rich in well-trained voices; the orchestra was filled in like manner, Bottesini being the first contra-basso and Arditi the musical director and conductor; and the leading vocal artists were Tadesco, Steffanone, Salvi, Badiali, Marini, and others second only to them. The Park Theater had been burned to the ground in 1848, just half a century after it was first opened, and this noble opera company went almost perforce to Castle Garden, having gone first for a short time to Niblo's, and afterward to Astor Place. Castle Garden, which has been given over for many years to the invading hordes from Europe, was at one time (and to the present elder generation of New-Yorkers it must seem not long ago) the most widely known and generally frequented place of popular amusement in the city. It began to be so used in the days when the lower part of Broadway and Greenwich street were "fashionable," and when the Battery was the favorite promenade; the great walk being thronged, on fair afternoons, by elegant folk who took there their daily needed "constitutional" of air and gossip.* At Castle Garden were the grand exhibitions of fire-works; from Castle Garden balloons went up in the days when that peril supplied the craving for excitement now afforded by the flying trapeze; at Castle Garden the American Institute had its first fairs; at Castle Garden there were concerts and theatrical performances and operas; and there Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed, and well performed, at a time whereof those who went with large eyes and long ears to hear it at Steinway Hall, big with a consciousness of first discovery of its greatness, have no memory. There, or at Niblo's, in the summer of 1850, this great company performed "Norma," Verdi's "Attila," "La Favorita," "Lucia," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "I Puritani," "Lucrezia Borgia," and, of course, "Ernani,"—no opera season then without "Ernani," if there were a soprano in the company equal to it, and generally, also, if there were not. And the Havana troupe had in Steffanone and Tadesco two admirable *Elviras*, the former always singing with intelligence and dramatic power, and the voice of the latter gushing out in great floods of limpid sound that drowned the ear in sensuous delight.

In the Havana company at this time, however, there was an artist who gave New York a fresh and fine sensation of musical pleasure, such as it had not had for years. This was Angiolina Bosio. She appeared without any heralding; and, indeed, she was then entirely without reputation. But it was one admirable trait in the management of this noble company that there was never any preliminary puffing, either of its individual members or of it as a whole. There was the company. It would perform "Norma," or "Ernani," or "Lucia" to the best of its ability; come and hear it. Bosio's name had never been heard or seen in New York, until it appeared on the play-bills. When she came upon the stage her audience saw a woman not very young, slender and not tall, with little beauty of feature, except a pair of luminous and expressive dark eyes,—a person, indeed, quite insignificant, except for those eyes and for a certain distinction and elegance of manner. When she sang she displayed a voice not remarkable for either power or compass; nor could her style be called either impressive or brilliant. But ere long,—in the course of a few evenings,—she was recognized as an artist of a very high grade of merit, and became—this entirely unknown and not beautiful woman—the prime favorite of the company. Angiolina Bosio, born at Turin, in 1824, and educated in music at Milan, had sung in Italy, in Spain, and in Denmark with some success, but not enough to attract any attention in London, or Paris, or St.

* Thus described by an already forgotten New York writer, Frederick Cozzens, in his exquisite imitation of Spenser, "Sir Clod his Undoinge":

"With Placket lin'd, with joyous heart he hies
To where the Battery's Alleys, cool and greene,
Amid disparted Rivers daintie lies,
With Fortresse brown and spacious Bridge betweene
Two Baths, which there like panniers huge are seen:
In shadie paths fair Dames and Maides there be
With stalking Lovers basking in their eene,
And solitary ones who scan the sea,
Or list to vesper chimes of slumberous Trinity."



CASTLE GARDEN, 1850.

Petersburg, or at New York. She, however, appeared in Paris at the Théatre Italien, in 1848, but obtained no recognition of her talent, "not even," as her biographer records, "a passing remark." Her immediate engagement for Havana by Marty brought her to New York, where a different reception awaited her; and I believe that I myself had the pleasure of writing the first criticisms in which her vocal talent was recognized. I remember, too, that as I was writing one night (after her performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, I believe), I thought of the charm that was in her face, notwithstanding its lack of beauty, and of her lustrous eyes, and I wrote her name Lady Beaux yeux; and she must have forgiven me for spelling it wrong, for she took the blunder with her to Europe, where she was known by it afterward. Like Malibran, and like Bottesini, Bosio, soon after her great success in New York, attained a great reputation in Europe. Soon; not immediately, however. She was engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, at London, where she appeared in June, 1852, as *Norina* in "L'Elisir d'Amore," one of the parts in which she was most admired in New York. But, as her biographer says, "she did not create by any means a favorable impression; her voice appeared 'worn,' and her intonation sharp; * * * and she was pronounced 'a good second-rate singer, nothing more.'" At the end of the season, however, Madame Grisi having declined to sing in "I Puritani," Bosio was asked to undertake *Elvira*. She did so; and all at once Philistia woke up to the perception that Bosio was a great artist. She became the talk of musical London. Mr.



LORENZO SALVI. (FROM A PRINT BELONGING TO THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

Gye engaged her immediately for three years. She went to Paris, and there had like success—she who only a year or two before, and after she had completed her studies, and was in the first freshness of her voice, had sung there without exciting a passing remark. From this time she was recognized as one of the great prima-donnas of her day. Her voice was a pure, silvery soprano, remarkable alike for its penetrating quality and for a charm so fine and delicate that it seemed almost intellectual. But she was not a remarkably dramatic singer, even in light comedy parts, which best suited her; and her style was not at all declamatory. She *sang;* and in her vocalization she showed the results of intelligent study in the old Italian school. Her phrasing was incomparably fine, and the delicacy of her articulation has been surpassed by no modern prima-donna, not even by Alboni. Thus much of her as a vocal artist; but her charm was greatly personal. Although her acting was always appropriate and in good taste, and at times—as, for example, in the saucy widow of "Don Pasquale"—very captivating, she never seemed to throw herself wholly into her part. She was always Angiolina Bosio, and appeared on the stage like a lady performing admirably in private theatricals. Her bearing was a delight to her audience, and seemed to be a performance, whereas it was only herself. She sang the music of all the great operatic composers to the admiration of the public and the critics of the most exacting disposition; but she was greatest in Rossini's operas, and in Bellini's and Donizetti's. Yet her exquisitely charming and finished performance of *Zerlina* should not be passed over unmentioned. In 1856 she went to St. Petersburg, where she got gain and glory, which tempted her to return there again and yet again; and there, after having been nominated by the Emperor *première cantatrice* to the imperial court (she being the first who ever had that honor), she suddenly died in April, 1859, in the prime of her life and of her powers; for she was not yet quite thirty-five years old. This was the career of the woman of whom her biographer says, after recording the indifference with which she had been received in Paris, and before recounting the details of her slow recognition in London, that between these two non-eventful and semi-eventful periods, being in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, "she was ardently admired by the Americans." Possibly if the writer had known more, or had known anything, of "the Americans," and of the capacity for the recognition of musical talent which they have never failed to show, she might have given more importance to their ardent admiration of the unknown Bosio.

Such recognition as Bosio received in New York is always more or less reciprocal in its benefit, and her performances here for two seasons were an education of the public taste in the appreciation of all the most delicate refinements of the art of vocalization. In this respect we owe her hardly less than we owe to any one of the greatest among her predecessors and successors, although they were Malibran, Caradori, Jenny Lind, and Alboni.

And yet another vocal artist of distinction belonging to this company, being, indeed, its musical manager, received at this time in New York his first recognition. This was the baritone Badiali—the great baritone, as he was afterward called in Europe. Signor Badiali, too, brought no reputation to New York, simply because he had none to bring. He had never before been heard of anywhere. But his noble voice, his fine style, and his remarkable powers as a dramatic vocalist were at once appreciated by the critics and the public of New York, and he became a prime favorite, and so continued for some years. Afterward he went to London, where he was so much admired that he said, "I wonder that I never thought of coming to London before."

In this year, 1851, New York enjoyed a performance of *Norma* by Catarini Barili-Patti. It was the last time that the grand old Italian style of singing was heard in America. I am inclined to think that it has never since been heard even in Europe;—that large simplicity of manner, severe and yet not hard; that thoroughness, that constantly present sense of the decorum of art, died out before we, who were brought up on Donizetti and on Verdi, came to the enjoyment of operatic delights. Catarina Barili-Patti, the eminent mother of a still more eminent daughter, uttered the last notes of an expiring school, and closed her own career in the town in which Adelina Patti, her child but not her pupil, began her splendid course of triumph as the most brilliant vocalist of her day.

Perhaps it should be remarked that about this time Signorina Teresa Parodi appeared in New York as a prima-donna, and won great and well-deserved favor. She was an excellent *Norma*, a part which she much affected. She did not, however, produce any appreciable effect upon public taste, and was soon forgotten.

The two great musical events of the second half of the nineteenth century in America, as before in Europe, were now impending; I mean, it is hardly necessary to say, the appearance of Jenny Lind and of Marietta Alboni. Jenny Lind's career has no claim upon our attention here; and, indeed, any remarks upon it would be out of place; for before she crossed the Atlantic she had abjured the stage, and

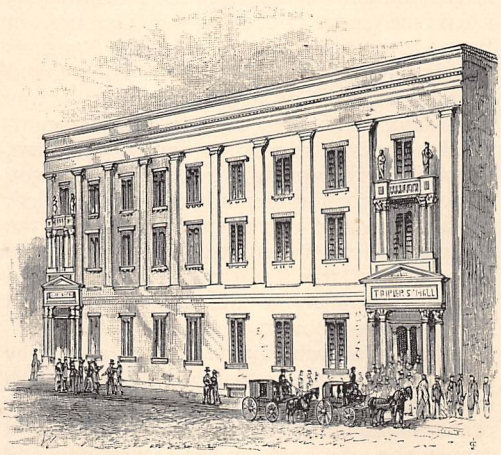


ALBONI. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY LE JEUNE.)

during her long sojourn in the United States she was heard only in the concert-room. Moreover, there has recently appeared in the pages of this magazine a full and appreciative account of her American experiences.* There remains to be remarked upon her only the fact that so closely and exclusively did she rivet the attention of the musical public upon herself that, prudent although she was, she was in this unlike Prudence—that when she was present all the other divinities were absent. Little interest was manifested by New-Yorkers in operatic or concert music of a high order, other than hers, during her performances. When she left the city for other places, fashion would assemble at the opera, if there were one; and, indeed, mere fashion did this at all times; but the true music-lovers of the most cultivated society did not thus quickly and rudely disturb their memories of the great artist. Perhaps Mlle. Parodi might have made a stronger impression upon the public of New York had she not had the ill-fortune to make her American *début* in the first flush and fury of the Lind excitement. † She sang, during the next few months, with good acceptance in "Norma," "Lucrezia," "Gemma di Vergy," "Giovanna di Napoli," "Il Barbiere," "Semiramide." About the same time, Truffi appeared in "Parisina" and "Il Giuramento," and Mr. Maurice Strakosch brought out at Astor Place his very clever opera, "Giovanna di Napoli," which, however, did not obtain more than a *succès d'estime*, that most unsuccessful of all so-called successes.

In 1851, Jenny Lind was singing in New York, from the first week in May until the 6th of June; and then came the Havana company again, and with it the enchanting Bosio. I find in my scrap-book an article which I wrote on the 9th of June, 1851, which is noticeable because of its laudation of her, and because her biographer says that she returned to Europe in 1851, and was engaged by Mr. Gye for the season of 1852, for the Royal Italian Opera of London, where she obtained her first European success. She was, therefore, in the summer of 1851 on the eve of departure from the scene of her triumphs.

From this time, although there was opera at Astor Place in the spring of 1852, and Jenny Lind returned as Madame Goldschmidt to give a series of concerts, there was no musical event of any note until the appearance of Alboni at Metropolitan (or Tripler) Hall, on the 23d of June in that year. Her coming had been announced, of course, and something of her reputation was known to all musical people; but nothing had been done to get up an excitement or even to awaken an interest in her movements in the general unmusical public. Thus it was, too, when she came before the public in London and in Paris. In London she had appeared, "almost unknown" in the midst of the Jenny Lind craze (April, 1847), with Grisi and Tamburini,



TRIPLER'S HALL, OR METROPOLITAN HALL, 1854. (FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE P. ELDER, ESQ.)

* "Jenny Lind," by Sir Julius Benedict, accompanied by a full-page portrait, appeared in this magazine for May, 1881.

† It is, perhaps, just worth while to say that Mlle. Parodi is mentioned above a little before her place in the course of musical events. Jenny Lind preceded her a few weeks; the Swede having appeared at Castle Garden on the 12th September, 1850, and Mlle. Parodi at Astor Place on the 4th November following. Minute accuracy on unessential points is not professed nor sought in these sketches. I am not writing a book of reference.



ANGIOLINA BOSIO.

in "Semiramide." Her success was assured before the end of the first act. Nevertheless, when she sang, the following October, in Paris for the first time, many of the Parisians asked, "Who is this Alboni?" They found out who she was on the next morning. It was because of this neglect to blow her own trumpet that the audience at her first concert here, although large enough to be respectable, even in relation to her merits, was not crowded, not a throng, and that she never had what the newspapers call "ovations." Her audiences were always large; and they were composed almost exclusively of the most earnest and most cultivated lovers of music.

Alboni was probably the greatest singer the world has seen since Malibran. She was not, in all respects, fitted to be a great operatic prima-donna; but as a vocalist, pure and simple, she was, both by her natural gifts and by her art, first among the foremost of her generation. When she came to New York, in 1852, she was thirty years old, and was, like Jenny Lind, in the full maturity of her marvelous powers. She had been taught the elements of vocalization by Bagioli, but to his schooling she had the incomparable good fortune to add instructions from Rossini, who saw her talent, and at a time when, in his own words, she sang "like an itinerant ballad-singer," predicted her success. To his teaching may probably be attributed her love of his music and her mastery of it. She sang his great contralto parts as they had not been sung since the time of Pisaroni, the greatest contralto and the ugliest woman that ever trod the Italian stage. Alboni had appeared at Vienna, at Dresden, and at St. Petersburg before making her great success at London and at Paris, which was in 1847, five years before her visit to America. All that was known of her was that she was much thought



E. FREZZOLINI.

of in Europe, and that she was very stout; so that there was a poor joke current at the time that "she was not all bony, but all fatty." There was not even the first spark of such a raging blaze of excitement as there had been about Jenny Lind. As to what she was, and how she sang, and the impression she produced, I do not know that I can do better than to quote from the article I wrote on the night of her first appearance in New York, and from its two immediate successors, the following passages: *

"Madame Alboni herself then appeared for the grand cavatina in 'Semiramide.' As we saw her before we heard her, our first thought was that she had been unjustly and ungallantly treated on the point of her personal attractions. Although her amplitude exceeds even the most accommodating standard of symmetry, her features are unquestionably fine, and her face needs only a little attenuation to be decidedly handsome. [In fact, Alboni's face was a noble one of the pure Italian type, and very charming in its expression. Her hair grew around her broad, low, white brow in that arched outline which is found in the finest antique statues, and her mouth was beautiful. Her smile was charming, and not only because it revealed the whitest of coral-set teeth; and her laugh infected the air around her with hilarity. It was impossible not to laugh with her. But to resume my next morning's criticism.] Madame Alboni's voice impresses the ear at once with its sumptuous quality. There is not a moment's question as to the imperial rank of this gift of nature to her. Its powers are instantly manifest, and not only so, but in a moment they are all displayed. Its supremacy was as completely asserted at the close of the recitation of the first air as at the end of the concert. The impression was reiterated. It could not have been deepened. In this voice is the chief power of the singer. It is what we hear that we enjoy, not the thought that what we hear brings up. And it is in the quality, the calibre, and the copiousness of the voice, rather than in its extent or its flexibility, that its charm is found. It has a cool lusciousness which is peculiar. It comes bubbling, gurgling, gushing from that full throat and those gently parted lips, and reminds us of draughts of which poets have sung, but of which Bacchantes have only dreamed. Perfect equality throughout it has not; its rather thin, plaintive, and hautbois-like tone in the upper register being somewhat inconsistent with the large and pompous character of the lower portion; but this is an inequality of quantity only. The quality is throughout an extensive range (from F in the bass clef to C in alt of the G clef) identical. In all

* It may be worth while to say, and it is not foreign to our subject to say, that I wrote the musical criticisms which appeared in the New York "Courier and Enquirer" at this time, while Mr. George William Curtis performed the same office for the "Tribune."

other respects it seems to us, on a single hearing, to be unimpeachable. Her style is not peculiar in any particular, save in the ease and freedom by which it is marked. Many hearers will be charmed by the carelessness of her manner. She seems to give no thought to what she does, but merely to let the flood of song pour itself forth. There are some who will regard this as the perfection of art. Her recitative in the cavatina from 'Semiramide' was large, simple, and grand, and her execution of the aria admirable, but the most charming performance of the evening would have been the duet from 'Don Pasquale,' were it not for the 'wanton heed and giddy cunning' with which she threaded the mazes of *Non piu mesta*. The duettino was so exquisitely sung, expressed so fully the fair, serene loveliness of the composition, that those who are curious in pretty sayings might well have called it moonlight made audible. As to the rondo from 'Cenerentola,' was there ever anything heard like it, or will there ever be again? Milton's charming paradoxical phrase, which we have already applied to it, alone helps us to express the quiet recklessness with which she thridded the intricate mazes of this lovely rondo. Every group of notes was a cluster of gems; every note was perfectly beautiful in itself, and beautiful in its place; and with these vocal jewels she played with a seeming pleased and unconscious carelessness, as if an infant sought a moment's sport in unstringing and scattering priceless pearls."

"That which is perfectly beautiful in its kind seems the more beautiful the more its beauties are scanned; and whatever may be the relative rank which æsthetic criticism may hereafter assign to the style of Madame Alboni, there can be no doubt, we think, in the mind of any one gifted with the ability to judge, that, in her style, her singing is as purely and absolutely beautiful as it is possible for anything earthly to be. There seems to be nothing wanting in the concurrence of voice, style, and method to make every phrase she utters complete in its expression of richness of resource, and of elegance, and in its sensuous charm. Added to this there is an indefinable something, more delicate than expression, yet akin to it, which makes her song float like a seductive aroma around her hearer, penetrating to the most delicate fibers of his being, and pervading him with a dreamy delight. This was manifest even in *Di piacer*, which, by the way, seems more suited to her style than *Una voce*. It is in the music of Rossini that the peculiar character of Madame Alboni's talent finds its best expression. The geniality, the fullness of life, the impressible gayety of soul and conscious animal enjoyment which pervaded his music, even in its most dignified passages, in detail and in their union suit her. Their union, indeed, is her nature. She and Rossini have souls akin; and she is, to use a phrase of the day, but his 'medium.' Yet, last evening, Bellini had in her such an interpreter of one of his loveliest and most pathetic compositions as is rare even among great primadonnas. *Ah non credea* as sung by her will be a treasured memory with all the devotees of music who were fortunate enough to hear it. How grandly was it phrased! how delicately accentuated!"



BROADWAY THEATER. (FROM OLD PRINT IN COLLECTION OF GEO. P. ELDER.)

Yes, indeed; now, after almost thirty years, I can hear with my mind's ear the marvelously, almost miraculously, beautiful way in which she uttered the few notes of this simple phrase



with which she closed this movement, and which, passing in an instant, almost in the twinkling of an eye, yet had in every note, and in this relation of each note to its predecessor and its successor, and in its conception as a whole, and in its execution, an enchanting, subduing charm which produced a feeling of mingled transport and humiliation. One was tempted to go and kneel down before her and do something abject in grateful acknowledgment of this manifestation of supreme musical divinity.

My readers will probably observe in these paragraphs a varied and gradually enhanced appreciation of the great contralto. Yet it is difficult to explain how it was that with her unique voice,—a voice to which no other that has been heard for fifty years can be compared either in volume or in quality,—and with a method absolutely perfect, and a style the charm of which can hardly be expressed in words, she failed to stir her audiences as deeply as other singers did, who were less gifted and less accomplished. This negative trait of her performances became more apparent when she appeared in opera, which she did on the 27th of December, 1852, at the Broadway Theater, a large house then standing in Broadway, nearly opposite the old Hospital, in which, during its short existence,—of about ten years,—there was much good acting and singing. There Alboni went through a brief operatic season, beginning with "La Cenerentola" and including "La Figlia del Reggimento" and "La Sonnambula." The stage did not increase her attractions. She was not an actress; she was not a great operatic primadonna; she was a singer simply and absolutely—the greatest singer of her half-century;

nothing more. Not that she was awkward on the stage, or that her acting was without intelligence; but that it was matter-of-course acting; she did pretty well what she had seen others do better, and, at times, pleased her audience by the personal expression of her own gayety of heart and rich animal nature. Nor was her figure at all suited to *Cinderella*, to *Amina*, or to the *Daughter of the Regiment*. As she appeared with her *képi* and her canteen, one could not but think of a young Falstaff in short petticoats, and of the old Falstaff's death being "a march of twelve score." Yet this woman had in her heart a yearning to perform the grandest dramatic part known to the modern lyric stage.

One day I was with her in her own apartments, she avowed to me her disappointment with the degree of her success in America, where Mlle. Lind had gained a fortune, and she "hardly enough to buy wine with." Presently, nodding her handsome head to me, she said:

"*Un segreto!*" and then drew back, and looked at me with an arch smile, like a child.

"*Per esser felice!*" I rejoined, luckily thinking of the Brindisi which she sang so splendidly.

"*Si, si!*" she merrily cried, clapping her fat hands, and breaking into a soft peal of laughter, so charming and so infectious that a Grand Inquisitor, Torquemada himself, much more a young man *fanatico per la musica*, must have joined in it. Then, with mock gravity, she said: "*Quando io sarò stata buon' ragazza per lungo tempo, voglio mi fare una presenta*" [When I have been a good little girl for a long time I mean to make myself a present], adding, in reply to my look of inquiry, "*La Norma. Lo canterò per piacere solo*" [Norma. I shall sing it only for pleasure].

"Why not sing it now?" I asked.

"Ah," she replied, "one must scream a little to sing Norma, and I do not yet know how to scream."

Yes, this queen of contraltos, not content with all the triumph she had achieved, hankered after *Norma*, the part of all parts for which she was most unfitted both in voice and in person, and to which her style was not less unsuited. Nor was she able to restrain her impatience for the long time which she had at first proposed; for on the 28th of January, 1853, she appeared at the Broadway Theater for the first time as *Norma*. To my surprise, she not only sang the music with passion and with fervor, but in her action showed intuitions of dramatic power which I had never before remarked in her. In the second act she was even fiercely impetuous. She must have brooded over the part until it took complete possession of her. It was a very great performance, regarded from a certain point of view; but Norma-ly it was open to objection. Much of the music was transposed; and, on the other hand, her figure was composed of such a connected system of globes and ellipses that it was impossible to accept her as the Grand Priestess of the Druids, although we had not yet seen Grisi. I have not discovered any record of her performance of this part in Europe; and New York has at least the distinction of Alboni's first appearance, if not that of her only appearance, as *Norma*, as an incident in its operatic annals. Excepting Malibran, no singer, not even Jenny Lind, did so much as Alboni did to elevate and purify the taste of the higher class of music-lovers. She became the model, the standard by which others were to be tried. In the summer of 1853, she returned to Europe, and in July was married to the Conte di Pepoli. She was wealthy, but did not withdraw entirely from her prima-donna life until some years had passed. She is now not heard of, even in her retirement.

We must turn back a little from our continued companionship with the great contralto to give our attention to a soprano of hardly less eminence and of a more splendid career —Sontag, who made her first appearance in America at Metropolitan (Tripler) Hall, on the 27th of September, 1852. This was a very remarkable event; for Sontag was born in 1805; and she, who had sung with Malibran, and had been her rival, and then her reconciled friend (as we have already seen in the first of these sketches), was here in New York, where Malibran had more than a quarter of a century before taken her first step to glory, and had given America its first operatic sensation, opening the rich and varied musical spectacle of which I have been able to give but a sketch made up of outlines and of dots; and Malibran's rival was here in all her early beauty of person and of voice.

The occasion was briefly this. Henrietta Sontag, after a musical career in which all the possible experiences of a prima-donna of the first class were ideally combined,—after enchanting all Europe by her voice, her singing, her acting, and her beauty,—was married in 1828 to Count Rossi, a Sardinian nobleman. The marriage was secret on account of the opposition of the Count's family, although Mlle. Sontag, whose position among artists was exceptional, had been ennobled by the King of Prussia, under the title of Mlle. de Lauenstein. The marriage, however, transpired in 1829, under circumstances painful to the beautiful and unimpeachable young ma-



HENRIETTA SONTAG AS DONNA ANNA IN DON JUAN. (FROM THE ENGRAVING BY GIRARD AFTER THE PAINTING BY P. DELAROCHE.)

tron. Ere long she retired from the stage, and lived in such privacy as was possible to one who was not only the wife of a noble diplomate but herself a distinguished person. The revolution of 1848 ruined what there was to ruin in Count Rossi; and the Countess, laying aside her title and resuming the name under which she had acquired a reputation still remembered all over Europe, returned to her public artist-life. To the surprise and delight of Europe, she was still the enchanting Henrietta Sontag of twenty years before. After two or three years of renewed European success, she came to New York. The end of my article on her first concert is the following paragraph:

"Madame Sontag began last evening a strange and brilliant phase of her eventful career. When she gathered her first laurels, the metropolis of China might as soon have tempted her seaward as the metropolis of this Republic, which then held no such position. But since that lovely woman who last evening charmed thousands by the mere grace of her presence, first awoke the enthusiasm of Europe, we have become a mighty nation, and this has become a great city, one of the great centers of art and civilization on the globe. We have been growing old; and in our wearying, wearing struggles onward, the whole nation has become haggard and care-worn, even to making us a proverb and a by-word; but she seems to have drunk of the fabled spring which bestowed eternal youth and loveliness; and now to our faded youth comes this blooming matron, with all the bright gifts that were ever hers only mellowed by the gentle touch of enamored Time. It seems as if she might go on singing and charming the world forever; and as if our children might be enchanted, as we are now, by her who, save for the unimpeachable purity of her life, might then, if not now, be called, for her unfading youth and grace, the Ninon de l'Enclos of song."

Sontag, however, was only forty-seven when she came to New York. But she looked, in the concert-room at least, not more than twenty-seven: and a middle-aged musical connoisseur, a French gentleman, who had heard her in Paris in her youth, said to me that he found no change in her voice, except perhaps a little, a very little, loss of fullness and strength in the lower notes. Her singing was just what it had been before. A more remarkable preservation is not known in the annals of art. Hardly less astonishing had been her vocal precocity. It is told of her that at eight years of age she stood upon a table and there sang the grand aria of the Queen of Night in the "Zauberflöte," doing this in childish simplicity, "her arms hanging beside her, and her eye following the flight of a butterfly, while her voice, pure, penetrating, and of angelic tone, flowed as unconsciously as a limpid rill from a mountain-side." Afterward she had the advantage of singing children's parts under the direction of Von Weber, then director of the orchestra at the Prague theater.

Sontag's voice was an absolute soprano, of full but not of extraordinary compass or remarkable power. Its peculiar beauty lay in its quality, that angelic tone which, as we have seen, it had even in her childhood, and in its union of flexibility with firmness. She rivaled the most skillful violin-players in the rapidity, the exactness, and the solidity of tone with which she ran scales, diatonic and chromatic, and with which she executed *fioriture*, and trills singly and in succession, and even staccato scales of two octaves. But she never sank into an accurate musical machine. There was always the inexplicable enchantment of quality, the angelic tone, in whatever she sang; and her style, although never grand, impressive, or deeply pathetic, was always charming. In person she was like her voice, not grandly beautiful, but very pretty, bewitching in her ways, and always elegant,—probably the most lady-like prima-donna that ever trod the stage; unless we must except that captivating embodiment of stately elegance, Mlle. Frezzolini, who came here in 1857, when her personal and vocal attractions were on the wane, but who preserved in the expression of her face and in her bearing a beauty that could never fade. She was the ideal of a beautiful great lady of the olden time. Sontag was always graceful, always seemed to express a certain daintiness of soul and body; she was personally reserved and retiring; and kept herself as aloof from the borders of Bohemia as if she had been a crown princess. Twenty years of life in courts, where, from the position of her husband, she sometimes had precedence of all other embassadors' wives, had developed and perfected in the ennobled Mlle. de Lauenstein a social sentiment in this regard which was innate, and which was part of the charm that had made kings and princes of the finer sort her ardent and respectful admirers. Her figure was pretty; but she was celebrated for no beauty but that of her hands and feet. Her complexion was fair; her large eyes were a soft, pale blue; her hair a light auburn, in which, when she was here, she did not attempt to conceal a few streaks of gray, just perceptible in society, but invisible on the stage.

At her first concerts here, the wonderful young violinist, Paul Jullien, appeared with her. He was then a mere boy, hardly more than a child, for he was but ten years old; but his performance was already that of a virtuoso, and his tone and style were nearly those of a great master of the instrument. One evening, after Madame Sontag had been

here about a month, I went, at one of her concerts, to her private room, where she had been kind enough to receive me before, for she was one of the very few prima-donnas with whom I was on familiar terms. "*Entrez!*" said a male voice when I knocked at the half-open door. I entered, and what should I see but Count Rossi and Paul Jullien sitting together over a basin of water, which was between them on the sofa. Count Rossi looked up and smiled as he held out his hand without rising, and then blew into the bowl. He was engaged with Paul (who a few minutes before had astonished a delighted and cultivated audience) in sailing paper-boats, which the little fellow had begged the Count to make for him from concert programmes. The basin from Madame Sontag's wash-stand furnished the sea on which the fragile fleet was launched. The boy continued his amusement until Madame Sontag entered, and then hastily drying his hands upon another concert bill, took up his violin, and while I was yet musing in wonder at the strangeness of the scene, my rumination was disturbed by the outburst of applause which greeted the entrance of the little boat-sailer upon the stage.

Madame Sontag soon appeared in opera at Niblo's Theater, where she performed *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere," *Marie* in "La Figlia del Reggimento," *Amina* in "La Sonnambula," *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Adina* in "L'Elisir d'Amore," and *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni." Her dramatic success was not great. As *Rosina* she was captivating; as *Marie* she was pleasing; but in the serious parts of even "La Sonnambula" and "Lucia" she failed to impress her audience, except by her exquisitely finished singing, and as *Lucrezia Borgia* she failed wholly, except in rendering the tender and delicate beauty of "*Quanto e bello.*" I felt obliged to say this very plainly, and at last, owing to a perversion of what I had said, to declare that "every tragic opera, and every act of every tragic opera, and every scene of every act of every tragic opera, in which she has appeared, have plainly shown to close observation that whatever knowledge, and taste, and hard work may have done for her, she is wholly deficient in tragic power." Nor, indeed, had she much dramatic power of even the comic sort. She was arch and elegant—she never could be other than elegant—as *Rosina;* but in "La Figlia del Reggimento" she was entirely lacking in that comic power, which, for example, we have all admired so much in Minnie Hauk's performance of *Carmen*. Moreover, she looked older on the stage than in the concert-room. In her ordinary dress no one ever thought of her age, only of her charm; but when she was tricked out and touched up as the daughter of the regiment, it put ten years upon her face, and she looked like a middle-aged woman playing young.

I found her most youthful and most charming in private, and in particular on one occasion when I dined with her and her husband just before she left New York for the South and Mexico.* Even in the concert-room she lost somewhat of that seductive personal charm, partly intellectual, partly physical, which had made her, next to Malibran, the most idolized prima-donna of modern days. She was very intelligent, talked with spirit, with wit, and sometimes even with humor. And at table she showed the wondrous beauty of her hands. I have known no woman, except Mrs. J. S., with such hands. Of her conversation, I chiefly remember her lively but rueful description of the boredom of high society in England, which she underwent as the Countess Rossi, wife of the Sardinian diplomate. Her visit to America was fatal to her. She died in Mexico, on the 17th of June, 1854, of cholera.

* I desire to remark here upon a matter somewhat personal, and yet not foreign to a sketch of the history of opera in New York. My personal intercourse with Madame Sontag was not at all affected by my strong adverse criticisms upon her serious acting, as I feared it would be. In regard to such matters I had a somewhat peculiar experience. I had been brought up in such a secluded way that I was entirely ignorant, as ignorant as a little child, of the manner in which theatrical and operatic and journalistic matters were managed, having, indeed, never been half a dozen times in a theater when I was called upon to write criticisms upon operatic performances. Absolutely unacquainted with the machinery of puffing, I had never even suspected that the laudatory articles that I saw in newspapers could be paid for, or that there could be an interested motive for the expression of adverse opinion. But I soon found out the true state of the case, to my sorrow. For my articles did much to spoil and break up the business of musical criticism, so called, in New York, which then was in the hands of a few old hack newspaper writers, men equally incompetent and venal. Whatever the value of my criticisms, they were absolutely independent; equally regardless of the interests of artists, managers, and of the journal in which they were published—"The Courier and Enquirer," then the leading newspaper of the city. And I made myself inaccessible to artists and their agents. I had stipulated at first that my name should be concealed, as I (then a law student) had no desire to go into journalism. But after about one year my identity was discovered, and I was approached on all sides. I then laid down for myself an absolute rule, from which I never swerved, not in a single instance, during the ten years in which I wrote musical and dramatic criticisms—this was not to make the acquaintance of an artist, either singer or actor, until after I had fully expressed my opinion in regard to him or her, so that there was nothing to be gained even by being civil to me; also never to ask a favor of any kind, however slight, from a manager or from the agent of an artist; so that I never even asked a seat or a ticket from one. Without a dollar to spare, I yet subscribed for my seat at the opera for the season.

One artist's manager, a little German Hebrew, was so incensed at my severe criticisms that he gave me notice that I should not be admitted to his concerts, even with my bought ticket; but in the end he thought better of this. Furious at his inability to modify my criticisms, or to approach me in any way, he went to the editor of the paper in which they were published (with which I had then no connection), and accused me of being paid by a rival artist to injure his business. He was detained and a messenger dispatched for me, the office in which I was a student being near by. To his evident surprise I soon came in; and he was then invited to repeat his accusation. He could not refuse. I stepped up to him and said:

"You know that you are lying, and if you don't confess it, I'll ——" and I stretched out my hand.

He fled precipitately, but soon returned with a lawyer, and said that he would have me arrested and bound over to keep the peace, unless I would give him my word, in the presence of the lawyer and the editor, that I would not harm him. I, laughing, told him he might do as he pleased, but assured those gentlemen that I would not touch him. His accusation was utterly disregarded, and he was sent about his business; for the editor—the late Charles King—knew me well, as his junior, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, also did, and I went on my way unquestioned. This fellow, however, who was a shrewd, able business man, and as unscrupulous as an adder, threatened me with vengeance, and fulfilled his threat by scattering abroad his insinuations, sowing them in willing and often in fruitful ears. The fact that, from my strict adherence to my prescribed course, they could not possibly be true, was my consolation; but it did not help me with the writers for the other papers, who, with one exception,—Mr. Curtis,—pursued quite a contrary course. It was under these circumstances that Count Rossi called upon me, and said that his wife would like to know me. I told him frankly my rule, and the reason for it.

"*Dame*," he replied, "*vous avez raison. Mais, ne soyez pas trop difficile. Venez nous voir, je vous prie, sans façon. Nous ne sommes pas comme les autres.*"

I accepted the invitation, but not until I had written two or three more articles. And it was some time after I had written my partly adverse articles that I received a dinner invitation from the "Count and Countess Rossi"; for I remarked that in her private relations she took her rank. Jenny Lind was not so magnanimous. When she first appeared, my criticisms withheld from her an acknowledgment of eminence in the Italian dramatic school of singing. At this she took offense; which not all my praise of her singing in what is sometimes called the classical school could do away. I was among the most enthusiastic of her admirers, and the journal in which my articles appeared gave her more attention than any other singer that ever came to New York, and did more for her than any other journal at that time could do. But she never forgave my first qualification of my praise, and she showed her pique in various ways. And thus it was that I never spoke with Jenny Lind, or saw her except upon the platform of a concert-room. Nor did I ever meet Grisi and Mario, who soon followed her to New York, and who will next engage our attention.

Richard Grant White.

THE TRANSFERRED GHOST.

THE country residence of Mr. John Hinckman was a delightful place to me, for many reasons. It was the abode of a genial, though somewhat impulsive, hospitality. It had broad, smooth-shaven lawns and towering oaks and elms; there were bosky shades at several points, and not far from the house there was a little rill spanned by a rustic bridge with the bark on; there were fruits and flowers, pleasant people, chess, billiards, rides, walks, and fishing. These were great attractions, but none of them, nor all of them together, would have been sufficient to hold me to the place very long. I had been invited for the trout season, but should, probably, have finished my visit early in the summer had it not been that upon fair days, when the grass was dry, and the sun was not too hot, and there was but little wind, there strolled beneath the lofty elms, or passed lightly through the bosky shades, the form of my Madeline.

This lady was not, in very truth, my Madeline. She had never given herself to me, nor had I, in any way, acquired possession of her. But as I considered her possession the only sufficient reason for the continuance of my existence, I called her, in my reveries, mine. It may have been that I would not have been obliged to confine the use of this possessive pronoun to my reveries had I confessed the state of my feelings to the lady.

But this was an unusually difficult thing to do. Not only did I dread, as almost all lovers dread, taking the step which would in an instant put an end to that delightful season which may be termed the ante-interrogatory period of love, and which might at the same time terminate all intercourse or connection with the object of my passion; but I was, also, dreadfully afraid of John Hinckman. This gentleman was a good friend of mine, but it would have required a bolder man than I was at that time to ask him for the gift of his niece, who was the head of his household, and, according to his own frequent statement, the main prop of his declining years. Had Madeline acquiesced in my general views on the subject, I might have felt encouraged to open the matter to Mr. Hinckman, but, as I said before, I had never asked her whether or not she would be mine. I thought of these things at all hours of the day and night, particularly the latter.

I was lying awake one night, in the great bed in my spacious chamber, when, by the

dim light of the new moon, which partially filled the room, I saw John Hinckman standing by a large chair near the door. I was very much surprised at this for two reasons. In the first place, my host had never before come into my room, and, in the second place, he had gone from home that morning, and had not expected to return for several days. It was for this reason that I had been able that evening to sit much later than usual with Madeline on the moonlit porch. The figure was certainly that of John Hinckman in his ordinary dress, but there was a vagueness and indistinctness about it which presently assured me that it was a ghost. Had the good old man been murdered? and had his spirit come to tell me of the deed, and to confide to me the protection of his dear ——? My heart fluttered at what I was about to think, but at this instant the figure spoke.

"Do you know," he said, with a countenance that indicated anxiety, "if Mr. Hinckman will return to-night?"

I thought it well to maintain a calm exterior, and I answered:

"We do not expect him."

"I am glad of that," said he, sinking into the chair by which he stood. "During the two years and a half that I have inhabited this house, that man has never before been away for a single night. You can't imagine the relief it gives me."

And as he spoke he stretched out his legs and leaned back in the chair. His form became less vague, and the colors of his garments more distinct and evident, while an expression of gratified relief succeeded to the anxiety of his countenance.

"Two years and a half!" I exclaimed. "I don't understand you."

"It is fully that length of time," said the ghost, "since I first came here. Mine is not an ordinary case. But before I say anything more about it, let me ask you again if you are sure Mr. Hinckman will not return to-night?"

"I am as sure of it as I can be of anything," I answered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hundred miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am glad to have the opportunity of talking to some one who will listen to me; but if John Hinckman should come in and catch me here, I should be frightened out of my wits."

"This is all very strange," I said, greatly puzzled by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of Mr. Hinckman?"

This was a bold question, but my mind was so full of other emotions that there seemed to be no room for that of fear.

"Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied, "and yet I have no right to be. And this is what makes me so uneasy, and so much afraid of him. It is a strange story, and, I truly believe, without precedent. Two years and a half ago, John Hinckman was dangerously ill in this very room. At one time he was so far gone that he was really believed to be dead. It was in consequence of too precipitate a report in regard to this matter that I was, at that time, appointed to be his ghost. Imagine my surprise and horror, sir, when, after I had accepted the position and assumed its responsibilities, that old man revived, became convalescent, and eventually regained his usual health. My situation was now one of extreme delicacy and embarrassment. I had no power to return to my original unembodiment, and I had no right to be the ghost of a man who was not dead. I was advised by my friends to quietly maintain my position, and was assured that, as John Hinckman was an elderly man, it could not be long before I could rightfully assume the position for which I had been selected. But I tell you, sir," he continued, with animation, "the old fellow seems as vigorous as ever, and I have no idea how much longer this annoying state of things will continue. I spend my time trying to get out of that old man's way. I must not leave this house, and he seems to follow me everywhere. I tell you, sir, he haunts me."

"That is truly a queer state of things," I remarked. "But why are you afraid of him? He couldn't hurt you."

"Of course he couldn't," said the ghost. "But his very presence is a shock and terror to me. Imagine, sir, how you would feel if my case were yours."

I could not imagine such a thing at all. I simply shuddered.

"And if one must be a wrongful ghost at all," the apparition continued, "it would be much pleasanter to be the ghost of some man other than John Hinckman. There is in him an irascibility of temper, accompanied by a facility of invective, which is seldom met with. And what would happen if he were to see me, and find out, as I am sure he would, how long and why I had inhabited his house, I can scarcely conceive. I have seen him in his bursts of passion, and, although he did not hurt the people he stormed at any more than he would hurt me, they seemed to shrink before him."

All this I knew to be very true. Had it not been for this peculiarity of Mr. Hinckman, I might have been more willing to talk to him about his niece.

"I feel sorry for you," I said, for I really began to have a sympathetic feeling toward this unfortunate apparition. "Your case is

indeed a hard one. It reminds me of those persons who have had doubles, and I suppose a man would often be very angry indeed when he found that there was another being who was personating himself."

"Oh, the cases are not similar at all," said the ghost. "A double or doppelganger lives on the earth with a man, and, being exactly like him, he makes all sorts of trouble, of course. It is very different with me. I am not here to live with Mr. Hinckman. I am here to take his place. Now, it would make John Hinckman very angry if he knew that. Don't you know it would?"

I assented promptly.

"Now that he is away I can be easy for a little while," continued the ghost, "and I am so glad to have an opportunity of talking to you. I have frequently come into your room, and watched you while you slept, but did not dare to speak to you for fear that if you talked with me Mr. Hinckman would hear you, and come into the room to know why you were talking to yourself."

"But would he not hear you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said the other, "there are times when any one may see me, but no one hears me except the person to whom I address myself."

"But why did you wish to speak to me?" I asked.

"Because," replied the ghost, "I like occasionally to talk to people, and especially to some one like yourself, whose mind is so troubled and perturbed that you are not likely to be frightened by a visit from one of us. But I particularly wanted to ask you to do me a favor. There is every probability, so far as I can see, that John Hinckman will live a long time, and my situation is becoming insupportable. My great object at present is to get myself transferred, and I think that you may, perhaps, be of use to me."

"Transferred!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I mean," said the other, "is this: Now that I have started on my career I have got to be the ghost of somebody; and I want to be the ghost of a man who is really dead."

"I should think that would be easy enough," I said. "Opportunities must continually occur."

"Not at all! not at all!" said my companion, quickly. "You have no idea what a rush and pressure there is for situations of this kind. Whenever a vacancy occurs, if I may express myself in that way, there are crowds of applications for the ghostship."

"I had no idea that such a state of things existed," I said, becoming quite interested in the matter. "There ought to be some regular system, or order of precedence, by which you could all take your turns like customers in a barber's shop."

"Oh dear, that would never do at all!" said the other. "Some of us would have to wait forever. There is always a great rush whenever a good ghostship offers itself—while, as you know, there are some positions that no one would care for. And it was in consequence of my being in too great a hurry on an occasion of the kind that I got myself into my present disagreeable predicament, and I have thought that it might be possible that you would help me out of it. You might know of a case where an opportunity for a ghostship was not generally expected, but which might present itself at any moment. If you would give me a short notice, I know I could arrange for a transfer."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "Do you want me to commit suicide? Or to undertake a murder for your benefit?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said the other, with a vapory smile. "I mean nothing of that kind. To be sure, there are lovers who are watched with considerable interest, such persons having been known, in moments of depression, to offer very desirable ghostships, but I did not think of anything of that kind in connection with you. You were the only person I cared to speak to, and I hoped that you might give me some information that would be of use; and, in return, I shall be very glad to help you in your love affair."

"You seem to know that I have such an affair," I said.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, with a little yawn. "I could not be here so much as I have been without knowing all about that."

There was something horrible in the idea of Madeline and myself having been watched by a ghost, even, perhaps, when we wandered together in the most delightful and bosky places. But, then, this was quite an exceptional ghost, and I could not have the objections to him which would ordinarily arise in regard to beings of his class.

"I must go now," said the ghost, rising, "but I will see you somewhere to-morrow night. And remember—you help me, and I'll help you."

I had doubts the next morning as to the propriety of telling Madeline anything about this interview, and soon convinced myself that I must keep silent on the subject. If she knew there was a ghost about the house she would probably leave the place instantly. I did not mention the matter, and so regulated my demeanor that I am quite sure Madeline never suspected what had taken place. For some time I had wished that Mr.

Hinckman would absent himself, for a day at least, from the premises. In such case I thought I might more easily nerve myself up to the point of speaking to Madeline on the subject of our future collateral existence, and, now that the opportunity for such speech had really occurred, I did not feel ready to avail myself of it. What would become of me if she refused me?

I had an idea, however, that the lady thought that, if I were going to speak at all, this was the time. She must have known that certain sentiments were afloat within me, and she was not unreasonable in her wish to see the matter settled one way or the other. But I did not feel like taking a bold step in the dark. If she wished me to ask her to give herself to me, she ought to offer me some reason to suppose that she would make the gift. If I saw no probability of such generosity, I would prefer that things should remain as they were.

THAT evening I was sitting with Madeline in the moonlit porch. It was nearly ten o'clock, and ever since supper-time I had been working myself up to the point of making an avowal of my sentiments. I had not positively determined to do this, but wished gradually to reach the proper point, when, if the prospect looked bright, I might speak. My companion appeared to understand the situation—at least, I imagined that the nearer I came to a proposal the more she seemed to expect it. It was certainly a very critical and important epoch in my life. If I spoke, I should make myself happy or miserable forever, and if I did not speak I had every reason to believe that the lady would not give me another chance to do so.

Sitting thus with Madeline, talking a little, and thinking very hard over these momentous matters, I looked up and saw the ghost, not a dozen feet away from us. He was sitting on the railing of the porch, one leg thrown up before him, the other dangling down as he leaned against a post. He was behind Madeline, but almost in front of me, as I sat facing the lady. It was fortunate that Madeline was looking out over the landscape, for I must have appeared very much startled. The ghost had told me that he would see me some time this night, but I did not think he would make his appearance when I was in the company of Madeline. If she should see the spirit of her uncle, I could not answer for the consequences. I made no exclamation, but the ghost evidently saw that I was troubled.

"Don't be afraid," he said—"I shall not let her see me; and she cannot hear me speak unless I address myself to her, which I do not intend to do."

I suppose I looked grateful.

"So you need not trouble yourself about that," the ghost continued; "but it seems to me that you are not getting along very well with your affair. If I were you, I should speak out without waiting any longer. You will never have a better chance. You are not likely to be interrupted; and, so far as I can judge, the lady seems disposed to listen to you favorably; that is, if she ever intends to do so. There is no knowing when John Hinckman will go away again; certainly not this summer. If I were in your place, I should never dare to make love to Hinckman's niece if he were anywhere about the place. If he should catch any one offering himself to Miss Madeline, he would then be a terrible man to encounter."

I agreed perfectly to all this.

"I cannot bear to think of him!" I ejaculated aloud.

"Think of whom?" asked Madeline, turning quickly toward me.

Here was an awkward situation. The long speech of the ghost, to which Madeline paid no attention, but which I heard with perfect distinctness, had made me forget myself.

It was necessary to explain quickly. Of course, it would not do to admit that it was of her dear uncle that I was speaking; and so I mentioned hastily the first name I thought of.

"Mr. Vilars," I said.

This statement was entirely correct, for I never could bear to think of Mr. Vilars, who was a gentleman who had, at various times, paid much attention to Madeline.

"It is wrong for you to speak in that way of Mr. Vilars," she said. "He is a remarkably well educated and sensible young man, and has very pleasant manners. He expects to be elected to the legislature this fall, and I should not be surprised if he made his mark. He will do well in a legislative body, for whenever Mr. Vilars has anything to say he knows just how and when to say it."

This was spoken very quietly, and without any show of resentment, which was all very natural, for if Madeline thought at all favorably of me she could not feel displeased that I should have disagreeable emotions in regard to a possible rival. The concluding words contained a hint which I was not slow to understand. I felt very sure that if Mr. Vilars were in my present position he would speak quickly enough.

"I know it is wrong to have such ideas about a person," I said, "but I cannot help it."

The lady did not chide me, and after this

she seemed even in a softer mood. As for me, I felt considerably annoyed, for I had not wished to admit that any thought of Mr. Vilars had ever occupied my mind.

"You should not speak aloud that way," said the ghost, "or you may get yourself into trouble. I want to see everything go well with you, because then you may be disposed to help me, especially if I should chance to be of any assistance to you, which I hope I shall be."

I longed to tell him that there was no way in which he could help me so much as by taking his instant departure. To make love to a young lady with a ghost sitting on the railing near by, and that ghost the apparition of a much-dreaded uncle, the very idea of whom in such a position and at such a time made me tremble, was a difficult, if not an impossible, thing to do; but I forbore to speak, although I may have looked my mind.

"I suppose," continued the ghost, "that you have not heard anything that might be of advantage to me. Of course, I am very anxious to hear, but if you have anything to tell me, I can wait until you are alone. I will come to you to-night in your room, or I will stay here until the lady goes away."

"You need not wait here," I said; "I have nothing at all to say to you."

Madeline sprang to her feet, her face flushed and her eyes ablaze.

"Wait here!" she cried. "What do you suppose I am waiting for? Nothing to say to me indeed!—I should think so! What should you have to say to me?"

"Madeline," I exclaimed, stepping toward her, "let me explain."

But she had gone.

Here was the end of the world for me! I turned fiercely to the ghost.

"Wretched existence!" I cried. "You have ruined everything. You have blackened my whole life. Had it not been for you ——"

But here my voice faltered. I could say no more.

"You wrong me," said the ghost. "I have not injured you. I have tried only to encourage and assist you, and it is your own folly that has done this mischief. But do not despair. Such mistakes as these can be explained. Keep up a brave heart. Good-by."

And he vanished from the railing like a bursting soap-bubble.

I went gloomily to bed, but I saw no apparitions that night except those of despair and misery which my wretched thoughts called up. The words I had uttered had sounded to Madeline like the basest insult. Of course, there was only one interpretation she could put upon them.

As to explaining my ejaculations, that was impossible. I thought the matter over and over again as I lay awake that night, and I determined that I would never tell Madeline the facts of the case. It would be better for me to suffer all my life than for her to know that the ghost of her uncle haunted the house. Mr. Hinckman was away, and if she knew of his ghost she could not be made to believe that he was not dead. She might not survive the shock! No, my heart could bleed, but I would never tell her.

The next day was fine, neither too cool nor too warm; the breezes were gentle, and nature smiled. But there were no walks or rides with Madeline. She seemed to be much engaged during the day, and I saw but little of her. When we met at meals she was polite, but very quiet and reserved. She had evidently determined on a course of conduct, and had resolved to assume that, although I had been very rude to her, she did not understand the import of my words. It would be quite proper, of course, for her not to know what I meant by my expressions of the night before.

I was downcast and wretched, and said but little, and the only bright streak across the black horizon of my woe was the fact that she did not appear to be happy, although she affected an air of unconcern. The moonlit porch was deserted that evening, but wandering about the house I found Madeline in the library alone. She was reading, but I went in and sat down near her. I felt that, although I could not do so fully, I must in a measure explain my conduct of the night before. She listened quietly to a somewhat labored apology I made for the words I had used.

"I have not the slightest idea what you meant," she said, "but you were very rude."

I earnestly disclaimed any intention of rudeness, and assured her, with a warmth of speech that must have made some impression upon her, that rudeness to her would be an action impossible to me. I said a great deal upon the subject, and implored her to believe that if it were not for a certain obstacle I could speak to her so plainly that she would understand everything.

She was silent for a time, and then she said, rather more kindly, I thought, than she had spoken before:

"Is that obstacle in any way connected with my uncle?"

"Yes," I answered, after a little hesitation, "it is, in a measure, connected with him."

She made no answer to this, and sat looking at her book, but not reading. From the expression of her face, I thought she was somewhat softened toward me. She knew

her uncle as well as I did, and she may have been thinking that, if he were the obstacle that prevented my speaking (and there were many ways in which he might be that obstacle), my position would be such a hard one that it would excuse some wildness of speech and eccentricity of manner. I saw, too, that the warmth of my partial explanations had had some effect on her, and I began to believe that it might be a good thing for me to speak my mind without delay. No matter how she should receive my proposition, my relations with her could not be worse than they had been the previous night and day, and there was something in her face which encouraged me to hope that she might forget my foolish exclamations of the evening before if I began to tell her my tale of love.

I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and as I did so the ghost burst into the room from the door-way behind her. I say burst, although no door flew open and he made no noise. He was wildly excited, and waved his arms above his head. The moment I saw him, my heart fell within me. With the entrance of that impertinent apparition, every hope fled from me. I could not speak while he was in the room.

I must have turned pale, and I gazed steadfastly at the ghost, almost without seeing Madeline, who sat between us.

"Do you know," he cried, "that John Hinckman is coming up the hill? He will be here in fifteen minutes, and if you are doing anything in the way of love-making, you had better hurry it up. But this is not what I came to tell you. I have glorious news! At last I am transferred! Not forty minutes ago a Russian nobleman was murdered by the Nihilists. Nobody ever thought of him in connection with an immediate ghostship. My friends instantly applied for the situation for me, and obtained my transfer. I am off before that horrid Hinckman comes up the hill. The moment I reach my new position, I shall put off this hated semblance. Good-by. You can't imagine how glad I am to be, at last, the real ghost of somebody."

"Oh!" I cried, rising to my feet and stretching out my arms in utter wretchedness, "I would to Heaven you were mine!"

"I *am* yours," said Madeline, raising to me her tearful eyes.

Frank R. Stockton.

RUSSIAN CHRISTIANITY *VERSUS* MODERN JUDAISM.

"Let us go thank the Lord, who made us those
To suffer, not to do this deed."

—*Old Play.*

THE spontaneous action of the prominent citizens of London and New York, without distinction of creed, in protest against the Russian atrocities committed upon the Jews, happily renders unnecessary any denunciation on the part of a Jewess. In the April number of THE CENTURY Mme. Ragozin set forth the "Russian side" of the question, which appears to her sufficient explanation of a state of affairs characterized by the London "Times" as "a scene of horrors that have hitherto only been perpetrated in mediæval days during times of war." Murder, rape, arson, one hundred thousand families reduced to homeless beggary, and the destruction of eighty million dollars' worth of property,—such, in fewest words, are the acts for which an excuse is sought. The perusal of a single book—the work of Mr. Jacob Brafmann, a Jewish apostate in the pay of the Russian Government—has forever demolished, in her mind, the fallacy that the Christians have been persecuting the Jews, and has established in its stead the conspicuous fact that the Jews have been always, and still are, persecuting the Christians, especially in Russia. This great truth—that a handful of wretched Jews are "undermining the well-being" of the largest empire of the globe—Mme. Ragozin is confident will commend itself to the acceptance of all unprejudiced minds.

Let us first disabuse our readers of the sophistical distinction made by Mme. Ragozin, in common with many other writers, between the "two kinds of Jews," and the idea that "a vast dualism essentially characterizes this extraordinary race." Behind this subtle error lurk all the dangers that have threatened the existence of the people, for whatever calumnies be refuted by a Jewish spokesman, the answer is ever ready: "These charges do not apply to you, and such as you. But how can you be sure that such outrages are not committed by some barbarous sect of your tribe?" Now, we *can* be sure of the Jews—more so, perhaps, than of any other

people in the world, their history being the oldest among civilized nations, their social and moral code having remained unaltered through all time, and the vicissitudes of their fate having exposed them to almost every test which can affect individual or national character. The dualism of the Jews is the dualism of humanity; they are made up of the good and the bad. May not Christendom be divided into those Christians who denounce such outrages as we are considering, and those who commit or apologize for them? Immortal genius and moral purity, as exemplified by Moses and Spinoza, constitute a minority among the Jews, as they do among the Gentiles, but here ends the truth of the matter. Facts disprove even the plausible theory that, where Judeaphobia has longest prevailed, there has been a corresponding fundamental degeneracy in the race, for their suppleness and elasticity seem almost without bounds. From the identical conditions which Mme. Ragozin describes in Russia as fatal to the moral and intellectual development of the Jews (the internal restrictions of the *kahal* and the cramping tyranny of external laws) sprang in Germany, as soon as a breathing-place was opened, the generation of Moses Mendelssohn and his gifted family, including Felix, Fanny Hensel, and Dorothea Schlegel, Heine the poet, Edward Gans, Ludwig Börne, Doctor Zunz, Rahel von Ense, Henrietta Herz, and others. And to-day, after little more than fifty years of Jewish enfranchisement, the German Christians are making a piteous outcry that the Jews are usurping the intellectual, political, and financial control of the state.

"It is not the Jews of the Bible, but the Jews of the Talmud, to whom we object," assert the Russians, and the uninitiated Gentile is willing to believe that the Talmud is but a compendium of barbarous laws and puerile catch-words; consequently that its votaries must be a peculiarly degraded, narrow, and obnoxious set. The truth is that all (orthodox) Jews with whom Americans and Europeans are acquainted are Talmudists. The Talmud is, in great part, a modification of the barbarous injunctions contained in the Bible, which continues to be also one of the text-books of Christendom. Many of the most ridiculous, hair-splitting subtleties of the Talmud are simply introduced for the purpose of rendering impossible the fulfillment of harsh Scriptural commandments. As for the intrinsic merits of the book, the life and precepts of the Rabbi Hillel, therein narrated, anticipate those of Jesus; even the "golden rule" is formulated in its pages, while the literary beauty of its purely poetical passages is occasionally of the highest order. In Southern Russia and the Crimea lives a certain small sect of dissenting Jews, said to be fast dying out, called the Karaïtes, who reject the Talmud, and who have always been ostentatiously favored by the Government. In the midst of the prevailing Jewish reign of terror, they have lately been accorded full rights of citizenship. They number less than five thousand among the three million Jews of the Russian empire. When, therefore, the Czar and his apologists exclaim: "How can you accuse us of persecuting the Jews? It is not the Jews but the Talmudists whom we abhor: consider our kindness to the Karaïtes," —it is just as if a savage race, bent upon exterminating the Christians, were to make an exception in favor of the Quakers, or as if the Turks were to say: "We bear no grudge against Europeans. True, we oppress and kill Montenegrins, Roumanians, and Bulgarians, but who ever heard of our touching an American missionary!" Mme. Ragozin dilates upon Mr. Brafmann's heroic act of conversion to Christianity, and explains the "tremendous obstacles" and dire penalties that lie in the way of such a feat on the part of a Jew. What can be more natural than that one who has safely defied, as Mr. Brafmann has done, the withering curse of the *kherem*, which Mme. Ragozin quotes in full, should reveal the secrets of the prison-house whence he has escaped? Now, be it submitted to the common sense of any reasonable being: Is it an advantage to-day, socially, civilly, or politically, to be a Jew? Is not every bribe, both spiritual and secular, held out by modern society to persuade the Jew to become a proselyte? Naturally, the Jewish church itself does not offer reward to renegades, but it is not to be supposed that the emancipated Jew stands greatly in awe of a malediction in which he no longer believes. Mme. Ragozin, as a Russian, cannot be ignorant of the fact that if, in a single instance, the anathema which she transcribes were pronounced over the head of a baptized Jew, the priest who had uttered it would be denounced without delay to the authorities, and the midnight arrest, condemnation without trial, and the mines of Siberia would be his portion. There are hundreds of converted Jews in Russia, going about freely and transacting business among their own people as well as among Christians. Such a thing as an indignity, much less an injury, offered to them at the hands of their former co-religionists, has never been heard of.

The path from Judaism to Christianity, so far from being encompassed with terrors, is in reality made smooth and easy by every device which can be invented by missionary societies on the part of the Christians, and

every temptation that can be suggested by practical convenience and worldly ambition in the mind of the Jew.* Mme. Ragozin, then, bases her entire arraignment of Jewish character and institutions upon the documents supplied by *a Jewish convert, at the request of the Russian Government.* What would Christendom have thought of a statement put forward by the Turks after the Bulgarian massacres, drawn up by a renegade Christian who had entered the service of the Ottoman court? Yet it is precisely such a document as this which we are asked to accept in extenuation of the outrages committed by Russian mobs.

There is but one answer to the charges against the Jews, which Brafmann professes to base upon quotations from the Talmud: they are singly and collectively false. They have not even the doubtful merit of originality, being simply a revamping of the wearisome old perversions, garblings, distortions, mistranslations of the spirit and letter of the text, which have been fully refuted by documents familiar to the whole reading public. For the subtle meaning of the Talmud we need not go to a bribed renegade and thief, who had the documents "abstracted" for him ("convey the wise it call!"), "*not without danger*, by a friend from the Jewish archives." Charges of a similar nature to Mr. Brafmann's, but incomparably worse, were satisfactorily refuted two hundred years ago by Manasseh ben-Israel, in his famous petition to Oliver Cromwell.

If a Moslem were to print an expurgated copy of the Bible, citing all the barbarous passages and omitting all the humane and noble features, what would Islam think of the corner-stone of Christianity? Yet this is precisely what the Jew-haters have done with the Talmud. Modern philosophical criticism, no less than a study of Jewish history, and a dawning appreciation of the nobility of the Jewish type of character, have dispelled among all thinking and cultivated minds the web of calumny spun by bigotry and folly around these remarkable volumes.

For a general reply to such libels as Brafmann's, I refer such of my readers as are disposed to credit them to the writings of Emmanuel Deutsch, the Jewish scholar, said to be the original of George Eliot's "Mordecai," and to the works of the orthodox Christian clergyman, Dr. Franz Delitzsch, one of the greatest living Orientalists. "The Talmud" (says the latter in his "Talmud Jews," published in 1881, in answer to the attacks of a Jew-baiter) "is a parliament in which the voices of five centuries hold converse. It can easily be believed that nonsense by the side of sense, absurdity by the side of wit, cordial humanity beside harsh intolerance, ludicrous superstition beside true faith, are to be found therein, especially when we remember the character of the age in which it was produced, and whose testimony it is. Obscure phrases, and sentences in the spirit of the New Testament, flourish side by side." The malicious trick of picking out the evil of the book, to build up a monumental protest against Jewish character, has been performed again and again. Jews who have been driven into the obscure recesses of noisome *Ghettos* have been invariably accused of practicing all these degrading customs which Mr. Brafmann has exposed. How does it happen that, whenever the full light of civilization has been allowed to stream upon the Jews, these shadowy horrors vanish without leaving a trace? Has the Jew changed his code? No, not since the days of Moses. But the Christian has granted him the freedom of the sunshine, and the mere light of day has revealed the unreality of the nightmares of darkness.

The mysterious clew to the Jewish question which Mme. Ragozin has discovered is no secret document, but a book called "Le Livre du Kahal," published at St. Petersburg in French and Russian in 1869. "Surely no government could tolerate for a single moment so monstrous an anomaly" as the community therein described. "Certainly not with its eyes open!" And yet here, on her own showing, the "hundred Argus-eyes" of the Russian Government, the most absolute of modern despotisms, have been opened for twelve consecutive years, and the kahal still exists with the sanction of the law. If half—nay, if a single one of these allegations could have been substantiated—could not the three million Jews of the empire have been transported *en masse* to Siberia for felony and treason?

Stripped of all circumlocution, the kahal is simply a Jewish congregation under the spiritual direction of the minister and the temporal direction of wardens and trustees. Mme. Ragozin's representation of its powers and functions would lead one to suppose that she was describing the court of the Russian autocrat himself. Are we actually to believe that Christendom is a watery lake, and that the Gentiles are silly fish, to be baited, hooked, and devoured by a race of miserable pariahs? A tolerable acquaintance with history would have taught Mme. Ragozin, on the contrary, that the property of Jews has been always

* As soon as Brafmann had taken this perilous step, Mme. Ragozin tells us he received a "comfortable and honorable position" in an ecclesiastical seminary.

considered the "natural patrimony" of Christian potentates and people, who found means to despoil their victims without even making a pretense of being "snugly sheltered by the law." Here is her account of the unholy processes of the Jews: "The proposed victim is tempted into borrowing, and enticed on and on by proffered facilities as long as it is supposed he still has a chance of rescue. When he has become entangled in the meshes of renewed bills and compound interest, wholly beyond the range of his resources, the blow descends, and the fortunate purchaser enters into open possession of his secretly long-cherished property."

Ridicule, not argument, is the only possible reply. What mystic powers are inherent in the Jew to enable him to "entice into borrowing" any sane man who does not wish to avail himself of the convenience of modern commercial exchange? Would not a man ignorant of the rules of "renewed bills and compound interest" be held responsible by all rational people for his own recklessness and stupidity, not to say unscrupulousness, if he borrowed money wholly beyond the range of his resources to repay? With what words would Mme. Ragozin characterize a Jew who borrowed money of a Christian on such terms, and when "the blow descended" (*i. e.*, when the bill came in), protested that he was innocent of the debt, and had been abused by a Christian sharper? Mme. Ragozin does not even represent (as, indeed, she could not truthfully do) that the Jew speculates in this manner upon the ignorant peasant. "Jews do not live in villages—there is nothing for them to do there; they prefer more populous and wealthier centers." Thus, it is the rich, experienced merchants of Warsaw and Moscow whom we are to imagine as falling a helpless prey into the meshes of a band of wretched outcasts, who are watched with untiring vigilance and suspicion by the officers of the law. Whoever wishes to know what "exploitation" really means may turn to Wallace's "Russia," page 464:

"The peasant who accepted land from a proprietor rarely brought with him the necessary implements. * * * He was obliged, therefore, to borrow from his landlord, and the debt thus contracted was easily converted into a means of preventing his departure if he wished to change his domicile. * * * The proprietors were the capitalists of the time. The *muzhik* was probably then, as now, only too ready to accept a loan without taking the necessary precautions for repaying it. The laws relating to debt were terribly severe, and there was no powerful judicial organization to protect the weak."

Now, who is guilty of "sucking out the blood of the people"? The Russian Christian who "exploits" the benighted peasant, or the persecuted Jew who lends money, on well-established conditions, to wealthy business men?

That the Jews should ever form a hostile "state within the state" is rendered impossible by a solemn Biblical injunction commanding fidelity to the ruling government: "And seek the welfare of the city whither I have banished you, and pray in its behalf unto the Lord, for in its welfare shall ye fare well."* There is no such thing, therefore, as an independent disloyal Jewish community, in Russia or out of Russia.

Mme. Ragozin tells us that the Jews "trade upon the weakness" of the innocent creatures around them, by entering largely into the liquor business. "All the public-houses in Russia," she says, "are kept by Jews." She seems to forget that drunkenness is notoriously the national vice of Russia, and is spread over the whole empire of which the Jews inhabit one seventh part. Recent statistics prove that drunkenness in Russia increases in inverse ratio to the proportion of Jews in the population, being worst in those provinces whence they are excluded, while the old kingdom of Poland, where they swarm, is less affected by the national vice than any other part of the empire. Mme. Ragozin excuses the weakness of her compatriots by explaining that the *vodka*, or whisky, is, in moderation, a necessity of existence to the poor, half-starved peasant—"warmth in the inhuman winter cold, mirth in his rare hours of rest, * * * medicine in sickness. * * * But how easy the slip into excess!" The impartial observer will, of course, agree with Mme. Ragozin that, when the fatal "slip into excess" occurs, the responsibility lies, not with the self-indulgent peasant, but with the inn-keeper who offers for sale that which, "in moderation," is the staff of life! A credible eye-witness informs me that he saw a Jewish inn-keeper threatened with violence for *refusing to sell* any more liquor to peasants already stupefied with intoxication. If the Russian Christian would imitate the virtue of his fellow-countryman, the Moslem Tartar, who contrives to resist the "inhuman winter cold" notwithstanding the fact that his religion exacts a rigid sobriety, the trade of the Jewish inn-keeper would be curtailed in a more humane and legitimate manner than any yet suggested by Russian legislators.

Mme. Ragozin accuses the Jews of monopolizing the butcher trade, and feeding whole districts upon meat which is little better than carrion—selling the refuse of their market to Christians, in accordance with the

* Jeremiah, xxix. 7. (Literally translated.)

injunction of the Mosaic law: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it, or thou mayest sell it unto an alien, for thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God." (Deut. xiv. 21.)

("The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.") The above verse alludes to meat which Christians do not object to use, but which is forbidden by Jewish law. According to the latter many maladies, such as perforation of internal organs, hardening of tissues, etc., render unfit for food meat which no Gentile would reject. Every Jew knows that to sell diseased or tainted meat to Christians is as unorthodox as it is immoral, and would lead, moreover, directly to the penitentiary. If any one believes that Mme. Ragozin's construction of the text be true, let him look over the fourteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, breathing, as it does, the broadest spirit of hospitality, humanity, and what is called nowadays "Christian" charity. Moses specifies the food from which his people must abstain, and enjoins them, after collecting the tithe of their increase, to turn this into money and spend it according to their hearts' desire, and enjoy it with their households, and with the Levite that is within their gates. "Thou shalt not forsake him, for he hath no part or inheritance with thee. And the Levite, * * * and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow which are within thy gates, shall come and shall eat, and shall be satisfied, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest." (Deut. xiv. 27-29.)

Such is the spirit of this barbarous Mosaic code, which has been superseded in Russia by the law of love! Moreover, even on Mme. Ragozin's own showing, the Christians who are willing to pay the same price as the Jews can have the best meat! We know that, in the Middle Ages, numberless people were willing to swear at the stake that the Jews had poisoned all the wells of Europe; the old foe simply wears a new face, and the Jews are at their old tricks of wholesale murder.

We learn from Mme. Ragozin that the Jews, while "equally sheltered by the laws with all their fellow-subjects" (which is false), "scrupulously perform every year a public religious ceremony [the *Kol-Nidreh*], which offers a loop-hole of release from the obligation of keeping any oath or promise made to the Government, or to individuals belonging to the state religion." Here is the truth about the *Kol-Nidreh:* On the Day of Atonement, which is a solemn fast for the Jews, the hasty vows that have been forgotten during the previous year are remitted by means of a special prayer, called the *Kol-Nidreh.* Lest there should be any misunderstanding concerning this prayer, a note appears in all Jewish rituals (Russian as well as American), to the effect that the formula "has been contrived in order to remit to the public their hasty vows, but *not to absolve any one from an obligation or a judicial oath.*" The prayer is responded to by the entire congregation in these words: "They shall all be null and void, without power or confirmation. And it shall be forgiven to the whole congregation of Israel, and to the *stranger who sojourneth among* them; for all the people did it ignorantly." How little of a conspiracy against the ruling government is intended by this innocent form is evinced additionally by the fact that, directly after this, comes the prayer for the Government. The Gentile, whose promises are forgiven, gains fully as much indulgence from the formula as the Jew. The high commercial standing of the Jews in America (not to speak of their record in all other civilized countries where they have been treated like human beings) proves this people to be scrupulously observant of promises, oaths, and business engagements. "In the great financial scandals of our day, notably in Belgium," says Emile de Laveleye, "only Christians have figured." *

As for the Jews being "equally sheltered before the Russian law with their Christian fellow-subjects," if any further proof be needed than the recent unpunished outrages upon their lives and property, I will cite the latest authority upon the subject, M. A. Leroy-Beaulieu, whose magnificent work "L'Empire des Tsars," now in course of publication, affords the fullest and clearest exposition yet made of the actual condition of Russia: "Even since the latest reforms, the Israelites still remain in regard to their domicile, their property, and their elective functions, subject to certain restrictions, which make them a separate class even in the midst of the classes to which they belong. This inferior position entailed upon the Jews has, doubtless, much to do with the participation of a certain number of them in the political crimes of recent years, while the rigors demanded against them from time to time, by the patriots of Moscow, Kiev, and Petersburg, are little calculated to inspire them with love and respect for the imperial laws." (Page 283.)

It is false that the Jews are "kept aloof by their own rulers" from modern culture. Witness the disproportionate number of Jews and Jewesses thronging the universities, to which

* "Lettres d'Italie," p. 68. Bruxelles, 1880.

they have only recently been granted admission. More than fifty per cent. of the students at Kiev University are said to be Jews. They are not allowed, except in specially privileged cases, to live in Kiev proper; they live outside, and walk in and out of the town morning and night. There is but one limit fixed to the tyranny of Russian laws against Jews, and that is the caprice of absolutism. Over and above the law is enthroned the Czar. Hence, although until the year 1861 the Jews were literally reduced to the level of pariahs by the stereotyped phrase "to all people, with the exception of the Jews," which followed every clause of the Russian code, the Czar reserves the arbitrary right to confer whatever honor he please upon any individual Jew.

If Russian Jews be as Mme. Ragozin represents them, they are what Russian Christians have made them. Was it not Heine who said: "Every country has the Jews it deserves"? Mme. Ragozin says the Jews are hated not because of different race, religion, dress, peculiar customs, etc., but because of their "servility, their abjectness, their want of manliness, their failure to stand up for themselves and resent injuries." Any one who aims at being as strictly logical as Mme. Ragozin might know that it is in vain to expect the virtues of freemen from a community of slaves. Of this same people, a prominent American Christian clergyman (Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby) publicly declared a few weeks ago: "It is the glory of America that she finds among the Israelites the purest and strongest elements of republican liberty." The Hon. J. W. Foster, late United States minister at St. Petersburg, writes: "I do not mean to convey the impression that the Jews of Russia are equal in intelligence and social standing with their co-religionists of the most enlightened countries of Europe and America. Far from it. But they are superior in education and thrift to the same class among whom they belong." The cry against the Jews, in most countries where they have had protection from the law, is not that they are servile, but that they are arrogant.

According to Mme. Ragozin's statement, the Jews, "herding together in unutterable filth and squalor, are a loathsome and really dangerous element—a standing institution for the propagation of all kinds of horrible and contagious diseases." We know how rigidly the sanitary and hygienic laws of the Mosaic code have been obeyed by Jews in all countries, and how frequently the almost miraculous vitality of this people has been ascribed to such obedience. On the other hand, we have authoritative testimony concerning the unclean habits of the poorer classes of Russia. I quote again from M. Leroy-Beaulieu:

"The very precautions necessitated by the cold are far from wholesome. In order to resist the winter, Russians have to live in a heavy, thick atmosphere of vitiated air, which is seldom renewed. In his wooden *izba*, often surrounded with an embankment of dung, the peasant huddles with his whole family around the enormous stove, on which they all sleep at night. The climate is as unfavorable to cleanliness as to health. * * * The peasant is condemned to live in a stifling atmosphere, impregnated with miasma. The hot, infected air of his cabin germinates myriads of insects, and all kinds of parasites swarm around. The ordures thrown out of the house disappear in the snow, and recover all their fetidness in the spring. Nothing can exceed the stench of a Russian thaw. Even in the towns, the filth cannot always flow freely through the sewers, which are stopped up by the ice. The snow, which resembled sand or pounded glass under the sleighs, is transformed into a thick, nauseous mud, from which one's boots carry the emanations indoors. Under such sanitary conditions, it is no wonder to see this people a prey to all sorts of epidemics, and even the plague itself make its appearance still in European Russia, as it did at Vetlianka in 1879. * * * The necessity for being well muffled up is for the people an obstacle to cleanliness as well as to health. The peasant sleeps in his clothes, and passes night and day in the same sheepskin *touloup*. It is true that he takes a vapor-bath once a week, but unfortunately he is obliged to put his clothes on again, which are infested with vermin." ("L'Empire des Tsars," pp. 129, 130.)

Mme. Ragozin will have difficulty in convincing those who are conversant with such facts as the above that the Jews are the cause of Russian pestilence. It must be borne in mind that Russia forcibly retains this canker in her body politic. Emigration as well as immigration is prohibited to the Jews. When General Ignatieff proclaimed, a short time ago, that he "confidently expected the Western frontiers to be soon opened to the Israelites," probably very few Americans realized that this generous extension of privilege meant freedom to *leave*, not to *enter*, the empire. The present emigration is effected by means of wholesale and public bribery of Government officials, in which the Jews have to squander thousands of rubles. Mme. Ragozin seems to think that, in acts of official corruption, the criminal is he who offers, not he who accepts, a bribe, and she wishes to guard her country against the evil effects of "the unlawful favors shown to the Jews." Let it be remembered, too, that the Jew offers a bribe to protect his property and life, the Christian accepts it to enrich himself surreptitiously at the expense of others. Mme. Ragozin melts with compassion to think of the "long line of exiles emigrating across the Amoor, driven out by the extortion of the Jews." It has been popularly supposed that the mines of Siberia, the notorious Third Section of the late Czar's Imperial Chancel-

lerie, and several articles of the Russian code, had some connection with the restlessness of the Russians. But Mme. Ragozin assures us it is a petty tribe of clever Jewish traders, gagged, bound, and restricted in every way by the tyranny of unjust laws, who are "sucking out the blood" of all the Russias.* A companion-picture to Mme. Ragozin's fancy-sketch of the melancholy procession of moujiks may be actually seen by any American who crosses the ferry to Ward's Island, New York, where are huddled together hundreds of homeless refugees, among whom are not a few men of brilliant talents and accomplishments,—the graduates of Russian universities, scholars of Greek as well as of Hebrew, and familiar with all the principal European tongues,—engaged in menial drudgery and burning with zeal in the cause of their wretched co-religionists. There are the results of every kind of atrocity, which impelled these despoiled exiles, not from one district to another of their own country, but across the wide Atlantic to an unfamiliar land. No American who has seen them, and heard from their own lips the simple narration of their sufferings, will have much compassion left to spare for the whisky-ruined peasants described by Mme. Ragozin. Of these horrors, no one in whose veins flows a drop of Jewish blood can speak with becoming composure.† The position of the Jews in Russia has been likened to that of the Chinese in the United States, but the two cases bear no analogy. The Jews have not emigrated to Russia: they are in the land of their forefathers. Says ex-Minister Foster: "It is true that for centuries past Russia has had laws prohibiting the immigration of the Jews; but the conquest of the provinces in the South-west brought in more than two million Jews as subjects of the empire."

Mme. Ragozin points with dignified complacency to Russia's "millions of Mohammedan subjects living peaceably amidst the Christians. Who ever heard of an outbreak against them?" Let us not be deceived by this specious plea. Russia is only semi-European; fully two-thirds of her enormous bulk lies in Asia. While the Mohammedans of European Russia bear about the same numerical relation as the Jews do to the Christian population, yet she is bounded on the south by the Ottoman Empire itself; at her eastern gate lies Persia, a Mohammedan power which she is ever anxious to conciliate, and a large part of her territory embraces provinces which are wholly Mohammedan. "In Asiatic Russia," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "the Tartars have for congeners as well as co-religionists the Khirgiz, the most extensive of all the Turkish branches; in Turkestan the Turcomans and the Osbegs; in the Caucasus the Kumuks and other small tribes, and even in Siberia Mohammedans who have more or less claim to the title of Tartars." (Pp. 88, 89.) India, with her population of fifty million Mohammedans, generally supposed to be the ulterior aim of all Russia's policy, lies not far distant.

Now, if we imagine a huge Jewish sovereignty intrenched on the borders of the Russian Empire, and powerful allies scattered about in every direction, it is not difficult to believe that the outbreaks against the Russian Jews would be as infrequent as are those against the Mohammedans. The latter have their mosques, their schools in which the Koran is the basis of instruction, and their mollahs, or umpires, just as the Jews have their synagogues, their beth-din, and their kahal. But the Russians have not yet found it necessary to see in such institutions a standing menace to the existence of the Russian Empire.

That the Jews are as a rule shrewd, astute, and sharp at a bargain no one will deny; that a rapacious envy of their gains is at the bottom of all the religious and political outbreaks against them, I am as firmly convinced as is Mme. Ragozin herself. But none the less is it a fact that this envy, ashamed to appear under its proper name, seeks to disguise itself under the mask of any and every

* Among five hundred refugees at Brody there was not a single money-lender. They were all artisans and traders.

† The problem of the Amoor and other Russian emigrants is a simple one. A thrifty, sober people like the Jews, side by side with a class of besotted idlers like the majority of the moujiks, is bound to win material prosperity. Tourguéneff, in his last novel, "Virgin Soil," gives us a tragic picture of deserted Russian villages, and the real key to their misery, in a poem supposed to be written by the hero:

"SLEEP.

"It was a long time since I had seen my birthplace, but I did not find the slightest change in it. Deathly torpor, absence of thought, roofless houses, ruined walls, filth and stench, poverty and misery, insolent or melancholy eyes of slaves,—everything has remained the same.

"Our people is emancipated, and its hand rests as before, inert by its side. Nothing, nothing has changed. In one single point we have outstripped Europe, Asia, the whole world. No, never have my dear compatriots slept so terrible a sleep. Everything is asleep; everywhere,—in the village, the city, the *telèga*, the sleigh,—by day and night, standing and sitting, the merchant, the *tchinovnik*, sleep; in his tower sleeps the watchman, in the cold snow and beneath the burning sun; the prisoner sleeps, and the judge dozes. The peasants sleep a death-like slumber; they reap, they plow, they sleep; they thresh the wheat, they continue sleeping; father, mother, children, all sleep. He who strikes and he who is struck sleep equally. Only the tavern is awake, with its eye always open! And pressing between his five fingers a jug of brandy, with his brow on the North Pole and his feet in the Caucasus, sleeps in an eternal slumber our fatherland, holy Russia!"

other sentiment—patriotism, self-preservation, religious zeal, righteous indignation in a thousand forms. But is it not as puerile as it is monstrous to assert that the Christians, who outnumber the Jews by millions, who have the whole power of the law and the throne to back them, not to speak of the prejudice of the whole civilized world in their favor, can find no other weapons than tyranny, violence, and murder to preserve them against the Jew, who has nothing but his wits? When Peter the Great was petitioned to grant the right of settling in Russia to a colony of Jewish merchants, he replied, jestingly, "Why, they would starve to death among the Russians." Concerning Russian business habits, Bielinski, one of the most distinguished of their contemporary authors, writes: "When I go shopping in the city, while my ears are deafened and my human dignity is insulted by the vulgar policy of our national business community, advertising its own wares and almost forcibly dragging purchasers into the shops, then do I realize that I have fallen among the greatest swindlers in the world! What is to be done? The Russian is born so! We condemn this Asiatic ostentation, this cringing politeness bordering on servility, this shameless boasting, and can only say, like the fish to the angling-line, it has always been thus in Russia."* "Down with the Jews!" say the Loyalists; "they are at the bottom of Nihilism!" "Down with the Jews and all the property-holding classes!" yell the Nihilists. "When the pitcher falls upon the stone," says the Talmud, "woe unto the pitcher! When the stone falls upon the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher! Whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher!"

Mme. Ragozin tells us that "in all cases Jewish riots begin spontaneously"! In other words, we are to accept them as natural phenomena, like volcanic eruptions or earthquakes, for which only the inscrutable laws of Providence are responsible. According to her, race-animosity or religious intolerance has never been at work in connection with them, and she continues, with truly feminine logic: "The difference between the Middle Ages and now, apart from the mild form of the recent paroxysms consequent on the general softening of men's natures, is chiefly this: then, religious feeling was actively mixed up with economical grievances, while now it is totally absent, and never could this mediæval specter be dragged forth to the light of our very sober, unfanatical age. Let us once and forever drop this sentimental Liberal slang, invented by the Liberal press of Germany, which is controlled by emancipated Jews." To a Russian mind and heart, the recent paroxysms may seem to have assumed a very mild form indeed, "consequent on the general softening," etc. To an American, they do not appear in such a rosy light. Here is the picture the Hon. W. M. Evarts draws of them—not from accounts of German Hebrews, but of English journals, such as the London "Times," which have sent a thrill of horror through all civilized Christendom. "These persecutions, these oppressions, these cruelties, these outrages, have taken every form of atrocity in the experience of mankind, or which the resources of the human tongue can describe. Men have been cruelly murdered, women brutally outraged, children dashed to pieces, or burnt alive in their homes," etc., etc. Is this what Mme. Ragozin calls the "sentimental Liberal slang of a Hebrew journalist, inflamed by a mistaken national zeal"?*

"Amid the vast amount of savage prejudice still existing against the Jews," says the "Pall Mall Gazette," "cultivated dislike had better hold its tongue." The Russian persecution of the Jews, of which we are only now receiving the horrible details, has been going on for fully three years. The outbreak at Ielizavetgrad, which furnishes Mme. Ragozin with a "convenient introduction," was by no means the beginning of the trouble. In March, 1879, nine Jews were brought up for trial in the Caucasus, on the charge of having slain a Christian child and tapped its blood for Passover; and the same hideous fiction, the identical "mediæval specter," was revived simultaneously in several districts, invariably leading to riot, pillage, and murder. The cold-blooded tone in which Mme. Ragozin relates "the disturbance" at Ielizavetgrad enables us to realize, as we could not otherwise have done, the spirit in which such outrages are perpetrated. "The mob behaved with remarkable coolness and discrimination." What did they do? Why, they simply sacked, gutted, and ruthlessly destroyed the homes of hundreds of innocent people, made a bonfire of their effects, tore up like waste paper bank-notes to the amount of thousands of rubles, offered in ransom by the wretched victims, and not being able to resist their *only* weakness, they drank themselves into a state of hopeless intoxication, and were in some cases almost drowned in the liquor that had bestialized them. Is not this a pleasant picture of humanity? That the riot was prompted by no love of gain

Bielinski's works, ii., 28.

* How tenderly soft must be the natures of men who, in one case authentically reported in all the leading journals, poured kerosene oil over a human being and set it on fire!

is proved in Mme. Ragozin's eyes by the fact that the rioters retained nothing, and their object was simply to despoil and cripple, not to enrich themselves. Some simpletons who came in from the country, and took possession by the wagon-load of the valuables piled up in the market-place, actually did not know they were committing a blamable act! *Sancta simplicitas!* what precious innocents these Russians must be! Mme. Ragozin is obliged to confess that such extenuation, however, cannot be admitted of the conduct of some "well-dressed women in carriages," who carried off jewels which they were afterward obliged by the officers of the law to relinquish. Of course, the consideration that the law was bound to interfere, at some time or other, to protect even Jewish subjects had no connection whatever with the "extraordinary moderation" the rioters evinced in destroying, rather than retaining, their spoils! No lives were lost, owing to the "prudence" of the Jews. The poor creatures at bay shut themselves up in their houses, and only when they were occasionally so foolish as to fire a pistol in defense of their hearths and homes did this "good-natured mob" show "manifest signs of irritation." "Hebrew lawyers and physicians were not molested, they being considered useful members of society"! At Odessa, Kiev, and Warsaw, Mme. Ragozin cannot say as much for her countrymen. She is obliged to confess that blood was shed, and even, by a lamentable mistake, some innocent Christians were sacrified who happened to be passing through the streets.

Mme. Ragozin, in her account of the outrages, so far from exculpating her compatriots, has taken from them the one human excuse (not justification) which even a mob may plead in self-defense—the influence of unbridled passion. She simply reduces them to the level of fiends, as calculating and cunning as they are merciless. But it were an insult to our readers to fancy that any extenuation, however plausible, of such horrors could have a moment's weight with them. Were Mme. Ragozin's (or Brafmann's) statements ten times true, rather than the stale and flimsy libels which they are, they would bear no relation whatever to the deeds she attempts to explain. Mr. Evarts has put the question upon the only ground which Americans need consider or act upon: "It is not that it is the oppression of Jews by Russians—it is that it is the oppression of men and women by men and women: and we are men and women!"

Emma Lazarus.

ROMANCE.

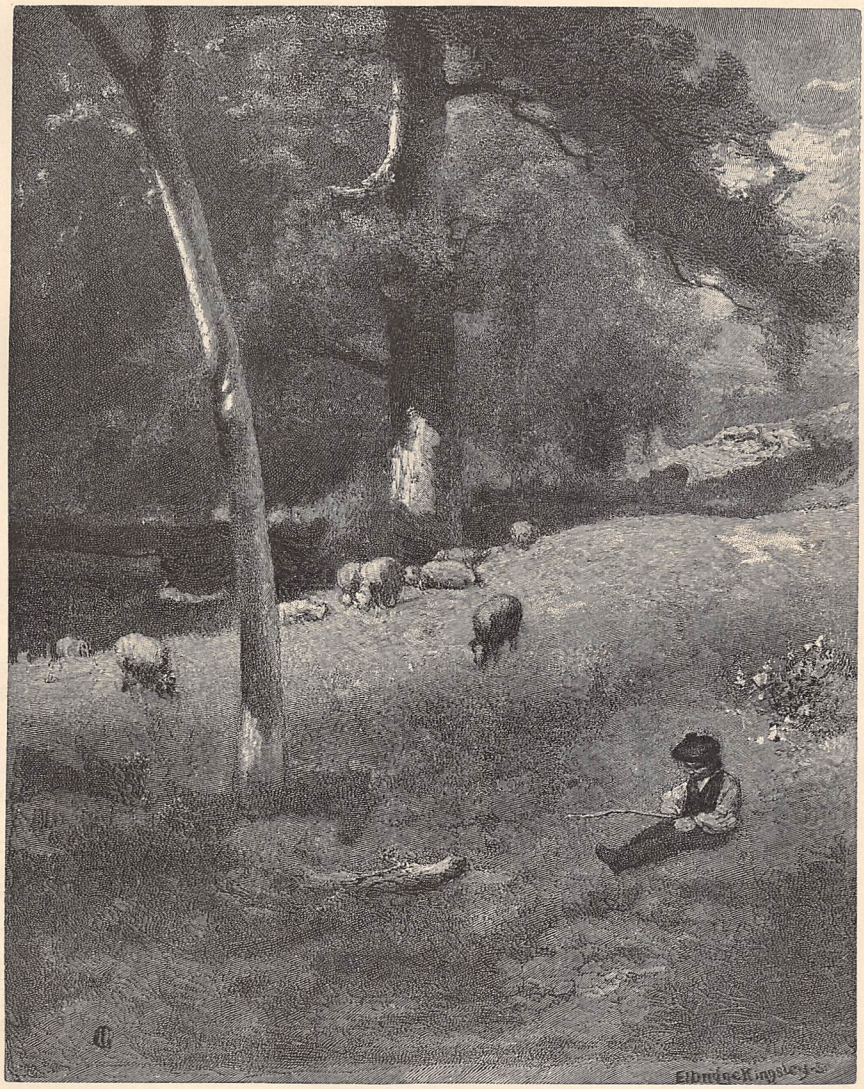
My Love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves was seen
The woven forest-boughs between:

And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day:
The grass above my Love is green;
His heart is colder than the clay.

Andrew Lang.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

It is little short of impertinent to write of a painter who, in his own work, has already expressed himself a thousand times better. But there are many who never see his pictures, and many who, seeing them, lack the habit of judging and do not understand. The natural refuge of the writer on art is the commonplace of praise, extracted either from the comments of the artist on his own productions, or from utterances, private or public, on the part of his friends. For who cares to be dogmatic in the analysis of work which the painter alone understands, and he not always thoroughly? By much more is the hazard greater when one comes to consider the subtler processes which go before the work—namely, the mental and moral processes which give that work its value. We meet with a picture that gives us a pleasant feeling; it is a graceful figure that one would like to have in one's home; or a landscape that recalls memories of happy days. Having become possessed of it, there



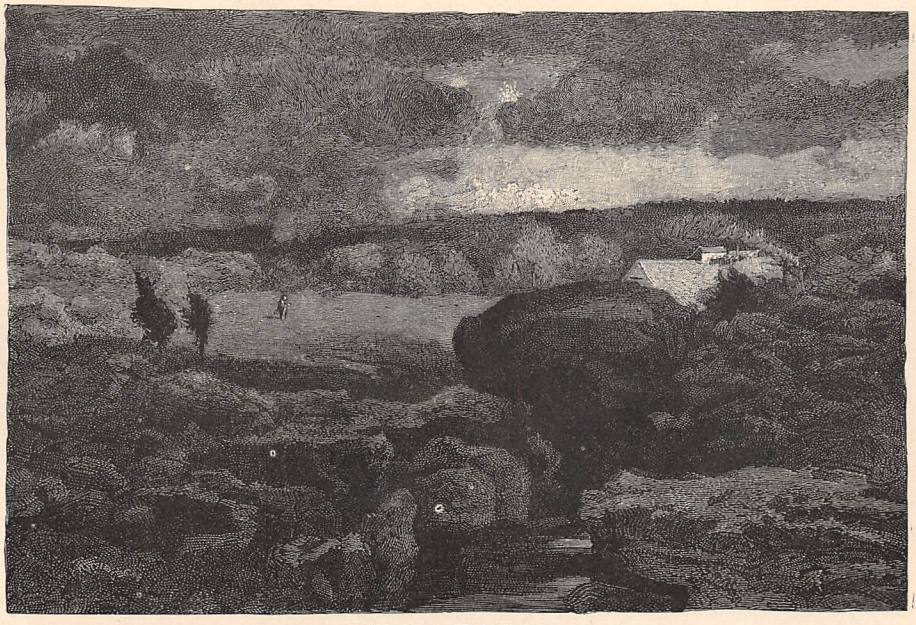
PINE-GROVES OF BARBARINE VILLA.

is a period of enjoyment which ends either pleasurably or ill. In one case, it fits into place and becomes a spiritual comrade; in the other tedium sets in, and one feels that its absence would be a relief. But now and then we come upon a picture that may not be certainly and at once pleasurable in its effect, but it arrests the attention with a shock. We may be troubled before it; but if we are not hampered by prejudices or schooled learning,—if we have resolved not to take opinions at second-hand, but to be brave enough to admire what gives us sensations of pleasure, or akin thereto,—we may be sure that, to us at least, the work of art is a masterpiece. Our taste may change. Ten years hence we may have come to other conclusions, sounder or less sound. But, for the time being, this is the picture that reveals to us a glimpse of that shadowy paradise of which the gate-keeper is genius.

Some such shock has befallen the writer while looking at more than one—yes, more than ten—of the landscapes of George Inness. A private opinion, to be sure, and perhaps worth no more and no less than that of anybody else. But when one has such a sensation, it is interesting to follow it back and see if there is not good reason for its existence. Are the technical processes by which the artist reaches these effects marked by the freedom and variety, the grasp and certainty, which characterize a master of his profession? And behind the technical work does there lie a mental labor which will explain to some extent the excitement produced in the mind of the observer? These few pages are scant space in which to make the trial, but possibly a more pretentious medium would only serve to show more plainly how threadbare is the attempt.

Looking at the life of Inness from the outside, it is merely that of a thousand other artists. He had few advantages of education; became an engraver; was overtaken by ill health. He had his days of enthusiasm and hope. He married and brought up children—one a painter of promise, with children of his own. When fortune smiled he enjoyed three stays in Europe—the last, and most fruitful of beautiful work, being of four years' duration. He shared the struggles of American art before the war—its well-meant but not always wise encouragements after the war, its period of dejection and loss of prestige. There have been years in his life when he sold pictures quickly at very high prices, succeeded by more years when he made nothing. He has felt the fallacious stimulus of our "good times," and endured the wholesome discipline of our "hard times." And what is the upshot of it all? Well, for one thing, the lack of pettiness seen in his work might reasonably be attributed to this varied experience. As devoted to his studio as J. J., the painter drawn by Thackeray, and as careless of the

business portion of his profession, nevertheless, Inness has not been able to escape the usual lot of men. Black Care has peeped over his shoulder and insisted on having a hand in his work. Another thing is the ab-

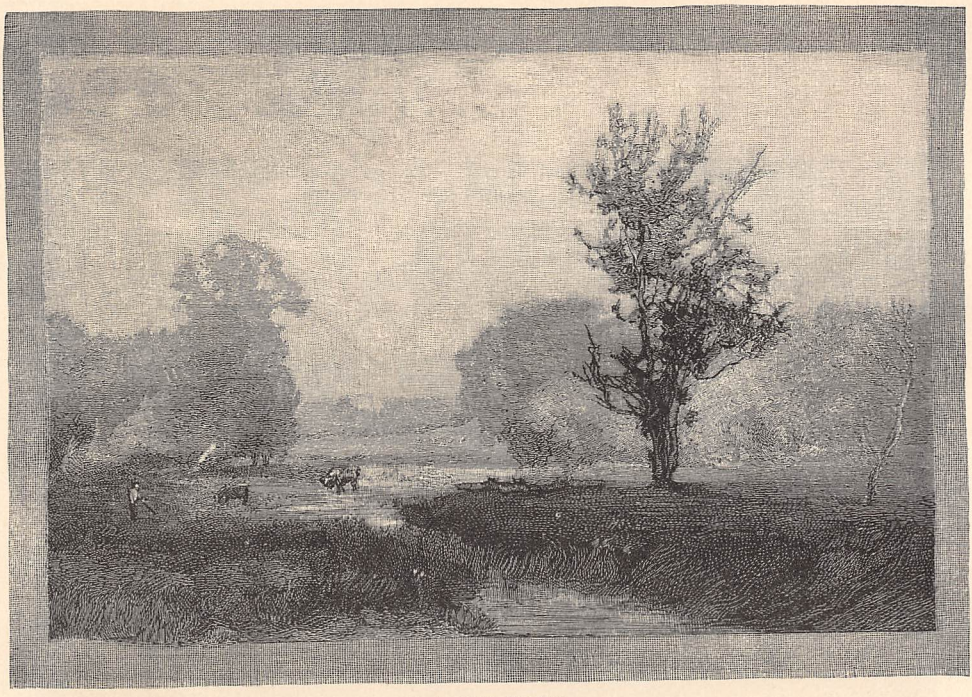


CLOSE OF A STORMY DAY.

sence of early paintings. What has become of all the pictures painted before 1860, when the pre-Raphaelite movement was beginning to have its echoes on this side of the water? Sold to all sorts of people, at all sorts of prices, in all sorts of ways; destroyed, many of them, painted over by their maker, scattered to the four quarters of the earth. There would have been no chance for this artist to coddle his pictures and concentrate his art upon itself, even if it had been strongly in his nature to do so. Another result: no possibility of becoming self-conscious and affected, like too many of his English cousins in art. Severely as the social fabric of New York handled him, there was breadth in its treatment. If it did not buy his pictures, it was either because it was honestly ignorant of their value, or because it thought it could not afford the money. But there was no social caste to drive artists and writers into one of two fatal paths—either into revolt at the fretting and pervasive tyranny, or into those grimaces which often prove a passport to success.

Inness has suffered; but there has never been a necessity here, as there was in England, that painters of genius should band themselves together into a Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which answered scorn for scorn, and social snubbing by artistic snubbing. Elastic, like our government, the social atmosphere in which he found himself was full of crudities, but full of life; if there was no great support in it, there was no demoralizing influence exerted by it upon his art. He fought his way along by his own methods, without the depressing feeling that, let his genius be ever so great, ninnies were being born every day whom a large body of his fellow-citizens would rank above him. The acid that bit into the soul of Carlyle was present in America in such a feeble, dilute condition that the painter need never feel its presence.

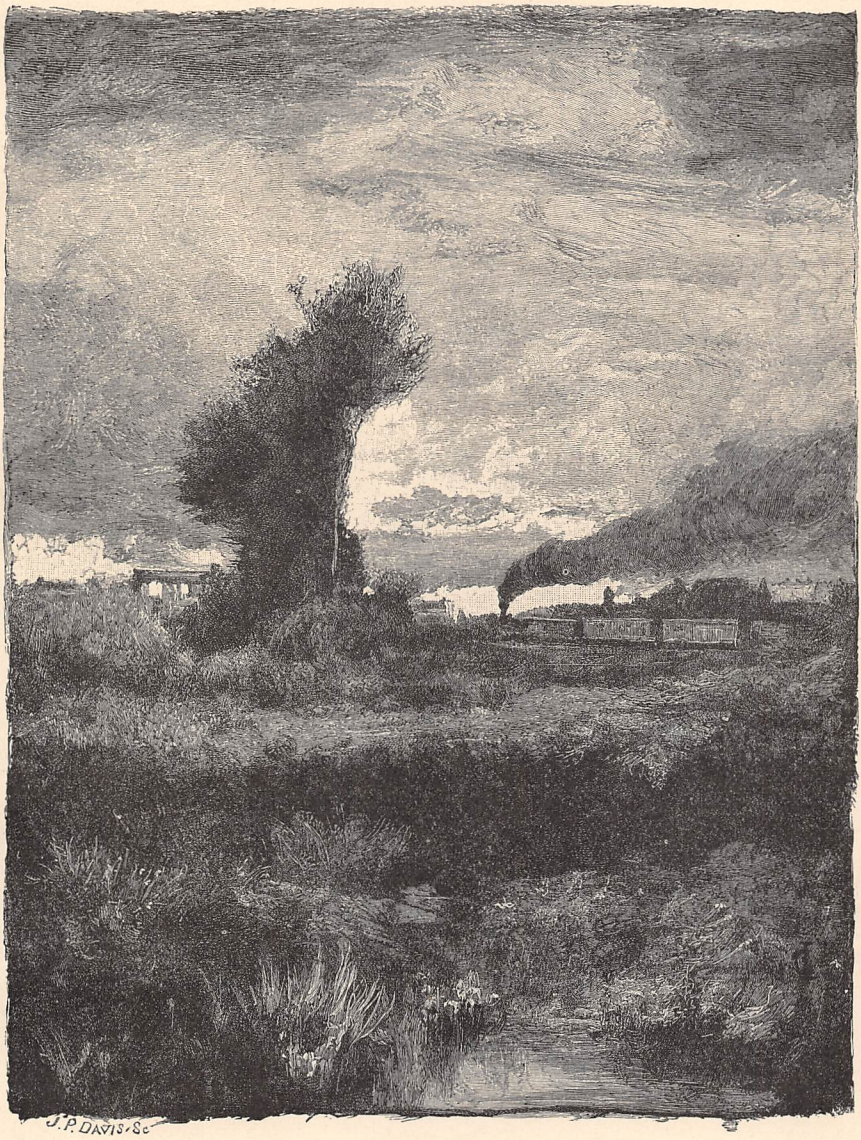
Inness seems never to have had even so much of social ambition as to make him wish to knock at those doors in his city which are least ready to open to men neither rich nor well-accredited. Sufficient for him were his own family, his studio, and his private circle of friends. A steady workman at his profession, he would go to nature for impressions, simply, neither with boast nor with too much hope. Sometimes it is plain that he has labored hard at his sketches; hours and days pass while struggling at one scene. In such cases the work is minute, painstaking, almost painful. For his nature is most excitable, and can only be made to apply itself by the strongest exercise of will. But then the benefit of self-restraint shows unerringly in the sketch. On other occasions, he has been an impressionist in the fullest sense of the term.



AN AUTUMN MORNING.

Overwhelmed by the beauty of a scene, the play of light and shade, the balance of clouds, distant hills and nearer masses of forest, he has dashed his paint on with hardly a line of pencil or charcoal to guide him, working in that rapt condition of mind during which the lapse of time is not felt, in which the mind seems to extend itself through the fingers to the tip of the brush, and the latter, as it moves on the prepared surface, seems to obey the general laws of nature which fashioned the very landscape that is being counterfeited at the instant. These were moments of the painter's ecstasy, rare enough in comparison with cooler moods, but leaving their mark with equal unerringness. From sketches taken under such varying circumstances have arisen in the quiet of his studio the procession of landscapes issuing from his hand during the past thirty years. Grave landscapes and gay, landscapes noble and plain, expressive landscapes and those that told of indifferent moods. Some touch a height of magnificence that gives one cause to remember the great men of former days—Claude, Poussin, Rosa, Ruysdael, Constable, Turner. Others have the sturdy look of Rousseau. But Inness is not an imitator or follower of any of these; if he had one merit only, it would be originality. Genius more varied is not unknown and genius that has broader limits. But in his own lines as a landscapist and colorist he is like no one else. Consider his "Stone Pines at Monte Mario," and "Hickory Grove at Medfield, Mass.," his "Coming Storm," and "Light Triumphant."

It is only at a distance that the work of Inness seems to be unvaried. It is always landscape, and always one feels the individual manner which has not been allowed to degenerate into mannerism. But the moods in which the different pictures have been conceived are often varied, and then another key-note of color is struck. Sometimes that note is laid down on the canvas at the start; its complementary color is added; then follow the other colors and their shades of color, all with reference to the first. Again, it may seem better to reverse the order somewhat: the key color is washed over later. Inness has learned to subordinate his materials; they flow plastic under his brush or thumb. A disciple of the older school, he seldom uses the palette-knife or brushes of extraordinary character, yet, if he thought better effects could be gained through them, he would not hesitate a moment to use them. This may seem trivial; it is only mentioned to show that, notwithstanding the intensity of certain of his convictions, which will presently be mentioned, he has no narrowness regarding the methods of his work or the tools employed. When the right mood is on he becomes dra-



SUNSET.

matic, although always as a landscapist, and reaches closely to the borders of the sublime. There is a moorland piece which shows this trait well. Heavy bowlders encumber the moor; one almost hides a farm-house, whose gray roof, were it not for the smoke at its chimney, might be taken for another mass of rock. A figure is detected in the open central space. The sky is magnificent with heavy, black rain-clouds, that reflect the ruggedness of the moor; in the center, and as a counterpart of the farm-house roof, is a brilliant white cloud that has caught the sunlight. There is a fine glowing effect in the heavens and in the distant moor that is aided by the smoke and the little curling white clouds above the heavier masses. This is not direct work from nature —it is pure dramatic imagination. It is based on a very different scene. The original is a comparatively sober copy of a real landscape, in which thickets and woods stand for the bowlders, a peaceful train of cattle fills a green meadow in the center, and in which the bed of the wild stream, that seems at one time to have spun the bowlders about like curling-stones, is a placid river. The narrow realist will be likely to object to a picture which he will say is one of *chic*. But what then? Suppose it is. *Chic* is a great thing—if you are great enough in art to use and not abuse it!

It has become almost hackneyed to divide the works of a painter into so many "styles," more or less representative of varying periods of his development. The habit is convenient as affording a method of obtaining a comprehensive view; it is also the natural method, for artists often do materially change their styles. With Inness, distinctions of the kind are not sharply defined, yet they exist all the same. His art has been very slow in development. He does not accept philosophical ideas suddenly, nor without great stress of thought—a veritable spiritual combat. Three epochs may be distinguished in his work, but their borders overlap, and it would be rash to affirm absolutely in every case to which of the three a picture belongs. With due deference, therefore, to the possibility of mistake, these three styles may be postulated: An ante-war style, consisting of painstaking, rather stiff, analytical work, similar to that of many of his comrades in the "Hudson River School," etc. Secondly, a war style, which we may consider the result of the agitation produced by the four years of tumult and national anguish, and which shows itself in fluidity of outlines, a breaking-up of the old rigidity, a new grasp of what is magnificent in landscape breadth, a throwing overboard of the pettiness of the former style. This may also be called the "Italian" style of Inness, not so much because he learned from the Italian masters,—his influences were rather French, Flemish, and Dutch,—but because he painted Italian scenes. Finally, a post-war style, in which he now works without loss of the good in his previous efforts, but with complete control of his art. If big words are not out of place, the present may be called his synthetic style as opposed to the analytic of the days before the war. In the figure he was never grounded, partly because of an overwhelming tendency to landscape, but also because of illness in youth and the lack of sound instruction to be had in New York when he was a boy. It is heresy to suggest that in the end the omission has served him. But is it not imaginable that the lack of early training, such as artists get easily to-day, kept him poor and humble and forced him to greater efforts in the only branch of painting he could follow?



LOITERING.

There remains the personality behind the artistic product. A painter deserving the name of artist works, consciously or unconsciously, from inner rules which he has, as it were, invented for himself. It is easily conceivable that he may be a great artist, and yet unequal in his work; a genius, and surpassed by lesser men in deftness of hand. But behind his pictures he must have intellectual and moral forces more potent than those of the ordinary craftsman of his profession, and also possess naturally either a fair share of facility

in the expression of his ideas, or else such indomitable will that he overcomes that lack in his temperament by hard labor. Now, Inness piques himself on the logic displayed in the management of his landscapes. His methods are the result of much observation of nature and the pictures of modern and ancient masters. Particulars are reasoned out with a rigidity of logic that sounds dry. His groping after truth has been as constant as it was earnest. Yet there is plenty of imagination and poetry in the scenes. Back of the landscapes, in whose confection rules founded on logic that can be expressed in the mathematical terms have been strictly followed, lies the whole world of immaterial spirits, of whom Swedenborg was the latest prophet. Not for Inness the wild extravagances of technique belonging to the later pictures of Turner. The so-called "Slave-ship" is a bugbear. He has a horror of the illogical presence of floating iron chains and of marine monsters unknown to the merely human eye—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. His contempt for the "Slave-ship" is so great that one is half persuaded that there is self-illusion at the bottom, and that some day Inness will awake to the fact that the picture which shocked him so much is just the picture he would prefer out of all the other eccentricities of Turner. He regards as unmanly, if not positively ignorant, the fashion Turner had of placing the vanishing point—that point to which all the parallel lines seem to tend—to the left or the right of the picture, instead of near the center, thus disturbing its repose. But—paradox as it may seem—along with such dry and technical axioms, such *Philisterschaft*, in a true artist goes the fact that to Inness the whole cosmogony of inner spirits superintends the creation of the pictures. He is nothing if not an idealist.

He is, in fact, without being of a complicated nature, an artist with more than one side to his character. Alternately one might take him for a poet or a Philistine; an idealist or a hide-bound realist; an impressionist or a pre-Raphaelite. Beginning under the influence of Durand, he saw the limitations of that good but restricted painter. From Thomas Cole he had the same repulsion that shows in his criticism of Turner. The pre-Raphaelite influences in their English shape were strong enough to make him try more than one study in that direction. But good sense—or, shall we say, the intuition of genius?—saved him from exhibiting much that smacked strongly of a movement wholesome as a preparation but misleading when taken literally. The impressionists also leave him cold, for has he not been, on many occasions, an impressionist? Some of his studies are faithful imitations of nature pursued for weeks at a time. Others, as we have said, are dashed in during the heat of imaginative creation.

Like some of the great Dutchmen, like their reverential followers Constable, Corot, Rousseau, landscape is to this artist the highest walk of art. It not only represents the nature that we see and the human feelings that move us when we look on nature, but something that includes both. It is an expression—feeble enough, to be sure, but still an expression—of the Godhead. In the mind of Inness, religion, landscape, and human nature mingle so thoroughly that there is no separating the several ideas. You may learn from him how the symbolization of the Divine Trinity is reflected in the mathematical relations of perspective and aërial distance. That such ideas are not mere whims with him is attested by various papers published in the magazines where he has given some of his thoughts. He not only believes what he says, but tries to carry out in his pictures this interrelation of art and religion. He is too much of an artist to make the result hard and absolute, as, to choose an extreme example in the opposite direction, Holman Hunt did in "The Shadow of the Cross." Holman Hunt seeks to return to the simplicity of the Van Eycks in treating religious questions, and would like to make himself a pious burgher of the tenth century in order to accomplish it. Inness is a modern to the last degree, and, thrown in upon himself by a scoffing world, tries to express his religious opinions under the veil of landscape. Perhaps even that is saying too much. Do his landscapes hint of religion? Does he try to express religion? We should say no. It is rather the methods by which he does them that are governed in his own mind by religious ideas. The result is fine, but, to the world, too far removed to be understood as religious in motive. Let us, then, rather say of his religion that he does not express, but hides it, in his art. Holman Hunt uses religious scenes to point a moral. Inness uses his convictions of a "world religion" in order to "adorn a tale." Out of all the landscape-painters stimulated and over-stimulated by the civil war, a few are emerging here and there into the position of masters. A rough and unideal schooling has been theirs: the public ignorant and uncritical; the press ignorant and hypercritical, or else fulsome in praise. Here an artist would be ruined by the injudicious support of friends and followers; there another was starved mentally and pinched actually by lack of notice. The survivors in the struggle are such landscape-

painters as Homer Martin, George Fuller, and others. Inness belongs to the scanty band.

He is often compared to Rousseau. No doubt Rousseau had some effect in crystallizing the ideas of Inness in landscape art, but the latter is in no sense his follower. The limitations of Rousseau have not been maintained —who knows whether wisely or not? Truly American in this, Inness has demanded more elbow-room than his great Parisian contemporary. Inside his own wider field he is also more versatile. Strangely enough, he approaches in temperament and physique a type that is considered Gallic. Black, slender, agile, not tall, vivacious of gesture, rapid in talk, easily moved, imaginative within sharply defined bounds, he is more of a Gaul than the average Frenchman. The name Inness means "island" in the Irish and Highland Scotch dialects of the Celtic. Mr. Inness is probably of comparatively pure Celtic blood, and may, for that reason, be dowered with ideality, opinionativeness, enthusiasm. In talk he becomes so carried away by the subject that he forgets how time is flying. What pleases him best is to have many pictures in process of making at one time. Then, having them arranged about his room, he likes to attack one or the other, as the mood strikes him. It is the insatiable craving for movement and variety which makes him picturesque even while at work on what are often considered sober landscapes. No painter labors harder; but the intensity of his work must find relief in change of mood and method. Habit has made him love the chains that bind him in his studio, but his excitable mind must have vent. For that reason one can see in his studio, side by side on different easels, a careful wood interior that has just escaped the commonplace by a happy flood of light which he has poured into a blue patch of sky, caught again on a trickling stream and reflected off on the nodding heads of blackberry vines; a wild stretch of desolation on a moor, with an accompanying drama of cloud-forms; or a railway embankment with laborers and supply-train on the long sweep of red clay, and, beyond them, the steeples of a New Jersey town. There are even genre pictures—small groups of girls at play, and such attempts at work foreign to his best vein. But in these the landscape is always the valuable part.

Inness paints Nature as the Ossian of the Highlands sang of it—in its great outer, rather than in its little inner, form.

Henry Eckford.

LOVE CROWNED.

A MAIDEN, with a garland on her head,
Sat in her bower between two lovers: one
Wore such a wreath as hers; the other none.
But him, in merry wise, she garlanded
With that she wore; then, gayly, took instead
The other's wreath and wore it as her own;
Whereat both smiled, each deeming she had shown
Himself the favorite. Though she nothing said
Concerning this by any spoken word,
Yet by her act, methinks, the maid preferred
The lover she discrowned. A friendly thing
Or whimsical—no more—the gift she gave
(A queen might do as much by any slave),
But he whose crown she wore was her heart's king.

John Godfrey Saxe.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

DURING the hot days and nights of the next few weeks, Tredennis found life rather a dreary affair. Gradually the familiar faces he met on the avenue became fewer and fewer, the houses he knew one after another assumed their air of summer desertion, offering as their only evidences of life an occasional colored servant sunning him or herself on the steps; the crowds of nursery-maids with their charges thinned out in the parks, and the freshness of the leaves was lost under a coating of dust, while the countenances of those for whom there was no prospect of relief expressed either a languid sense of injury or the patience of despair.

"But after all," Tredennis said, on two or three occasions, as he sat in one of the parks in the evening,—"after all, I suppose most of them have—an object," adding the last two words with a faint smile.

He was obliged to confess to himself that of late he found that the work which he had regarded as his object had ceased to satisfy him. He gave his attention to it with stern persistence, and refused to spare himself when he found his attention wandering; he even undertook additional labor, writing in his moments of leisure several notable articles upon various important questions of the day, and yet he had time left to hang heavy on his hands and fill him with weariness; and at last there came an evening when, after sitting in one of the parks until the lamps were lighted, he rose suddenly from his seat, and spoke as if to the silence and shadow about him.

"Why should I try to hide the truth from myself?" he said. "It is too late for that. I may as well face it like a man, and bear it like one. Many a brave fellow has carried a bullet in his body down to his grave, and seldom winced. This is something like that, I suppose, only that pain——" And he drew a sharp, hard breath, and walked away down the deserted path without ending the sentence.

He made many a struggle after this to resist one poor temptation which beset him daily—the temptation to pass through the street in which stood the familiar house, with its drawn blinds and closed doors. Sometimes, when he rose in the morning, he was so filled with an unreasoning yearning for a sight of its blankness that he was overwhelmed by it, and went out before he breakfasted.

"It is weakness and self-indulgence," he would say, "but it is a very little thing, and it can hurt no one—it is only a little thing, after all." And he found a piteous pleasure—at which at first he tried to smile, but at which before long he ceased even to try to smile—in the slow walk down the street, on which he could see this window or that, and remember some day when he had caught a glimpse of Bertha through it, or some night he had spent in the room within when she had been gayer than usual, or quieter—when she had given him some new wound, perhaps, or when she had half-healed an old one in some mood of relenting he had not understood.

"There is no reason why I should understand any woman," was his simple thought. "And why should I understand her unless she chose to let me? She is like no other woman."

He was quite sure of this. In his thoughts of her he found every word and act of hers worth remembering and even repeating mentally again and again for the sake of the magnetic grace which belonged only to herself, and it never once occurred to him that his own deep sympathy and tender fancy might brighten all she did.

"When she speaks," he thought, "how the dullest of them stir and listen! When she moves across a room, how natural it is to turn and look at her, and be interested in what she is going to do! What life I have seen her put in some poor, awkward wretch by only seating herself near him and speaking to him of some common thing! One does not know what her gift is, and whether it is well for her or ill that it was given her, but one sees it in the simplest thing she does."

It was hard to avoid giving himself up to such thoughts as these, and when he most needed

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refuge from them he always sought it in the society of the professor; so there were few evenings when he did not spend an hour or so with him, and their friendship grew and waxed strong until there could scarcely have been a closer bond between them.

About two weeks after Richard Amory's departure, making his call later than usual one evening, he met, coming down the steps, Mr. Arbuthnot, who stopped, with his usual civility, to shake hands with him.

"It is some weeks since we have crossed each other's paths, Colonel," he said, scrutinizing him rather closely. "And, in the meantime, I am afraid you have not been well."

"Amory called my attention to the fact a short time ago," responded Tredennis, "and so did the professor. So, perhaps, there is some truth in it. I hadn't noticed it myself."

"You will presently, I assure you," said Arbuthnot, still regarding him with an air of interest. "Perhaps Washington doesn't agree with you. I have heard of people who couldn't stand it. They usually called it malaria, but I think there was generally something——" He checked himself somewhat abruptly, which was a rather unusual demonstration on his part, as it was his habit to weigh his speech with laudable care and deliberation. "You are going to see the professor?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Tredennis.

The idea was presenting itself to his mind that there was a suggestion of something unusual in the questioner's manner—that it was not so entirely serene as was customary, that there was even a hint of some inward excitement strong enough to be repressed only by an effort. And the consciousness of this impressed itself upon him even while a flow of light talk went on, and Arbuthnot smiled at him from his upper step.

"I have been to see the professor, too," he was saying, "and I felt it was something of an audacity. His invitations to me have always been of the most general nature, but I thought I would take the liberty of pretending that I fancied he regarded them seriously. He was very good to me, and exhibited wonderful presence of mind in not revealing that he was surprised to see me. I tried not to stay long enough to tire him, and he was sufficiently amiable to ask me to come again. He evidently appreciated the desolation of my circumstances."

"You are finding it dull?" said Tredennis.

"Dull!" repeated Arbuthnot. "Yes, I think you might call it dull. The people who kindly condescend to notice me in the winter have gone away, and my dress-coat is packed in camphor. I have ceased to be useful, and even if Fate had permitted me to be ornamental, where should I air my charms? There seems really no reason why I should exist, until next winter, when I may be useful again, and receive, in return, my modicum of entertainment. To be merely a superior young man in a Department is not remunerative in summer, as one ceases to glean the results of one's superiority. At present I might as well be inferior, and neither dance, nor talk, nor sing, and be utterly incapacitated by nature for either carrying wraps or picking up handkerchiefs—and you cannot disport yourself at the watering-places of the rich and great on a salary of a hundred dollars a month, and you could only get your sordid 'month's leave,' if such a thing were possible."

"I—have been dull myself," said Tredennis, hesitantly.

"If it should ever occur to you to drop in and see a fellow-sufferer," said Arbuthnot, "it would relieve the monotony of *my* lot, at least, and might awaken in me some generous emotions."

Tredennis looked up at him.

"It never has occurred to you so far, I see," was Arbuthnot's light reply to the look, "but if it should, don't resist the impulse. I can assure you it is a laudable one. And my humble apartment has the advantage of comparative coolness."

When Tredennis entered the library, he found the professor sitting in his usual summer seat near the window. A newspaper lay open on his knee, but he was not reading it—he seemed, indeed, to have fallen into a reverie of a rather puzzling kind.

"Did you meet any one as you came in?" he asked of Tredennis, as soon as they had exchanged greetings.

"I met Mr. Arbuthnot," Tredennis answered, "and stopped a few moments on the steps to talk to him."

"He has been entertaining me for the last hour," said the professor, taking off his glasses and beginning to polish them. "Now, will you tell me," he asked, with his quiet air of reflective inquiry into an interesting subject,—"will you tell me why he comes to entertain *me?*"

"He gave me the impression," answered Tredennis, "that his object in coming was that you might entertain him, and he added that you were very good to him, and he appeared to have enjoyed his call very much."

"That is his way," responded the professor, impartially. "And a most agreeable way it is. To be born with such a way as a natural heritage is to be a social millionaire. And the worst of it is, that it may be a gift entirely apart from all morals and substantial virtues. Bertha has it. I don't know where she got it.

Not from me, and not from her poor mother. I say it *may be* apart from all morals and substantial virtues. I don't say it always is. I haven't at all made up my mind what attributes go along with it in Arbuthnot's case. I should like to decide. But it would be an agreeable way in a criminal of the deepest dye. It is certainly agreeable that he should in some subtle manner be able to place me in the picturesque attitude of a dignified and entertaining host. I didn't entertain him at all," he added, simply. "I sat and listened to him."

"He is frequently well worth listening to," commented Tredennis.

"He was well worth listening to this evening," said the professor. "And yet he was light enough. He had two or three English periodicals under his arm, one of them was 'Punch,' and—and I found myself laughing quite heartily over it. And then there was something about a new comic opera, and he seemed to know the libretto by heart, and ran over an air or so on the piano. And he had been reading a new book and was rather clever about it—in his way, of course, but still it was cleverness. And then he went to the piano again and sang a captivating little love-song very well, and after it, got up and said good-night—and on the whole I regretted it. I liked his pictures, I liked his opera, I liked his talk of the book, and I liked his little love-song. And how should he know that an old dry-bones would like a tender little ballad and be touched by it, and pleased because his sentiment was discovered and pandered to. Oh, it is the old story. It's his way—it's the way."

"I am beginning to think," said Tredennis, slowly, "that 'his way' might be called sympathy and good feeling and fine tact, if one wanted to be specially fair to him."

The professor looked up rather quickly.

"I thought you did not like him," he said.

Tredennis paused a moment, looking down at the carpet as if deliberating.

"I don't think I do," he said at length, "but it's no fault of his—the fault lies in me. I haven't the way, and I am at a disadvantage with him. He is never at a loss, and I am; he is ready-witted and self-possessed, I am slow and rigid, and I suppose it is human that I should try to imagine at times that I am at a disadvantage only because my virtues are more solid than his. They are not more solid; they are only more clumsy and less available."

"You don't spare yourself," said the professor.

"Why should I spare myself?" said Tredennis, knitting his brows. "After all, *he* never spares himself. He knows better. He would be just to me. Why should I let him place me at a disadvantage again by being unjust to him? And why should we insist that the only good qualities are those which are unornamental? It is a popular fallacy. We like to believe it. It is very easy to suspect a man of being shallow because we are sure we are deep and he is unlike us. This Arbuthnot—"

"'This Arbuthnot,'" interposed the professor, with a smile. "It is curious enough to hear you entering upon a defense of 'this Arbuthnot.' You don't like him, Philip. You don't like him."

"I don't like myself," said Tredennis, "when I am compared with him—and I don't like the tendency I discover in myself—the tendency to disparage him. I should like to be fair to him, and I find it difficult."

"Upon my word," said the professor, "it is rather fine in you to make the effort, but"—giving him one of the old admiring looks—"you were always rather fine, Philip."

"It would be finer, sir," said Tredennis, coloring, "if it were not an effort."

"No," said the professor, quietly, "it would not be half so fine." And he put out his hand and let it rest upon the arm of the chair in which Tredennis sat, and so it rested as long as their talk went on.

In the meantime, Arbuthnot walked rather slowly down the street, quite conscious of finding it necessary to make something of an effort to compose himself. It was his recognition of this necessity which had caused him to change his first intention of returning to his bachelor apartment after having made his call upon Professor Herrick. And he felt the necessity all the more strongly after his brief encounter with Colonel Tredennis.

"I will go into the park and think it over," he said to himself. "I'll give myself time."

He turned into Lafayette Park, found a quiet seat, and took out a very excellent cigar. He was not entirely surprised to see that, as he held the match to it, his hand was not as steady as usual. Tredennis had thought him a little pale.

The subject of his reflections, as he smoked his cigar, was a comparatively trivial incident taken by itself, but he had not taken it by itself, because in a flash it had connected itself with a score of others, which at the times of their occurring had borne no significance whatever to him.

His visit to the professor had not been made without reasons, but they had been such reasons as, simply stated to the majority of his ordinary acquaintance, would have been received with open amazement or polite discredit, and this principally because they

were such very simple reasons indeed. If such persons had been told that, finding himself without any vestige of entertainment, he had wandered in upon the professor as a last resource, or that he had wished to ask of him some trivial favor—or that he had made his call without any reason whatever—they would have felt such a state of affairs probable enough, but being informed that while sitting in the easiest of chairs, in the coolest possible *negligee*, reading an agreeable piece of light literature, and smoking a cigar, before his open window, he had caught sight of the professor at *his* window, sitting with his head resting on his hand, and being struck vaguely by some air of desolateness and lassitude in the solitary old figure, had calmly laid aside book and cigar, had put himself into conventional attire, and had walked across the street with no other intention than that of making the best of gifts of entertainment it was certainly not his habit to overvalue—those to whom the explanation had been made would have taken the liberty of feeling it somewhat insufficient, and would in nine cases out of ten privately have provided themselves with a more complicated one, cautiously insuring themselves against imposture by rejecting at the outset the simple and unvarnished truth.

Upon the whole, the visit had been a success. On entering, it is true, he found himself called upon to admire the rapidity with which the professor recovered from his surprise at seeing him, but as he had not been deluded by any hope that his first appearance would awaken unmistakable delight, he managed to make the best of the situation. His opening remarks upon the subject of the weather were not altogether infelicitous, and then he produced his late number of "Punch," and the professor laughed, and, the ice being broken, conversation flourished, and there was no further difficulty. He discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that he was in better conversational trim than usual.

"It is a delusive condition to be in," he explained to the professor, "but experience has taught me not to be taken in by it and expect future development. It wont continue—as you no doubt suspect. It is the result of entire social stagnation for several weeks. I am merely letting off all my fireworks at once—inspired to the improvidence by your presence. I am a poor creature, as you know, but even a poor creature is likely to suffer from an idea a day. The mental accumulations of this summer, carefully economized, will support me in penury during the entire ensuing season. I only conjure you not to betray me when you hear me repeat the same things by installments at Mrs. Amory's evenings."

And saying it, he saw the professor's face change in some subtle way as he looked at him. What there was in this look and change to make him conscious of an inward start, he could not have told. It was the merest lifting of the lids, combined with an almost imperceptible movement of the muscles about the mouth, and yet he found it difficult to avoid pausing for a moment. But he accomplished the feat, and felt he had reason to be rather proud of it. "Though what there is to startle him in my mention of Mrs. Amory's evenings," he reflected, "it would require an intellect to explain."

Being somewhat given to finding entertainment in quiet speculation upon passing events, he would doubtless have given some attention to the incident even if it had remained a solitary unexplained and mystifying trifle. But it was not left to stand alone in his mind.

It was not fifteen minutes before, in drawing his handkerchief from his breast-pocket, he accidentally drew forth with it a letter, which fell upon the newspaper lying upon the professor's lap, and for a moment rested there with the address upward.

And the instant he glanced from the pretty feminine envelope to the professor's face, Arbuthnot recognized the fact that something altogether unexpected had occurred again.

As he had looked from the envelope to the professor, so the professor looked from the envelope to him. Then he picked the letter up and returned it.

"It is a letter," Arbuthnot began,—"a letter ——" and paused ignominiously.

"Yes," said the professor, as if he had lost something of his own gentle self-possession. "I see it is a letter."

It was not a happy remark, nor did Arbuthnot feel his own next effort a particularly successful one.

"It is a letter from Mrs. Amory," he said. "She is kind enough to write to me occasionally."

"Yes," responded the professor. "I saw that it was from Bertha. Her hand is easily recognized."

"It is an unusual hand," said Arbuthnot. "And her letters are very like herself. When it occurs to her to remember me—which doesn't happen as frequently as I could wish—I consider myself fortunate. She writes as she talks, and very few people do that."

He ended with a greater degree of composure than he had begun with, but to his surprise he felt that his pulses had quickened and that there had risen to his face a touch of warmth suggestive of some increase of

color, and he did not enjoy the sensation. He began to open the letter.

"Shall I ——" he said, and then suddenly stopped.

He knew why he had stopped, but the professor did not, and to make the pause and return the letter to its envelope and its place in his pocket without an explanation required something like hardihood.

"She is well, and seems to be taking advantage of the opportunity to rest," he said, and picked up his "Punch" again, returning to his half-finished comment upon its cartoon as if no interruption had taken place.

As he sat on his seat in the park, apparently given up to undivided enjoyment of his cigar, his mind was filled with a tumult of thought. He had not been under the influence of such mental excitement for years. Suddenly he found himself confronting a revelation perfectly astounding to him.

"And so *I* am the man!" he said, at last. "*I* am the man!"

He took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at the end of it with an air of deliberate reflection, as is the masculine habit.

"It doesn't say much for me," he added, "that I never once suspected it—not once."

Then he replaced his cigar, with something like a sigh.

"We are a blind lot," he said.

He did not feel the situation a pleasant one; there were circumstances under which he would have resented it with a vigor and happy ingenuity of resource which would have stood him in good stead, but there was no resentment in his present mood. From the moment the truth had dawned upon him, he had treated it without even the most indirect reference to his own very natural feelings, and there had been more sacrifice of himself and his own peculiarities in his action when he had returned the letter to his pocket than even he himself realized.

"It was not the letter to show him," was his thought. "She does not know how much she tells me. He would have understood it as I do."

He went over a good deal of ground mentally as he sat in the deepening dusk, and he thought clearly and dispassionately, as was his habit when he allowed himself to think at all. By the time he had arrived at his conclusions, it was quite dark. Then he threw the end of his last cigar away and rose, and there was no denying that he was pale still, and wore a curiously intense expression.

"If there is one thing neither man nor devil can put a stop to," he said, "it is an experience such as that. It will go on to one of two ends—it will kill her or she will kill it. The wider of the mark they shoot, the easier for her, and as for me," he added, with a rather faint and dreary smile, "perhaps it suits me well enough to be merely an alleviating circumstance. It's all I'm good for. Let them think as they please."

And he brushed an atom of cigar-ash from his sleeve with his rather too finely feminine hand, and walked away.

CHAPTER XV.

He paid the professor another visit a few days later, and afterward another and another.

"What," said the professor, at the end of his second visit, "is it ten o'clock? I assure you it is usually much later than this when it strikes ten."

"Thank you," said Arbuthnot. "I never heard that civility accomplished so dexterously before. It is perfectly easy to explain the preternatural adroitness of speech on which Mrs. Amory prides herself. But don't be too kind to me, Professor, and weaken my resolution not to present myself unless I have just appropriated an idea from somewhere. If I should appear some day *au naturel*, not having taken the precaution to attire myself in the mature reflections of my acquaintance, I shouldn't pay you for the wear and tear of seeing me, I'll confess beforehand."

"I once told you," said the professor to Tredennis, after the fourth visit, "that I was not fond of him, but there had been times when I had been threatened with it. This is one of the times. Ah!" with a sigh of fatigue, "I understand the attraction—I understand it."

The following week, Tredennis arrived at the house one evening to find it in some confusion. The *coupé* of a prominent medical man stood before the pavement, and the servant who opened the door looked agitated.

"The professor, sir," he said, "has had a fall. We hope he aint much hurt, and Mr. Arbuthnot and the doctor is with him."

"Ask if I may go upstairs," said Tredennis, and, as he said it, Arbuthnot appeared on the landing above, and, seeing who was below, came down at once.

"There is no real cause for alarm," he said, "though he has had a shock. He had been out, and the heat must have been too much for him. As he was coming up the steps he felt giddy, and lost his footing and fell. Doctor Malcolm is with him, and says he needs nothing but entire quiet. I am glad you have come. Did you receive my message?"

"No," answered Tredennis. "I have not been to my room."

"Come into the library," said Arbuthnot. "I have something to say to you."

He led the way into the room, and Tredennis followed him, wondering. When they got inside, Arbuthnot turned and closed the door.

"I suppose," he said, "you know no more certainly than I do where Mr. Amory is to be found." And as he spoke he took a telegram from his pocket.

"What is the matter?" demanded Tredennis. "What has ——"

"This came almost immediately after the professor's accident," said Arbuthnot. "It is from Mrs. Amory, asking him to come to her. Janey is very ill."

"What!" exclaimed Tredennis. "And she alone, and probably without any physician she relies on!"

"Some one must go to her," said Arbuthnot, "and the professor must know nothing of it. If we knew of any woman friend of hers we might appeal to her, but everybody is out of town."

He paused a second, his eyes fixed on Tredennis's changing face.

"If you will remain with the professor," he said, "I will go myself, and take Doctor Wentworth with me."

"You!" said Tredennis.

"I shall be better than nothing," replied Arbuthnot, quietly. "I can do what I am told to do, and she mustn't be left alone. If her mother had been alive, she would have gone,—if her father had been well, he would have gone,—if her husband had been here ——"

"But he is not here," said Tredennis, with a bitterness not strictly just. "Heaven only knows where he is."

"It would be rather hazardous to trust to a telegram reaching him at Merrittsville," said Arbuthnot. "We are not going to leave her alone even until we have tried Merrittsville. What must be done must be done now. I will go and see Doctor Wentworth at once, and we can leave in an hour if I find him. You can tell the professor I was called away."

He made a step toward the door, and as he did so Tredennis turned suddenly.

"Wait a moment," he said.

Arbuthnot came back.

"What is it?" he asked.

There was a curious pause, which, though it lasted scarcely longer than a second, was still a pause.

"If *I* go," said Tredennis, "it will be easier to explain my absence to the professor." And then there was a pause again, and each man looked at the other and each was a trifle pale.

It was Arbuthnot who spoke first.

"I think," he said, without moving a muscle, "that you had better let me go."

"Why?" said Tredennis, and the unnatural quality of his voice startled himself.

"Because," said Arbuthnot, as calmly as before, "you will be conferring a favor on me, if you do. I want an excuse for getting out of town and—I want an opportunity to be of some slight service to Mrs. Amory."

Before the dignity of the stalwart figure towering above his slighter proportions, he knew he appeared to no advantage as he said the words, but to have made the best of himself he must have relinquished his point at the outset, and this he had no intention of doing, though he was not enjoying himself. A certain cold-blooded pertinacity which he had acquired after many battles with himself was very useful to him at the moment.

"The worst thing that could happen to her just now," he had said to himself, ten minutes before, "would be that he should go to her in her trouble." And upon this conviction he took his stand.

In placing himself in the breach, he knew that he had no means of defense whatever—that any reasons for his course he might offer must appear, by their flimsiness, to betray in him entire inadequacy to the situation in which he seemed to stand, and that he must present himself in the character of a victim to his own bold but shallow devices, and simply brazen the matter out; and when one reflects upon human weakness, it is certainly not to his discredit that he had calmly resigned himself to this before entering the room. There was no triviality in Tredennis's mood, and he made no pretense of any. The half-darkness of the room, which had been shaded from the sun during the day, added to the significance of every line in his face. As he stood with folded arms, the shadows seemed to make him look larger, to mark his pallor, and deepen the intensity of his expression.

"Give me a better reason," he said.

Arbuthnot paused. What he saw in the man moved him strongly. In the light of that past of his, which was a mystery to his friends, he often saw with terrible clearness much he was not suspected of seeing at all, and here he recognized what awakened in him both pity and respect.

"I have no better one," he answered. "I tell you I miss the exhilaration of Mrs. Amory's society, and want to see her, and hope she will not be sorry to see me." And having said it, he paused again before making his *coup d'état*. Then he spoke deliberately, looking Tredennis in the eyes. "That you should think anything detrimental to Mrs.

Amory, even in the most shadowy way, is out of the question," he said. "Think of me what you please."

"I shall think nothing that is detrimental to any man who is her friend," said Tredennis, and there was passion in the words, though he had tried to repress it.

"Her friendship would be a good defense for a man against any wrong that was in him," said Arbuthnot, and this time the sudden stir of feeling in him was not altogether concealed. "Let me have my way," he ended. "It will do no harm."

"It will do no good," said Tredennis.

"No," answered Arbuthnot, recovering his impervious air, "it will do no good, but one has to be sanguine to expect good. Perhaps I need pity," he added. "Suppose you are generous and show it me."

He could not help seeing the dramatic side of the situation, and with half-conscious irony abandoning himself to it. All at once he seemed to have deserted the well-regulated and decently arranged commonplaces of his ordinary life, and to be taking part in a theatrical performance of rather fine and subtle quality, and he waited with intense interest to see what Tredennis would do.

What he did was characteristic of him. He had unconsciously taken two or three hurried steps across the room, and he turned and stood still.

"It is I who must go," he said.

"You are sure of that?" said Arbuthnot.

"We have never found it easy to understand each other," Tredennis answered, "though perhaps you have understood me better than I have understood you. You are quicker and more subtle than I am. I only seem able to see one thing at a time, and do one thing. I only see one thing now. It is better that I should go."

"You mean," said Arbuthnot, "better for me?"

Tredennis looked down at the floor.

"Yes," he answered.

A second or so of silence followed, in which Arbuthnot simply stood and looked at him. The utter uselessness of the effort he had made was borne in upon him in a manner which overpowered him.

"Then," he remarked at length, "if you are considering me, there seems nothing more to be said. Will you go and tell the professor that you are called away, or shall I?"

"I will go myself," replied Tredennis.

He turned to leave the room, and Arbuthnot walked slowly toward the window. The next moment Tredennis turned from the door and followed him.

"If I have ever done you injustice," he said, "the time is past for it, and I ask your pardon."

"Perhaps it is not justice I need," said Arbuthnot, "but mercy—and I don't think you have ever been unjust to me. It wouldn't have been easy."

"In my place," said Tredennis, with a visible effort, "you would find it easier than I do to say what you wished. I——"

"You mean that you pity me," Arbuthnot interposed. "As I said before, perhaps I need pity. Sometimes I think I do," and the slight touch of dreariness in his tone echoed in Tredennis's ear long after he had left him and gone on his way.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was ten o'clock and bright moonlight when Tredennis reached his destination—the train having brought him to a way-side station two miles distant, where he had hired a horse and struck out into the county road. In those good old days when the dwelling of every Virginia gentleman was his "mansion," the substantial pile of red brick before whose gate-way he dismounted had been a mansion too, and had not been disposed to trifle with its title, but had insisted upon it with a dignified squareness which scorned all architectural devices to attract attention. Its first owner had chosen its site with a view to the young "shade-trees" upon it, and while he had lived upon his property had been almost as proud of his trees as of his "mansion"; and when, long afterward, changes had taken place, and the objects of his pride fell into degenerate hands, as the glories of the mansion faded, its old friends the trees grew and flourished, and seemed to close kindly in about it, as if to soften and shadow its decay.

On each side of the drive which led down to the gate-way, grew an irregular line of these trees, here and there shading the way from side to side, and again leaving a space for the moonlight to stream upon. As he tied his horse, Tredennis glanced up this drive-way toward the house.

"There is a light burning in one of the rooms," he said. "It must be there that——" He broke off in the midst of a sentence, his attention suddenly attracted by a figure which flitted across one of the patches of moonlight.

He knew it at once, though he had had no thought of seeing it before entering the house. It was Bertha, in a white dress and with two large dogs following her, leaping and panting when she spoke in a hushed voice, as if to quiet them.

She came down toward the gate with a

light, hurried tread, and, when she was within a few feet of it, spoke.

"Doctor," she said, "oh, how glad I am —how glad!" and, as she said it, came out into the broad moonlight again and found herself face to face with Tredennis.

She fell back from him as if a blow had been struck her—fell back trembling, and as white as the moonlight itself.

"What!" she cried, "is it *you—you?*"

He looked at her, bewildered by the shock his presence seemed to her.

"I did not think I should frighten you," he said. "I came to-night because the professor was not well enough to make the journey. Doctor Wentworth will be here in the morning. He would have come with me, but he had an important case to attend."

"I did not think *you* would come," she said, breathlessly, and put out her hand, groping for the support of the swinging gate, which she caught and held.

"There was no one else," he answered.

He felt as if he were part of some strange dream. The stillness, the moonlight, the heavy shadows of the great trees, all added to the unreality of the moment; but most unreal of all was Bertha herself, clinging with one trembling hand to the gate, and looking up at him with dilated eyes.

"I did not think *you* would come," she said again, "and it startled me—and——" She paused with a poor little effort at a smile, which the next instant died away. "Don't—don't look at me!" she said, and, turning away from him, laid her face on the hand clinging to the gate.

He looked down at her slight white figure and bent head, and a great tremor passed over him. The next instant she felt him standing close at her side.

"You must not—do that," he said, and put out his hand and touched her shoulder.

His voice was almost a whisper—he was scarcely conscious of what his words were—he had scarcely any consciousness of his touch. The feeling which swept over him needed no sense of touch or sound—the one thing which overpowered him was his sudden sense of a nearness to her which was not physical nearness at all.

"Perhaps I was wrong to come," he went on; "but I could not leave you alone—I could not leave you alone. I knew that you were suffering, and I could not bear that."

She did not speak or lift her head.

"Has it been desolate?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, in a hushed voice.

"I was afraid so," he said. "You have been alone so long—I have thought of it almost every hour of the day; you are not used to being alone. Perhaps it was a mistake. Why do you tremble so?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"My poor child!" he said. "My poor child!" And then there was a pause which seemed to hold a life-time of utter silence.

It was Bertha who ended it. She stirred a little, and then lifted her face. She looked as he remembered her looking when he had first known her—only that she was paler, and there was a wearied softness in her eyes. She made no attempt at hiding the traces of tears in them, and she spoke as simply as a child.

"I thought it was the doctor, when I heard the horse's feet," she said; "and I was afraid the dogs would bark and waken Janey. She has just fallen asleep, and she has slept so little. She has been very ill."

"*You* have not slept," he said.

"No," she replied. "This is the first time I have left her."

He took her hand and drew it gently through his arm.

"I will take you up to the house," he said, "so that you can hear every sound; but you must stay outside for a little while. The fresh air will do you good, and we can walk up and down while I tell you the reason the professor did not come."

All the ordinary conventional barriers had fallen away from between them. He did not know why or how, and he did not ask. Suddenly he found himself once again side by side with the Bertha he had fancied lost forever. All that had bewildered him was gone. The brilliant little figure with its tinkling ornaments, the unemotional little smile, the light laugh, were only parts of a feverish dream. It was Bertha whose hand rested on his arm—whose fair young face was pale with watching over her child—whose soft voice was tremulous and tender with innocent, natural tears. She spoke very little. When they had walked to and fro before the house for a short time, she said:

"Let us go and sit down on the steps of the porch," and they went and sat there together—he upon a lower step and she a few steps above, her hands clasped on her knee, her face turned half away from him. She rarely looked at him, he noticed, even when he spoke to her or she spoke to him; her eyes rested oftener than not upon some far-away point under the trees.

"You are no better than you were when you went away," he said, looking at her cheek where the moonlight whitened it.

"No," she answered.

"I did not think to find you looking like this," he said.

"Perhaps," she said, still with her eyes

fixed on the far-away shadows, "perhaps I have not had time enough. You must give me time."

"You have had two months," he returned.

"Two months," she said, "is not so long as it seems." And between the words there came a curious little catch of the breath.

"It has seemed long to you?" he asked.

"Yes."

She turned her face slowly and looked at him.

"Has it seemed long to you?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, "long and dreary."

She swayed a little toward him with a sort of unconscious movement; her eyes were fixed upon his face with a wistful questioning; he had seen her look at her children so.

"Was it very hot?" she said. "Were you tired? Why did you not go away?"

"I did not want to go away," he answered.

"But you ought to have gone away," she said. "You were not used to the heat, and —— Let the light fall on your face so that I can see it!"

He came a little nearer to her, and as she looked at him the wistfulness in her eyes changed to something else.

"Oh," she cried, "it has done you harm. Your face is quite changed. Why didn't I see it before? What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," he answered.

He did not stir, or want to stir, but sat almost breathlessly still, watching her, the sudden soft anxiousness in her eyes setting every pulse in his body throbbing.

"Oh," she said, "you are ill—you are ill! How could you be so careless? Why did not papa ——"

She faltered—her voice fell and broke. She even drew back a little, though her eyes still rested upon his.

"You were angry with me when you thought I did not take care of myself," she said; "and you have been as bad as I was, and worse. You had not so many temptations." And she turned away, and he found himself looking only at her cheek again, and the soft side-curve of her mouth.

"There is less reason why I should take care of myself," he said.

"You mean"—she asked, without moving —"that there are fewer people who would miss you?"

"I do not know of any one who would miss me."

Her hands stirred slightly, as they lay in her lap.

"That is underrating your friends," she said, slowly. "But"—altering her tone—"it is true, I have the children and Richard."

"Where is Richard?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"When you heard from him last," he began.

"He is a bad correspondent," she said. "He always finds so much to fill his time when he is away. There is an understanding between us that he shall write very few letters. I am responsible for it myself, because I know it spoils everything for him when he has an unwritten letter on his conscience. I haven't heard from him first yet since he went West."

She rose from her seat on the step.

"I will go in now," she said. "I must speak to Mrs. Lucas about giving you a room, and then I will go to Janey. She is sleeping very well."

He rose, too, and stood below her, looking up.

"You must promise not to think of me," he said. "I did not come here to be considered. Do you think an old soldier, who has slept under the open sky many a night, cannot provide for himself?"

"Have you slept so often?" she asked, the very triviality of the question giving it a strange sweetness to his ears.

"Yes," he answered. "And often with no surety of wakening with my scalp on."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and made an involuntary movement toward him.

He barely restrained his impulse to put out his hands, but hers fell at her sides the next instant.

"I am a great coward," she said. "It fills me with terror to hear of things like that. Is it at all likely that you will be ordered back?"

"I don't know," he replied, his uplifted eyes devouring all the sweetness of her face. "Would that ——"

The very madness of the question forming itself on his lips was its own check.

"I don't want to think of it," he said. Then he added, "As I stand here I look up at you. I never looked up at you before."

"Nor I down at you," she returned. "You are always so high above me. It seems strange to look down at you."

It was all so simple and inconsequent, but every word seemed full of the mystery and emotion of the hour. When he tried afterward to recall what they had said, he was bewildered by the slightness of what had been uttered, even though the thrill of it had not yet passed away.

He went up the steps and stood beside her.

"Yes," he said, speaking as gently as he might have spoken to a child. "You make me feel what a heavy-limbed, clumsy fellow I am. All women make me feel it, but you more than all the rest. You look almost like a child."

"But I am not very little," she said; "it is only because I am standing near you."

"I always think of you as a small creature," he said. "I used to think, long ago, that some one should care for you."

"You were very good, long ago," she answered softly. "And you are very good now to have come to try to help me. Will you come in?"

"No," he said, "not now. It might only excite the child to-night if she saw me, and so long as she is quiet, I will not run the risk of disturbing her. I will tell you what I am going to do. I am not going to leave you alone. I shall walk up and down beneath your window, and if you need me you will know I am there, and you have only to speak in your lowest voice. If she should be worse, my horse is at the gate, and I can go for the doctor at once."

She looked up at him with a kind of wonder.

"Do you mean that you intend to stand sentinel all night?" she said.

"I have stood sentinel before," was his reply. "I came to stand sentinel. All that I can do is to be ready if I am wanted."

"But I cannot let you stay up all night," she began.

"You said it had been desolate," he answered. "Wont it be less desolate to know that—that some one is near you?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" she said. "But——"

"Go upstairs," he said, "and promise me that, if she still sleeps, you will lie down and let your nurse watch her."

The gentle authority of his manner seemed to impress her curiously. She hesitated as if she scarcely understood it.

"I—don't—know," she faltered.

"You will be better for it to-morrow," he persisted, "and so will she."

"I never did such a thing before," she said, slowly.

"I shall be beneath the open window," he said, "and I have the ears of an Indian. I shall know if she stirs."

She drew a soft, troubled breath.

"Well," she said, "I will—go."

And, without another word, she turned away. He stood and watched her as she moved slowly across the wide porch. At the door she stopped and turned toward him.

"But," she said, faint lines showing themselves on her forehead, "I shall be remembering that you—are not asleep."

"You must not remember me at all," he answered.

And then he stood still and watched her again until she had entered the house and noiselessly ascended the staircase, which was a few yards from the open door, and then, when he could see her white figure in the darkness no more, he went out to his place beneath the window, and strode silently to and fro, keeping watch and listening until after the moon had gone down and the birds were beginning to stir in the trees.

CHAPTER XVII.

At six o'clock in the morning, Bertha came down the stairs again. Her simple white gown was a fresh one, and there was a tinge of color in her cheeks.

"She slept nearly all night," she said to Tredennis, when he joined her, "and so did I. I am sure she is better." Then she put out her hand for him to take. "It is all because you are here," she said. "When I wakened for a moment, once or twice, and heard your footsteps, it seemed to give me courage and make everything quieter. Are you very tired?"

"No," he answered, "I am not tired at all."

"I am afraid you would not tell me if you were," she said. "You must come with me now and let me give you some breakfast."

She led him into a room at the side of the hall. When the house had been a "mansion," it had been considered a very imposing apartment, and, with the assistance of a few Washingtonian luxuries which she had dexterously grafted upon its bareness, it was by no means unpicturesque even now.

"I think I should know that you had lived here," he said, as he glanced around.

"Have I made it so personal?" she replied. "I did not mean to do that. It was so bare at first, and, as I had nothing to do, it amused me to arrange it. Richard sent me the rugs and odds and ends, and I found the spindle-legged furniture in the neighborhood. I am afraid it wont be safe for you to sit down too suddenly in the chairs, or to lean heavily on the table. I think you had better choose that leathern arm-chair and abide by it. It is quite substantial."

He took the seat, and gave himself up to the pleasure of watching her as she moved to and fro between the table and an antique sideboard, from whose recesses she produced some pretty cups and saucers.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to set the table for your breakfast," she said, "because Maria is busy with the children, and the other nurse is with Janey, and the woman of the house is making your coffee and rolls."

"You are going to set the table!" he exclaimed.

"It doesn't require preternatural intelligence," she answered. "It is rather a simple thing, on the whole."

It seemed a very simple thing as she did it,

and a very pretty thing. As he leaned against the leathern back of his chair, beginning vaguely to realize by a dawning sense of weariness that he had been up all night, he felt that he had not awakened from his dream yet, or that the visions of the past months were too far away and too unreal to move him.

The early morning sunlight made its way through the vines embowering the window, and cast lace-like shadows of their swaying leaves upon the floor, and upon Bertha's dress when she passed near. The softness of the light mellowed everything, and intensified the touches of color in the fans and ornaments on the walls and mantel, and in the bits of drapery thrown here and there as if by accident, and in the midst of this color and mellowed light Bertha moved before him, a slender, quiet figure, making the picture complete.

It was her quietness which impressed itself upon him more than all else. After the first moments, when she had uttered her cry on seeing him and had given way in her momentary agitation, he had noticed that a curious change fell upon her. When she lifted her face from the gate all emotion seemed to have died out of it; her voice was quiet. One of the things he remembered of their talk was that they had both spoken in voices so low as to be scarcely above a whisper.

When the breakfast was brought in, she took a seat at the table to pour out his coffee and attend to his wants. She ate very little herself, but he rarely looked up without finding her eyes resting upon him with wistful interest.

"At least," she said once, "I must see that you have a good breakfast. The kindest thing you can do this morning is to be hungry. Please be hungry, if you can."

The consciousness that she was caring for him was a wonderful and touching thing to him. The little housewifely acts with which most men are familiar were bewilderingly new to him. He had never been on sufficiently intimate social terms with women to receive many of these pretty services at their hands. His unsophisticated reverence for everything feminine had worked against him, with the reserve which was one of its results. It had been his habit to feel that there was no reason why he should be singled out for the bestowal of favors, and he had perhaps ignored many through the sheer ignorance of simple and somewhat exaggerated humility.

To find himself sitting at the table, alone with Bertha in her new mood,—Bertha quiet and beautiful,—was a moving experience to him. It was as if they two must have sat there every day for years, and had the prospect of sitting so together indefinitely. It was the very simplicity and naturalness of it all which stirred him most. Her old vivid gayety was missing; she did not laugh once, but her smile was very sweet. They talked principally of the children, and of the common things about them, but there was never a word which did not seem a thing to be cherished and remembered. After a while, the children were brought down, and she took Meg upon her knee, and Jack leaned against her while she told Tredennis what they had been doing, and the sun creeping through the vines touched her hair and the child's, and made a picture of them. When she went upstairs, she took Meg with her, holding her little hand and talking to her in pretty maternal fashion, and after the two had vanished, Tredennis found it necessary to pull himself together with a strong effort, that he might prove himself equal to the conversational demands made upon him by Master Jack, who had remained behind.

"I will go and see Janey again," she had said. "And then, perhaps, you will pay her a visit."

When he went up, a quarter of an hour later, he found his small favorite touchingly glad to see him. The fever from which she had been suffering for several days had left her languid and perishable-looking, but she roused wonderfully at the sight of him, and when he seated himself at her bedside, regarded him with adoring admiration, finally expressing her innocent conviction that he had grown very much since their last meeting.

"But it doesn't matter," she hastened to assure him, "because I don't mind it and mamma doesn't, either."

When in the course of the morning Doctor Wentworth arrived, he discovered him still sitting by the bedside, only Janey had crept close to him and fallen asleep, clasping both her small hands about his large one, and laying her face upon his palm.

"What!" said the doctor. "Can you do that sort of thing?"

"I don't know," answered Tredennis, slowly. "I never did it before."

He looked down at the small, frail creature, and the color showed itself under his bronzed skin.

"I think she's rather fond of me—or something," he added with *naïveté*, "and I like it."

"She likes it, that's evident," said the doctor.

He turned away to have an interview with Bertha, whom he took to the window at the opposite end of the room, and after it was over they came back together.

"She is not so ill as she was yesterday," he said, "and she was not so ill then as you thought her." He turned and looked at Bertha herself. "She doesn't need as much care now as you do," he said, "that's my impression. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Taking care of her," she answered, "since she began to complain of not feeling well."

He was a bluff, kindly fellow, with a bluff, kindly way, and he shook a big forefinger at her.

"You have been carrying her up and down in your arms," he said. "Don't deny it."

"No," she answered, "I wont deny it."

"Of course," he said. "I know you—carrying her up and down in your arms, and singing to her and telling her stories, and holding her on your knee when you weren't doing anything worse. You'd do it if she were three times the size."

She blushed guiltily, and looked at Janey.

"Good heaven!" he said. "You women will drive me mad! Don't let me hear any more about fashionable mothers who kill their children! I find my difficulty in fashionable children who kill their mothers—and in little simpletons who break down under the sheer weight of their maternal nonsense. Who was it who nearly died of the measles?"

"But—but," she faltered, deprecatingly, "I don't think I ever had the measles."

"They weren't your measles," he said, with amiable sternness. "They were Jack's, and Janey's, and Meg's, and so much the worse."

"But," she interposed, with a very pretty eagerness, "they got through them beautifully, and there wasn't a cold among them."

"There wouldn't have been a cold among them if you'd let a couple of sensible nurses take care of them. Do you suppose I'm not equal to bringing three children through the measles? It's all nonsense, and sentiment, and self-indulgence. You like to do it, and you do it, and, as a natural consequence, you die of somebody else's measles—or come as near it as possible."

She blushed as guiltily as before, and looked at Janey again.

"I think she is very much better," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "she is better, and I want to see you better. Who is going to help you to take care of her?"

"I came to try to do that," said Tredennis.

Bertha turned to look at him.

"You?" she exclaimed. "Oh, no! You are very good, but now the worst is over, I couldn't ——"

"Should I be in the way?" he asked.

She drew back a little. For a moment she had changed again, and returned to the ordinary conventional atmosphere.

"No," she said, "you know that you would not be in the way, but I should scarcely be likely to encroach upon your time in such a manner."

The doctor laughed.

"He is exactly what you need," he said. "And he would be of more use to you than a dozen nurses. He wont stand any of your maternal weakness, and he will see that my orders are carried out. He'll domineer over you, and you'll be afraid of him. You had better let him stay. But you must settle it between you after I am gone."

Bertha went down-stairs with him to receive a few final directions, and when she returned, Tredennis had gently released himself from Janey, and had gone to the window, where he stood evidently awaiting her.

"Do you know," he said, with his disproportionately stern air, when she joined him, —"do you know why I came here?"

"You came," she answered, "because I alarmed you unnecessarily and it seemed that some one must come, and you were kind enough to assume the responsibility."

"I came because there was no one else ——" he began.

She stopped him with a question she had not asked before, and he felt that she asked it inadvertently.

"Where was Laurence Arbuthnot?" she said.

"That is true," he replied, grimly. "Laurence Arbuthnot would have been better."

"No," she said, "he would not have been better."

She looked up at him with a curious mixture of questioning and defiance in her eyes.

"I don't know why it is that I always manage to make you angry," she said; "I must be very stupid. I always know you will be angry before you have done with me. When we were down-stairs ——"

"When we were down-stairs," he put in, hotly, "we were two honest human beings, without any barriers of conventional pretense between us, and you allowed me to think you meant to take what I had to offer, and then, suddenly, all is changed, and the barrier is between us again—because you choose to place it there, and profess that you must regard me, in your pretty, civil way, as a creature to be considered and treated with form and ceremony."

"Thank you for calling it a pretty way," she said.

And yet there was a tone in her low voice which softened his wrath somehow—a rather helpless tone, which suggested that she had

said the words only because she had no other resource, and still must utter her faint protest.

"Is it for *me*," he went on, "to come to you with a civil pretense instead of an honest intention? I am not sufficiently used to conventionalities to make myself bearable. I am always blundering and stumbling. No one can feel that more bitterly than I do, but you have no right to ignore my claim to do what I can when I might be of use. I might be of use because the child is fond of me, and in my awkward fashion I can quiet and amuse her as you say no one but yourself can."

"Will you tell me?" she asked, frigidly, "what right I have to permit you to make of yourself a—a nursemaid to my child?"

"Call it what you like," he answered. "Speak of it as you like. What right does it need? I came because ——"

His recollection of her desolateness checked him. It was not for him to remind her again by his recklessness of speech that her husband had not felt it necessary to provide against contingencies. But she filled up the sentence.

"Yes, you are right," she said. "As you said before, there was no one else—no one."

"It chanced to be so," he said; "and why should I not be allowed to fill up the breach for the time being?"

"Because it is almost absurd," she said, inconsequently. "Don't you see that?"

"No," he answered, obstinately.

Their eyes met, and rested upon each other.

"You don't care?" she said.

"No."

"I knew you wouldn't," she said. "You never care for anything. That is what I like in you,—and dread."

"Dread?" he said; and in the instant he saw that she had changed again. Her cheeks had flushed, and there was upon her lips a smile, half-bitter, half-sweet.

"I knew you would not go," she said, "as well as I knew that it was only civil in me to suggest that you should. You are generous enough to care for me in a way I am not quite used to—and you always have your own way. Have it now—have it as long as you are here. Until you go away I shall do everything you tell me to do, and never once oppose you again—and—perhaps I shall enjoy the novelty."

There was a chair near her, and she put her hand against it as if to steady herself, and the color in her face died out as quickly as it had risen.

"I did not want you to go," she said.

"You did not want me to go?"

"No," she answered, in a manner more baffling than all the rest. "More than anything in the world I wanted you to stay. There, Janey is awakening!"

And she went to the bed and kneeled down beside it, and drew the child into her arms against her bosom.

(To be continued.)

THE SONS OF CYDIPPE.

By sacred Argos Polycleitus carved,
In Indian ivory and Persian gold,
To Hera, mother of all, dreadful, benign,
A glorious statue in his darkened house.

Straight from her throat ran the pure folds, and fell
In seemly curves about her unseen feet:
The fillets of her lifted head were bound
With broidered stories of the Fates and Hours;
Scepter and ripe pomegranate, as was meet,
Her queenly hands sustained, and by her side
The rustling peacock spread his gorgeous train.

For ancient Chrysis, from her wrinkled hands
Letting the torch down fall in obscure sleep,
Careless, not breathed on by the serious gods,
Had touched the old Heræum with white flame,
And like a dream the fabric, full of prayers,
Vows of forgotten athletes, maidens' gifts,
Robes of dead priests, echoes of hymns and odes,
Had glared against the noonday, and was not.

So, nigher to Canathus, on lower ground,
Nearer the bright sea, myriad-islanded,
Argos had built her outraged deity
A nobler fane among those holy trees—
Platans and elms—that drank her virgin spring;
And all was done, and on this certain day,
From the dark house, shrouded and swathed in cloths,
The dread majestic goddess passed in state
To be unveiled within her own abode.

Then while the people, clustered in the sun,
Shouted and pressed, and babes were held aloft,
At one shrill summons of the sacred flute,
In all her gold-and-white magnificence,
The austere god smiled on her worshipers,
Who suddenly fell silent in their awe.
Then came a shout, and from the woodland road,
Craving a passage through the whispering throng,
Two youths appeared, under a shameful yoke,
Flushed with the sun, and soiled with dust, and bowed,
Who dragged a chariot with laborious arms,
Bleeding and chafed; and on the chariot sate—
With a thin bay-leaf in her aged hair—
A matron with uplifted eyes elate.

Then while all wondered, and the young men sank,
Breathless and glad, before the glorious god,
The high-priest lifted up his voice, and said:
"Blessed art thou, Cydippe, blessed be
Thy sons who shamed themselves to bring thee here!
Oh, not in vain for Biton, not in vain
For Cleobis, the unfruitful toil, the sweat,
The groaning axles, and the grinding yoke!
Unoiled their limbs, unfilleted their hair,
Unbathed their feet, hateful to maids and harsh,
But to the gods sweeter than amber drops
That gush from fattest olives of the press,
Fairer than leaves of their own bay, more fresh
Than rosy coldness of young skin, their stains,
Since like a sacrifice of nard and myrrh
Their filial virtue sanctifies the winds."

Then slowly old Cydippe rose and cried:
"Hera, whose priestess I have been and am,
Virgin and matron, at whose angry eyes
Zeus trembles, and the windless plain of heaven
With hyperborean echoes rings and roars,
Remembering thy dread nuptials, a wise god,
Golden and white in thy new-carven shape,
Hear me! and grant for these my pious sons,
Who saw my tears, and wound their tender arms
Around me, and kissed me calm, and since no steer

Staid in the byre, dragged out the chariot old,
And wore themselves the galling yoke, and brought
Their mother to the feast of her desire,
Grant them, O Hera, thy best gift of gifts!"

Whereat the statue from its jeweled eyes
Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to cloud
In heaven, and the vast company was hushed.
But when they sought for Cleobis, behold
He lay there still, and by his brother's side
Lay Biton, smiling through ambrosial curls,
And when the people touched them they were dead.

Edmund W. Gosse.



THE HELLENIC AGE OF SCULPTURE.

WITH Alexander the Great begins a new era in the history of Greece and in the history of the world. Like a tornado, bearing all before it, we see this Greek conqueror sweeping over the East, overturning vast empires, and shaking the hoary civilizations of Asia to their very center. But in his wake follow the clarifying influences of Hellenic culture. Spreading, now, far beyond the narrow limits of Greece, it leaves its impress on that great period which, extending down to the prevalence of Roman dominion throughout the ancient world, is generally called the Hellenic age.

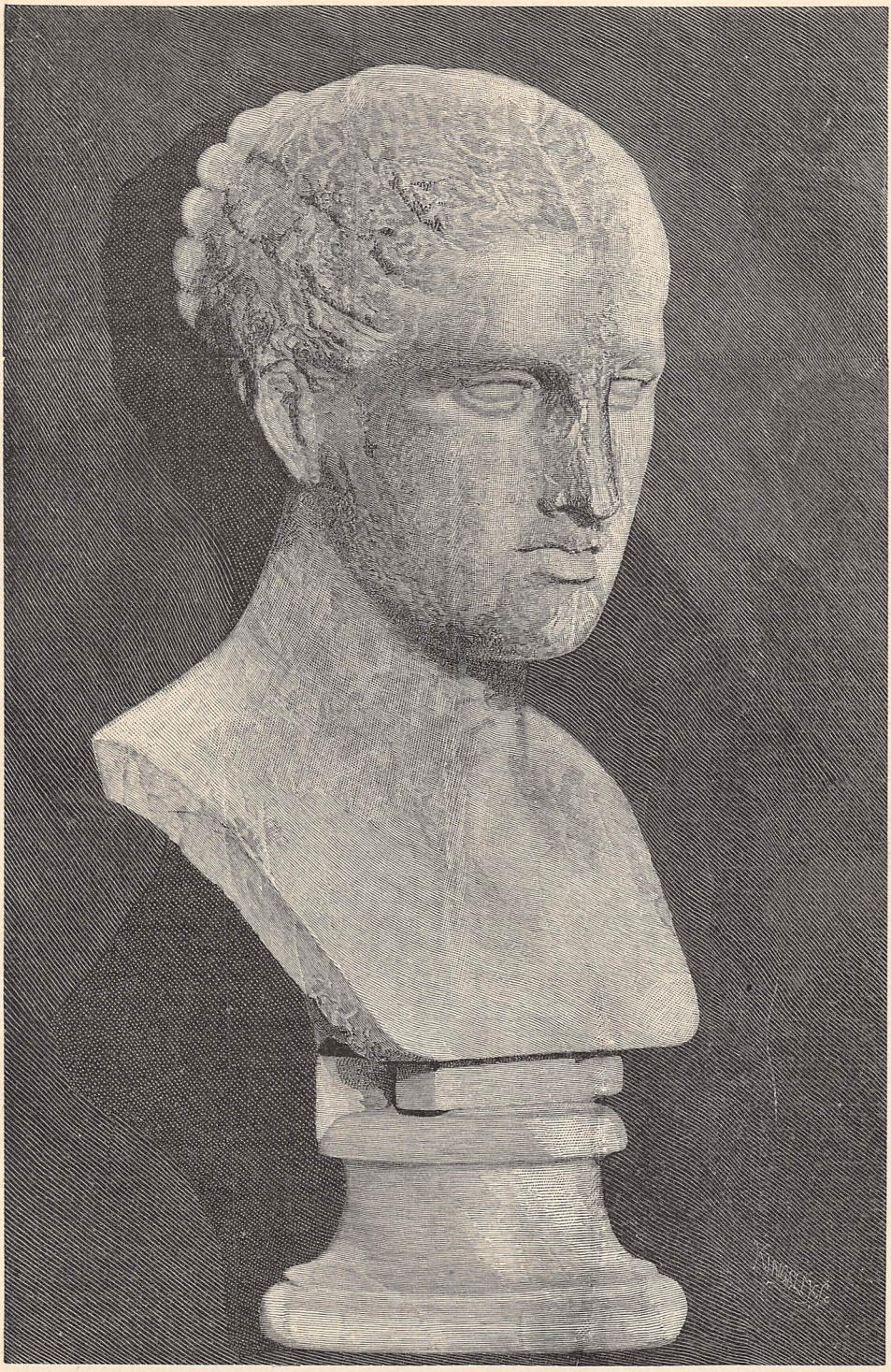
The kingdoms of the Ptolemies, of the Seleucidæ, of Thrace, and of Macedon now occupy the foreground of history; and the smaller Greek states of old are bandied back and forth between the jealous sovereigns, or, as in the case of Rhodes, preserve an almost uninterrupted neutrality. The once proud republics of Greece thus became dependent on the favor of the most powerful. The old historic rights were gone. Should we add to this picture the terrible crimes of most of the ruling houses, their breaches of faith, their cruel selfishness in disregarding the rights of others, we should have some idea of what the historian has recorded of these troublous times. But, besides these distresses within, barbarians, wild, devastating hordes of Gauls, or Galatians, as the ancient Greeks called them, overran Greece from the north, and, passing the Hellespont, spread terror, also, among the flourishing cities and states of Asia Minor.

Following Alexander, in his course, to the shores of the Nile and far into the heart of Asia, we may trace the life-giving influence of Greek civilization, and watch its growth. We see, springing up all over the vast region he conquered, numberless Greek cities, not the monotonous conglomerates of the Orient, but corporations, having vigorous internal life, and calling into play the powers of the individual citizen. The story that Alexander founded sixty cities among the barbarians, Droysen declares, is not exaggerated, and the fact that this great Greek colonizer only began the work, is abundantly proved by what is recorded of his successors. But how brief are the accounts given of the way in which these cities were laid out; of their temples, palaces, and theaters, and of the wealth of statuary and relief which adorned them! The stories of the splendor of Alexandria and of Antioch, of the palaces and

triumphal arches there to be seen, of the sacred images in the groves, the costly pictures and statues in the private apartments, are tantalizing in their meagerness. And yet, by gleanings from the poets and inferences from the imitative art of the ensuing age, many features in the activity of these Hellenic times have already been traced. Thus, looking through a thick veil, the practiced eye has read backward, as it were, from the familiar ruins of Roman times up to greater Hellenic originals behind them. So Helbig, in his "Untersuchungen über die Campanische Wandmalerei," has most skillfully traced the paintings of Pompeii back to the decorations of the Greek houses in this post-Alexandrian age, and has shown, as well, that much of the sculpture of the Roman time is only the echo of stronger, more original, art that had gone before.

Of late, excavations have happily come to the rescue in disclosing the treasures of that obscured age. The discovery in Samothrace of a number of temples, with their sculptural decoration, and the glorious figure of victory-bringing Niké, is followed by astounding revelations at Pergamon. How much more remains hidden for us beneath the soil of Asia Minor, where numberless beautiful Greek cities flourished, it would be hazardous to conjecture; and one need but question the topographer of Asia Minor, to find how many ancient sites are, as yet, untouched, and how sanguine are his hopes for a rich harvest, in the future, from this virgin soil. The Greeks, who, in an earlier age, had been confined to the narrow limits of their native land, now had the world opened up to them, and, indeed, were driven out into this greater world, by those highly wrought and varied activities which burst the bonds of soil, seeking a freer outlet. Sometimes as thrifty tradesmen or bold adventurers, again as travelers or physicians, and often as hireling soldiery, Greeks were met with everywhere, from the Indies in the East to Massilia (modern Marseilles) in the West. This wider field and intenser life brought with it, among other features of the time, an increased pursuit of knowledge. The stirring tempests and ever-changing scenes through which the age passed, stimulated to thought and reflection. The history of literature, the sciences of archæology, philosophy, grammar, and astronomy, now flourished as never before. Anatomy was raised by men like Erasistratus to the rank of an independent study, wielding, as monuments show, a powerful influence on artists and art. Asiatics, in their turn, now visited Greece, and everywhere, as the nations were thrown together and became better acquainted, a feeling of brotherhood was awakened. The sharp distinction between Greek and barbarian now disappeared; the Greeks recognized many admirable traits in those they had once despised, and even at the courts of Demetrius Poliorcetes a semi-Hellenic, semi-oriental, etiquette was introduced. The products of oriental art were, also, eagerly sought after, as we learn from literary notices, and from oriental remains in Greek graves, such as those discovered in the tomb of a Greek lady, in Southern Russia. Although oriental art exercised much influence on Greek drapery and the minor decoration of the time, as appears from the paintings on vases, it seems to have little affected sculpture, except, perhaps, in rousing it to the use of more fantastic combinations, as well as to more splendid undertakings, as we see in new marbles from Pergamon.

Hand in hand with Greeks, wherever they emigrated, went their love of art. Alexander tarried long at Ephesus, in the society of the painter Apelles, before launching out upon the sea of Asiatic conquest; he enjoyed, likewise, the intimate friendship of the gifted sculptor, Lysippus. The eagerness with which people in high position, as well as in private life, collected art treasures, and the large sums they paid, testify to a general appreciation of the beautiful. Mnason, of Elatea, we learn from Pliny, paid to Aristides a sum equal to twenty thousand dollars for a picture of the battle with the Persians, and to Asclepiodorus seven thousand dollars for a picture of the twelve gods, and for each hero painted for him by Theomnestus he gave three hundred and ninety dollars. King Attalus, of Pergamon, is said to have bid one hundred and seventeen thousand eight hundred and eighty dollars for a picture by Aristides, at the sale of the Corinthian booty, after Mummius's conquest; and Aristotle tells us that, even in his time, statues and paintings formed an indispensable part of the furniture in rich houses. Indeed, so highly were works of art prized, that through them political favor was sometimes sought. Aratus, of the Achæan League, says Plutarch, sent pictures of the old Sicyon school to Alexandria, to win the aid of the Egyptian King Ptolemy III. for his imperiled cause. Nicomedes, of Bithynia, so longed to own Praxiteles's Aphrodite, that he offered to pay off the entire debt of the city of Cnidus; his offer, however, was declined. Besides thus encouraging art, by making generous purchases, building temples, laying out new cities, and the like, some of these rulers, as Plutarch tells us, even tried their hand as practical artists. Attalus III., the last king of Pergamon, modeled in wax and cast and chis-



LIFE-SIZE MARBLE HEAD. (GLYPTOTHEK, MUNICH.)

eled in bronze. Antiochus Epiphanes sought recreation in the studios of artists in metal. A familiarity with art processes seems to have been shared by private citizens as well.

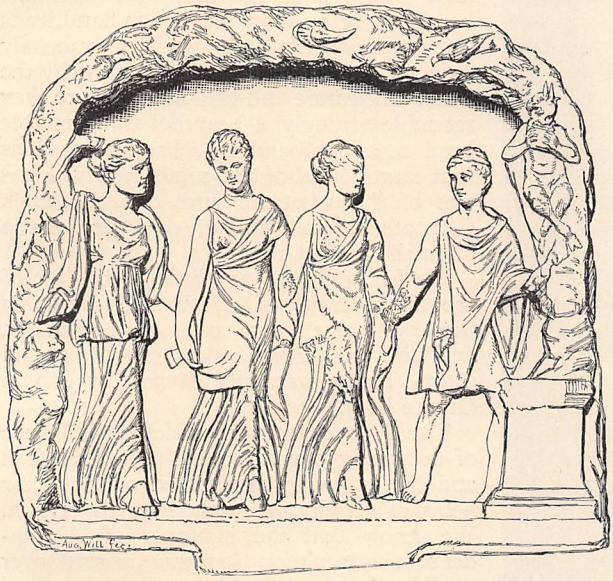
The prevalence of monarchical institutions doubtless produced changes in society which affected art. Hitherto, the individual had been greatly influenced by his participation in public affairs. Now, as the guidance of state affairs became concentrated in the hands of the monarch, this essential groundwork of the old Hellenic civilization was gone. From motives of self-interest, or preference, men now developed in a single direction. They became, in a word, specialists, and the professions were sharply sundered, as they had not been in older Greece. Protogenes, who was living in Rhodes, during the siege of that city, painted quietly in his garden, which stood in the midst of the enemy's camp; and when asked by the hostile leader, Demetrius, how he ventured to remain outside the walls, replied that he knew Demetrius warred against Rhodes, and not against art. Here Protogenes frequently received the besieger, who proved his appreciation of the painter's work by sparing a certain quarter of the city, for fear of injuring his picture of "Ialysus and the Dog." Men of each calling—poets, learned men, and actors—naturally clubbed together, and the professional classes became sharply defined. It is not strange that these new classes, each bearing its peculiar and characteristic stamp, should have offered a fruitful and attractive field for art. So comedy, we find, caught the unique features of city life, developing to great perfection the type of the adventurous soldier, the wealthy citizen, the artist, the artisan, the parasite, etc.; idyllic verse busied itself with the rural classes, shepherds, hunters, and fisher-folk; and sculpture and painting did not fall behind the sister art of poetry. So the fisherman, as sung in verse,—weather-beaten and tough-skinned,—appeared in statues, doubtless, like the one in the Vatican, where the humble costermonger is crying the fish he carefully holds in a basket. So the actor was represented as wearing the mask and other curious paraphernalia of his calling, such as the false stomach, etc., as seen in many statues in the Villa Albani. One, for instance, has taken off his mask, as if in answer to the applause of the public.

The social position of woman was also greatly changed. Issuing from the almost oriental seclusion of former times, she took a more prominent part in public affairs; and there was, besides, far greater freedom of intercourse between the sexes. Ladies appear, moreover, to have had an intriguing influence in the affairs of government. A species of gallantry began to show itself. An astronomer called a comet "Berenice's Hair," and a poet makes the warlike hero of old Achilles cover the hand of Deidamia with kisses, doubtless reflecting the customs of the day in his verse. On the one hand, the ladies of the court seem to have become more stately, and on the other, there was a tendency to coquettishness which, perhaps, is reflected for us in the more elaborate and ambitious toilets, as represented on the monuments. In spite of the social and political fermentation of this age, mercantile activity was great, and material prosperity developed extensively, under the patronage of wise rulers. As a striking instance, the vigorous republic of Rhodes, a noted center of ancient trade, succeeded in amassing great wealth, which was devoted largely to the patronage of art. Here, towering above the harbor, was to be seen that renowned colossus of the sun-god, one of the seven wonders of the world. But Rhodes boasted more than a hundred colossi, any one of which would have made any other city celebrated. Her artists seem to have formed a new and independent school, whose ramifications extended into Asia Minor.

With this general increase in wealth came a wide-spread luxuriousness. The size and magnificence of enduring works, such as the Samothrace Niké, the Pergamon altar, etc., as well as the lavishness with which art was applied to beautify ephemeral public festivals, are characteristic of this time. The fashion was set by Alexander's unbounded extravagance in piling up a mountain of precious treasure to be burned on the funeral pyre of his beloved Hephæstion. Ten thousand talents were set apart for this purpose, and an additional two thousand were contributed by friends, high dignitaries, and the Babylonians. A part of the wall of Babylon was torn down to furnish material for the structure, which arose, in five divisions, to a height of two hundred feet. The whole gleamed with gold, purple cloth, decorative paintings, and statuary. On its summit stood sirens of costly workmanship, out of which sounded the funeral dirge. Amid sacrifices, mourning processions, and songs of lament, this gorgeous pyre was given to the flames. Offerings now followed in honor of the hero Hephæstion, Alexander himself consecrating the first gifts. Ten thousand bullocks were slain as sacrifices to the glorified friend, and the whole army was invited to a grand repast, still other festivities following on the ensuing days. Alexander's successors vied with one another in gorgeous pageantry and lavish public ceremonies.

Great but silent revolutions were taking place in the old modes of thought and feeling.

In older times, the conception of the gods, their working and overruling providence, had expressed itself in sacred stories and incidents, analogous to human deeds and sufferings. These the exuberant Greek fancy had multiplied indefinitely, each tribe, each locality indeed, modifying them, and adapting them to their peculiar circumstances and local beliefs. Out of this very profusion grew the necessity of order and arrangement. Once these

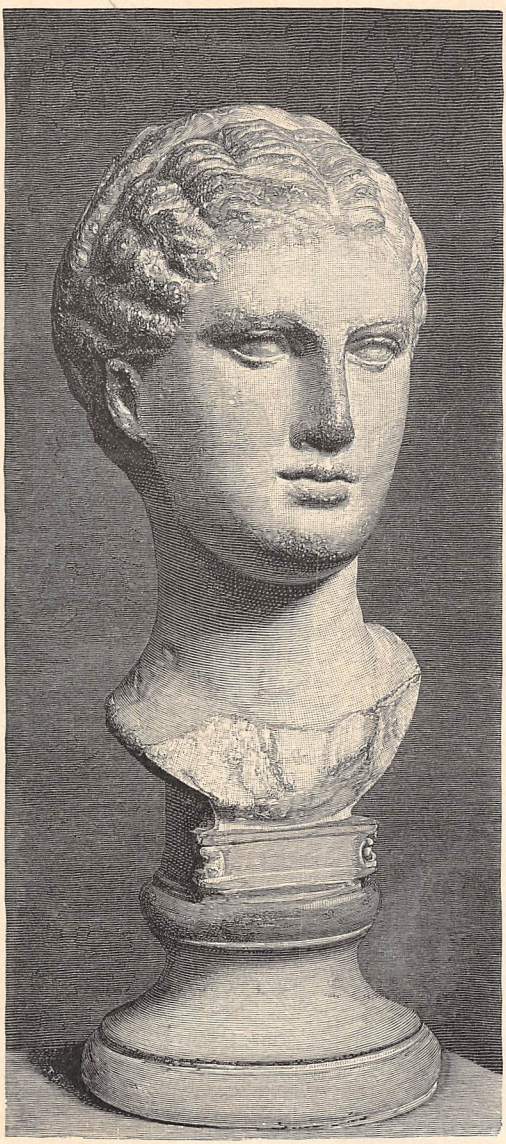


VOTIVE RELIEF TO PAN AND THE NYMPHS. FOUND AT GALLIPOLI. (VIENNA.)

myths were the expression of what mankind, in its childhood, had seen and felt; but could they suffice to solve the problems of a thinking age? Stretching their hands out beyond the old cosmogonies, men sought to grasp the eternal principles of the world, and of the very gods themselves. They found a spiritual power over all, which molded existing matter, and striding forward, they arrived at a rational philosophy, which recognized, and at last embraced, a pure and noble deism. And yet, although affected by this new atmosphere, the people still clung to the religious traditions of old. The Athenians might laugh at impious jokes in comedy, and admire the bold infidelity of a Diagoras, yet they continued to celebrate their festival in honor of Athene in the old way, and punished with great severity those who made light of the sacred mysteries. It is not strange, then, that we do not hear in this period of the development in plastic art of new ideals of the great gods, but only of the repetition and variation of that perfect array created by the genius of the centuries gone before. Nor is it strange that, when representing inferior mythical beings, the artist's fancy, like that of the poets, seems to break loose from the more sober ancient myths, and to riot in new fantastic creations of tremendous power, as we see in the great frieze of the Pergamon altar, recently discovered,—or that it finds vent in a garrulous, story-telling language, as in the representation of the Telephus myth, in the small frieze of the same altar, which will be considered later. This straining after higher satisfaction than the old gods and myths could give, was, moreover, greatly stimulated by external conquest, with its widened fields of vision. The opportunities for studying and observing the religions and worship of conquered nations confirmed the dissatisfaction with local worship. Hence, it was possible for Alexander to worship the deities of Babylon and Egypt, as well as his own, and to honor, in the God of the Jews, that highest power in which Aristotle had recognized the eternal, creating reason. With such a widened religious horizon, the Greek god Hades could wander to Alexandria, there to be honored with statues, temples, and altars as the Græco-Egyptian Serapis; and, on the other hand, the Egyptian deities Isis, Anubis, and Harpocrates, in Hellenic form, could find worshipers in the Greek states of Asia Minor, as well as in Athens, Corinth, and the interior of the Peloponnesus.

But this very acceptance of so much that was foreign was fraught with many dangers to the Greek world. Turning to strange and unknown superstitions, the mysteries of Isis, of Mithras, and of the Cabiri gained importance. Astrology, witchcraft, and the dreaded influence of the sibyls worked like a species of intoxication.

If we may judge from existing remains, sculpture seems now to have well-nigh deserted its old home in Athens and the Peloponnesus, and to have found a regal welcome in the rich kingdoms of Asia Minor, and in the island republic of Rhodes. The few monuments in Athens which may be traced to the third century B. C., compared with the same class in the preceding century, show great sinking in ability and conception. The beautiful large tombstones of careful workmanship are supplanted by monuments very small and carelessly executed. A law made by Demetrius, of Phalerus, in the latter part of the fourth century B. C., limited the size of tombstones. Doubtless, the troublous times,



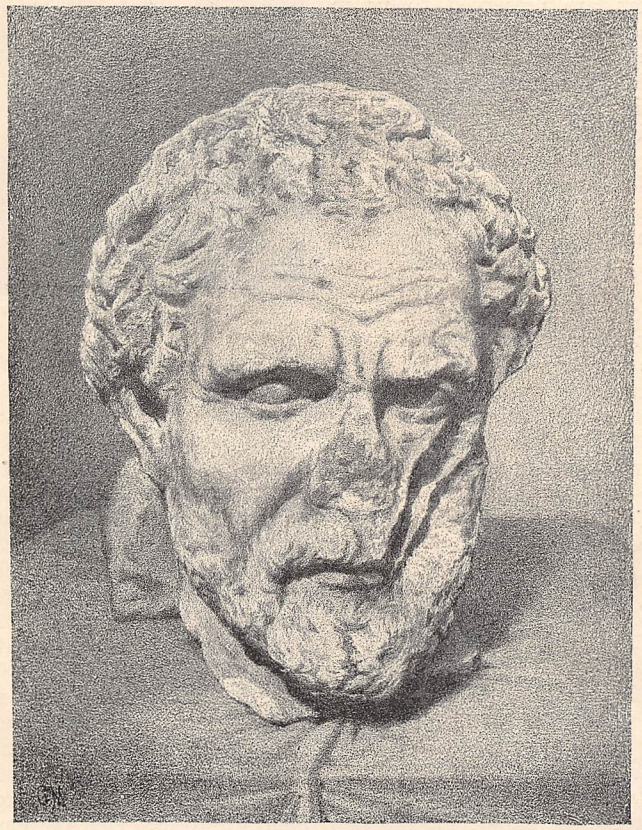
SMALL MARBLE HEAD FOUND AT PATRAS. (BERLIN MUSEUM.)

and the insecurity of property at Athens, had much to do with this falling off. The story that the Athenians raised three hundred and sixty statues to Demetrius, of Phalerus, in thirty days, and then destroyed them, to raise new ones to his successful enemy, though hard to believe in detail, suggests that there must have been much activity of a servile kind. Moreover, we cannot doubt that sculptors continued to be employed to a certain extent, since Demosthenes' nephew succeeded in having a statue of the great orator put up in Athens in the midst of those trying times, and many votive reliefs bear the marks of this age. These are, however, mainly interesting on account of their mythological information and inscriptions. Like these Athenian reliefs in composition, but superior in workmanship, is that graceful tablet from Gallipoli, now in Vienna. It represents a grotto sacred to the nymphs and to Pan. This small semi-goat, semi-human god, sits in the corner, with legs crossed, and is blowing his rustic syrinx. Toward an altar below him, Hermes, with staff—the kerykeion or Latin caduceus—in hand, leads three nymphs, a sisterly group of gracefully moving figures, their drapery blown by the wind. In feature and elaborate coiffure they resemble strongly a beautiful little marble head recently found in Patras, as well as that larger head of the same type which is one of the great treasures of the Munich Glyptothek, and which, doubtless, came originally from Greece.

We know, alas, very little of the art of the third century B. C., but such heads as these, and the terra cottas from Tanagra and Corinth, seem to indicate that taste and artistic ability were still at no low ebb in Greece itself.

The direct channels by which the influence of the richly developed art of the Phidian and the following age passed over to new fields of activity, are only partially known. We know that the influence of Alexander's court sculptor, Lysippus, passed over to Rhodes through his pupil Chares, of Lindus. The recent German excavations on the summit of Pergamon have brought to our knowledge still another skillful master of the school of Lysippus in Asia Minor, one Xenocrates, who executed bronze statues, and was also a celebrated writer on art. Xenocrates' name may still be read on a slab belonging to one of the pedestals which stood near the temple of Athene, on its ancient piazza. Here were once to be seen bronze figures, which we may now believe were originals of such celebrated works as the statue popularly known as the "Dying Gladiator." R. Bohn's view of this beautiful ancient square, restored from accurate study of the site, and from fragments there discovered, may give us, even to-day, a distinct idea of the spot where Xenocrates' work was to be seen. On still another pedestal, from this beautiful site, may be read the fragmentary name ραξιτελης (raxiteles), doubtless a part of the word Praxiteles, and, perhaps, pointing to a descendant of the renowned Athenian master of the same name, since it was customary among the Greeks to pass on the same name in a family for many generations. If this Praxiteles was, then, really a grandson of the older mas-

ter, the fact would indicate the influence of Athenian as well as Peloponnesian art in Asia Minor. But the extent of this relationship with the older Greek art-centers is still uncertain. We do not yet know to what degree art developed independently in these new fields, since safe comparisons are only beginning to be made on the basis of the excavations which are still unearthing new treasures in Asia Minor.



HEAD OF DEMOSTHENES. (ATHENS.)

And yet, in the monuments from the Hellenic age, different streams of artistic expression are already evident. An intensified realism in detail and tremendous action are found, combined with ideal form of great power, as seen in the colossal Niké of Samothrace, who sweeps down with lightning speed,—the powerful form, with its rushing drapery, seeming to force us to make way for the imposing goddess of victory as she passes. This great statue, now in the Louvre, was erected in the sacred shrine at Samothrace by Demetrius Poliorcetes, early in the third century B. C., in thanks for a naval victory, as is shown by comparison with his coins. The goddess, towering above the green of the holy place, appeared on the prow of a marble ship, discovered, also, on this now wasted site. She seemed rushing by, with raised wings and trumpet, heralding victory. As fragments recently adjusted to the bosom show, both arms were raised. With one hand she held the trumpet to the mouth, and with the other, probably, held high the wreath of victory. Before long, the statue, with its magnificent drapery and intense life, will be raised again on its ancient prow, forming one of the greatest attractions of the Louvre; a worthy sister of the Venus of Melos, and a speaking witness to the power of the sculptor of the third century before our era. There are, moreover, in the Hellenic age, signs of a going back to the excessive simplicity of archaic work, as illustrated in a head from Pergamon, now in Berlin, in which the lack of detail and the stiff severity seem a protest against the luxurious forms of the other monuments there found, calling to mind the preraphaelite tendency of to-day.

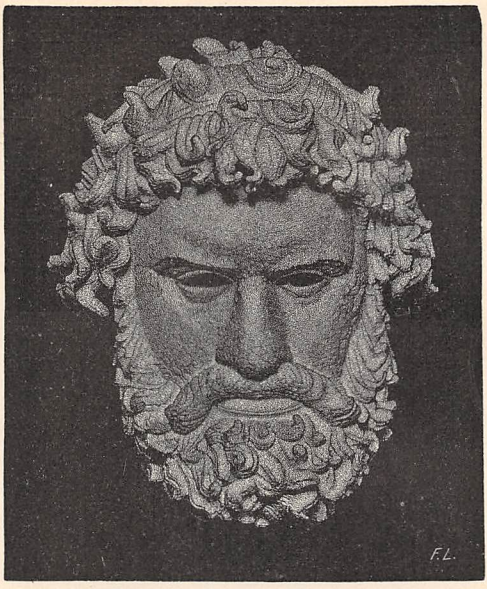
But a great striving of that age, starting in

science with Aristotle, seems to have been to grasp the reality of things. So, in history, not merely the great main facts were given, but every particular. When Xenophon, of an elder day, described a historical person, he mentioned only what was essential to his character; but now, descriptions of appearances, clothing, and habits were added, making the picture more vivid. The same tendency appears, also, in marble and bronze portraits of this time, some of which have recently been excavated; others are preserved to us in Roman imitations. The sculptors represented men just as they lived and walked among them, and grasped characteristics of form and face with startling force and naturalness, quite different from the ideal generalization of the earlier age. Let us but compare the portrait of Pericles, now in the Vatican, with that of Demosthenes in the Royal Gardens at Athens. Although the former is only a feeble copy from an original of the fifth century B. C., it is evident that the artist has shown us the great Pericles through the veil of ideality. Demosthenes, on the other hand, we seem to see bodily before us. His furrowed brow, knitted eyebrows, closely pressed lips, we feel confident, show us the noble patriot as he appeared to the Athenians daily, and make us regret that the speaking head is so fragmentary.

An original of this time is the magnificent life-size bronze portrait-head recently brought



HEAD OF PERICLES. COPY OF AN ORIGINAL OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B. C. (VATICAN.)



PORTRAIT-HEAD, IN BRONZE, OF A VICTOR IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES. (OLYMPIA.)

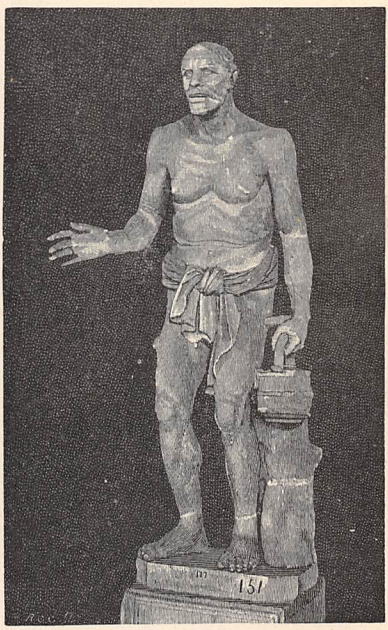
to light by the excavations at Olympia. It was found in a part of the sacred grove, far removed from the great temple where the statue to which it belonged doubtless stood. The neck shows signs of having been roughly cut away from the trunk, and its site and mode of concealment indicate that this head had been hidden by the plunderer, whose intention was to dispose of it, as he had already done with the metal body. In this head we see a powerful athlete, as the wreath in his hair indicates; so brutal are his features that we are tempted to associate him with professional prize-fighters. That he had won the Olympic victor's wreath of wild olive, appears from a single leaf of sheet-bronze still above the right temple, showing that other leaves had, also, been fastened on to the shaggy hair after the head was cast. The swollen ears mark him as a combatant in the boxing-game, and his portrait-features may indicate that he was one of those thrice victorious, to whom the honor of a portrait-statue, in the sacred grove, was allowed. What a contrast this profile to the ideal faces with which we are familiar in earlier Greek art! Gone is the line of beauty in forehead and chin—a brush-like beard making more pronounced the projection of the brutal chin far beyond the upper part of the face. In contrast to portrait-heads of an earlier time, each detail of skin and hair is brought out by the most skillful use of the burin, the locks being made more natural by strong furrows, graven parallel with their general flow. The same care in chiseling is seen also in the skin, and not only in parts in tension over

the forehead, but also in the wrinkled folds about the eyes, especially in the uninjured right side of the face. Indeed, the characteristics of this ancient athlete have been so admirably caught, that we do not wonder that his great strength and determined will won the prize on the ancient boxing-ground.

By comparing this head with those of the fourth century B. C., and with the Pergamon marbles, and remembering that with Lysippus a strongly realistic style of portraiture was encouraged, we gain a clew to its age. Placed alongside the so-called Mausolos of the British Museum, from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, this bronze athlete seems much more realistic in its conception. The Mausoleum was erected about the middle of the fourth century B. C., and hence we may conclude that this athlete, with its more developed portraiture, belongs to a later date. Contrasted, on the other hand, with any one of the giants of the Pergamon frieze, which are from the second century B. C., this head seems reserved in style. Compare, for instance, the bold modeling of the disheveled eyebrows of the Pergamon giants with the careful regularity with which those of this athlete's head are graven. Such characteristics in treatment make it probable that this bronze head is somewhat older than the giant's, and belongs to the third century B. C.

But, besides such accurate and admirable portraits of living persons, of which other examples are found on coins of this time, the poets and sages of the past received similar life-like forms. This tendency was pronounced in Alexander's great sculptor, Lysippus, and the efforts to portray persons of whom no iconical statues existed continued after him. So old Æsop, the poet of fable, and the seven wise men, who had lived in the sixth century B. C., came in for a share in plastic portraiture. Among the recently discovered Pergamon inscriptions is one showing that the monument once supported a portrait of the ancient lyric poet Alcæus, Sappho's admirer. Fortunately, among existing monuments there are a few masterpieces of this kind, showing how out of the sayings of these old men the character had been read and brought to marvelous expression. In heads of Homer, the blind old man and divinely inspired singer of Greek imagination seems represented to us bodily. Æsop almost speaks to us in that marble in the Villa Albani which Burckhardt calls "the concentrated ideal of a witty cripple." In the head of Hippocrates we see the kindly and genial physician. So, probably, the idea of Socrates developed, in this age, under the immediate influence of Plato's vivid description of the great philosopher.

But this fondness for reality, as seen in the portraits of that time, did not stop with them. Many other subjects which occupied the attention of poets and artists were treated in a like realistic manner. Life, after Alexander, as we have seen, had greatly changed in many respects. The multiplication of large cities throughout the civilized world, with their dense populations, the more intense and excited life, the over-refinement which pervaded some ranks, and the sharp isolation of the different classes, were influences which tended to introduce artificiality and shut men out from direct communion with nature. The idyl deals, by preference, with the children of nature, untainted by civilization, and living in unclouded union with fountain, forest, field, and flock, and the sculptor's fancy busies



FISHERMAN. (VATICAN.)

itself with fishermen, shepherds, or merry, rollicking childhood. In consequence of this spirit, many walks in life which had been hitherto well-nigh unheeded in art are now represented in all their attractive and many of their forbidding features: the fisherman, already alluded to, appears with his excessively plain face and horny skin, as well as the plump form of the baby, in all its roundness and presumptuous strength; wrestling, perhaps, with an animal, or playing with a huge mask, or carrying a vase. Such statues, we learn, were often used as signifi-

cant decorations of fountains; those of children being, also, not infrequently found as tombstone monuments.

The Boy Extracting a Thorn from his Foot, a marble statue of rare workmanship in the British Museum, and, in general composition, but not in detail, like the Bronze Boy of the Capitol, is a speaking witness to this spirit of the Hellenic age. Volumes have been written on the severer bronze figures at Rome, discussing the probability of the Bronze Boy's we hope that he may succeed. How true the vigorous form and homely peasant face, and how charming the workmanship of the marble! Although not ideal, the features appeal to us, and were we asked to choose to-day some pleasing ornament for garden or shady fountain, we could not do better than select this rustic, with his wounded foot, who in ancient times, likewise, decorated a fountain, as may be inferred from the holes in his rocky seat. This fondness for homely scenes at this



MARBLE STATUE OF BOY EXTRACTING A THORN FROM HIS FOOT. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

being an original of the archaic period of Greek art. Fürtwängler, in a masterly argument, has shown, however, that its spirit can only be that of an early naïve time, and the discovery of the fine naturalistic marble of the British Museum seems clearly to confirm his brilliant theory. This marble boy, bending over his raised foot, with open mouth and intent gaze, is so deeply absorbed in extracting the offending brier that our sympathy with the rustic lad is at once enlisted, and time passed out beyond every-day life, and invaded the realms of mythology as well. In Hellenic poetry, even the Olympic gods engage in trivialities like every-day people. Thus, Hermes is made to blacken his face with ashes, in order to scare the naughty children of the gods. Little Artemis, three years old, as she visits Hephæstus's workshop, climbs upon Briareus's knee, and plucks out of his shaggy breast a handful of hair. Aphrodite offers a reward to any one who will bring



BRONZE HEAD OF SATYR. (GLYPTOTHEK, MUNICH.)

back her runaway child, Eros, or she takes the infant god to learn music of a shepherd, to whom, however, the little mischief-maker teaches love. In plastic art, like any human child, Eros plays with the weapons of the mighty heroes. It is this merry, roguish child of later myth who has become the pet figure among the Greek gods in modern times. How different this chubby busybody is from the youth of earlier art,—the dreamy, love-whispering god, personifying a world of soul-influence, who has been shown by Fürtwängler, in an article entitled "Eros in der Vasen Malerei." No less interesting is the transformation among the followers of Dionysus, that changes the almost sentimental, graceful satyrs of the fourth century B. C. into homely forms suggested by the peasantry, and overflowing with roguish fun and mischief. This is admirably illustrated by a male satyr, six inches high, recently discovered in Pergamon, now one of the choice treasures of the Berlin Museum. Here the sylvan sprite has become a thorough rustic in character and form. Drawing back, he raises his right hand, which once doubtless held his short shepherd's crook, and parries a blow. So brimming full of mischievous glee is his homely, almost bestial face, that we seem to hear his boisterous laugh, and are tempted to join in his contagious merriment. In his left hand he carries the syrinx, an attribute which seems to have been borrowed from the god Pan. The merry, pleasure-loving satyr of an older art took life too easy to be at enmity with any being. But this satyr expresses fully the changed ideas of the new times, even though in pose he reëchoes that of Myron's Marsyas, a master-work of a previous century, transmitted to us in a marble copy in the Lateran Museum. Thus, the Pergamon satyr fights in earnest, like any young mortal, although the old, roguish satyr-look lights up his face, and his large mouth, low nose, and pointed ears tell us of his animal nature.

An admirable head in the Munich Glyp-

tothek, about life-size, and originally from the Villa Albani, is so like in spirit and workmanship to the works of this age after Alexander that we may give it a glance. It shows us another of these merry followers of Dionysus, his face alive with smiles, and his features so much like those of a simple peasant lad, that, were it not for his large, pointed ears, we might be tempted to consider him a genuine shepherd. Unfortunately, the modern neck and bust, on which the head rests, do not correspond well with the features. We naturally expect a face so merrily laughing to be roguishly tipped, but it has been restored as most primly erect. By covering the neck and bust while looking at this head, the expression of fun and hilarity in the face, now seeming to verge toward a grimace, now toward the merriest sport, will be astonishingly enhanced. Although somewhat nobler in feature than the Pergamon bronze, there is no mistaking the same rustic character and naïve boorishness here also given to one of Dionysus's suite, and rendered with a startling naturalness in the minutest detail.

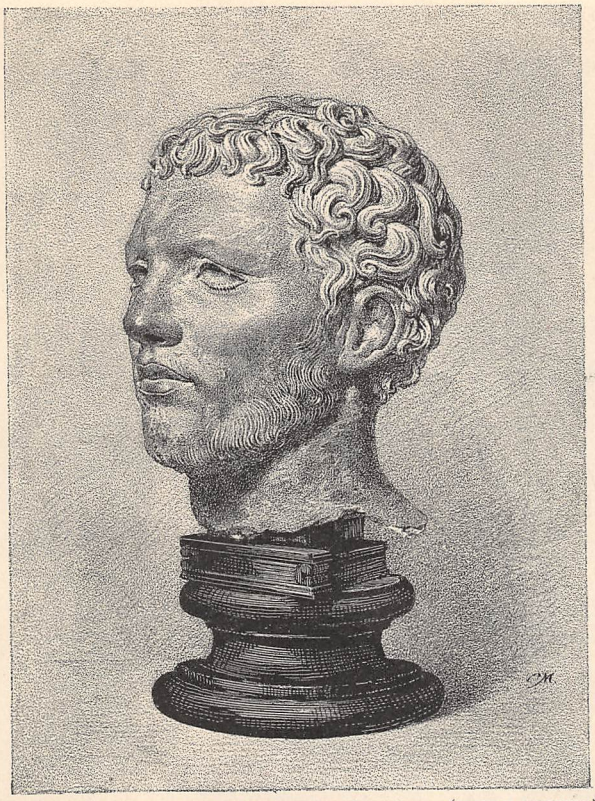
Not the least of the attainments of sculpture, during this age, was the noble rendering of race peculiarities. This is well illustrated by the fragment of a statue in the British Museum—a rare bronze head, which was discovered at a depth of eleven feet under the mosaic pavement of the *cella* in the temple of Apollo at Cyrene, in Northern Africa. Here we see the curly hair, thick lips, and other features of the negro given, in striking contrast to the Greek and Roman types. The eye-sockets, once doubtless filled to imitate life, are now empty, but the marvelous details of hair and beard are still perfect. So vigorous is the conception of this head, and, in workmanship, so like the head of the bronze athlete found at Olympia, that we may safely believe it to belong to the same age, that is, the third century B. C. It was then that the Greek colonies of Cyrenaica were in a flourishing condition, and it would have been most natural that some African king from a neighboring province should there have dedicated a statue of himself in the temple of the Greek god Apollo. In this matter of race-portraiture, however, Pergamon stands at the front, offering us celebrated works of great power, representing the sturdy form and face of the ancient Galatians. Most widely known among these statues is, doubtless, that fallen figure of the Capitol, which is commonly called the "Dying Gladiator."



THE SATYR MARSYAS, AFTER MYRON. (LATERAN MUSEUM, ROME.)

Wandering back in imagination to the time of the Apocalypse, we find that Pergamon was then the seat of one of the seven churches in Asia, but, passing on, still farther back, to two centuries B. C., we find it the capital of a powerful Greek kingdom. To-day, traveling due north from Smyrna, and following up the river Caicus twenty miles inland, we should come upon this ancient site, now called Bergama, a flourishing Turkish town. From the blue sea, even, we may descry, at the base of mountain ranges in the background, the craggy summit of the Acropolis, from which, in those ancient times, there went out great power into the surrounding world, shattering and hurling back hordes of barbarian Galatian invaders. And here it is that modern excavations have discovered great art-treasures, throwing untold light on the sculpture of that remote age.

The origin of the Pergamon dynasty was as follows: Lysimachus, one of Alexander's generals, and an aspirant to regal power, being hard pressed, left a vast treasure, $14,000,000, in Pergamon's impregnable fortress, in the keeping of a faithful servant, Philetærus. But Lysimachus, having killed his own son, incurred the just indignation of many of his followers. Among these was Philetærus, who was so outspoken in the condemnation of his master as to incur the enmity of the ruling house. Driven, in self-defense, 280 B. C., to take possession of the fortress and treasure, he declared himself



BRONZE HEAD WITH NEGRO FEATURES, FROM CYRENE. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

independent, and thus founded a dynasty, which was to become one of the richest and most attractive of the age. From the time of its foundation by the obscure Philetærus, the character of this Pergamon house compared most favorably with that of the other ruling houses of the day. Public and private virtue was a marked feature of its rulers. Elsewhere we find brother turned against brother, and father even against son; here the members of the family were devoted to each other. The devotion of the royal sons of Attalus I. to their mother, a woman of humble birth but noble character, expressed itself in temples dedicated to her, one of which, it is recorded, was sculptured with mythic and other scenes illustrating the devotion of sons to mothers. An inscription just discovered at Pergamon, on a pedestal which occupied the beautiful piazza about Athene's temple on the Acropolis, makes still more vivid this family affection, the stone letters telling us that Attalus II. put up this statue "to his mother, Queen Apollonis, because of her love to him."

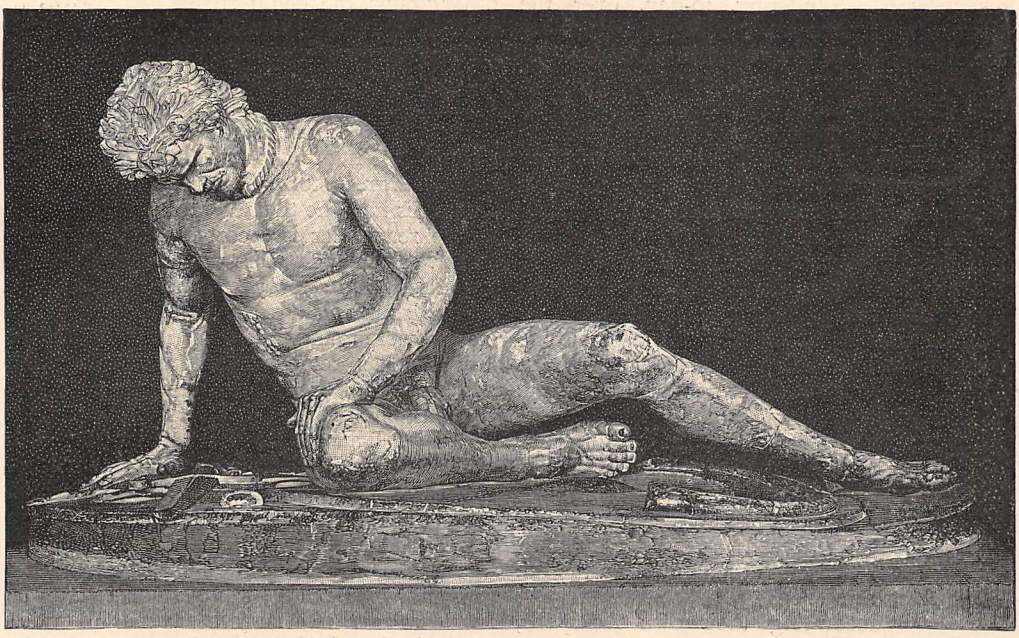
Moreover, the Pergamon princes were not oriental despots, but desired the good opinion of their subjects and allies, to whom, even though Romans, they were always true. They manifested a great regard for Greece itself, and the intercourse was lively between this rising city and the old seats of culture in Hellas. In Sicyon, Attalus I. raised a heavy mortgage on an Apollo temple, and restored it to free use. In 197 B. C., he made a present of ten talents of silver and ten thousand measures of wheat to the same city. For the former favor the citizens had erected to him a colossal statue on the market-place, near Apollo's statue, but now they honored him with a golden statue, and a yearly festival. After the earthquake at Rhodes, in the third century B. C., that city also experienced the munificence of this monarch. These Pergamon princes encouraged the sciences and arts most liberally. As memorials of their large-minded wisdom in these matters, were the royal library at Pergamon and their sculptural monuments, recently discovered, which were the admiration of the ancient world, and give to us astonished moderns a glimpse of those days of departed glory. These princes were, moreover, Greek rulers of a Greek people, thus forming a happy union which did not exist in all the other empires of the day, and which was, doubtless,



FIGHTING PERSIAN, VOTIVE GIFT OF ATTALUS TO ATHENS. (VATICAN.)

most favorable to awakening those capabilities which still lay dormant in Greek art.

But for the achievement of anything great and noble in this art, there was needed the inspiration and impulse of a heroic spirit and glorious deeds, just as much as in the old days of Phidias. Fortunately, once more the Greeks were privileged to win glorious victory, not over the Greeks or jealous rivals alone, but such as the Athenians had once won at Marathon over invading barbarians. As Miltiades and his braves had conquered the Persians on the plain of Marathon, so now Attalus and his people overwhelmed the barbarian Galatians who threatened their homes. The Galatians of Christian times are well known to us, through the Apostle Paul's epistle, but we are less familiar with the deeds of their fierce forefathers who, about the third century before the apostle's time, were tempted away from their northern homes by stories of marvelous treasure piled up in Greek temples and shrines. Pouring down into Macedonia and Hellas, plundering, burning, and massacring wherever they went, they even attacked Apollo's sacred shrine at Delphi. Passing over into Asia Minor, they levied heavy tribute everywhere, and spread panic and terror before them. Pausanias, in describing their deeds in Greece, cannot find words strong enough to depict their atrocities. He also tells us how they raged against the weak of their own number, killing those who could not follow in the flight. Suffice it that we have some idea of the anguish and distress they left behind them, and of the formidableness of the foe Attalus had to meet. To appreciate this fully, however, we must hear what Pausanias relates of the fierce bravery and fearless scorn of death of these half-naked barbarians. The only protection they had in



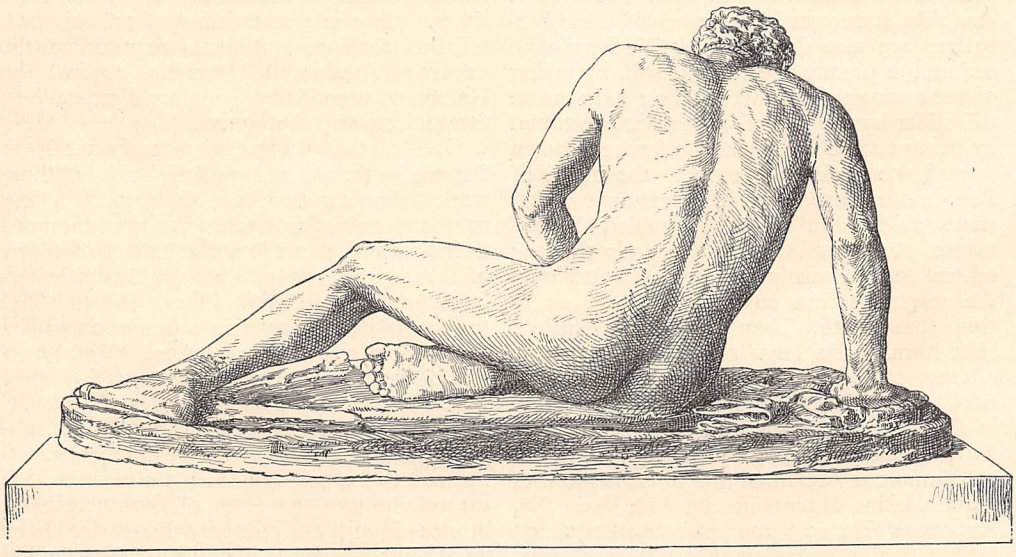
THE DYING GALATIAN, FALSELY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR. (CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME.)

battle, he tells us, was their shields, and they had little knowledge of the science of war. Like wild beasts they attacked the enemy, with a vehemence and courage which is almost unparalleled. Nor did their fury cease so long as breath was in their bodies, even when felled by the battle-ax or sword, or when pierced by arrow or spear. Some even drew the spear out of their wounds and hurled it at the enemy, or used it in close hand-to-hand fight. The giant-like stature and the power of these barbarians are also described by Diodorus, who makes the picture more vivid still, by telling of their tough skin and bristling hair, made still stiffer by the use of a peculiar salve, and by being brushed off from the forehead down toward the neck, as is seen in the heads of Pan and satyrs, by which treatment it became thick, and much resembled horses' manes. A few had the beard entirely shaven; others, and especially those of rank, left only the mustache, but so long and full as to cover the mouth. They carried into battle a bent horn and a large shield. Their favorite adornment, he adds, was the twisted neck-band of metal, called the torque, still found in Celtic graves. From inscriptions recently discovered in Pergamon, it seems that Attalus and Eumenes did not have to contend with the Galatians alone, but also with their ally, Antiochus Hierax, whom, also, the Pergamon princes finally overcame. When those barbarians, some time before, had swarmed about Apollo's sacred shrine at Delphi, it was piously believed the god himself had appeared, descending from the high heavens in light supernal, and, shaking the glittering eyes, had wrought deliverance from their mad attacks. In accordance with a time-honored custom, the Greeks then consecrated statues to the delivering deities, as thank-offerings, among which were bronze statues, one of them, doubtless, being the original of the Apollo Belvidere and its numerous copies of later times. Pliny, in a tantalizingly short sentence, tells us that several artists represented the battles of Attalus and Eumenes against the Galatians, mentioning Isigonus, Pyromachus, Stratonicus, and Antigonus.

One of the discoveries recently made at Pergamon throws unexpected light on these works, showing us where they stood, telling us what victories they celebrated and the gods they honored, as well as the names of a few of the artists; two of which, although mutilated, correspond with Pliny's record. The fragments containing this information go by the name of the "battle monument," and consist of inscribed slabs of dark gray marble, which made up different pedestals, as R. Bohn has shown after careful study of the subject. On the top slabs, traces of the feet of statues are to be seen, of such a character that we may be sure they were of bronze; bits of bronze fingers and drapery have also been found, but, as might be expected, the valuable metal statues themselves have long since

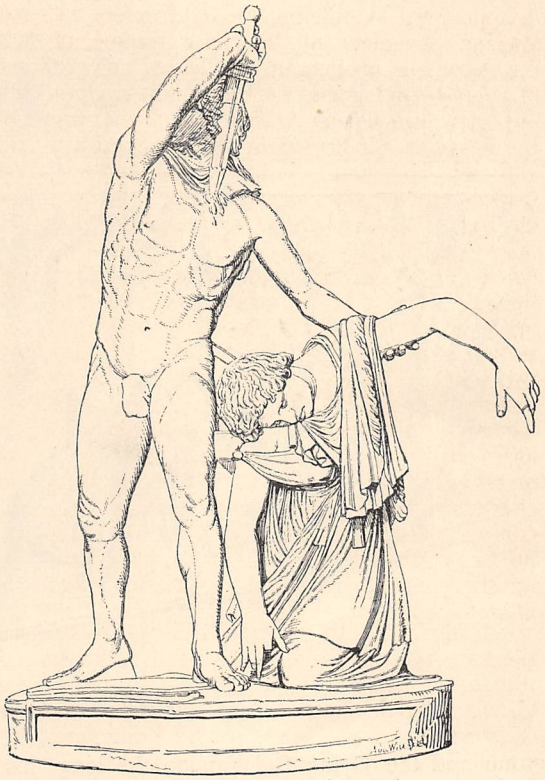
disappeared. Wandering, to-day, over the ancient pavement of the lofty terrace of the Acropolis of Pergamon, cleared at last of rubbish and grass, we look upon a glorious view spread out at our feet; we trace the beautiful Caicus valley out into the plain and see the blue Mediterranean beyond. Gazing immediately around us, we behold to our right the fragments of the ancient temple of Athene Polias, the revered goddess of this height. Turning to the north and east, the eye falls upon the spot where the columns of Attalus II.'s stoa, rising in two stories, form a stately colonnade, inclosing two sides of the holy square. Filling out the picture, we would delight to dwell upon the balustrade of the upper gallery, sculptured all over with trophies of war, shields (like that on which falls the Dying Gladiator), helmets, chariots, spears, etc., so suggestive in their composition that, as we study them in beautiful fragments, preserved in Berlin, we almost see the confusion of battle, and hear the din of clanging armor.

Besides decorating their own Acropolis, the Pergamon rulers remembered also Athens, the ancient seat of Greek glory. There Attalus II. likewise built a stoa, and Attalus I. sent thither votive offerings of sculpture, which were seen in the ancient citadel by Pausanias, who tells us that these figures stood on the south wall, and measured about four feet in length. Here were represented (1) the historic victory of Marathon over the Persians, and (2) its mystic prototype, the battle of the Athenians with the Amazons; two other groups, the counterparts of these, as it were, completing the offering. In one, Attalus's victory over the Galatians was represented, and, in the other, a speaking mythic parallel, the combat of the gods with the giants. One of the statues of these gods, Dionysus, Plutarch informs us, was precipitated, in a great storm, from the lofty Athenian Acropolis into the theater below, but the fate of the remainder is recorded by no ancient writer. The rough mass of the long pedestal was discovered a few years since by Böttcher, on the south wall of the Acropolis, but no statues were found. The keen eye of Brunn, however, has detected, scattered through the galleries of Europe, marble statues corresponding in size and subjects to those mentioned by Pausanias. Awakened by Brunn's observation, others have identified additional statues sent by Attalus to Athens, of which ten are now known to us, there being three in Venice, four in Naples, one in the Vatican, one in the Louvre, and one at Aix. Nine of these admirable little marble statues may be traced to their discovery in the neighborhood of the baths of Alexander Severus at Rome, early in the sixteenth century, proving that they are not, as some have conjectured from their realistic character, the work of the contemporaries of Michael Angelo. They were, no doubt, brought from Athens, at the time when Greek works were imported on a wholesale scale, to the capital of the Roman state. All the statues represent warriors from the conquered side: one a beautiful Amazon; another, a muscular, shaggy-



DYING GALATIAN. (BACK VIEW.)

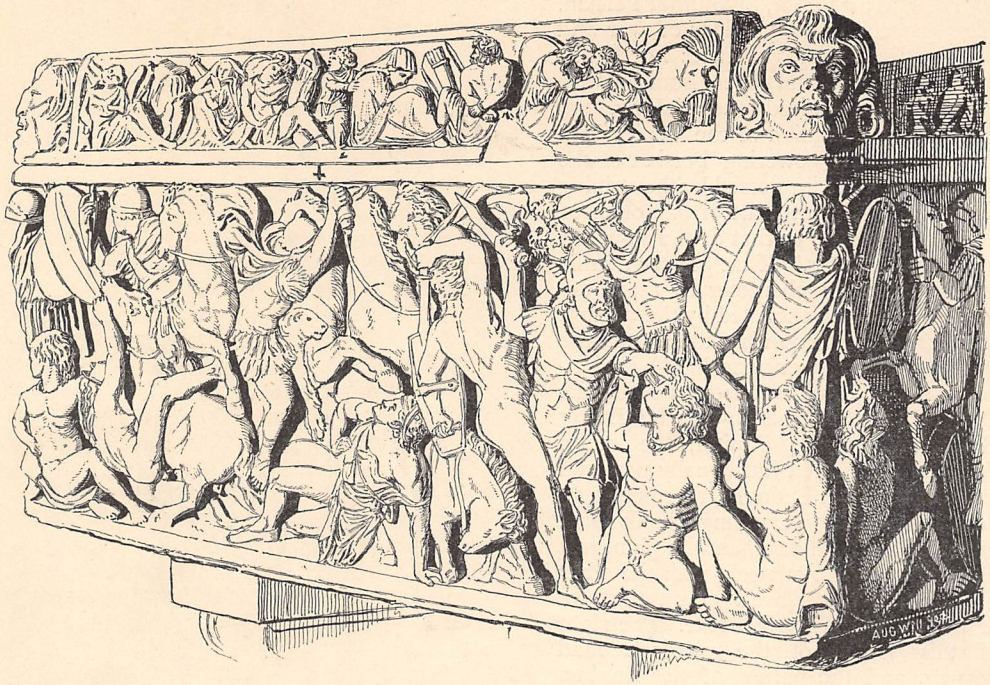
haired giant; another, a youthful Persian. How powerfully the passions of war and the peculiar features of races not Greek were represented, will appear from a glance at the bristly-haired and sinking, but still fighting, Galatian of the Venice Museum, or at the cowering Persian of the Vatican. We are impressed by the striking similarity in the attitude of one other of these little statues to that of the so-called "Dying Gladiator." That greater marble works, similar in character to those described, were also executed by the ancient sculptors of Pergamon is evident from the statues of finer workmanship, but similar in subject, in the museums of Rome. One of these is the so-called "Dying Gladiator" of the Capitol, the other, that less celebrated but equally powerful work in the Villa Ludovici, representing a despairing warrior, standing on his long, oval shield. With one hand he plunges a dagger into his own neck, with the other he holds, in his relaxed grasp, the arm of his wife, dying at his side. The sight of this victim of the warrior's mad despair, and the pathos of her sinking, alone alleviate the painfulness of this terrible scene. So great is the resemblance between this upright figure of the Villa Ludovici and the so-called Gladiator of the Capitol, that we could easily believe them to be brothers. Notice, besides, how all the characteristics of the Galatians of old, as known from history, are expressed in both these forms: the giant frame, tough, leathery skin, bristling hair, long, overhanging mustache, circling torque, large shield, bent horn, and nudity in battle, as well as the wild, unbridled passion of the barbarian.



A GALATIAN WARRIOR AND HIS DYING WIFE. (VILLA LUDOVICI, ROME.)

Comparing the dying figure of the Capitol and the Ludovici group with the small statues of Galatians, Attalus's votive gifts to Athens, above described, we find, moreover, a striking similarity, which makes it clear that these two greater statues, likewise, represent Pergamon's fierce northern enemies. That they once decorated Pergamon's summit seems confirmed by the recent discovery there of a marble torso of a similar fallen warrior, of beautiful workmanship. The Dying Galatian and the Ludovici group were, moreover, discovered together, in the sixteenth century, in the gardens of Sallust, in Rome, and are of a kind of marble found only in Asia Minor. This discovery in Rome, and not Pergamon, is explained by the well-known mania of the Romans for pirating Greek art, and since the last ruler of Pergamon left by will his treasures to that greedy people, it would be natural for them to remove many statues they found in his city to the Tiber.

How admirably the sculptor in Pergamon caught the strongly pronounced physique of the barbarian foe! Not only the general features, giant size, powerful build, and ruggedness of that people, who terrified even warlike Romans as well as more peaceable Greeks, are given in these statues, but the details of their firmly knit muscles, callous skin (toughened by exposure), the broad skull, pointed chin, low-bridged nose, high cheek-bones, overhanging eyebrows, and bristling, thick hair,—peculiarities still met in some branches of the Teutonic race. The difference in the treatment of the skin, with its leathery folds, in these barbarians, especially at the waist, appears in contrast to the Hermes of Praxiteles, with its soft skin of the ideal Greek race. The partial polish of the statue of the Dying Galatian seems to be a most successful imitation of the smooth surface of bronze, the peculiarities of which are even more closely followed in the treatment and minute details of the short, stiff hair. On the supposition that these statues once stood in the Acropolis of Pergamon, Bohn, in his restored view of the open square about the temple of Athene, has put the Ludovici



SARCOPHAGUS. (CAPITOL, ROME.)

group and the Dying Galatian on the long pedestal in the front of the picture.

In these statues, the innermost being of the Galatians is, moreover, powerfully portrayed. The fury of wild beasts, we are told, seemed to seize them as they rushed naked into battle. If they lost the day, they gave way to a frenzy of despair, taking their own lives as well as those of the wounded and feeble among them. On a relief in Rome we see a barbarian plunging a dagger into his own breast, under the very hoofs of his victor's horse. Brennus, the Galatian chieftain who had dared to storm Apollo's shrine, we are told, took his life when vanquished. So, also, the Ludovici Galatian, having slain his wife, now destroys himself. The dying warrior of the Capitol no longer shows brave defiance. Death has stricken him, too, probably in consequence of a fatal stab received at the enemy's hand. It has often been supposed that, like the Ludovici Galatian, he had taken his own life, but his manner of falling, the one fact that the wound is on the side away from the heart, and the other that some one has withdrawn the weapon from the gash, seem to prove that a victorious enemy has robbed him of his life. The sword in this statue is a later addition.

How different these intensely tragic and realistic monuments from the Greek sculptures preserved to us from earlier times. The Pergamon artist, in common with the spirit of his time, could not have represented otherwise the barbarian who had just overrun his land and caused him so much distress. Prince and people had seen and fought the dreaded enemy too recently, and knew his uncouth face and powerful frame too well, and had suffered too much at his hand, to be satisfied with only ideal or symbolic representation of him. The sculptor did not then hold on to the older, colorless type of the barbarian, characterizing him by mere accessories of national costume or armor, while giving him ideal beauty of form and soul, but represented him just as he saw him in nature. The square and rugged forms do not, therefore, impress by symmetry and exquisite grace of proportion, but by fullness and overflow of power; their very divergence from the Greek bringing out more strongly such wild force.

But let us not imagine that the ancient sculptor in Pergamon was content with expressing thanks for victory to the gods. His fancy took still higher flights in ideal creations of great power and absolute beauty, as revealed in the sculptures of the "Greek Altar" recently discovered at Pergamon, and now in the Berlin Museum,—the tragedy of the ruthless Galatians being mirrored in the tremendous conflicts of gods with giants. But this topic must be reserved for a final paper.

Lucy M. Mitchell.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In a liberal sense, and somewhat as Emerson stands for American thought, the poet Lowell has become our representative man of letters. Not as our most exact scholar, though of a rich scholarship, and soundly versed in branches which he has chosen to follow. Not as an indomitable writer, yet, when he writes, from whom are we surer to receive what is brilliant and original? Nor yet chiefly as a poet, in spite of the ideality, the feeling, the purpose, and the wit that belong to his verse and that first brought him into reputation. But, whatsoever the conjunction that has enabled Mr. Lowell to reach and maintain his typical position, we feel that he holds it, and, on the whole, ought to hold it. His acquirements and versatile writings, the conditions of his life, the mold of the man, and the spirit of his whole work, have given him a peculiar distinction, and this largely without his thought or seeking. Such a nimbus does not form around one who summons it: it glows and gathers almost without his knowledge,—and not at once, but, like the expression of a noble face, after long experience and service.

I have spoken of one poet as excelling others in the adroitness of a man of the world. Mr. Lowell's qualities secure him honor and allies without the need of adroitness. He is regarded not only as a man of letters, but as a fine exemplar of culture, and of a culture so generous as to be thought supra-American by those observers who, while pronouncing him a citizen of the world, are careful to exclude this country from his range. Professor Dowden, for instance, says: "Taken as a whole, the works of Lowell do not mirror the life, the thoughts, and passions of the nation. They are works, as it were, of an English poet who has become a naturalized citizen of the United States; who admires the institutions and has faith in the ideas of America, but who cannot throw off his allegiance to the old country and its authorities." But here is a manifest assumption. Doubtless, Lowell's mirror does not reflect Dr. Dowden's conception of the life, the thoughts, and passions of this nation, but the critic might revise his conception if better informed. In the poet's writings we find the life and passion of New England, to a verity, and the best thought of our people at large. For, when I say that he is a type of American culture, I mean of republican culture, and nothing more or less. Those who hold to the republican idea believe that its value is to be found in its leveling tendency; by which I do not mean a general reduction to the lowest caste, but the gradual elevation of a multitude to the standard which individuals have reached,—among them so many of the writing craft, from Franklin's generation to our own. In this respect I do not, of course, mention Mr. Lowell's position as distinctive, —the names of other scholars and writers instantly come to mind,—nor have our men of culture been confined to any guild or profession. Marshall and Story, Pinkney, Wirt, Winthrop, Sumner and Bayard, jurists, orators, and statesmen,—soldiers, merchants, artisans, Americans of every class,—have shown that culture is a plant that thrives in a republic no less than under royal care. Their number is increasing; the average grade is advanced. If this were not so, republicanism would be a failure: in this matter it is on trial no less than in its ability to promote the establishment of first-class museums, libraries, academies, even without governmental aid.

We count Mr. Lowell, among others, as a specimen of home-culture, not of foreign, and especially of our Eastern type. His life shows what the New England culture, not always so fortunate, can do for a man of genius. And thus, even aside from his writings, he is a person of note. The tributes frequently paid him would of themselves keep his name before us. But it is natural for him to shun publicity, and the movements of authors greatly beneath him are more zealously chronicled than his own; nor is he, I think, so commonly read as a few other poets of his standing. Yet many of his sayings, like those of Emerson, are a portion of our usual discourse and reference, and the people have taken some of his lyrics faithfully to heart. He has written one work which bids fair to become a classic. Whether as a poet and critic, or as a man of affairs, of rare breeding and the healthiest moral tone, Mr. Lowell is one of whom it may be affirmed, in the words applied to another, that a thing derives more weight from the fact that he has said it. Are we conscious, then, of having in view a man better than his best writings? But this may be said of many authors, and there must be, at all events, a live personality behind good work.

Lowell's sense of this, and of the strength and fullness of existence, keep him void of

conceit. He often has seemed impatient of his art, half-ready to cry out upon it, lest it lead him from green fields and forests, from the delight of life itself. He is not swift to magnify his office above the heroic action of other men. This catholicity is rare among poets and artists, whose dearest failing is a lack of concern for people or things not associated with their own pursuits. On the other hand, poetry is the choicest expression of human life, and the poet who does not revere his art and believe in its sovereignty is not born to wear the purple. Lowell, in fortunate seasons, goes back from life to song with new vigor and wisdom, and with a loyalty strengthened by experiences. After all, the man dies, while his imaginative works may survive even the record of his name. Therefore the work is the essential thing; and Mr. Lowell's work, above all, is so imbued with his individuality, that none can overlook the relations of the one to the other, or fail, in comprehending his poetry, to enter into the make and spirit of the poet himself.

II.

MR. UNDERWOOD has given some account of Lowell's ancestry, and of the conditions which led to the birth and breeding of a poet. We have a picture of the Cambridge manor, Elmwood,—a home not wanting in the relics of an old-time family,—portraits, books, and things of art. Mr. Lowell's father, and his father's father, were clergymen, orthodox, well-read, bearing honored names; his mother, a gifted woman, the mistress of various languages, and loving the old English songs and ballads, —no wonder that three of her children came to be authors, and this one, the youngest, a famous citizen and poet. It is not hard to fill in these outlines with something of the circumstance that, as I pointed out in the case of Mrs. Browning, fore-ordains the training of a genius; that supplies, I repeat, the means of its self-training, since the imagination derives its sustenance like a plant, selecting and assimilating for itself. All it needs is food, atmosphere, a place to grow. In these Lowell was exceptionally favored, under the influence of local and family traditions, the home-culture, the method of his father, and the taste of the mother from whom he inherited his bent toward letters and song.

His college course made little change in this way of growth. He might fail of advantages to be gained from drill and drudgery; but was sure to extend his reading in the direction of his natural tastes, until acquainted with many literatures. His subsequent study of the law probably added the logical discipline that enables one to formulate ideas. But any voice that would restrict him to his profession must have fallen "vainlier than the hen's to her false chickens in the pool." Instinct, judgment, everything, pointed to letters as his calling. The period of his start, and his father's literary tastes, are indicated by his avowal that he was brought up "in the old superstition" that Pope "was the greatest poet that ever lived." This would account for his escape to the renaissance of beauty and romance; just as the repression of an orthodox training may have had much to do with his early liberalism in politics and theology.

It seems that the light-hearted Cambridge student was eager for all books except those of the curriculum, and troubled himself little as to mathematics and other prosaic branches. This was quite in accordance with precedent, *teste* Landor or Shelley, yet I doubt not that he was more than once sorry for it in after years. And I suspect that he passed for what he was, or promised to be, with the Faculty, and became something of an oracle among his mates. There was more eagerness then, at Harvard, than now; the young fellows were not ashamed to wear their hearts upon their sleeves. The gospel of indifferentism had not been preached. The words "clever" and "well-equipped" now seem to express our highest good; we avoid sentimentalism, but nourish less that genius which thrives in youth upon hopefully garnished food.

Lowell wrote the Class Poem, and took leave to print it, being under discipline at the time appointed for its delivery. Mr. Sanborn neatly points out that it abounded in conventional satire of the new-fangled reformers whom the poet was soon to join. As a law graduate, he shortly clouded his professional chances by writing for the Boston "Miscellany," and issuing a little book of verse. A writer's first venture is apt to be a novel or poem. Should he grow in station, it becomes rare, or valued for its indications. The thin, pretty volume, "A Year's Life," does show traits of its author's after-work, but not so distinctly as many books of the kind. Three years later he termed its contents,

> "the firstlings of my muse,
> Poor windfalls of unripe experience."

But three years are a long time in the twenties. There are a few ideal passages in this book, and some that suggest his forming tendencies. It was inscribed to "Una," whom he aptly might have called Egeria, for she was already both the inspirer and the sharer of his best imaginings. A few well-chosen pieces are

retained in the opening division of Mr. Lowell's standard collection. Of these, "Threnodia" is a good specimen of his early manner. The simple and natural lines "With a Pressed Flower" are in contrast with vaguer portions of the first book, and have a characteristic thought in the closing stanza, where he says of flowers, that

> "Nature, ever kind to love,
> Hath granted them the same sweet tongue,
> Whether with German skies above,
> Or here our granite rocks among."

The cullings from "A Year's Life," with various and riper odes, lyrics, and sonnets, make up the "Early Poems" of his latest edition, showing his range at the date of their production.

Some of the longer pieces lack compactness, and betray an imagination still somewhat nebulous. "The Sirens," "Irené," "My Love," "Rosaline," are like the first poems of Tennyson, then a risen star. There is a trace of Shelley in the lines "To Perdita, Singing," and "The Moon." "Allegra" is sweet, direct, original. The sonnets upon reading Wordsworth, a sonnet to Spenser (in "A Year's Life"), and one to Keats, afford hints of the poet's healthy tastes. Those to Phillips and Giddings prove that he was no laggard in the unpopular antislavery movement. As to other reforms, it is plain that he began to have convictions,—or, at least, to have a conviction that he had convictions. "The Heritage" and "A Rich Man's Son" were taken up by the press, and are still found in our school-readers. Lowell's voice was for independence, human rights, the dignity of labor. Some of the love-poetry is exquisite. Its serenity declares that no other word than happiness is needed for the history of the time between the dates of his first and second books. To be sure, he set himself to edit "The Pioneer," the conditions being so adverse that poets and essayists who now should make the fortune of a magazine could not prolong its short existence. But we think of Lowell as enjoying to the full those three zestful years,—a briefless barrister, perhaps, yet guarded by the Muse, and having the refined companionship of the girl whose love he sought and won. In the year of his marriage to Maria White, he published a second volume, whose contents, with other verse composed before "Sir Launfal," exhibit his poetic genius in its fresh maturity.

"The Legend of Brittany," an artistic and legendary poem, was, for that time, quite a significant production, so much so that Poe said it was "the noblest poem yet written by an American." It commended itself to him because, unlike some of Lowell's verse, it was designed for poetry and nothing else—it is not in the least didactic. And that Poe said this, and meant it, shows how few were the longer poems of merit we then had produced. The Legend is a sweet, flowing tale, in the *ottava rima*, after the mode of Keats and up to the standard of Leigh Hunt. It needs dramatic force in the climax, but is simple and delicately finished. A still better piece of artwork is "Rhœcus," that Greek legend of the wood-nymph and the bee. The poet by chance subjected himself, and not discreditably, to the test of a comparison with the most bewitching of Landor's Hellenics, "The Hamadryad." Much might be said, in view of these two idyls, upon the antique and modern handlings of a theme. Landor worked as a Grecian might, giving the tale in chiseled verse, with no curious regard for its teachings. Its beauty is enough for him, and there it stands—a Periclean vase. His instinct became a conscious method. In a letter to Forster he begs him to amend the poem by striking out a bit of "reflection" which a true hamadryad should "cut across":

> "Why should the beautiful
> (And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
> Whence springs all beauty?"

Mr. Lowell's "Rhœcus" is an example of the modern feeling. Passages such as that beginning:

> "A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,"

are simple and lovely; the scene where Rhœcus, playing dice, rudely treats the winged messenger, is a picture equaling the best of Landor's. But the story itself is preceded by a moralizing commentary, and other glosses of the same kind are here and there. The whole is treated as an allegory conveying a lesson. The wood-nymph herself draws one, tenderly and sadly, at the close:

> "'Alas!' the voice returned, 'tis thou art blind,
> Not I unmerciful. I can forgive,
> But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
> Only the soul hath power o'er itself.'"

This method confuses the beauty of the poem, though distinct enough in purpose, and characteristic of the New England school.

The poet, in truth, felt himself called upon for secular work. With all his love of beauty, he had a greater dread of dilettanteism. The air was full of "progress," and he made a general assay of the new thoughts and enthusiasms. Reform-verse came naturally from the young idealist portrayed by his friend Page. The broad collar and high-parted, flowing hair set off a handsome, eager face, with the

look of Keats and the resolve of a Brook-Farmer. But he was wholly himself, incapable of the affectation which—in a time when poetry is not the first choice of readers—markets its wares by posing for the jest and zest of fashion, and brings into contempt the grand old name of poet among those who know poetry only as a name. Affectation and self-seeking in art, as elsewhere, are detestable. Only the genius of Byron, in a romantic period, atoned for his trace of the former. So far as Byron was an actor, he was a great one. It makes no difference whether the affectation be one of virility or of refinement; the self-seeking is apt to be that of the author or artist who devotes one day in the month to work, and all the rest to advertising it. You may see his outward type in the water-fly *Osric*, of whom *Hamlet* says that " 'tis a vice to know him." Such creatures and their habits are the breed of special times—men with some bit of talent, gaining their paltry ends, and sure to be duly classified at last. And so *Osric*, as *Hamlet* disdainfully perceives, with "many more of the same breed that the drossy age dotes on," has " only got the tune of the time * * * a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions." But Lowell, I say, was himself alone, wearing his Arcadian garb, yet hasting to throw aside his crook at the sound of the trumpet. His " progressive " verse often was fuller of opinion than beauty, of eloquence than passion. Some of it is in a measure which reformers have seemed to hit upon by an exasperating instinct—the much-abused verse shown at its best in " Locksley Hall." With the typical radical, it is enough to make a thing wrong that it is accepted by a majority. Lowell found himself with the minority, but the minority then chanced to be the party of a future, and, in essentials, wholly right. If Whittier and himself, like the Lake Poets before them, became didactic through moral earnestness, it none the less aided to inspire them. Their verse advanced a great cause, and, as years went by, grew in quality —perhaps as surely as that of poets who, in youth, reject all but artistic considerations.

Before Lowell's thought and imagination had gained their richness, he had to contend with a disproportionate flow of language, if using forms that did not of themselves restrict it. " Prometheus," " Columbus," " A Glance Behind the Curtain," are studies upon massive themes, weakened because their matter is not compactly molded. Yet the poet had a terse art of saying things, as when he made Cromwell declare that

" New times demand new measures and new men; "

and himself said:

" They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three,"

or, similarly, spoke up for

" One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

His manner often was fine:

" All other glories are as falling stars,
But universal Nature watches theirs,
Such strength is won by love of human kind."

" The moon will come and go
With her monotonous vicissitude."

" The melancholy wash of endless waves."

His analytic turn early cropped out in the " Studies for Two Heads," which is all Lowell —as one now would say. The poem " To the Past " is written with more circumstance than Bryant's, but the latter, in simple grandeur and diction, is the more imaginative. To indicate, finally, the chief reservation of Mr. Lowell's admirers, I must own that these poems often are marked with technical blemishes, from which even his later verse is not exempt. In trying both to express his conviction and to find a method of his own, he betrayed an irregular ear, and a voice rare in quality, but not wholly to be relied upon. He had a way, moreover, of " dropping " like his own bobolink, of letting down his fine passages with odd conceits, mixed metaphors, and licenses which as a critic he would not overlook in another. To all this add a knack of coining uncouth words for special tints of meaning, when there are good enough counters in the language for any poet's need. Space can be more agreeably used than by citing examples of these failings, which a reader soon discovers for himself. They have perplexed the poet's friends and teased his reviewers. Although such defects sometimes bring a man's work nearer to us, the question is as to their influence upon its permanent value. Verse may be faultily faultless, or may go to the other extreme. We are indebted, as usual, to Mr. Lowell himself for our critical test. Writing of Wordsworth, he says that " the work must surpass the material," and refers to " that shaping imagination which is the highest criterion of a poet."

It is a labor that physics pain to recall the verse by which he gained that hold upon his countrymen which strengthens through lengthening years. The public was right in its liking for " The Changeling," " She Came and Went," " The First Snow-fall," than which there are few more touching lyrics of

the affections. "The Shepherd of Admetus" and "An Incident in a Railway Car" are on themes which moved the poet to harmonize his taste and thought. When called upon, as he supposed, to make a choice between Taste and his conception of Duty, Taste sometimes went to the wall. Doubtless, he grew to see that the line of Beauty does not always follow Duty's follower, and that the surrender of the former itself may be in the nature of a crime. His sense never was more subtle, his taste never more delightful, than in the flawless stanzas on the "Phœbe," recently printed in this magazine. The public keeps in store for him the adage of the willful songster. That he "can" sing was discovered at the outset. One such piece as "Hebe" decided that point:

"I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet
That bowed my heart like barley bending."

It also included his theory of song, and a sound one:

"Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor."

To this lesson of his own experience he recurs again and again:

"Whither? Albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find,
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,
Sweet beckoner, more fleet than wind!
* * * * * * * *
All of thee but thyself I grasp;
I seem to fold thy luring shape,
And vague air to my bosom clasp,
Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!"

Like other poets of quality, Mr. Lowell has found the Muse, between her inspirations, a coquette and evader. He forms his rule accordingly:

"Now, I've a notion, if a poet
Beat up for themes, his verse will show it;
I wait for subjects that hunt me,
By day or night wont let me be,
And hang about me like a curse,
Till they have made me into verse."

From a poet who does this, we shall get flavor, and, in any event, the best of himself. Lowell's career, telling equally of use and song, has proved the wisdom of his admonitions:

"Harass her not; thy heat and stir
But greater coyness breed in her;
* * * * * * *
The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
Her love to him that pules and plains;
* * * * * * *
The epic of a man rehearse,
Be something better than thy verse;
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
Shall court thy precious interviews,
Shall take thy head upon her knee,
And such enchantment lilt to thee,
That thou shalt hear the life-blood flow
From farthest stars to grass-blades low."

To which one may add, without malice, that Mr. Lowell can give even the Muse lessons in the art of flirting; knowing from long practice that, when she once has yielded her heart, she forgives even the infidelities of a favored lover.

There is a beautiful feeling in Lowell's poems of Nature. Wordsworth has dwelt upon the contrast between the youthful regard for Nature,—the feeling of a healthy and impassioned child,—and that of the philosopher who finds in her a sense "of something far more deeply interfused." The latter is a gift that makes us grave. It led Bryant to worship and invocation; and now, in the new light of science, we seek for, rather than feel, the soul of things. The charm of Lowell's outdoor verse lies in its spontaneity; he loves Nature with a child-like joy, her boon companion, finding even in her illusions welcome and relief,—just as one gives himself up to a story or a play, and will not be a doubter. Here he never ages, and he beguiles you and me to share his joy. It does me good to see a poet who knows a bird or flower as one friend knows another, yet loves it for itself alone. He sings among the woods, as Boone hunted, refusing to be edified, and with no wish for improvements. This one section he reserves for life itself:

"Away, my poets, whose sweet spell
Can make a garden of a cell!
I need ye not, for I to-day
Will make one long sweet verse of play."

His manhood shall not make him lose his boyhood; the whiff of the woods, the brook's voice, the spangle of spring-flowers,—these never fail to stir the old-time thrill; our hearts leap with his, and for once forget to ask the reason why.

Outside the "Pictures from Appledore" there is little of the ocean in his verse: the sea-breeze brings fewer messages to him than to Longfellow and Whittier. His sense of inland nature is all the more alert,—for him the sweet security of meadow-paths and orchard-closes. He has the pioneer heart, to which a homestead farm is dear and familiar, and native woods and waters are an intoxication. The American, impressed at first by the oaks and reaches of an Old-World park, soon wearies of them, and takes like a partridge to the bush. What Lowell loves most in nature

are the trees and their winged habitants, and the flowers that grow untended. "The Indian Summer Reverie" is an early and delightful avowal of his pastoral tastes. His favorite birds and trees, the meadows, river, and marshes, all are there, put in with strokes no modern descriptive poet has excelled. Browning's capture of the thrush's song is rivaled by such a touch as this:

"Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most demurely drops."

The poems "To a Pine-Tree" and "The Birch-Tree," with their suggestive measures, are companion-pieces that will last. The poet shares the stormy reign of the monarch of Katahdin; yet loves the whisper of the birch in the vale:

"Thou art the go-between of rustic loves;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping."

Of Lowell's earlier pieces, the one which shows the finest sense of the poetry of Nature is that addressed "To the Dandelion." The opening phrase ranks with the selectest of Wordsworth and Keats, to whom imaginative diction came intuitively,—

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,"

and both thought and language are felicitous throughout:

"Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst."

This poem contains many of its author's peculiar beauties and none of his faults; it was the outcome of the mood that can summon a rare spirit of art to express the gladdest thought and most elusive feeling.

I think, also, that "The Vision of Sir Launfal" owed its success quite as much to a presentation of Nature as to its misty legend. It really is a landscape-poem, of which the lovely passage, "And what is so rare as a day in June?" and the wintry prelude to Part Second, are the specific features. Like the Legend of Brittany, it was a return to poetry as poetry, and a sign that the author was groping for a theme equal to his reserved strength. The Vinland fragment hints at a wider range of experiment. Thus far, in fact, no positively *new* notes. Lowell had shown his art and insight, a brave purpose, absolute sympathy with Nature. The ferment of his youth had worked itself clear. "Occasional" pieces, the stanzas to Kossuth, the poem on the English graves at Concord, came from definite convictions and a strong hand. He was a man, well girded, who had not found his best occasion; who needed the pressure of imminent events to bring out his resources and make his work enduring. The question, "How can I make a real addition to literature?" often must have come to one so penetrative. Possibly he was hampered, also, by his own culture. The Dervish's ointment may be too freely applied to the eyes; too close a knowledge of the verities may check ideal effort,—too just a balance of faculties produces indecision. Practical success in art must come from every-day ambition and experiment.

But creative results are apt to follow upon the gift to look at things from without. If Lowell had not utilized his surroundings, he was none the less aware of them. The solution of his problem came when least expected, and as a confirmation of his theory of the Unsought. The clew was not in ancestral or Arthurian legends, but in his own time and at his door-stone. It was woven of the homeliest, the most ungainly, material. It led to something so fresh and unique that its value, like that of other positively new work, at first hardly could have been manifest, even to the poet himself.

III.

THE "Biglow Papers" ended all question of Mr. Lowell's originality. They are a master-work, in which his ripe genius fastened the spirit of its region and period. Their strength lies in qualities which, as here combined, were no man's save his own. They declare the faith of a sincere and intelligent party with respect to war,—a sentiment called out by the invasion of Mexico, unjust in itself, but now seen to be a historical factor in the world's progress. This was a minority faith, held in vulgar contempt, and there was boldness in declaring it. Again, the "Biglow Papers" were the first, and are the best, metrical presentation of Yankee character in its thought, dialect, manners, and singular mixture of coarseness and shrewdness with the fundamental sense of beauty and right. Never sprang the flower of art from a more unpromising soil; yet these are eclogues as true

as those of Theocritus or Burns. Finally, they are not merely objective studies, but charged with the poet's own passion, and bearing the marks of a scholar's hand.

The work plainly shows its manner of growth. The first lyric struck the vein, the poet's mind took fire by its own friction, and one effort inspired another. The "Papers" made an immediate "hit"; the public instinctively passed a judgment upon them, in which critics were able to concur after the poet had made an *opus* of the collected series. Here was now seen that maturity of genius, of which Humor is a flower revealing the sound kind man within the poet. Such a work is, also, an illustration and defense of the tenure of Wit in the field of art. Verse made only as satire belongs to a lower order. Of such there are various didactic specimens. But Wit has an imaginative side, and Humor springs like Iris—all smiles and tears. The wit of poets often has been the faculty that ripened last, the overflow of their strength and experience. In the "Biglow Papers," wit and humor are united as in a composition of high grade. The jesting is far removed from that clownish gabble which, if it still increases, will shortly add another to the list of offenses that make killing no murder.

Mr. Lowell was under thirty at this time, and fairly may be reckoned among poets who have done great work in youth. His leap from provincialism is seen in the accessory divisions of his completed satire. The "Notices of an Independent Press" are a polygonal mirror in which journalism saw all its sins reflected, and wherewith he scanned not others' follies only, but his own, mocking our spread-eagleism, anglophobia, and the weaker phases of movements in which himself had joined. He burlesqued in mock Latin the venerable pomp of college-catalogues and Down-East genealogies. Then followed a clever analysis of the Yankee dialect, extended and made authoritative in a prefix to his second series. In the very first contribution of Mr. Biglow, the native Yankee is immortally portrayed. The ludicrous realism of the transcript is without parallel:

> "Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
> Wether I'd be sech a goose
> Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
> The eternal bung wuz loose!
> She wants me fer home consumption,
> Let alone the hay's to mow,—
> Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
> You've a darned long row to hoe."

How the poet must have enjoyed that stanza! What rollicking delight! But he quickly recalls the inborn pride and patriotism, the sacred wrath, of the true New England, and cries out from a wounded spirit:

> "Massachusetts, God forgive her,
> She's a-kneelin' with the rest,
> She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
> In her grand old eagle-nest!"

His rejection of the popular ideal of Webster, his branding ridicule of Robinson, Cushing, Palfrey, and his scorn of trimmers, vitalized the "Biglow Papers" and make their hits proverbial. The first series was a protest not only against the slave-holders' invasion of Mexico, but against war itself. Twenty-five years later a greater war arose, a mortal struggle to repress the wrong that caused the first. To such a conflict even Lowell could not say nay; his kinsmen freely gave their blood, and bereavement after bereavement came fast upon him. In the second series of the "Biglow Papers" the humor is more grim, the general feeling more intense. Still they are not Tyrtæan strains, but chiefly called out by political episodes,—like the Mason and Slidell affair,—and constantly the poet seeks a relief from the tension of the hour. One feels this in reading the dialogue, between the Bridge and Monument at Concord, suggested by Burns's "Twa Briggs,"—the return to "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line," or, most of all, "The Courtin'." This bucolic idyl is without a counterpart; no richer juice can be pressed from the wild-grape of the Yankee soil. Of the epistles, the tenth has the most pathetic under-tone. It was composed, seemingly at a heat, in answer to a request for

> "Sunthin' light an' cute,
> Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingleish."

Mr. Biglow justifies the tone of his new series by avowing the immeasurable anguish and perplexity of the time:

> "Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
> When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
> An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
> Walk the col' starlight into summer."

His heart is full with its own sorrows; he half-despises himself "for rhymin'," when his young kinsmen have fallen in the fray:

> "Why, haint I held them on my knee?
> Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
> Three likely lads ez wal could be,
> Hahnsome an' brave, an' not too knowin'?
> * * * * * * * *
> 'Taint right to hev the young go fust,
> All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
> Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
> To try an' make b'lieve fill their places!"

He longs for Peace, but invokes her to come,

> "Not like a mourner, bowed
> For honor lost and dear ones wasted,
> But proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
> Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
> An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
> Longin' fer you, our sperits wilt
> Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water."

These final lyrics, less varied and sparkling than their predecessors, are, in not unfrequent passages, more poetical. The author's statement of the causes and method of his work is more suggestive than Poe's whimsical analysis of "The Raven," and not open to the suspicion of being written for effect.

The "Biglow Papers," as we now have them, form a strongly proportioned work, and are a positive addition to the serio-comic literature of the world. They are almost apart from criticism; there is no prototype by which to test them. Lowell has been compared to Butler, but "Hudibras," whether as poetry or historical satire, is vastly below the masterwork of the New England idyllist. The titles of a few great books, each of which has no fellow, come to mind as we think of its possible rank and duration, and I observe that Mr. Sanborn does not fear to mention the highest. It is a point in favor of transatlantic judgment that the "Biglow Papers" first gave Mr. Lowell the standing, with those who make opinion in England, which his choicest poems of art and nature had failed to procure for him. From that time their interest in himself and his work has been apparent. Their university degrees, their estimates of his genius and character, declare him to be one whom the mother-land delights to honor, and have made more distinct the position which, as I have said, he holds among our men of letters.

His literary satire, "A Fable for Critics," was a good-natured tilt at the bards of Griswold's "Parnassus,"—a piece of uneven merit, but far from being open to the charge—that of malevolence—which Poe brought against it. The estimate of Poe is not unfair, and other sketches—such as those of Bryant, Hawthorne, and Dwight—are deftly made. Nor could one put a surer finger upon Lowell's short-comings than his own in the lines upon himself. The allegory of the fable is trite. Its sections are loosely united, the language and rhythm are at hap-hazard, and, on the whole, it is a careless production, however true to the time and tribe it celebrates. It is hard to conceive why Mr. Lowell should permit his editions to retain the extravaganza of "Dr. Knott," so little above the grade of the hackney verse in which poor Hood punned and rhymed, not as the poet he was, but under grim compulsion.

IV.

A POET of intellectual scope will not content himself with verse, as the sole outlet of his thought and feeling. Mr. Lowell's essays display his genius in free activity, and have added greatly, and justly, to his authority and standing. I could not select better illustrations of the union of the critical and artistic faculties, or of the distinctions and analogies between the verse and prose of a poet.

It is to be noted that Lowell's political and moral convictions appear chiefly in his verse. His prose appertains to literature, and, with the exception of some graceful sketch-work, bits of travel and reminiscence, has been restricted to criticism. His earliest prose volume was of this kind, in the form of "Conversations" on the old poets and dramatists. These are the ardent generalizations of a young poet, appreciative rather than searching. They are superseded by his maturer survey of their field, but had a stimulating influence in their time. Many who were students then remember the glow which they felt when Lowell's early lectures and essays directed them to a sense of what is best in English song. Young enthusiasts, at Cambridge, found him an ideal teacher and professor of belles-lettres. As years went on, his critical pen was rarely idle. A good fate determined that he should be subjected to the demands of journalistic routine—that he should carry the "Atlantic Monthly" to a sure foot-hold, advancing the standard of our magazine literature; and that he should afterward hold for nine years the editorship of the "North American Review." Such a charge overcomes a writer's *vis inertiæ*. He naturally becomes his own best contributor, and it was, in a measure, to the spur of his engagements that we owe a notable series of literary essays, many of which first appeared in the review I have named. Publishers have not found his study a reservoir into which they might insert their taps at pleasure. But one must spend time in gathering knowledge to give it out richly, and few comprehend what goes to a page of Lowell's manuscript. The page itself, were it a letter or press-report, could be written in a quarter-hour; but suppose it represents, as in one of his greater essays, the result of prolonged studies—the reading, indexing, formulating works in many languages, upon his shelves or in the Harvard library? Of all this he gives the ultimate quintessence, a distillation fragrant with his own genius. Who can estimate the toil of such work? What can adequately

pay for it? There are two guerdons that raise the spirit to scorn delights and live laborious days: Milton sings of one—but the surer is the "exceeding great reward" of the work itself.

Mr. Lowell's important reviews and studies, selected with excellent discretion, are contained in "My Study Windows," and in the first and second series of "Among My Books." These, with the "Fireside Travels," make up the collection, in four volumes, of his prose works. His style is marked by individuality. Mr. Underwood suggests that "the distinctive prose of a poet is necessarily quite removed from general apprehension." The word "distinctive" seems the one qualification that justifies the remark. And how is a poet's prose distinctive? Not in rhythmic undulations, if he be a true poet and artist. Such a writer does not lend the semblance of verse to his prose. To do this, he must produce something inferior to either. Few metrical cadences in the prose of Milton, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Byron, Landor, or Bryant. Its strength and beauty are of another kind. Many of Dickens's passages, we know, can be assorted into lengths of semi-metrical verse; but Dickens, when he tried to make poems, had no great success. Thackeray, whose prose is prose, was, within his range, a charming poet. Longfellow's "Hyperion" is exceptional—written as a "prose-poem" by a young artist fresh from the sentiment of German mystics and romances. As for Carlyle, he was a poet, as Lowell says, "without the gift of song." He invented a special kind of prose as his form of poetic expression. I infer that a poet's prose is not removed from general apprehension by its technique; all things considered, I expect to find it as clear and unadulterate as that of any layman—not more illogical, not more dependent on the reader's intuition to fill out its lapses. A poet's instinct is constructive, little given to omissions in prose syntax. If his prose is hard to understand, it may be that he is a learned thinker, whose thoughts and references do not come at once within popular apprehension.

It is because a poet is more original, not more erratic, than many laymen, that his prose often is so individual. Mr. Lowell's is clear enough to those familiar with the choicest literature. In critical exploits that bring out his resources, he is not a writer for dullards, and to read him enjoyably is a point in evidence of a liberal education. His manner, in fact, is Protean, adjusted to his topic, and has a flexibility that well expresses his racy wit and freshness: combined with this, peculiarities that irritate the most catholic minds. Outspoken reviewers have subjected it to minute analysis, and declared their sense of its short-comings. Their statement that it is not creative, but critical, is true in the ordinary meaning; yet I doubt if "creative" criticism and that which is truly critical differ like the experimental and analytic chemistries. Certainly Lowell is a most suggestive essayist. He sets us a-thinking, and, after a stretch of comment, halts in by-paths, or enlivens us with his sudden wit. He has the intellect, held to be a mark of greatness, that "puts in motion the intellect of others." But he is charged with querulousness, inconsistency of judgment, contempt for unity, and with the habit of becoming entangled in expression. Attention is directed to the conceits, the whimsical diction and recondite instances, to be found in these essays. Verse, not prose, is declared by a few to be his proper vehicle. The indictment has some foundation, but to what extent does it affect his general merits? Things bad in themselves are often part of an author's essential quality. It seems to me that there is a close analogy between the styles of Mr. Lowell's verse and prose, distinct as the two forms are,—an analogy to be observed, if I had space to point it out, in the verse and prose of other poets, and inevitable from an author's habits of mind. I cannot better state the matter than by saying that the beauties and faults of the one are those of the other; both are open to the criticisms already made, and to which I may refer again; but each is sustained by a spirit which makes the reader forgive and forget. Under the drift and stubble that float on the surface is the strong, deep current which bears them along, or throws them to the side, and keeps a central channel clear.

Mr. Lowell's lighter touches have the grace that is always modern. The "Fireside Travels" make his censors withhold their arrows of the chase, pleased with the landscape and the guide. However exquisite the art of our latest sketch-writers, who is better company than Lowell in Old-World loiterings or more deft in wood-craft and garden-craft at home? His other prose volumes have sturdier characteristics. Here are the companion-pieces on Lessing and Rousseau; the series—a labor of years—upon the great English masters, from Chaucer to Keats and Carlyle; the elaborate study of Dante; the off-hand portraits of Josiah Quincy, Lincoln, Thoreau; no common subjects these,—who grapples them must do his best, or suffer a fall. Other essays, too, that are not soon forgotten: "Witchcraft in New England," the famous treatise "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and two papers—"My Garden Acquaintance," and "A Good Word for Winter,"—outdoor studies that would have de-

lighted the man of Selborne. The style of the critical prose certainly is not modeled upon Addison and his school; it is scarcely what Lowell himself describes as "that exquisite something called Style, which makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness." To some it may seem a stumbling-block; but to most, I fancy, it is the self-expression of a versatile, learned, original man. When over-freighted with words from other languages, new and old, the polyglotism implies so close a familiarity with many literatures that he cannot avoid drawing on them for his purpose. A pedant quotes for the sake of a display of learning; Lowell, because he has mastered everything connected with his theme. His style, as I have hinted, sometimes is quaintly influenced by his topic and its associations. "Witchcraft" revives here and there the manner of more than one seventeenth-century homilist. The English proper of this curious and learned essay, with all its auroral qualities, is less simple and strong than that of the critic's noble discourse of Dryden, whose very Latinism seems to befit the spirit of its hero. It should be noted that Lowell's polysyllables—and few writers have more—do not weigh down the page; they are accelerative, galloping, even charging, in leap on leap, from section to section. His word-coining is less venial, for he does not lack taste, and at times exercises it rigidly. But his humor, learning, and caprice audaciously put it by, with a "Go thy ways till I need thee!" His comments on Spenser's innovations should be self-applied, and especially the words culled from Bellay, who bids his poet "Fear not to innovate somewhat * * * with modesty, however, with analogy, and judgment of ear." His linguistic arsenal serves him well: nor does he fail of fine exordiums and perorations, and sentences whose "beauty and majesty," as he says of Spenser's, he refuses to endanger by "experiments of this kind." But we should miss something if we held him to his own formula of the best writing, that in which the "component parts" of English "are most exquisitely proportioned one to the other."

Authors who do lay-work for a living, and pursue their art in hours which are the breathing-time of other men, are permitted few of the common pleasures for which they needs must crave. Their manuscripts are written in their blood, and the ink grows pale apace. Even the delight of reading, that at once stimulates and draws upon the brain, is forbidden to one who is harnessed in the van of a professional career. But Lowell, I suspect, has been shy of any harness from which he could not bolt at will. His book-feeding has been unstinted, omnivorous: he was born among books, reared upon them, and has taken from them that which enriches him yet leaves them none the poorer. Of all writing-men, he who can read without stint is to be envied. Take the essay on Chaucer; it is the result of perfect equipment for a literary task. It is a spring-time brew of philological comment and poetic induction: it reeks with fact, flavored by originality. Here is a rare elucidation of both the letter and the spirit of Chaucer's song; no mere scholar could so illumine the process, and no poet who was not a scholar would venture upon it. Lowell is the contratype of Poe, who made a flourish of scholarship, and was sure of little for which he did not cram. Poe's humor, moreover, was a heavy lance, awkwardly and maliciously couched; Lowell holds his weapon with grace and courtesy, and has a sword of wit in reserve, should affairs grow serious. His faculty of scholarly assimilation and reproduction resembles Montaigne's. What he thoroughly enjoys is work like his review of the "Library of Old Authors." This paper opens with a talk upon books, pleasant as Lamb's gossip and with latter-day thought and criticism beneath the winning style; then follow swift but searching etymological tests of early authors and modern editors, from which the latter come out with some loss of luster. Lowell's idea of translation is free reproduction by a man of genius. He values Chapman, and declares that Keats, of all men, was the one to have translated Homer. One would like to see a translation from his own hand, say of Aristophanes: should the text halt, the commentary alone would repay us, and the freest versions by Lowell might be something "more original than his originals." His wit inclines him to condense professional truths in expressions that stick in the memory. The monograph on Spenser sparkles with clever, pointed sayings: "Chaucer had been in his grave one hundred and fifty years ere England had secreted choice material enough for the making of another great poet." Of ancient poetasters, it cannot be said "that their works have perished because they were written in an obsolete dialect; for it is the poem that keeps the language alive, and not the language that buoys up the poem." * * * "The complaints one sometimes hears of the neglect of our older literature are the regrets of archæologists rather than of critics. One does not need to advertise the squirrels" (this sentence is like Landor) "where the nut-trees are, nor could any amount of lecturing persuade them to spend their teeth on a

hollow nut." * * * "Any verse that makes you and me foreigners is not only not great poetry, but no poetry at all." Speaking of Dunbar's works, "Whoso is national enough to like thistles may browse there to his heart's content. I am inclined for other pasture, having long ago satisfied myself by a good deal of dogged reading that every generation is sure of its own share of bores without borrowing from the past." And in "Witchcraft" he says that Sidney "seems to have divined the fact that there is but one kind of English that is always appropriate and never obsolete, namely, the very best." With all this point and wisdom, he often cannot refrain from unleashing conceits that fly without "stamping" their imagery. In a single page he compares Chaucer's style to a river and a precious vintage, and contrasts it with the froth of champagne and the folly of Milo. In relation to Shakspere's birth, we have astrology, vinous processes, and alembic projection, following upon one another as illustrations of the coming nativity. Afterward, while censuring language that is "literary, so that there is a gap between the speech of books and that of life," Mr. Lowell tells us that "a mind in itself essentially original becomes in the use of such a medium of utterance unconsciously reminiscential and reflective, lunar and not solar, in expression and even in thought!" Passages of this sort not unnaturally move other critics, in their turn, to fling a *de te fabula* at the writer. An author, in truth, "should consider how largely the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand." But Mr. Lowell is not unconscious of these things: he toys with licenses, as if to prove that, next to Chapman, "he has the longest wind * * * without being long-winded," of all authors. Nor have we any writer whose imagery is oftener strong and exquisite: as in the description of a snowy winter landscape, or at the close of his "Milton," or where, in "Spenser," he glorifies the handiwork of "the witch, Imagination."

Lowell's scrutiny is sure, and his tests are apt and instant. He is a detective to be dreaded by pretenders. He wastes no reverence upon traditional errors, but no man is more impatient of sham-reform, less afraid of *odia*, whether theological, scientific, or æsthetic. As a comparative critic, there are few so well served by memory and reading. In the essay on Milton he treats with novel discrimination the respective modes of Shakspere, Milton, and Tasso. Writing of Wordsworth, Swinburne, and others, he uses the comparative method to good purpose. No one is a better judge of what is original. Most things have been said more than once, and he knows by whom. His standard is the manner of saying. "In the parliament of the present," he declares, "every man represents a constituency of the past"; and again, "Writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future"; and "It is the man behind the words that gives them value." He names Chaucer, Shakspere, Dryden, in evidence of the truth that "It is not the finding of a thing, but the making something of it after it is found, that is of consequence." In his paper on Wordsworth, he draws a distinction between originality and eccentricity which, I fear, will not soon become obsolete for want of cases in illustration. Striking points are frequent in his critical prose. It is Lowell who says, of Shakspere, that the manner of a first-class poet is incommunicable, and therefore he never can found a school. His essay on Carlyle, undertaken at a time when few ventured to dispute the old Norseman's autocracy, is, on the whole, as just as it is independent; that on Lincoln could only have been written by one whose convictions rendered him prophetic. Lowell's analogical gift is seen in his comparison of Lincoln to Henry IV.—made before the President's assassination had completed the parallel. His declaration, in "Spenser," of the qualities of voice that "define a man as a poet," is not to be gainsaid, and he also gives us a clever test of the worth of allegory,—it must be that which the reader "helps to make out of his own experience." It is true that his verdicts are not always such as we agree with, nor do they always agree among themselves. Being a poet, he is prone to express his immediate feeling without submitting it to the principles that, in fact, govern his final judgment. This imparts life to a writer, but subjects him to the charge of inconsistency, especially if it is not his habit to revise past work. Mr. Lowell scarcely does justice to Wordsworth's imagination, though keenly alive to the bard's puerilities and want of humor. His essay on Dryden, as a presentation of the man and poet, is the best of its length, and contains some of the writer's finest apothegms; that on Pope is inferior,—the critic being so out of personal liking for the figure-head of his youth, as to treat him—not without fairness and discrimination, but I think inadequately. He possibly overrates Clough, as a signal representative of modern feeling, yet may be forgiven for this, as he knew and loved him, and was joined with him in the freemasonry of comrades and poets. He has touched very lightly, once and again, on Emerson, but with precision and truth. His analysis of Thoreau is sharply criticised as being narrow, but it did expose the defect-

ive side of a unique character, and, all things considered, is the subtlest of his minor reviews.

Mr. Lowell rightly holds the highest imagination to be, not so much that which "gathers into the intense focus of passionate phrase," as "the faculty that shapes and gives unity of design and balanced gravitation of parts." His work, as we have seen, at times displays the former kind, rather than the latter. It is in dwelling on special traits, with praise or censure, that he seems discursive. Thus, while his "Shakspere Once More" includes a masterly exposition of the dramatist's style, it is fragmentary—even more than need be—in the special touches that follow. Other papers fall short in construction; they are not sustained upon the scales indicated at commencement. This lack of balance, I am sure, is due quite as much to circumstances as to the critic's temperament, and largely to the limits of the periodicals for which he has written. His mind seizes upon a great theme, in mass and in detail, and he begins as if to cover it thoroughly. "Lessing" opens with a broad view of the German intellect and literature; "Chaucer" with a survey of the Troubadour period; and the analogous introductions to Spenser, Dryden, Pope, are of the utmost value. But to complete an essay upon this plan a book must be written. We are none the less grateful for Lowell's noble vestibules, even though we find them too large for the structures. Surplusage is a regal fault. We see that he can be an artist at will, though constantly setting the law of his nature above all laws. Some of the greater essays are both various and complete. That upon Dante is a superb example; one need not be a Dantean scholar to comprehend the scope and strength of this prolonged, cumulative, coherent analysis of the Florentine's career—fortified by citations, and enriched with a knowledge of Italian history, literature, atmosphere, at the close of the thirteenth century, such as few living men possess.

Have I not indicated that the unfailing value of Mr. Lowell's prose work consists in freedom and variety that are the true reflex of the man himself? His resources make him prodigal, and he has the brave impatience of a skilled performer who trusts his ear and is none too careful of the written score. We seem to have his first notes, and find them better than the revised drafts of other men. It is a fellow-feeling which leads him to say of Dryden, that "one of the charms of his best writing is that everything seems struck off at a heat, as by a superior man in the best mood of his talk." This transfer of his own nature is delightful. He *will* be free, and his censors should rate his freedom at its worth, and not hold him too rigidly to conventionalities which he understands, yet chooses to forego. Even the arrangement of his essays seems to be a chance one, but there is an art in the chance. He has given us a series of literary monographs in which Americans may take just pride, for his genius has imparted new light and freshness to the greatest themes. To these he might add equally notable studies of Cervantes, Molière, and Goethe. No living man could venture with less presumption to summon up once more the spirits of those masters. But already the wealth of his critical product is surprising. I think that a selection of apothegms and maxims could be made from it, which, for original thoughts and wise teaching of the author's art, would be worth more to the literary neophyte, and afford more satisfaction to veteran readers, than a digest of the English prose of any other writer since Landor in his prime.

V.

Mr. Lowell's prose diversions, so wide in range, could not have been made without some lapse of fealty to the Muse of Song. When, in 1868, the volume "Under the Willows" appeared, a note stated that the poems mostly had been written at intervals during many years. There is, none the less, an air of afternoon about them. They are the songs of a man who in truth has *gelebt und geliebet* —to revive the motto of his juvenile book— and who has lived to love again. Their thought is subtler, their subjectivity that of one who reads the hearts of others in his own. The title-piece is a most refreshing stretch of pastoral verse. Here and elsewhere his sympathy with birds and trees continues, and much resembles Landor's:

> "But I in June am midway to believe
> A tree among my far progenitors,
> * * * * * * *
> And I have many a life-long leafy friend,
> Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
> That knows I hate the axe."

The close recalls the very feeling of the "Thalysia" of Theocritus, yet escapes the parallel displayed in certain idyls of Tennyson. The opening gives us a finer rhapsody of June, though less apt to catch the popular ear, than the one in "Sir Launfal." No common musician can touch so variously a well-worn theme.

I do not read these later poems without remembering the moods to which Arthur Clough was subject, and which also affect the verse of another with whom his too brief life was associated. "Auf Wiedersehen" and its

"Palinode"—delicate, brooding, dithyrambic—might seem the work of either Clough or Matthew Arnold, and "A Mood" and "The Fountain of Youth" are quite in sympathy with that of the last-named poet. Mr. Arnold, like Lowell, delights in "accidentals" and in haunting measures, often admirably rendered. But I think few of his lines are both so suggestive and so vibratory as these from Lowell's exquisite fantasy, "In the Twilight":

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music once heard by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,—
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

"And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak and show it,
This pleasure, more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should not lack a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad
Long ago!"

Between verse like this, and that of Mr. Hosea Biglow, each definite in flavor, the range is phenomenal. To extend a comparison made for the sole purpose of illustrating Lowell's bent, I will say that in a former review I extolled the beauty of Arnold's objective verse—a kind to which his early preface would restrict the modern poet. But with reference to his occasional hardness of touch, and to the mental conflicts revealed by Clough and himself, I scarcely did full justice to a suggestive class of his poems, in a form peculiarly his own,—poems which grow upon the reader and stand the test of years,—and of these I will name, as good examples, "The Buried Life" and "A Summer Night." Lowell and Arnold, poets nearly equal in years, both scholars, both original thinkers, occupy representative positions,—the one in Old England and the other in the New,—which are singularly correspondent. Two things, however, are to be noted. The American has the freer hand and wider range as a poet. Humor, dialect-verse, and familiar epistles come from him as naturally as his stateliest odes. Again, while both poets feel the perplexities of the time, Arnold's difficulties are the more restrictive of his poetic glow; with him the impediments are spiritual, with Lowell they are material and to be overcome. Mr. Lowell at times has found himself restricted by our local conditions, set forth in my recent articles. Like Mr. Arnold, he also feels the questioning spirit of our age of Unrest; but his nature is too various and healthy to be depressed by it. The cloud rests more durably on Arnold. Lowell always has one refuge,—to which, also, the poet of the Highland "Bothie" did not resort in vain. Give him a touch of Mother Earth, a breath of free air, one flash of sunshine, and he is no longer a bookman and a brooder; his blood runs riot with the Spring; this inborn, poetic elasticity is the best gift of the gods. Faith and joy are the ascensive forces of song. Lowell trusts in Nature and she gladdens him. How free and unjaded the spirit of "Al Fresco," and of the sprayey "Pictures from Appledore"! At times he places you

"So nigh to the * * heart of God,
You almost seem to feel it beat
Down from the sunshine and up from the sod."

Men are no less near to him. Like Thoreau,—who knew the world, having "traveled" many years in Concord,—he believes that

"Whatever molds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,
Whatever empires wax and wane,
To him that hath not eyes in vain
Our village-microcosm can show."

His rustics act and speak for themselves. Some of his lyrics are as dramatic, in their way, as those of Browning,—a poet whose erratic temper, also, is not unlike his own.

It is worth the consideration of those who deplore the effect of "over-culture" upon our poets, that the verse of Lowell and Emerson seems the product of their instant moods. The highest culture has learned to unlearn, and Mr. Lowell, when he wrote "A Winter Hymn to my Fire," had surely reached its freehold. A masterly, unstinted improvisation—the freshness of youth, with the off-hand ease of an accomplished workman—the mellow thought and rich imagination of a poet in his prime. Lowell's culture has not bred in him an undue respect for polish, and for established ways and forms. Precisely the opposite. Much learning and a fertile mind incline him to express minute shades of his fancy by a most iconoclastic use of words and prefixes. This trait lessened the dignity of his blank-verse poem, "The Cathedral," admired for its noble passages and justly censured for things that jar and seem out of place. It is not so much

a stately pile, conforming to itself, that has risen "like an exhalation," as a structure builded part by part, and at different periods of grandeur or grotesqueness. Contrast the imposing finale—the dome of the edifice—with the whimsical by-play of the tourists airing their French. A sensitive reader, himself a poet and critic, not long ago said to me that he never could wholly forgive Mr. Lowell for using the word "undisprivacied" in this elevated poem. But I do not know in what other production the changeful thoughts of a mind swiftly considering the most complex modern problems, are caught so naturally, and as if on the instant by some phrenographic process. "A Familiar Epistle," without the extreme finish of Mr. Dobson's work, adds no less to the raciness of Swift or Gay a poet's blood and fire. It has been said that Lowell's verse and prose are marked by a manner, rather than by style, in the modern sense,—which latter I take to be an airy, elusive perfection of language and syntax, that of itself wins the reader, and upon which writers of a new school have built up reputations. The thought, the purpose,—these are the main ends with Lowell, though prose or meter suffer for it, and there is no doubt that his manner exactly repeats his habit of mind; and so in this case, as ever, the style is again the man. My own explanation of things which annoy us in his loftier pieces, is that his every-day genius is that of wit and humor. His familiar and satiric writings are consistent works of art. It is upon his serious and exalted moods that these things seem to intrude, like the whisperings of the Black Man in the ears of a Puritan at prayers.

Where he has bravely exorcised his annoyer is in the lyric efforts that hold a poet responsible, not only to himself, but also to the needs of great occasions. In these there is nothing erratic or perverse. The handiwork is unequal, but not seldom the vigorous intellect and throbbing heart of the man lift him to the airiest heights of a nation's song. I refer, of course, to his odes, delivered since the close of our civil war.

Of these the first, and strongest, is the "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration." The poet was fresh from the woes and exaltations of the war. He had an occasion that comes but once in a life-time. The day, the place, the memories of inexorable events, his heart wrung with its own losses and sharing the proud grief of his Alma Mater,—these all united to call forth Mr. Lowell's highest powers. Another poet would have composed a less unequal ode; no American could have glorified it with braver passages, with whiter heat, with language and imagery so befitting impassioned thought. Tried by the rule that a true poet is at his best with the greatest theme, Lowell's strength is indisputable. The ode is no smooth-cut block from Pentelicus, but a mass of rugged quartz, beautified with prismatic crystals, and deep-veined here and there with virgin gold. The early strophes, though opening with a fine abrupt line, "Weak-winged is song," are scarcely firm and incisive. Lowell had to work up to his theme. In the third division, "Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil," he struck upon a new and musical intonation of the tenderest thoughts. The quaver of this melodious interlude carries the ode along, until the great strophe is reached,

"Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,"

in which the man, Abraham Lincoln, whose death had but just closed the national tragedy, is delineated in a manner that gives this poet a preëminence, among those who capture likeness in enduring verse, that we award to Velasquez among those who fasten it upon the canvas. "One of Plutarch's men" is before us, face to face: an historic character whom Lowell fully comprehended, and to whose height he reached in this great strophe. Scarcely less fine is his tearful, yet transfiguring, Avete to the sacred dead of the Commemoration. The weaker divisions of the production furnish a background to these passages, and at the close the poet rises with the invocation,

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!"

—a strain which shows that when Lowell determinedly sets his mouth to the trumpet, the blast is that of Roncesvalles. Three other heroic odes were composed, it is just to repeat, "after he had precluded himself," by the Harvard poem, "from many of the natural outlets of thought and feeling." That upon Washington, delivered "Under the Old Elm," is the longest and most imposing. Despite its form, it is too long for an ode, and Mr. Lowell has more fitly entitled it a poem. The characterization of Washington is less bold and sympathetic than that of Lincoln. Better the superb tribute to the Mother of Presidents,

"Virginia gave us this imperial man,"

which ends the poem with forty unbroken lines that again bring us to the height of Lowell's power. The closing strophes of the Centennial Ode—"Flawless his hand," and "They steered by stars the elder shipmen

knew"—are quite as notable. Mr. Underwood has well called the three odes an Alpine group,—yet each in its length and unevenness brings to mind a Rocky Mountain chain, in which snow-clad, sunlit peaks arise, connected by vaguely outlined ridges of the Sierra.

In a passage of the last-named ode there is food for thought between the lines :

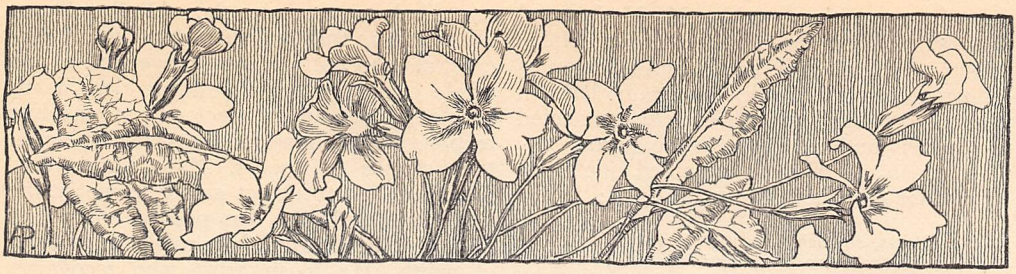
> "Poets, as their heads grow gray,
> Look from too far behind the eyes,
> Too long-experienced to be wise
> In guileless youth's diviner way;
> Life sings not now, but prophesies."

But the second-sight of age has been always, I have said, a portion of Lowell's strength and disability. One thing, perhaps, is needed to make his career ideal: some adequate theme, and mode of treatment, for a work of pure poetry, that shall be, through its imaginative beauty, the rival and contra-type of his serio-comic masterpiece. "Fitz-Adam's Story," a portion of the long-projected "Nooning," indicates one direction in which he has felt his way; but he has not followed up the clew with the unhasting, unresting purpose that distinguishes Longfellow. Even now, and after his more heroic flights, it might be a diversion to his later years, and certainly would revive an interest in American verse, if he would go back and complete "The Nooning," making it, as he can, the most charming of New England's idyllic poems.

VI.

LOWELL, then, is a poet who seems to represent New England more variously than either of his comrades. We find in his work, as in theirs, her loyalty and moral purpose. She has been at cost for his training, and he, in turn, has read her whole heart, honoring her as a mother before the world, and seeing beauty in her common garb and speech. To him, the Eastern States are what the fathers, as he has said, desired to found,—no New Jerusalem, but a new England, and, if it might be, a better one. His poetry has the strength, the tenderness, and the defects of the Down-East temper. His doctrines and reflections, in the midst of an ethereal distillation, betimes act like the single drop of prose which, as he reports a saying of Landor to Wordsworth, precipitates the whole. But again he is all poet, and the blithest, most unstudied songster on the old Bay Shore. He is, just as truly, an American of the Americans, alive to the idea and movement of the whole country, singularly independent in his tests of its men and products—from whatever section, or in however unpromising form, they chance to appear. Many have found him the surest to detect and welcome, at the time when welcome was needed and lesser men held back, what there might be in them of worth. He is an artist who recognizes things outside of art, and would not rate the knack of writing lines to a lady's girdle above all other wonders of the age. In default of the motive for a sustained and purely ideal work, he has awaited the visits of the Muse, and acted on the moment at her bidding; none of our poets, indeed, has so thrown the responsibility on a monitor whom no industry can placate, who is deaf to entreaty, but gives without stint at her own will. He will sing when she bids him, or not at all. But this is in the nature of genius, and thus brings me to a conclusion. The world readily perceives the genius that is set off by an eccentric or turbid life. Taking advantage of this, false Amphitryons often vaunt themselves for a while. But let a true poet be born to culture and position, and have a share of things which constitute good fortune, and his rarer gift has no romantic aid to bring it into notice: its recognition comes solely through its product, and not fully until "after some time be past." And if Lowell be not, first of all, an original genius, I know not where to look for one. Judged by his personal bearing, who is brighter, more persuasive, more equal to the occasion and himself,—less open to Doudan's stricture upon writers who hoard and store up their thoughts for the betterment of their printed works? Lowell's treasury can stand the drafts of both speech and composition. Judged by his works, as a poet in the end must be, he is one who might gain by revision and compression. But think, as is his due, upon the high-water marks of his abundant tide, and see how enviable the record of a poet who is our most brilliant and learned critic, and who has given us our best native idyl, our best and most complete work in dialectic verse, and the noblest heroic ode that America has produced,—each and all ranking with the first of their kinds in English literature of the modern time.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY-CHASE.

'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine-knot's red light
Brooks lay, half-asleep, when he heard the alarm—
Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:
"The Red-Coats are out and have passed Phipps's Farm!"

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word;
Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;
To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,
Strapped the girths and the bridle and sprang to her back.

Up the North County Road at her full pace she strode,
Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say:
"We have got the alarm—they have left Phipps's Farm;
You rouse the East Precinct and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;
They roused Abram Garfield, and Garfield called me.
"Turn out right away, let no minute-man stay—
The Red-Coats have landed at Phipps's!" says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;
At Nahum's the Men from the Saw-Mill came down;
So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,
And said "Forward, March!" there marched forward The Town.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!
O Lord, God of Might, let Thine Angels of Light
Lead Thy Children to-night to the Glories of Day!
And let Thy Stars fight all the Foes of the Right,
As the Stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high Arch those Stars blessed our March
Till the last of them faded in twilight away,
And with Morning's bright beam, by the bank of the stream,
Half the County marched in, and we heard Davis say:
"On the King's own Highway I may travel all day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he;
"I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head."
Then he turned to the boys—"Forward, march! Follow me."

And we marched as he said, and the Fifer, he played
The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well.
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid—
That Bridge we'd have had, though a Thousand Men fell.

This opened the Play, and it lasted all Day.
We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to stay;
Down the Lexington Way we stormed—Black, White, and Gray:
We were first at the Feast, and were last in the Fray.

They would turn in dismay, as Red Wolves turn at bay.
They leveled, they fired, they charged up the Road:
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington street,
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls;
And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe's—
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon balls.

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said: "Don't mind me:
Fill your horn from mine—let me lie where I be.
Our Fathers," says he, "that their Sons might be free,
Left their King on his Throne and came over the Sea;
And that man is a Knave or a Fool who, to save
His life, for a Minute would live like a Slave."

Well! all would not do. There were men good as new,—
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away,—
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell,
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them all Day.
We knew, every one, it was War that begun
When that morning's marching was only half-done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of Night,
I crowded three buck-shot and one bullet down.
'Twas my last charge of lead, and I aimed her and said:
"Good luck to you, Lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Thoreau,
And Baker and Abram and I made a bed;
We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat,
But we'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said:
"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me
To march to the sea by this road where we've come;
But confound this whole day but we'd all of us say
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,
And night saw the Wolf driven back to his Den.
And never since then, in the Memory of Men,
Has the old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

Edward Everett Hale.



[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XVI.

BARTLEY stood for a moment, and then went out and wandered aimlessly about till night-fall. He went out shocked and frightened at what he had done, and ready for any reparation. But this mood wore away, and he came back sullenly determined to let her make the advances toward reconciliation, if there was to be one. Her love had already made his peace, and she met him in the dimly lighted little hall with a kiss of silent penitence and forgiveness. She had on her hat and shawl, as if she had been waiting for him to come and take her out to tea; and on their way to the restaurant, she asked him of his adventure among the newspapers. He told her briefly, and when they sat down at their table he took out the precious order and showed it to her. But its magic was gone; it was only an order for twenty-five dollars, now; and two hours ago it had been success, rapture, a common hope and a common joy. They scarcely spoke of it, but talked soberly of indifferent things.

She could not recur to her father's visit at once, and he would not be the first to mention it. He did nothing to betray his knowledge of her intention, as she approached the subject through those feints that women use, and when they stood again in their little attic room she was obliged to be explicit.

"What hurt me, Bartley," she said, "was that you should think for an instant that I would let father ask me to leave you, or that he would ask such a thing. He only came to tell me to be good to you, and help you, and trust you; and not worry you with my silliness and—and—jealousy. And I don't ever mean to. And I know he will be good friends with you yet. He praised you for working so hard;"—she pushed it a little beyond the bare fact;—"he always did that; and I know he's only waiting for a good chance to make it up with you."

She lifted her eyes, glistening with tears, and it touched his peculiar sense of humor to find her offering him reparation, when he had felt himself so outrageously to blame; but he would not be outdone in magnanimity, if it came to that.

"It's all right, Marsh. I was a furious idiot, or I should have let you explain at once. But you see I had only one thought in my mind, and that was my luck, which I wanted to share with you; and when your father seemed to have come in between us again ——"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she answered. "I understand." And she clung to him in the joy of this perfect intelligence, which she was sure could never be obscured again.

When Bartley's article came out, she read it with a fond admiration which all her praises seemed to leave unsaid. She bought a scrap-book, and pasted the article into it, and said that she was going to keep everything he wrote.

"What are you going to write the next thing?" she asked.

"Well, that's what I don't know," he answered. "I can't find another subject like that, so easily."

"Why, if people care to read about a logging-camp, I should think they would read about almost anything. Nothing could be too common for them. You might even write about the trouble of getting cheap enough rooms in Boston."

"Marcia," cried Bartley, "you're a treasure! I'll write about that very thing! I know the 'Chronicle-Abstract' will be glad to get it."

She thought he was joking till he came to her after a while for some figures which he did not remember. He had the true newspaper instinct, and went to work with a motive that was as different as possible from the literary motive. He wrote for the effect which he was to make, and not from any artistic pleasure in the treatment. He did not attempt to give it form, to imagine a young couple like himself and Marcia coming down from the country to place themselves in the city; he made no effort to throw about it the poetry of their ignorance and their poverty, or the pathetic humor of their dismay at the disproportion of the prices to their means. He set about getting all the facts he could, and he priced a great many lodgings in different parts of the city; then he went to a number of real-estate agents, and, giving himself out as a reporter of the

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"Chronicle-Abstract," he interviewed them as to house-rents, past and present. Upon these bottom facts, as he called them, he based a "spicy" sketch, which had also largely the character of an *exposé*. There is nothing the public enjoys so much as an *exposé;* it seems to be made in the reader's own interest; it somehow constitutes him a party to the attack upon the abuse, and its effectiveness redounds to the credit of all the newspaper's subscribers. After a week's stay in Boston, Bartley was able to assume the feelings of a native who sees his city falling into decay through the rapacity of its landladies. In the heading of ten or fifteen lines which he gave his sketch, the greater number were devoted to this feature of it; though the space actually allotted to it in the text was comparatively small. He called his report "Boston's Boarding-Houses," and he spent a paragraph upon the relation of boarding-houses to civilization, before detailing his own experience and observation. This part had many of those strokes of crude picturesqueness and humor which he knew how to give, and was really entertaining; but it was when he came to contrast the rates of house-rent and the cost of provisions with the landladies'

"PERPENDICULAR PRICES"

that Bartley showed all the virtue of a born reporter. The sentences were vivid and telling; the *ensemble* was very alarming; and the conclusion was inevitable that, unless this abuse could somehow be reached, we should lose a large and valuable portion of our population; especially those young married people of small means with whom the city's future prosperity so largely rested, and who must drift away to find homes in rival communities if the present exorbitant demands were maintained.

As Bartley had foretold, he had not the least trouble in selling this sketch to the "Chronicle-Abstract." The editor probably understood its essential cheapness perfectly well; but he also saw how thoroughly readable it was. He did not grumble at the increased price which Bartley put upon his work; it was still very far from dear; and he liked the young Downeaster's enterprise. He gave him as cordial a welcome as an overworked man may venture to offer when Bartley came in with his copy, and he felt like doing him a pleasure. Some things out of the logging-camp sketch had been copied, and people had spoken to the editor about it, which was a still better sign that it was a hit.

"Don't you want to come round to our club to-night?" asked the editor, as he handed Bartley the order for his money across the table. "We have a bad dinner, and we try to have a good time. We're all newspaper men together."

"Why, thank you," said Bartley, "I guess I should like to go."

"Well, come round at half-past five, and go with me."

Bartley walked homeward rather soberly. He had meant, if he sold this article, to make amends for the disappointment they had both suffered before, and to have a commemorative supper with Marcia at Parker's; he had ignored a little hint of hers about his never having taken her there yet, because he was waiting for this chance to do it in style. He resolved that, if she did not seem to like his going to the club, he would go back and withdraw his acceptance. But when he told her he had been invited,—he thought he would put the fact in this tentative way,—she said: "I hope you accepted!"

"Would you have liked me to?" he asked, with relief.

"Why, of course! It's a great honor. You'll get acquainted with all those editors, and perhaps some of them will want to give you a regular place."

A salaried employment was their common ideal of a provision for their future.

"Well, that's what I was thinking myself," said Bartley.

"Go and accept at once," she pursued.

"Oh, that isn't necessary. If I get round there by half-past five, I can go," he answered.

His lurking regret ceased when he came into the reception-room, where the members of the club were constantly arriving, and putting off their hats and overcoats, and then falling into groups for talk. His friend of the "Chronicle-Abstract" introduced him lavishly, as our American custom is. Bartley had a little strangeness, but no bashfulness, and, with his essentially slight opinion of people, he was promptly at his ease. These men liked his handsome face, his winning voice, the good-fellowship of his instant readiness to joke; he could see that they liked him, and that his friend Ricker was proud of the impression he made; before the evening was over he kept himself with difficulty from patronizing Ricker a little.

The club has grown into something much more splendid and expensive; but it was then content with a dinner certainly as bad as Ricker promised, but fabulously modest in price, at an old-fashioned hotel, whose site was long ago devoured by a dry-goods palace. The drink was commonly water or beer; occasionally, if a great actor or other distinguished guest honored the board, some

spendthrift ordered champagne. But no one thought fit to go to this ruinous extreme for Bartley. Ricker offered him his choice of beer or claret, and Bartley temperately preferred water to either; he could see that this raised him in Ricker's esteem.

No company of men can fail to have a good time at a public dinner, and the good time began at once with these journalists, whose overworked week ended in this Saturday-evening jollity. They were mostly young men, who found sufficient compensation in the excitement and adventure of their underpaid labors, and in the vague hope of advancement; there were grizzled beards among them, for whom neither the novelty nor the expectation continued, but who loved the life for its own sake, and would hardly have exchanged it for prosperity. Here and there was an old fellow, for whom probably all illusion was gone; but he was proud of his vocation, proud even of the changes that left him somewhat superannuated in his tastes and methods. None, indeed, who have ever known it, can wholly forget the generous rage with which journalism inspires its followers. To each of those young men, beginning the strangely fascinating life as reporters and correspondents, his paper was as dear as his king once was to a French noble; to serve it night and day, to wear himself out for its sake, to merge himself in its glory, and to live in its triumphs without personal recognition from the public, was the loyal devotion which each expected his sovereign newspaper to accept as its simple right. They went and came, with the prompt and passive obedience of soldiers, wherever they were sent, and they struggled each to "get in ahead" of all the others with the individual zeal of heroes. They expanded to the utmost limits of occasion, and they submitted with an anguish that was silent to the editorial excision, compression, and mutilation of reports that were vitally dear to them. What becomes of these ardent young spirits, the inner history of journalism in any great city might pathetically show; but the outside world only knows them in the fine frenzy of interviewing, or of recording the midnight ravages of what they call the devouring element, or of working up horrible murders or tragical accidents, or of tracking criminals who have baffled all the detectives. Hearing their talk, Bartley began to realize that journalism might be a very different thing from what he had imagined it in a country printing-office, and that it might not be altogether wise to consider it merely as a stepping-stone to the law.

With the American eagerness to recognize talent, numbers of good fellows spoke to him about his logging sketch; even those who had not read it seemed to know about it as a hit. They were delighted to be able to say, "Ricker tells me that you offered it to old Witherby, and he wouldn't look at it!" He found that this fact, which he had doubtfully confided to Ricker, was not offensive to some of the "Events" people who were there; one of them got him aside, and darkly owned to him that Witherby was doing everything that any one man could to kill the "Events," and that in fact the counting-room was running the paper.

All the club united in abusing the dinner, which in his rustic ignorance Bartley had not found so infamous; but they ate it with perfect appetite and with mounting good spirits. The president brewed punch in a great bowl before him, and, rising with a glass of it in his hand, opened a free parliament of speaking, story-telling, and singing. Whoever recollected a song or a story that he liked called upon the owner of it to sing it or tell it; and it appeared not to matter how old the fun or the music was: the company was resolved to be happy; it roared and clapped till the glasses rang. "You will like this song," Bartley's neighbors to right and left of him prophesied: or, "Just listen to this story of Mason's,—it's capital,"—as one or another rose in response to a general clamor. When they went back to the reception-room they carried the punch-bowl with them, and there, amid a thick cloud of smoke, two clever amateurs took their places at the piano, and sang and played to their hearts' content, while the rest, glass in hand, talked and laughed, or listened, as they chose. Bartley had not been called upon, but he was burning to try that song in which he had failed so dismally in the logging-camp. When the pianist rose at last, he slipped down into the chair, and, striking the chords of the accompaniment, he gave his piece with brilliant audacity. The room silenced itself, and then burst into a roar of applause, and cries of "Encore!" There could be no doubt of the success.

"Look here, Ricker," said a leading man, at the end of the repetition, "your friend must be one of us!"—and, rapping on the table, he proposed Bartley's name.

In that simple time the club voted *viva voce* on proposed members, and Bartley found himself elected by acclamation, and in the act of paying over his initiation fee to the treasurer, before he had well realized the honor done him. Everybody near him shook his hand, and offered to be of service to him. Much of this cordiality was merely collective good-feeling; something of it might justly be attributed to the punch; but the greater part was

honest. In this civilization of ours, grotesque and unequal and imperfect as it is in many things, we are bound together in a brotherly sympathy unknown to any other. We new men have all had our hard rubs, but we do not so much remember them in soreness or resentment as in the wish to help forward any other who is presently feeling them. If he will but help himself too, a hundred hands are stretched out to him.

Bartley had kept his head clear of the punch, but he left the club drunk with joy and pride, and so impatient to be with Marcia and tell her of his triumphs, that he could hardly wait to read the proof of his boarding-house article, which Ricker had put in hand at once for the Sunday edition. He found Marcia sitting up for him, and she listened with a shining face while he hastily ran over the most flattering facts of the evening. She was not so much surprised at the honors done him as he had expected: but she was happier, and she made him repeat it all and give her the last details. He was afraid she would ask him what his initiation had cost; but she seemed to have no idea that it had cost anything, and though it had swept away a third of the money he had received for his sketch, he still resolved that she should have that supper at Parker's.

"I consider my future made," he said aloud, at the end of his swift cogitation on this point.

"Oh, yes!" she responded, rapturously. "We needn't have a moment's anxiety. But we must be very saving still till you get a place."

"Oh, certainly," said Bartley.

XVII.

DURING several months that followed, Bartley's work consisted of interviewing, of special reporting in all its branches, of correspondence by mail and telegraph from points to which he was sent; his leisure he spent in studying subjects which could be treated like that of the boarding-houses. Marcia entered into his affairs with the keen half-intelligence which characterizes a woman's participation in business; whatever could be divined, she was quickly mistress of; she vividly sympathized with his difficulties and his triumphs; she failed to follow him in matters of political detail or of general effect; she could not be dispassionate or impartial; his relation to any enterprise was always more important than anything else about it. On some of his missions he took her with him, and then they made it a pleasure excursion; and if they came home late with the material still unwritten, she helped him with his notes, wrote from his dictation, and enabled him to give a fuller report than his rivals. She caught up with amusing aptness the technical terms of the profession, and was voluble about getting in ahead of the "Events" and the other papers, and she was indignant if any part of his report was cut out or garbled, or any feature was spoiled.

He made a "card" of grouping and treating with picturesque freshness the spring openings of the milliners and dry-goods people; and when he brought his article to Ricker, the editor ran it over, and said,

"Guess you took your wife with you, Hubbard."

"Yes, I did," Bartley owned. He was always proud of her looks, and it flattered him that Ricker should see the evidences of her feminine taste and knowledge in his account of the bonnets and dress-goods. "You don't suppose I could get at all these things by inspiration, do you?"

Marcia was already known to some of his friends whom he had introduced to her in casual encounters. They were mostly unmarried, or, if married, they lived at a distance, and they did not visit the Hubbards at their lodgings. Marcia was a little shy, and did not quite know whether they ought to call without being asked, or whether she ought to ask them; besides, Mrs. Nash's reception-room was not always at her disposal, and she would not have liked to take them all the way up to her own room. Her social life was, therefore, confined to the public places where she met these friends of her husband's. They sometimes happened together at a restaurant, or saw one another between the acts at the theater, or on coming out of a concert. Marcia was not so much admired for her conversation by her acquaintance, as for her beauty and her style; a rustic reluctance still lingered in her; she was thin and dry in her talk with any one but Bartley, and she could not help letting even men perceive that she was uneasy when they interested him in matters foreign to her.

Bartley did not see why they could not have some of these fellows up in their room for tea; but Marcia told him it was impossible. In fact, although she willingly lived this irregular life with him, she was at heart not at all a Bohemian. She did not like being in lodgings or dining at restaurants; on their horse-car excursions into the suburbs, when the spring opened, she was always choosing this or that little house as the place where she would like to live, and wondering if it were within their means. She said she would gladly

do the work herself; she hated to be idle so much as she now must. The city's novelty wore off for her sooner than for him: the concerts, the lectures, the theaters, had already lost their zest for her, and she went because he wished her to go, or in order to be able to help him with what he was always writing about such things.

As the spring advanced, Bartley conceived the plan of a local study, something in the manner of the boarding-house article, but on a much vaster scale: he proposed to Ricker a timely series on the easily accessible hot-weather resorts, to be called "Boston's Breathing-Places," and to relate mainly to the sea-side hotels and their surroundings. His idea was encouraged, and he took Marcia with him on most of his expeditions for its realization. These were largely made before the regular season had well begun; but the boats were already running, and the hotels were open, and they were treated with the hospitality which a knowledge of Bartley's mission must invoke. As he said, it was a matter of business, give and take on both sides, and the landlords took more than they gave in any such trade.

On her part, Marcia regarded dead-heading as a just and legitimate privilege of the press, if not one of its chief attributes; and these passes on boats and trains, this system of paying hotel bills by the presentation of a card, constituted distinguished and honorable recognition from the public. To her simple experience, when Bartley told how magnificently the reporters had been accommodated, at some civic or commercial or professional banquet, with a table of their own, where they were served with all the wines and courses, he seemed to have been one of the principal guests, and her fear was that his head should be turned by his honors. But, at the bottom of her heart, though she enjoyed the brilliancy of his present life, she did not think his occupation comparable to the law in dignity. Bartley called himself a journalist, now, but his newspaper connection still identified him in her mind with those country editors of whom she had always heard her father speak with such contempt: men dedicated to poverty and the despite of the local notables who used them. She could not shake off the old feeling of degradation, even when she heard Bartley and some of his fellow-journalists talking in their boastfulest vein of the sovereign character of journalism; and she secretly resolved never to relinquish her purpose of having him a lawyer. Till he was fairly this, in regular and prosperous practice, she knew that she should not have shown her father that she was right in marrying Bartley.

In the meantime their life went ignorantly on in the obscure channels where their isolation from society kept it longer than was natural. Three or four months after they came to Boston, they were still country people, with scarcely any knowledge of the distinctions and differences so important to the various worlds of any city. So far from knowing that they must not walk in the Common, they used to sit down on a bench there, in the pleasant weather, and watch the opening of the spring, among the lovers whose passion had a publicity that neither surprised nor shocked them. After they were a little more enlightened, they resorted to the Public Garden, where they admired the bridge, and the rock-work, and the statues. Bartley, who was already beginning to get up a taste for art, boldly stopped and praised the Venus, in the presence of the gardeners planting tulip-bulbs.

They went sometimes to the Museum of Fine Arts, where they found a pleasure in the worst things which the best never afterward gave them; and where she became as hungry and tired as if it were the Vatican. They had a pride in taking books out of the Public Library, where they walked about on tiptoe with bated breath; and they thought it a divine treat to hear the great organ play at noon. As they sat there in the Music Hall, and let the mighty instrument bellow over their strong young nerves, Bartley whispered Marcia the jokes he had heard about the organ; and then, upon the wave of aristocratic sensation from this experience, they went out and dined at Copeland's, or Webber's, or Fera's, or even at Parker's: they had long since forsaken the humble restaurant with its doilies and its ponderous crockery, and they had so mastered the art of ordering that they could manage a dinner as cheaply at these finer places as anywhere, especially if Marcia pretended not to care much for her half of the portion, and connived at its transfer to Bartley's plate.

In his hours of leisure, they were so perpetually together that it became a joke with the men who knew them to say, when asked if Bartley were married, "Very *much* married." It was not wholly their inseparableness that gave the impression of this extreme conjugality; as I said, Marcia's uneasiness when others interested Bartley in things alien to her, made itself felt even by men. She struggled against it because she did not wish to put him to shame before them, and often with an aching sense of desolation she sent him off with them to talk apart, or left him with them if they met on the street, and walked home alone rather than let any one

say that she kept her husband tied to her apron-strings. His club, after the first sense of its splendor and usefulness wore away, was an ordeal; she had failed to conceal that she thought the initiation and annual fees extortionate. She knew no other bliss like having Bartley sit down in their own room with her; it did not matter whether they talked; if he were busy, she would as lief sit and sew, or sit and silently look at him as he wrote. In these moments she liked to feign that she had lost him, that they had never been married, and then come back with a rush of joy to the reality. But on his club nights she heroically sent him off, and spent the evening with Mrs. Nash. Sometimes she went out by day with the landlady, who had a passion for auctions and cemeteries, and who led Marcia to an intimate acquaintance with such pleasures. At Mount Auburn, Marcia liked the marble lambs, and the emblematic hands pointing upward with the dexter finger, and the infants carved in stone, and the angels with folded wings and lifted eyes, better than the casts which Bartley said were from the antique, in the Museum. On this side her mind was as wholly dormant as that of Mrs. Nash herself. She always came home feeling as if she had not seen Bartley for a year, and fearful that something had happened to him. The hardest thing about their irregular life was that he must sometimes be gone two or three days at a time, when he could not take her with him. Then it seemed to her that she could not draw a full breath in his absence; and once he found her almost wild on his return: she had begun to fancy that he was never coming back again. He laughed at her when she betrayed her secret, but she was not ashamed; and when he asked her, "Well, what if I hadn't come back?" she answered passionately, "It wouldn't have made much difference to me: I should not have lived."

The uncertainty of his income was another cause of anguish to her. At times he earned forty or fifty dollars a week: oftener he earned ten; there was now and then a week when everything that he put his hand to failed, and he earned nothing at all. Then Marcia despaired; her frugality became a mania, and they had quarrels about what she called his extravagance. She imbittered his daily bread by blaming him for what he spent on it; she wore her oldest dresses, and would have had him go shabby in token of their adversity. Her economies were frantic child's-play,—methodless, inexperienced, fitful: and they were apt to be followed by remorse in which she abetted him in some wanton excess.

The future of any heroic action is difficult to manage; and the sublime sacrifice of her pride and all the conventional proprieties which Marcia had made in giving herself to Bartley was inevitably tried by the same sordid tests that every married life is put to.

That salaried place which he was always seeking on the staff of some newspaper, proved not so easy to get as he had imagined in the flush of his first successes. Ricker willingly included him among the "Chronicle-Abstract's" own correspondents and special reporters; and he held the same off-and-on relation to several other papers; but he remained without a more definite position. He earned perhaps more money than a salary would have given him, and in their way of living he and Marcia laid up something out of what he earned. But it did not seem to her that he exerted himself to get a salaried place; she was sure that, if so many others who could not write half so well had places, he might get one if he only kept trying. Bartley laughed at these business-turns of Marcia's, as he called them; but sometimes they enraged him, and he had days of sullen resentment when he resisted all her advances toward reconciliation. But he kept hard at work, and he always owned at last how disinterested her most ridiculous alarm had been.

Once, when they had been talking as usual about that permanent place on some newspaper, she said,

"But I should only want that to be temporary, if you got it. I want you should go on with the law, Bartley! I've been thinking about that. I don't want you should always be a journalist."

Bartley smiled.

"What could I do for a living, I should like to know, while I was studying law?"

"You could do some newspaper work,—enough to support us,—while you were studying. You said when we first came to Boston that you should settle down to the law."

"I hadn't got my eyes open, then. I've got a good deal longer row to hoe than I supposed, before I can settle down to the law."

"Father said you didn't need to study but a little more."

"Not if I were going into the practice at Equity. But it's a very different thing, I can tell you, in Boston; I should have to go in for a course in the Harvard Law School, just for a little start-off."

Marcia was silenced, but she asked, after a moment:

"Then you're going to give up the law, altogether?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do; I'm going to do the best I can for the present, and

trust to luck. I don't like special reporting, for a finality; but I shouldn't like shystering, either."

"What's shystering?" asked Marcia.

"It's pettifogging in the city courts. Wait till I can get my basis,—till I have a fixed amount of money for a fixed amount of work,—and then I'll talk to you about taking up the law again. I'm willing to do it whenever it seems the right thing. I guess I should like it, though I don't see why it's any better than journalism, and I don't believe it has any more prizes."

"But you've been a long time trying to get your basis on a newspaper," she reasoned. "Why don't you try to get it in some other way? Why don't you try to get a clerk's place with some lawyer?"

"Well, suppose I was willing to starve along in that way, how should I go about to get such a place?" demanded Bartley, with impatience.

"Why don't you go to that Mr. Halleck you visited here? You used to tell me he was going to be a lawyer."

"Well, if you remember so distinctly what I said about going into the law when I first came to Boston," said her husband, angrily, "perhaps you'll remember that I said I shouldn't go to Halleck until I didn't need his help. I shall not go to him for *his* help."

Marcia gave way to spiteful tears.

"It seems as you were ashamed to let them know that you were in town. Are you afraid I shall want to get acquainted with them? Do you suppose I shall want to go to their parties, and disgrace you?"

Bartley took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked blackly at her.

"So, that's what you've been thinking, is it?"

She threw herself upon his neck.

"No! no, it isn't!" she cried, hysterically. "You know that I never thought it till this instant; you know I didn't think it at all; I just *said* it. My nerves are all gone; I don't know *what* I'm saying half the time, and you're as strict with me as if I were as well as ever! I may as well take off my things,—I'm not well enough to go with you, to-day, Bartley."

She had been dressing while they talked for an entertainment which Bartley was going to report for the "Chronicle-Abstract," and now she made a feint of wishing to remove her hat. He would not let her. He said that if she did not go, he should not; he reproached her with not wishing to go with him any more; he coaxed her laughingly and fondly.

"It's only because I'm not so strong, now," she said, in a whisper that ended in a kiss on his cheek. "You must walk very slowly, and not hurry me."

The entertainment was to be given in aid of the Indigent Children's Surf-Bathing Society, and it was at the end of June, rather late in the season. But the Society itself was an after-thought, not conceived till a great many people had left town on whose assistance such a charity must largely depend. Strenuous appeals had been made, however: it was represented that ten thousand poor children could be transported to Nantasket Beach, and there, as one of the ladies on the committee said, bathed, clam-baked, and lemonaded three times during the summer at a cost so small that it was a saving to spend the money. Class Day falling about the same time, many exiles at Newport and on the North Shore came up and down; and the affair promised to be one of social distinction, if not pecuniary success. The entertainment was to be varied: a distinguished poet was to read an old poem of his, and a distinguished poetess was to read a new poem of hers; some professional people were to follow with comic singing; an elocutionist was to give impressions of noted public speakers; and a number of vocal and instrumental amateurs were to contribute their talent.

Bartley had instructions from Ricker to see that his report was very full socially. "We want something lively, and, at the same time, nice and tasteful, about the whole thing, and I guess you're the man to do it. Get Mrs. Hubbard to go with you, and keep you from making a fool of yourself about the costumes." He gave Bartley two tickets. "Mighty hard to get, I can tell you, for *love* or money,—especially love," he said; and Bartley made much of this difficulty in impressing Marcia's imagination with the uncommon character of the occasion. She had put on a new dress which she had just finished for herself, and which was a marvel not only of cheapness, but of elegance; she had plagiarized the idea from the costume of a lady with whom she stopped to look in at a milliner's window where she formed the notion of her bonnet. But Marcia had imagined the things anew in relation to herself, and made them her own; when Bartley first saw her in them, though he had witnessed their growth from the germ, he said that he was afraid of her, she was so splendid, and he did not quite know whether he felt acquainted. When they were seated at the concert, and had time to look about them, he whispered, "Well, Marsh, I don't see anything here that comes near you in style," and she flung a little corner of her drapery out over his hand so that she could squeeze it: she was quite happy again.

After the concert, Bartley left her for a moment, and went up to a group of the commit-

tee near the platform, to get some points for his report. He spoke to one of the gentlemen, note-book and pencil in hand, and the gentleman referred him to one of the ladies of the committee, who, after a moment of hesitation, demanded in a rich tone of injury and surprise, "Why! Isn't this Mr. Hubbard?" and, indignantly answering herself, "Of *course* it is!" gave her hand with a sort of dramatic cordiality, and flooded him with questions: "When did you come to Boston? Are you at the Hallecks'? Did you come— Or no, you're *not* Harvard. You're not *living* in Boston? And what in the world are *you* getting items for? Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Atherton."

She introduced him in a breathless climax to the gentleman to whom he had first spoken, and who had listened to her attack on Bartley with a smile which he was at no trouble to hide from her. "Which question are you going to answer first, Mr. Hubbard?" he asked quietly, while his eyes searched Bartley's for an instant with inquiry which was at once kind and keen. His face had the distinction which comes of being clean-shaven in our bearded times.

"Oh, the last," said Bartley. "I'm reporting the concert for the 'Chronicle-Abstract,' and I want to interview some one in authority about it."

"Then interview *me*, Mr. Hubbard," cried the young lady. "*I'm* in authority about this affair,—it's my own invention, as the White Knight says,—and then I'll interview you afterward. And you've gone into journalism, like all the Harvard men! So glad it's you, for you can be a perfect godsend to the cause if you will. The entertainment hasn't given us all the money we shall want, by any means, and we shall need all the help the press can give us. Ask me any questions you please, Mr. Hubbard: there isn't a friend here that I wouldn't sacrifice to the last personal particular if the press will only do its duty in return. You've no idea how we've been working during the last fortnight since this Old Man of the Sea-Bathing sprang upon us. I was sitting quietly at home, thinking of anything else in the world, I can assure you, when this atrocious idea occurred to me." She ran on to give a full sketch of the inception and history of the scheme up to the present time. Suddenly she arrested herself and Bartley's flying pencil: "Why, you're not putting all that nonsense down?"

"Certainly I am," said Bartley, while Mr. Atherton, with a laugh, turned and walked away to talk with some other ladies. "It's the very thing I want. I shall get in ahead of all the other papers on this; they haven't had anything like it, yet."

She looked at him for a moment in horror. Then:

"Well, go on; I would do anything for the cause!" she cried.

"Tell me who's been here, then," said Bartley.

She recoiled a little.

"I don't like giving names."

"But I can't say who the people were unless you do."

"That's true," said the young lady thoughtfully. She prided herself on her thoughtfulness, which sometimes came before and sometimes after the fact. "You're not obliged to say who told you?"

"Of course not."

She ran over a list of historical and distinguished names, and he slyly asked if this and that lady were not dressed so and so, and worked in the costumes from her unconsciously elaborate answers; she was afterward astonished that he should have known what people had on. Lastly he asked what the committee expected to do next, and was enabled to enrich his report with many authoritative expressions and intimations. The lady became all zeal in these confidences to the public; at last, she told everything she knew, and a great deal that she merely hoped.

"And now come into the committee-room and have a cup of coffee; I know you must be faint with all this talking," she concluded. "I want to ask you something about yourself." She was not older than Bartley, but she addressed him with the freedom we use in encouraging younger people.

"Thank you," he said coolly; "I can't very well. I must go back to my wife, and hurry up this report."

"Oh, is Mrs. Hubbard here?" asked the young lady, with well-controlled surprise. "Present me to her!" she cried, with that fearlessness of social consequences for which she was noted; she believed there were ways of getting rid of undesirable people without treating them rudely.

The audience had got out of the hall, and Marcia stood alone near one of the doors waiting for Bartley. He glanced proudly toward her, and said: "I shall be very glad."

Miss Kingsbury drifted by his side across the intervening space, and was ready to take Marcia impressively by the hand when she reached her; she had decided her to be very beautiful and elegantly simple in dress, but she found her smaller than she had looked at a distance. Miss Kingsbury was herself rather large,—sometimes, she thought, rather too large: certainly too large if she had not had such perfect command of every

inch of herself. In complexion she was richly blonde, with beautiful fair hair roughed over her forehead, as if by a breeze, and apt to escape in sunny tendrils over the peachy tints of her temples. Her features were massive rather than fine; and though she thoroughly admired her chin and respected her mouth, she had doubts about her nose which she frankly referred to friends for solution: had it not *too* much of a knob at the end? She seemed to tower over Marcia as she took her hand at Bartley's introduction, and expressed her pleasure at meeting her.

"I don't know why it need be such a surprise to find one's gentlemen friends married, but it always is, somehow. I don't think Mr. Hubbard would have known me if I hadn't insisted upon his recognizing me; I can't blame him: it's three years since we met. Do you help him with his reports? I know you do! You *must* make him lenient to our entertainment,—the cause is so good! How long have you been in Boston? Though I don't know why I should ask that,—you may have always been in Boston! One used to know everybody; but the place is so large, now. I should like to come and see you; but I'm going out of town to-morrow, for the summer. I'm not really here now, except *ex officio;* I ought to have been away weeks ago, but this Indigent Surf-Bathing has kept me. You've no idea what such an undertaking is. But you *must* let me have your address, and as soon as I get back to town in the fall, I shall insist upon looking you up. *Good*-bye! I must run away now, and leave you; there are a thousand things for me to look after yet to-day."

She took Marcia again by the hand, and superadded some bows and nods and smiles of parting, after she released her, but she did not ask her to come into the committee-room and have some coffee; and Bartley took his wife's hand under his arm and went out of the hall.

"Well," he said, with a man's simple pleasure in Miss Kingsbury's friendliness to his wife, "that's the girl I used to tell you about,—the rich one with the money in her own right, whom I met at the Hallecks'. She seemed to think you were about the thing, Marsh! I saw her eyes open as she came up, and I felt awfully proud of you: you never looked half so well. But why didn't you *say* something?"

"She didn't give me any chance," said Marcia, "and I had nothing to say, any way. I thought she was very disagreeable."

"Disagreeable!" repeated Bartley, in amaze.

Miss Kingsbury went back to the committee-room, where one of the amateurs had been lecturing upon her.

"Clara Kingsbury can say and do, from the best heart in the world, more offensive things in ten minutes than malice could invent in a week. Somebody ought to go out and drag her away from that reporter by main force. But I presume it's too late already; she's had time to destroy us all. You'll see that there wont be a shred left of us in *his* paper, at any rate. Really, I wonder that, in a city full of nervous and exasperated people like Boston, Clara Kingsbury has been suffered to live. She throws her whole soul into everything she undertakes, and she has gone so *en masse* into this Indigent Bathing, and splashed about in it so, that *I* can't understand how we got anybody to come to-day. Why, I haven't the least doubt that she's offered that poor man a ticket to go down to Nantasket and bathe with the other Indigents; she's treated *me* as if I ought to be personally surf-bathed for the last fortnight; and if there's any chance for us left by her tactlessness, you may be sure she's gone at it with her conscience, and simply swept it off the face of the earth."

XVIII.

ONE hot day in August, when Bartley had been doing nothing for a week, and Marcia was gloomily forecasting the future, when they would have to begin living upon the money they had put into the savings-bank, she reverted to the question of his taking up the law again. She was apt to recur to this in any moment of discouragement, and she urged him now to give up his newspaper work, with that wearisome persistence with which women can torment the men they love.

"My newspaper work seems to have given me up, my dear," said Bartley. "It's like asking a fellow not to marry a girl that wont have him." He laughed and then whistled; and Marcia burst into fretful, futile tears, which he did not attempt to assuage.

They had been all summer in town; the country would have been no change to them; and they knew nothing of the sea-side, except the crowded, noisy, expensive resorts near the city. Bartley wished her to go to one of these for a week or two, at any rate, but she would not; and in fact neither of them had the born citizen's conception of the value of a summer vacation. But they had found their attic intolerable; and, the single gentlemen having given up their rooms by this time, Mrs. Nash let Marcia have one lower down, where they sat looking out on the hot street.

"Well," cried Marcia at last, "you don't

care for my feelings, or you would take up the law again."

Her husband rose with a sigh that was half a curse, and went out. After what she had said, he would not give her the satisfaction of knowing what he meant to do; but he had it in his head to go to that Mr. Atherton to whom Miss Kingsbury had introduced him, and ask his advice; he had found out that Mr. Atherton was a lawyer, and he believed that he would tell him what to do. He could at least give him some authoritative discouragement which he might use in these discussions with Marcia.

Mr. Atherton had his office in the "Events" building, and Bartley was on his way thither when he met Ricker.

"Seen Witherby?" asked his friend. "He was round looking for you."

"What does Witherby want with me?" asked Bartley, with a certain resentment.

"Wants to give you the managing-editorship of the 'Events,'" said Ricker, jocosely.

"Pshaw! Well, he knows where to find me, if he wants me very badly."

"Perhaps he doesn't," suggested Ricker. "In that case, you'd better look him up."

"Why, you don't advise ——"

"Oh, *I* don't advise anything! But if *he* can let by-gones be by-gones, I guess *you* can afford to! I don't know just what he wants with you, but if he offers you anything like a basis, you'd better take it."

Bartley's basis had come to be a sort of by-word between them; Ricker usually met him with some such demand as, "Well, what about the basis?" or "How's your poor basis?" Bartley's ardor for a salaried position amused him, and he often tried to argue him out of it. "You're much better off as a free lance. You make as much money as most of the fellows in places, and you lead a pleasanter life. If you were on any one paper, you'd have to be on duty about fifteen hours out of the twenty-four; you'd be out every night till three or four o'clock; you'd have to do fires, and murders, and all sorts of police business; and now you work mostly on fancy jobs: something you suggest yourself, or something you're specially asked to do. That's a kind of a compliment, and it gives you scope."

Nevertheless, if Bartley had his heart set upon a basis, Ricker wanted him to have it. "Of course," he said, "I was only joking about the basis. But if Witherby should have anything to offer, don't quarrel with your bread and butter, and don't hold yourself *too* cheap. Witherby's going to get all he can, for as little as he can, every time."

Ricker was a newspaper man in every breath. His great interest in life was the "Chronicle-Abstract," which paid him poorly and worked him hard. To get in ahead of the other papers was the object for which he toiled with unremitting zeal; but after that he liked to see a good fellow prosper, and he had for Bartley that feeling of comradery which comes out among journalists when their rivalries are off. He would hate to lose Bartley from the "Chronicle-Abstract"; if Witherby meant business, Bartley and he might be excoriating each other before a week passed, in sarcastic references to "our esteemed contemporary of the 'Events,'" and "our esteemed contemporary of the 'Chronicle-Abstract'"; but he heartily wished him luck, and hoped it might be some sort of inside work.

When Ricker left him, Bartley hesitated. He was half minded to go home and wait for Witherby to look him up, as the most dignified and perhaps the most prudent course. But he was curious and impatient, and he was afraid of letting the chance, whatever it might be, slip through his fingers. He suddenly resolved upon a little ruse, which would still oblige Witherby to make the advance, and yet would risk nothing by delay. He mounted to Witherby's room in the "Events" building, and pushed open the door. Then he drew back embarrassed, as if he had made a mistake.

"Excuse me," he said, "isn't Mr. Atherton's office on this floor?"

Witherby looked up from the papers on his desk, and cleared his throat. Ever since he refused Bartley's paper on the logging-camp, he had accused him in his heart of fraud because he had sold his rejected sketch to another paper, and anticipated his own tardy enterprise in the same direction. Each little success that Bartley made added to Witherby's dislike; and whilst Bartley had written for all the other papers, he had never got any work from the "Events." Witherby had the guilty sense of having hated him as he looked up, and Bartley on his part was uneasily sensible of some mocking paragraphs of a more or less personal cast, which he had written in the "Chronicle-Abstract," about the enterprise of the "Events."

"Mr. Atherton is on the floor above," said Witherby. "But I'm very glad you happened to look in, Mr. Hubbard. I—I was just thinking about you. I—wont you take a chair?"

"Thanks," said Bartley, non-committally; but he sat down.

Witherby fumbled about among the things on his desk before he resumed his own seat.

"I hope you have been well since I saw you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm always well. How have you been?"

Bartley wondered whither this exchange of civilities tended; but he believed he could keep it up as long as old Witherby could.

"Why, I have not been very well," said Witherby, getting into his chair at last, and taking up a paper-weight to assist him in conversation. "The fact is, Mr. Hubbard, I find that I have been working too hard. I have undertaken to manage the editorial department of the 'Events' in addition to looking after its business, and the care has been too great. It has told upon me. I flatter myself that I have not allowed either department to suffer ——"

He referred this point so directly to him that Bartley made a murmur of assent, and Witherby resumed.

"But the care has told upon me. I am not so well as I could wish. I need rest, and I need help," he added.

Bartley had by this time made up his mind that, if Witherby had anything to say to him, he should say it unaided.

Witherby put down the paper-weight, and gave his attention for a moment to a paper-cutter.

"I don't know whether you have heard that Mr. Clayton is going to leave us?"

"No," Bartley said, "I hadn't heard that."

"Yes, he is going to leave us. Mr. Clayton and I have not agreed upon some points, and we have both judged it best that we should part." Witherby paused again, and changed the positions of his inkstand and mucilage-bottle. "Mr. Clayton has failed me, as I may say, at the last moment, and we have been compelled to part. I found Mr. Clayton—unpractical."

He looked again at Bartley, who said,

"Yes?"

"Yes. I found Mr. Clayton so much at variance in his views with—with my own views—that I could do nothing with him. He has used language to me which I am sure he will regret. But that is neither here nor there; he is going. I have had my eye on you, Mr. Hubbard, ever since you came to Boston, and have watched your career with interest. But I thought of Mr. Clayton, in the first instance, because he was already attached to the 'Events,' and I wished to promote him. Office during good behavior, and promotion in the direct line: I'm *that* much of a civil-service reformer," said Mr. Witherby.

"Certainly," said Bartley.

"But, of course, my idea in starting the 'Events' was to make money."

"Of course."

"I hold that the first duty of a public journal is to make money for the owner; all the rest follows naturally."

"You're quite right, Mr. Witherby," said Bartley. "Unless it makes money, there can be no enterprise about it, no independence,—nothing. That was the way I did with my little paper down in Maine. The first thing—I told the committee when I took hold of the paper—is to keep it from losing money; the next is to make money with it. First peaceable, then pure: that's what I told them."

"Precisely so!" cried Witherby.

He was now so much at his ease with Bartley that he left off tormenting the things on his desk, and used his hands in gesticulating.

"Look at the churches themselves! No church can do any good till it's on a paying basis. As long as a church is in debt, it can't secure the best talent for the pulpit or the choir, and the members go about feeling discouraged and out of heart. It's just so with a newspaper. I say that a paper does no good till it pays; it has no influence, its motives are always suspected, and you've got to make it pay by hook or by crook before you can hope to—to—forward any good cause by it. That's what *I* say. Of course," he added, in a large, smooth way, "I'm not going to contend that a newspaper should be run *solely* in the interest of the counting-room. Not at all! But I do contend that when the counting-room protests against a certain course the editorial-room is taking, it ought to be respectfully listened to. There are always two sides to every question. Suppose all the newspapers pitch in—as they sometimes do—and denounce a certain public enterprise: a projected scheme of railroad legislation, or a peculiar system of banking, or a coöperative mining interest, and the counting-room sends up word that the company advertises heavily with us; shall *we* go and join indiscriminately in that hue and cry, or shall we give our friends the benefit of the doubt?"

"Give them the benefit of the doubt," said Bartley. "That's what I say."

"And so would any other practical man!" cried Witherby. "And that's just where Mr. Clayton and I differed. Well, I needn't allude to him any more," he added, leniently. "What I wish to say is this, Mr. Hubbard: I am overworked, and I feel the need of some sort of relief. I know that I have started the 'Events' in the right line at last,—the only line in which it can be made a great, useful, and respectable journal, efficient in every good cause,—and what I want now is some sort of assistant in the management who shall be in full sympathy with my own ideas. I don't want a mere slave,—a tool; but I do want an independent, right-minded

man, who shall be with me for the success of the paper the whole time and every time, and shall not be continually setting up his will against mine on all sorts of *doctrinaire* points. That was the trouble with Mr. Clayton. I have nothing against Mr. Clayton personally; he is an excellent young man in very many respects; but he was all wrong about journalism, all wrong, Mr. Hubbard. I talked with him a great deal, and tried to make him see where his interest lay. He had been on the paper as a reporter from the start, and I wished very much to promote him to this position; which he could have made the best position in the country. The 'Events' is an evening paper; there is no night-work; and the whole thing is already thoroughly systematized. Mr. Clayton had plenty of talent, and all he had to do was to step in under my direction and put his hand on the helm. But, no! I should have been glad to keep him in a subordinate capacity; but I had to let him go. He said that he would not report the conflagration of a peanut-stand for a paper conducted on the principles I had developed to him. Now, that is no way to talk. It's absurd."

"Perfectly." Bartley laughed his rich, caressing laugh, in which there was the insinuation of all worldly-wise contempt for Clayton and all worldly-wise sympathy for Witherby. It made Witherby feel good, better, perhaps, than he had felt at any time since his talk with Mr. Clayton.

"Well, now, what do you say, Mr. Hubbard? Can't we make some arrangement with you?" he asked, with a burst of frankness.

"I guess you can," said Bartley. The fact that Witherby needed him was so plain that he did not care to practice any finesse about the matter.

"What are your present engagements?"

"I haven't any."

"Then you can take hold at once?"

"Yes."

"That's good."

Witherby now entered at large into the nature of the position which he offered Bartley. They talked a long time, and in becoming better acquainted with each other's views, as they called them, they became better friends. Bartley began to respect Witherby's business ideas, and Witherby, in recognizing all the admirable qualities of this clear-sighted and level-headed young man, began to feel that he had secretly liked him from the first, and had only waited a suitable occasion to unmask his affection. It was arranged that Bartley should come on as Witherby's assistant, and should do whatever he was asked to do in the management of the paper; he was to write on topics as they occurred to him, or as they were suggested to him. "I don't say whether this will lead to anything more, Mr. Hubbard, or not; but I do say that you will be in the direct line of promotion."

"Yes, I understand that," said Bartley.

"And now as to terms," continued Witherby, a little tremulously.

"And now as to terms," repeated Bartley to himself; but he said nothing aloud. He felt that Witherby had cut out a great deal of work for him, and work of a kind that he could not easily find another man both willing and able to do. He reflected also that in developing his ideas of journalism, Witherby had in some degree put himself into his power. He resolved that he would have all that his service was worth.

"What should you think of twenty dollars a week?" asked Witherby.

"I shouldn't think it was enough," said Bartley, amazed at his own audacity, but enjoying it, and thinking how he had left Marcia with the intention of offering himself to Mr. Atherton as a clerk for ten dollars a week. "There is a great deal of labor in what you propose, and you command my whole time. You would not like to have me do any work outside of the 'Events.'"

"No," Witherby assented. "Would twenty-five be nearer the mark?" he inquired soberly.

"It would be nearer, certainly," said Bartley. "But I guess you better make it thirty." He kept a quiet face, but his heart throbbed.

"Well, say thirty, then," replied Witherby, so promptly that Bartley perceived with a pang that he might as easily have got forty from him. But it was now too late, and a salary of fifteen hundred a year passed the wildest hopes he had cherished half an hour before.

"All right," he said quietly. "I suppose you want me to take hold at once?"

"Yes, on Monday. Oh, by the way," said Witherby, "there is one little piece of outside work which I should like you to finish up for us; and we'll agree upon something extra for it, if you wish. I mean our 'Solid Men' series. I don't know whether you've noticed the series in the 'Events'?"

"Yes," said Bartley, "I have."

"Well, then, you know what they are. They consist of interviews—guarded and inoffensive as respects the sanctity of private life—with our leading manufacturers and merchant princes at their places of business and their residences, and include a description of these, and some account of the lives of the different subjects."

"Yes, I have seen them," said Bartley. "I've noticed the general plan."

"You know that Mr. Clayton has been doing them. He made them a popular feature. The parties themselves were very much pleased with them."

"Oh, people are always tickled to be interviewed," said Bartley. "I know they put on airs about it, and go round complaining to each other about the violation of confidence, and so on; but they all like it. You know I reported that Indigent Surf-Bathing entertainment, in June, for the 'Chronicle-Abstract.' I knew the lady who got it up, and I interviewed her after the entertainment."

"Miss Kingsbury?"

"Yes." Mr. Witherby made an inarticulate murmur of respect for Bartley in his throat, and involuntarily changed toward him, but not so subtly that Bartley's finer instinct did not take note of the change. "She was a fresh subject, and she told me everything. Of course I printed it all. She was awfully shocked—or pretended to be—and wrote me a very Oh-dear-how-could-you note about it. But I went round to the office the next day, and I found that nearly every lady mentioned in the interview had ordered half a dozen copies of that issue sent to her sea-side address, and the office had been full of Beacon-street swells the whole morning buying 'Chronicle-Abstracts'—'the one with the report of the concert in it.'" These low views of high society, coupled with an apparent familiarity with it, modified Mr. Witherby more and more. He began to see that he had got a prize. "The way to do with such fellows as your 'Solid Men,'" continued Bartley, "is to submit a proof to 'em. They never know exactly what to do about it, and so you print the interview with their approval, and make 'em *particeps criminis*. I'll finish up the series for you, and I wont make any very heavy extra charge."

"I should wish to pay you whatever the work was worth," said Mr. Witherby, not to be outdone in nobleness.

"All right; we sha'n't quarrel about that, at any rate."

Bartley was getting toward the door, for he was eager to be gone now to Marcia, but Witherby followed him up as if willing to detain him.

"My wife," he said, "knows Miss Kingsbury. They have been on the same charities together."

"I met her a good while ago, when I was visiting a chum of mine at his father's house here. I didn't suppose she'd know me; but she did at once, and began to ask me if I was at the Hallecks',—as if I had never gone away."

"Mr. Ezra B. Halleck?" inquired Witherby reverently. "Leather trade?"

"Yes," said Bartley. "I believe his first name was Ezra. Ben Halleck was my friend. Do you know the family?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, we have met them—in society. I hope you're pleasantly situated where you are, Mr. Hubbard? Should be glad to have you call at the house."

"Thank you," said Bartley; my wife will be glad to have Mrs. Witherby call."

"Oh!" cried Witherby. "I didn't know you were married! That's good! There's nothing like marriage, Mr. Hubbard, to keep a man going in the right direction. But you've begun pretty young."

"Nothing like taking a thing in time," answered Bartley. "But I haven't been married a great while; and I'm not so young as I look. Well, good-afternoon, Mr. Witherby."

"*What* did you say was your address?" asked Witherby, taking out his note-book. "My wife will certainly call. She's down at Nantasket now, but she'll be up the first part of September, and then she'll call. *Good*-afternoon."

They shook hands at last, and Bartley ran home to Marcia. He burst into the room with a glowing face.

"Well, Marcia," he shouted, "I've got my basis!"

"Hush! No! Don't be so loud! You haven't!" she answered, springing to her feet. "I don't believe it! How hot you are!"

"I've been running almost—all the way from the 'Events' office. I've got a place on the 'Events,'—assistant managing-editor, —thirty dollars a week," he panted.

"I knew you would succeed yet—I knew you would, if I could only have a little patience. I've been scolding myself ever since you went. I thought you were going to do something desperate, and I had driven you to it. But Bartley, Bartley! It can't be true, is it? Here, here! Do take this fan. Or no, I'll fan you, if you'll let me sit on your knee! O poor thing, how hot you are! But I thought you wouldn't write for the 'Events'; I thought you hated that old Witherby, who acted so ugly to you when we first came."

"Oh, Witherby is a pretty good old fellow," said Bartley, who had begun to get his breath again. He gave her a full history of the affair, and they rejoiced together over it, and were as happy as if Bartley had been celebrating a high and honorable good fortune. She was too ignorant to feel the disgrace, if there were any, in the compact which Bartley had closed, and he had no

principles, no traditions by which to perceive it. To them it meant unlimited prosperity; it meant provision for the future, which was to bring a new responsibility and a new care.

"We will take the parlor with the alcove, now," said Bartley. "Don't excite yourself," he added, with tender warning.

"No, no," she said, pillowing her head on his shoulder, and shedding peaceful tears.

"It doesn't seem as if we should ever quarrel again, does it?"

"No, no! We never shall," she murmured. "It has always come from my worrying you about the law, and I shall never do that any more. If you like journalism better, I shall not urge you any more to leave it, now you've got your basis."

"But I'm going on with the law, now, for that very reason. I shall read law all my leisure time. I feel independent, and I shall not be anxious about the time I give, because I shall know that I can afford it."

"Well, only you mustn't overdo." She put her lips against his cheek. "You're more to me than anything you can do for me."

"Oh, Marcia!"

(To be continued.)

LECTURING IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

In Great Britain there is no organized system of lecturing such as exists in America; no bureau, no lyceums, no habitual lecture-attending community. In this respect, as in many others, Old England is far behind this lusty, forward child of hers on the western side of the Atlantic. She has, indeed, a few organized lecture courses in her principal cities, such as those of the Royal Society and the London Institute in the metropolis, the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, and the Athenæum in Glasgow; and here and there a casual mechanics' institute may have a strictly local course; but there is no organized lecture machinery. When, after the Russo-Turkish war, I thought of taking to the stump, we searched in vain for precedents that would furnish some guide. There were the lecture tours of Thackeray and the reading tours of Dickens; but then Thackeray and Dickens were giants and I was but a pygmy. They had commanded audiences by the greatness of their reputations as well as by their genius; whereas I had but earned some casual prestige in perhaps the most precarious and ephemeral of all the fields of fame. Since the days of those Titans the lecture path had been deserted, and its very trail was overgrown. The manager with whom I was in treaty is a theatrical man, and he, in default of any sign-post, obeyed his theatrical instincts. I was to storm the country as if I had been a strong theatrical combination, condensed into the person of a very shy and mediocre man. There was to be an advance agent to secure the halls and bill the towns; another advance agent, a little later, to see that all the arrangements were in trim, and to talk to the newspaper men. I was to be "personally conducted" by a smart manager, who took with him his own detachment of money-takers and ushers. The campaign began, and the auguries seemed favorable. The houses were always good, and for the most part crowded. After a fortnight of the country, I made a rush up to London. A friend had written to me of an eligible investment; and I was eager to embark in it some portion, at least, of the lecture-plunder. I hurried to the manager's office, in the full assurance that I should carry away a large check. The books had been duly made up, and the balance sheet on the fortnight's business showed: "Mr. Forbes, Dr. £5 6s. 9d."!

This was not wholly satisfactory. Large as had been the receipts, the expenses had more than eaten them up. Men who have a "mission" are no doubt glad to lecture for nothing, and treat it as immaterial that they should even be a trifle out of pocket. "Apostles" take with them neither staff nor scrip, and dollars would only disturb their rapt absorption in æsthetic dreams. But I am not an "apostle"; I have no particular "mission," except to amuse, and, frankly, it seemed to me that, if I could lecture only at a loss, I would much rather not lecture at all. So the advance agents and the rest of the costly machinery were suppressed; circulars were sent out to local people, naming definite terms; and the tour was continued under much more favorable conditions. It lasted for six months; and after the Zulu War, I pillaged the country for six months longer. Then I came to America, and now I am zigzagging toward Australia.

The varying strains of an Æolian harp, the cats'-paws that wind-flurries make on calm water, the moods of a child—all these are monotonous in comparison with the varieties in the behavior of lecture audiences. In Great Britain, audiences are fairly demonstrative; often almost boisterously so. If at the commencement something happens to catch their fancy, they will applaud clear through, and sometimes, indeed, embarrass the lecturer by applauding him in places where he wonders what on earth they find to be demonstrative about. American audiences are, for the most part, much more self-restrained and critical. They are silentest, perhaps, in New England. Almost the first time I spoke in America was in Worcester, Mass. I toiled on for half an hour, doing my best, but the audience gave no sign. When I looked out over it, I saw only a sea of cold, attentive faces, immobile alike to my efforts at pathos and at humor. Then I began to feel mean. "You are a poor stick," I said to myself, "and it is sheer impudence for you to stand upon a platform and pretend to be a lecturer. They have found you out to be a fraud; only they are too civil to hiss you, or to get up and go away!" Well, I know I very nearly went away myself. But I hardened my heart and got through somehow, the whole audience remaining to the bitter end. There was scarcely a hand-clap when I ended, and I quailed to encounter the secretary of the committee. But he was quite satisfied. "Our people are not demonstrative," he observed,—no, faith, I was well aware of that,—"but you held them to the last, and we shall all be glad to have you back again next year!" Very soon I learned that the criterion of an American audience's satisfaction is whether it goes away in the middle or remains to the end. For the American is a free man, and does not at all understand why he should sit out a performance that fails to interest him. But some American towns are quite lavish in their cordiality; and, what is strange, you will find two places, not ten miles apart, whereof the audience in one will be as cold as a stone, the other as warm as a live coal; so that local idiosyncrasy can have nothing to do with the matter. A Boston audience has the reputation of being the most coldly critical in the republic; but my personal experience is quite the contrary of this. Baltimore is exceptionally warm; so is Charleston, S. C.; so is Hartford, Conn., and warmest and most appreciative of all is Cincinnati. It is less trying for the lecturer to see before him coldly critical faces, than stolidly bewildered faces. The former may thaw into appreciation; at least, he is being followed with intelligence, if not with sympathy. But the stolid faces are reflexes of the mind within, heavily asking the questions: "What in creation is the man talking about? Who was Sedan? Is Plevna a member of Congress? Is Ignatieff a town?" And then the dull ray of intelligence when Bismarck is mentioned, because the listener happens to know a town by that name up in Dakota!

Before setting out on my lecture campaign in America, I found a gentleman who bore to me a remarkable resemblance, and promptly engaged him as traveling agent to accompany me. The number of times that good man has been interviewed as Mr. Forbes! He understood the business thoroughly, having, indeed, once been an interviewer himself; he had no perceptible American accent, and I think he spent his spare moments in inventing pretty stories wherewith to fill the note-books of the omnivorous interviewer. In the personal resemblance there was a pleasant sense of the fitness of things that substitutes do not always afford. During a recent tour which Dr. William Howard Russell made in America with the Duke of Sutherland, I have heard that the famous war correspondent of the London "Times" sometimes saved his Grace from the interviewer by confronting that personage himself. But this gave rise to confusion. There are regions of America where it is implicitly believed that his Grace of Sutherland is a dapper little clean-shaved man, with an iron-gray mustache and hair to match, and with a very pronounced Irish accent. This is not, to say the least, wholly accurate. The Duke is a tall man, with a huge brown beard, and a very marked English pronunciation.

The loyalty of the Canadians to the British Crown is beautifully fervent; they would rather, I am sure, be torn limb from limb than suffer annexation to the United States. Indeed, I have some idea that, deep down in the Canadian heart, there lurks the notion of, one of these fine mornings, annexing the United States to Canada. A little Canadian town will fly more loyal bunting on the Queen's birthday than you can see, on the same auspicious occasion, in the whole of the mother country. In the provincial regions of Canada, it is the practice to conclude all public gatherings with singing "God save the Queen." In every community there is a champion vocalist, for whose powers this practice gives scope; and he springs to the chance as if he had found a nugget. But occasionally the champion vocalist is not on hand; he may be "under the weather," or behind the bars, or may not have a taste for the performance of the evening. Probably the latter cause had kept away the champion on one occasion which I remember. The chairman had duly

made the stereotyped announcement, "The audience will disperse, singing 'God save the Queen,'" but there was no response. There was no one present who dared to initiate the vocal performance. Here was a predicament! Obviously, the loyalty of the place would be compromised if the audience should disperse without fulfilling the behest! In despair, the chairman, isolated on the platform as he was, himself essayed to set the ball a-rolling. But, in the first place, he could not sing; in the second place, he didn't know the words; in the third place, as I learned afterward, he was not popular, and the audience rather enjoyed his discomfiture. Valiantly he plunged into the breach. "God save our precious Queen!" came from him in an inharmonious strain; but he never got any further, and nobody would help him. He tried it again, but with the same untoward result; and then he turned and left the platform, "a sadder and a wiser man."

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spell-bound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick-room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and, pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word "*Stop!*" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen'!" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor, I meanwhile patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and, as a contrast to the sorrow of Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving-day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat the portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.

Lecturing all over the habitable globe, one has often strange meetings, which go to prove how small a place, after all, this world of ours is. Up in Minnesota, a man came to me, after the lecture, and told me that he had once given me a thrashing in the old school-days—a cheerful episode, which he succeeded in recalling to my somewhat reluctant memory. Once, in Canada, an old woman came to me, and told me that she had been my nurse in childhood, in the quiet rural parsonage in the old country. I also remember being received at the depot of an important American town by two gentlemen, one of whom told me that he was its mayor, and, further, that he had lived with me under my parental roof when we were both boys. To the latter statement I demurred. He must be in error, I said, for no one had ever lived with us except brothers and sisters. He re-asserted the statement, and I had no alternative but to repudiate it, for I believed that the recollection was of some one else. He had clearly been rather boasting to his companion of the familiarity; and, now that I was denying the statement, it was comic to note the disparaging air of suspicion with which his friend was coming to regard the worthy mayor. It was all sufficiently embarrassing to me, who was sure the man was wrong, and who, although I felt for him, could not assist him out of his dilemma. Finally, he snatched a moment, while his friend was looking the other way, to whisper to me behind his hand: "Mon, dinna ye mind me? I was the herd-laddie." A flood of revelation poured in on me, and next moment we had clasped hands. All was clear. He had not cared to tell his friend of the capacity in which he had, in truth, been an inmate of our homestead; but it was rather too much to expect me, in middle age, to carry about with me the memory of every member of a long succession of "herd-laddies."

In 1874, an emigrant ship was burned, on her voyage from England to New Zealand, and all on board perished, with the exception of the third mate and two seamen, who had kept alive, through long exposure in an open boat, by the terrible expedient of subsisting on the bodies of their comrades. I met the trio, on their return to England, and gathered from the lips of Macdonald, the mate, the full details of the ghastly story. I gave the poor wretch a sum of money for his information, and otherwise was of some service to him. He drifted away, and soon, in the turmoil of a campaign in Spain, I had forgotten altogether about the man who had told me that he had lived for ten days on human flesh, and owned, in his Scottish accent, that it "was no bad eatin', when once ye had gotten a bit used to it." Three or four years afterward, I chanced to be lecturing in Dundee. As I was leaving the hall, a man accosted me. "Mr. Forbes, ye'll no mind me?" I had to confess that I could not remember

him. He moved from one leg to the other in a curiously unsettled way, as if he were discussing to himself exactly in what relation he should recall himself; and, at length, in a hollow, gloomy voice, he said: "Mon, I'm the cannibal!"

A chairman is a very valuable strengthener of the lecturer's position; he gives him countenance and also confidence, in which latter quality you may have observed that most lecturers are very deficient. A chairman "bosses the show" generally, and furnishes the requisite finish to the *tout ensemble*. But there are chairmen and chairmen. It is not exactly agreeable, for instance, to be taken aside, by the gentleman to whom you have just been introduced as your chairman, and to listen to something like the following: "I have got to say a few words of introduction, you know; and I'm rather ashamed to say that I never heard of you before to-night. Just give me a little summary of your antecedents, will you? I've a vague notion you were in some war or other. Let me see, was it at Waterloo you were, or in the Crimea?" Then, there is the chairman who has a list of the season's course handed to him, and mistakes you for some other lecturer named therein. For instance, once, in New England, a chairman solemnly arose by my side, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you the lecturer of the evening, the Hon. Charles Bradlaugh, the celebrated English free-thinker and orator. It is possible that you may not agree with all he may utter, but I think I can promise him, from a New England audience, at least an attentive and patient hearing!"

But there are more terrible chairmen than even such a man as this. Once I was lecturing in a large town in the north of Ireland. My chairman was one of those civic knights with whom Ireland so much abounds—a comfortable, portly man of rotund exterior and pleasant manners. I had dined with him, and he had dined well and drunk well. He introduced me, and the lecture proceeded favorably. I was plowing away, right in the heart of my most pathetic passage,—a passage with the rendering of which I never was satisfied unless it made the audience weep, and in which I never felt I had achieved complete success unless it caused a lady or two to faint,—when, suddenly, I heard a titter, which presently swelled into a general guffaw. What! did the audience mean, then, deliberately to insult me? I paused in speechless indignation, and the laughter ceased, too. I recommenced, and still the tittering went on. This was too much. I again halted, and was turning to appeal to the chairman, when there fell on my ears the strange sound of a prolonged and placid snore. My portly chairman was sound asleep! I, too, had to simulate amusement, and, thirsting for his blood, I smiled blandly as I went and stirred him up. He awoke, and smiled sweetly up in my face. "Where am I?" he asked, as Mr. Pickwick did in the wheelbarrow. Well, I recommenced, and so did he! Long before I had reached my next pathetic passage he was asleep again, and softly snoring. Pathos was wasted on this slumbrous gentleman, and I spent the rest of the hour, for the most part, in poking him up, amid the unrestrained laughter of the audience. If I knew a lecturer who was starting out with a comic lecture, about the success of which he had some doubt, I should advise him to secure a sleepy-headed chairman.

I may, perhaps, venture here to tell a little story about a lecturing experience of Mr. Stanley, the African explorer. When he had returned to England from that wonderful journey of his across the continent of Africa, and while he was writing his book, I suggested to a theatrical manager that he should propose to Mr. Stanley to make a lecturing tour through England, and tell the people of that country of his wonderful adventures. Stanley consented, and sallied forth. The tour was fairly successful. After some weeks' absence from London, Mr. Stanley returned for a few days, and his manager went to see him and ask him how the lecturing flourished. "Very well," said Stanley, "in a financial sense. The halls are always crowded when I begin; but, as I go on, the people go trickling out, till, at the end, I am left with only half an audience, and I don't like it. It seems to me they come to stare at me as if I were a gorilla, and, when they have stared their fill, they rise and go, not pretending to take any interest in what I am telling them." The manager suggested that, perhaps, he was too monotonous; that he ought to diversify his serious parts with some play of humor. But Stanley objected that there was no humor in his composition, which was quite true. "I'm not like Mark Twain or Artemus Ward," said he. "There is no fun in me, but only dead earnest." (This puts me in mind of the remark a Scotch ex-editor once made about the man who had succeeded him. "Aye," said he, candidly, "the new man is a much better man than me. It is true I can joke, but I joke with difficulty, whereas he jokes just spontaneous." Well, Stanley can't joke, either spontaneous or with difficulty.) Just then the manager heard a hideous howling, proceeding from the lower regions of the house.

"What, in the name of Cæsar, is that noise?" asked the manager.

"Oh," said Stanley, "it's only my black boy, Kalulu, that I brought from the interior of Africa, you know. He's singing one of his confounded war-songs while he polishes my boots."

A bright thought occurred to the manager.

"Have him up," he exclaimed, "and let us hear him."

Kalulu was summoned, and, nothing loath, gave his war-song and its accompanying wild dance, in their native, blood-curdling horror. In fact, he wanted to go on war-dancing and war-singing all day, and was with difficulty suppressed, after breaking most of the furniture, and was sent back to his boots.

"Now," said the manager, with the acumen of a showman, "here is your chance for the introduction of a diversion. About the middle of your lecture lead up to and introduce one of Kalulu's war-dances and songs, and say that the lecture will conclude with another exhibition!"

Stanley agreed, and the necessary intimation was duly given in the advertisements. Some weeks later, Stanley returned again to London, and the manager went to see him.

"Oh, yes," said Stanley, "the audiences stop right through to the end. By the way, you'd better alter that advertisement. It runs now: 'Lecture by Mr. Stanley on South Africa, with War-dance and Song by his Native Boy, Kalulu, in the middle and again at the conclusion.' You had better have it changed to this, I think: 'A South-African Concert by Kalulu, Mr. H. M. Stanley's Black Boy, accompanied by War-dances, with an Introduction and some Explanations by Mr. Stanley.' You see," continued Stanley, moodily, "the crowd keeps on encoring Kalulu's first performance till the time comes for the second; when I try to get a little show, they wont have me, but put me down with wild shouts for 'Kalulu! Kalulu!'"—which evidence of bad taste hurt Stanley's sense of self-esteem, and he felt quite jealous of poor Kalulu, who, however, soon died, partly of over-zeal for his war-dancing and singing, partly because he was too fond of rum.

A somewhat similar experience once befell myself. I was duly engaged to lecture in a small town in the western part of New York State. On the journey I happened to notice, occupying a seat in the same car with me, a very handsome woman, rather of the Spanish type of beauty. When I reached my destination, she appeared to have reached hers also. We got out together. The local secretary introduced himself to me on the platform, giving his name as my correspondent, and we seated ourselves together in the hotel-omnibus. The lady followed, with rather a bewildered aspect, and presently, addressing the secretary, said: "Mr. ——, I am Madame Serena." It was an awkward moment for the secretary. I was on my right date in the local lecture course, and the lady, who was a well-known *pianiste*, had been secured for the succeeding entertainment; but in writing to her, the secretary had heedlessly assigned to her my date. So here she was, with his letter in her hand to prove that the error was not hers; and here I was, too, iron-clad in my contract. What was to be done? The committee held a meeting, and the secretary came to me, and asked whether I would have any objections that the lady should play for a quarter of an hour before I began to lecture, that I should make an interval of a quarter of an hour in the middle, which she should fill up, the evening to conclude with a final quarter of an hour of piano-forte music. Of course, I consented, but to this day that New York town has not heard the latter half of that lecture! It endured me, as I thought with some reluctance, after the musical overture; but it would have none of me after the interlude. The gifted *pianiste* had to prolong her interlude till it merged in her finale; and I am quite sure I enjoyed listening to her more than talking myself. Only it would have done the audience good to have heard the latter half of that lecture!

It is bad enough to realize that you are a failure; but it is quite too harrowing to be told so to your face, and all the more harrowing when your informant does not know whom he is addressing. Once, long ago, I gave an isolated lecture in Manchester, on the Carlist war in Spain, from which I had recently returned. It was a poor subject, it was a bad lecture, and it was a worse lecturer. I felt rather miserable as I stood in the auditorium, trying to converse with the secretary while the fag end of the audience slowly dispersed. A young gentleman sauntered up and, not recognizing me as the lecturer, addressed the secretary. "Infernally poor lecture," this friendly creature observed. "Don't you think so?" he asked of the secretary. That official remained dumb in embarrassment. "Don't you think so, sir?" said he, addressing me. "I quite agree with you," was my reply, made in sad truth. "Of course it was," he continued. "We all know the fellow can write first-rate; but he ought to stick to his pen, and not try to lecture, for he can't lecture worth a blank! Isn't that so, sir?" again addressing me, as a previous sympathizer. Again I expressed agreement with him, and he was proceeding with detailed criticism of an emphatic character, when the

secretary, in a cold perspiration, clutched hold of him, dragged him to one side, and whispered something to him. The next thing I saw of the frank and ingenuous critic was his fluttering coat-tails, as he dashed headlong from the hall. He could not rally himself even to apologize; and, besides, what had he to apologize for?

Law-suits are unpleasant things, and I would counsel every one to shun them as he would a snake. I have had but one in my life, and that was about a lecture. Can any one tell exactly how long a lecture ought to last? Very few people know that there is a legal decision on this important point; that decision was given in the course of this law-suit in which I was involved. The trouble occurred in the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire, England. I was to lecture there, as it might be to-night, and I had promised Mrs. M——, the wife of the famous painter, to be present at the marriage of her daughter to an old Zulu-war comrade of mine, on the following morning in a church in the west end of London. I could only accomplish this by leaving Newport, after the lecture, by a train stopping at that place at 9:35 P. M. The lecture-hour was eight, the lecture would last an hour and a half, and I would have just five minutes to drive to the station and catch the train. Now, in South Wales punctuality is not a virtue with audiences; the chairman has a habit of making a speech when introducing the lecturer, and when the lecture is finished there is a vote of thanks to the lecturer and then to the chairman, all of which prolongs the performance to two hours. My plan was to begin at eight, tell the chairman to make no speech, and escape before the votes of thanks. I sent an intimation to the local agent to advertise punctual commencement, explaining my object. I reached Newport, dressed, and was sitting, waiting for the time to go to the hall, when my secretary rushed in with the tidings that the local agent would not consent to the arrangement I had suggested, and had told him he would not pay the fee unless the full ordinary programme was leisurely gone through. I at once went across, told the agent the lecture was advertised punctually for eight; that I would begin at that hour, would speak for an hour and a half, and that then I would have done my part and would go. He replied that in that case he would not pay the fee. Now, I should have carried out my programme, and so put him in the wrong; but I lost my temper for the moment, quietly said, "Then in that case I shall not lecture," and left the place.

When I drove up to the depot, an hour and a half later, an angry mob occupied the platform, and the local agent was haranguing it and denouncing me. I got the most plenteous abuse. I had outraged the people of Newport, was bellowed at me, and there were threats of lynching me. Fists were flourished in my face, and every moment I expected to be attacked. When the train came up and I entered the carriage, a shower of mud and small stones broke the window and bespattered me. I duly attended the marriage, and, feeling that I had not acted with full consideration for my audience, I telegraphed the mayor of Newport that I would give a free lecture for the benefit of the local charities, which offer was accepted. A good sum was realized for the town infirmary, and I was reinstated in the good graces of Newport.

But the local agent went to law with me. He sued me for his expenses out of pocket, and concluded, besides, for one hundred pounds in the name of lost profits. The trial came off at the next South Wales assizes. His contention was that he was acting in the interests of the Newport people in prohibiting the curtailment of the lecture. Mine was that the lecture hour was eight, and that my lecture was only an hour and a half long; when the proceedings were protracted, it was because of unpunctuality and other people's oratory. In proof of my assertion I offered to read my lecture to the court, but the jury visibly shuddered, and the judge said life was too short for this kind of evidence. However, he summed up in my favor, and the jury followed his lead; so that I won my only law-suit. The plaintiff appealed to a higher court in London, and the case came on before Lord Coleridge, who made very short work of the matter.

"It is acknowledged," said he, "by the defendant that his lecture is an hour and a half long, and it seems the plaintiff wanted it longer. Now I hold," he continued, "that any lecture is a common nuisance that lasts longer than an hour, and so I dismiss the appeal."

At Newport I was threatened with violence because I had not lectured. Once, at Cork, in the south of Ireland, I was threatened with personal violence if I dared to lecture. Years before, when poor John Mitchell came back from America as the member-elect for Tipperary, and when the election was declared void because Mitchell was still under the sentence of felony, I had visited Ireland in a journalistic capacity. The scenes I witnessed were so full of humor that I could not refrain from describing them in my newspaper in a strain of badinage, and as Irishmen—who like nothing so well as to make jokes at

other people's expense—do not relish fun made of themselves, I became the temporary object of popular indignation. But I had thought all this interlude of nonsense had long been forgotten, and I journeyed serenely to Cork to lecture in its theater. On arriving, I found the dead-walls beplastered with the placard: "Men of Cork! The traducer of John Mitchell is among you to-night. You know how to receive him!" This did not greatly scare me, because I had no idea it was meant seriously, and, at the appointed hour, I betook myself to the theater. Long before I reached the stage-door, I heard the clamor inside. Behind, I found panic and demoralization raging. There was nobody to receive me, and only one old fellow in charge of the stage. I prevailed on him to find a table and a chair; then he and I pulled up the curtain, and I walked out from the wing upon the stage, alone and unbefriended. The crowd in the front had been amusing themselves by singing a doggerel ditty containing unpleasant allusions to myself, and by yelling their anxiety that England should be relegated to an unpleasantly warm region. My appearance was the signal for a howl that made the roof tremble. I bowed, pretending to mistake the clamor for a greeting of vociferous friendliness, and, opening my manuscript, essayed to commence. I never got beyond the first three words. The place became a bedlam of din; so I bowed and sat down, looking out blandly on the turmoil. The people in the stalls and the dress circle, who were friendly to me, were clapping their hands vigorously. The pit and the gallery were yelling down this demonstration, and yelling me down as well, with a fervor that did credit to their lungs. After twenty minutes of this turmoil there was a lull of exhaustion, of which I took advantage to stand up and try to begin again. But it had not been exhaustion—only temporary cessation. The moment I rose, the din recommenced worse than ever. I stood silent for a while, till some eggs began to whiz past my ears. It occurred to me that I had given the enterprise a fair trial, and that the eggs were rather a polite hint that it was time to go and own myself foiled. So I made a polite bow and leisurely withdrew, followed by a howl of triumph to which the previous noises had been child's play. I found chaos raging behind the scenes. The directors of the theater had turned up by this time, mad with impotent fury. "Bedad," cried one, "I'll have the place cleared at the point of the bayonet!" "Why," replied I, "the people have broken no law. They are only expressing their sentiments, which they have a perfect right to do." But, all the same, he sent for the lieutenant of police, and requested him to clear the building. The lieutenant took my view, and declined to act. Then it was proposed that the manager should go on and appeal to the audience to be reasonable. I ventured to express my opinion that such an appeal would have no effect, and that it might as well be accepted at once that a continuation was not possible. The manager's wife was on hand, and she flung herself around her husband in an excess of frantic terror. "Oh, S——, S——!" she shrieked, "sure ye mustn't face the blagyuards. They'll kill my S——! They'll massacree yees, and tear ye limb from limb!" But, nevertheless, the manager went on, only to return very pale, with one rotten egg on his hat, and another in the bosom of his shirt. Then I went away. A young gentleman with a revolver in his hand offered to escort me. I declined the escort, and bade him put up his weapon. I know the Irish people; they bear no malice, and they become good-humored when they have gained their point. I walked out through the throng in the lobby, quite alone; and, so far from being molested, I was actually cheered. In Cork, they like a man to show that he is not afraid of them. There was a crowd at the depot when I left, two hours later, and as I drove up alone, the throng was quite demonstrative in its sudden friendliness. I might have lectured in Cork the following evening without encountering a single hiss.

There is in America a considerable proportion of colored population; but the "cullured folk" are not in any appreciable number among lecture audiences; indeed, I do not remember ever to have noticed a colored listener. On one occasion, however, I had reason to anticipate this pleasure. Arriving one afternoon at the station of a little town in Pennsylvania, I handed my valise to a colored man who offered to take it, and told him I would walk up to the hotel. I was standing at the hotel counter, talking with the local agent, when he arrived with the valise.

"What shall I give you, George?" was my question.

"D'know, boss," said he, in a bashful, winning way, "I'd like a ticket to the leckchaw to-night pow'ful!"

This was indeed a touching compliment, and at my request the local agent gave him a pass. I was so full of complacency that I asked the man whether he had a wife.

"Wife? Yes, boss, I'se got a wife, an' I'm sho' she'd like a ticket too!"

A ticket was handed him for the wife, and he departed, grateful; but when lecture-time came, I searched the audience in vain for a

colored man or a colored woman. Next morning, George duly turned up to carry my valise down to the station.

"I didn't see you at the lecture last night," I ventured to observe.

"Leckchaw!" retorted George, with undisguised contempt. "Psha! I don't shin around no leckchaws! Why, I traded off them 'ere tickets for twenty-fi' cents!"

And away he tramped with the valise, mumbling depreciatory comments in reference to "leckchaws."

Archibald Forbes.



THE STREET OF THE HYACINTH.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON,

Author of "Rodman the Keeper," "Anne," etc.

IN TWO PARTS:—I.

It was a street in Rome, narrow, winding, not over-clean. Two vehicles, meeting there, could pass only by grazing the doors and windows on either side, after the usual excited whip-cracking and shouts which make the new-comer imagine, for his first day or two, that he is proceeding at a perilous speed through the sacred city of the soul.

But two vehicles did not often meet in the street of the Hyacinth. It was not a thoroughfare, not even a convenient connecting link; it skirted the back of the Pantheon, the old buildings on either side rising so high against the blue that the sun never came down lower than the fifth line of windows, and looking up from the pavement was like looking up from the bottom of a well. There was no footwalk, of course; even if there had been one no one would have used it, owing to the easy custom of throwing from the windows a few ashes, and other light trifles, for the city refuse-carts, instead of carrying them down the long stairs to the door below. They must be in the street at an appointed hour, must they not? Very well, then—there they were; no one but an unreasonable foreigner would dream of objecting.

But unreasonable foreigners seldom entered the street of the Hyacinth. There were, however, two who lived there, one winter not long ago; and upon a certain morning in the January of that winter a third came to see these two. At least he asked for them, and gave two cards to the Italian maid who answered his ring; but when, before he had time to even seat himself, the little curtain over the parlor door was raised again, and Miss Macks entered, she came alone. Her mother did not appear. The visitor was not disturbed by being obliged to begin conversation immediately; he was an old Roman sojourner, and had stopped fully three minutes at the end of the fourth flight of stairs to regain his breath, before he mounted the fifth and last to ring Miss Macks's bell. Her card was tacked upon the door: "Miss Ettie F. Macks." He surveyed it with disfavor, while the little, loose-hung bell rang a small but exceedingly shrill and ill-tempered peal, like the barking of a small cur. "Why in the world doesn't she put her mother's card here, instead of her own?" he said to himself. "Or, if her own, why not simply 'Miss Macks,' without that nickname?"

But Miss Macks's mother had never possessed a visiting-card in her life. Miss Macks was the visiting member of the family; and this was so well understood at home, that she had forgotten that it might not be the same abroad. As to the "Ettie," having been called so always, it had not occurred to her to make a change. Her name was Ethelinda Faith, Mrs. Macks having thus combined euphony and filial respect—the first title being her tribute to æsthetics, the second her tribute to the memory of her mother.

"I am so very glad to see you, Mr. Noel," said Miss Macks, greeting her visitor with much cordial directness of voice and eyes. "I have been expecting you. But you have waited so long—three days!"

Raymond Noel, who thought that, under the circumstances, he had been unusually courteous and prompt, was rather surprised to find himself thus put at once upon the defensive.

"We are not always able to carry out

our wishes immediately, Miss Macks," he replied, smiling a little. "I was hampered by several previously made engagements."

"Yes; but this was a little different, wasn't it? This was something important—not like an invitation to lunch or dinner, or the usual idle society talk."

He looked at her; she was quite in earnest.

"I suppose it to be different," he answered. "You must remember how little you have told me."

"I thought I told you a good deal! However, the atmosphere of a reception is no place for such subjects, and I can understand that you did not take it in. That is the reason I asked you to come and see me, here. Shall I begin at once? It seems rather abrupt."

"I enjoy abruptness; I have not heard any for a long time."

"That I can understand, too; I suppose the society here is all finished off—there are no rough ends."

"There are ends. If not rough, they are often sharp."

But Miss Macks did not stop to analyze this; she was too much occupied with her own subject.

"I will begin immediately, then," she said. "It will be rather long; but, if you are to understand me, you ought of course to know the whole."

"My chair is very comfortable," replied Noel, placing his hat and gloves on the sofa near him, and taking an easy position with his head back.

Miss Macks thought that he ought to have said, "The longer it is, the more interesting," or something of that sort. She had already described him to her mother as "not over-polite. Not rude in the least, you know—as far as possible from that; wonderfully smooth-spoken; but yet, somehow—awfully indifferent." However, he was Raymond Noel; and that, not his politeness or impoliteness, was her point.

"To begin with, then, Mr. Noel, a year ago I had never read one word you have written; I had never even heard of you. I suppose you think it strange that I should tell you this so frankly; but, in the first place, it will give you a better idea of my point of view; and, in the second, I feel a friendly interest in your taking measures to introduce your writings into the community where I lived. It is a very intelligent community. Naturally, a writer wants his articles read. What else does he write them for?"

"Perhaps a little for his own entertainment," suggested her listener.

"Oh, no! He would never take so much trouble just for that."

"On the contrary, many would take any amount, just for that. Successfully to entertain oneself—that is one of the great successes of life."

Miss Macks gazed at him; she had a very direct gaze.

"This is just mere talk," she said, not impatiently, but in a business-like tone. "We shall never get anywhere if you take me up so. It is not that your remarks are not very cultivated and interesting, and all that; but simply that I have so much to tell you."

"Perhaps I can be cultivated and interesting dumbly. I will try."

"You are afraid I am going to be diffuse; I see that. So many women are diffuse! But I shall not be, because I have been thinking for six months just what I should say to you. It was very lucky that I went with Mrs. Lawrence to that reception where I met you. But, if it had not happened as it did, I should have found you out all the same. I should have looked for your address at all the bankers', and, if it was not there, I should have inquired at all the hotels. But it was delightful luck getting hold of you in this way, almost the very minute I enter Rome!"

She spoke so simply and earnestly that Noel did not say that he was immensely honored, and so forth, but merely bowed his acknowledgments.

"To go back. I shall give you simply heads," pursued Miss Macks. "If you want details, ask, and I will fill them in. I come from the West. Tuscolee Falls is the name of our town. We had a farm there, but we did not do well with it after Mr. Spurr's death, so we rented it out. That is how I come to have so much leisure. I have always had a great deal of ambition; by that I mean that I did not see why things that had once been done could not be done again. It seemed to me that the point was—just determination. And then, of course, I always had the talent. I made pictures when I was a very little girl. Mother has them still, and I can show them to you. It is just like all the biographies, you know. They always begin in childhood, and astonish the family. Well, I had my first lessons from a drawing-teacher who spent a summer in Tuscolee. I can show you what I did while with him. Then I attended, for four years, the Young Ladies' Seminary in the county-town, and took lessons while there. I may as well be perfectly frank and tell the whole, which is that everybody was astonished at my progress, and that I was myself. All sorts of things are prophesied out there about my future. You see, the neighborhood is a very generous-spirited one, and they like to think they have discovered a genius

at their own doors. My telling you all this sounds, I know, rather conceited, Mr. Noel. But if you could see my motive, and how entirely without conceit my idea of myself really is, you would hold me free from that charge. It is only that I want you to know absolutely the whole."

"I quite understand," answered her visitor.

"Well—I hope you do. I went on at home, after that, by myself, and I did a good deal. I work pretty rapidly, you see. Then came my last lessons, from a third teacher. He was a young man from New York. He had consumption, poor fellow! and cannot last long. He wasn't of much use to me in actual work. His ideas were completely different from those of my other teachers, and, indeed, from my own. He was unreliable, too, and his temper was uneven. However, I had a good deal of respect for his opinion, and *he* told me to get your art-articles and read them. It wasn't easy. Some of them are scattered about in the magazines and papers, you know. However, I am pretty determined, and I kept at it until I got them all. Well, they made a great impression upon me. You see, they were new." She paused. "But I doubt, Mr. Noel, whether we should ever entirely agree," she added, looking at him reflectively.

"That is very probable, Miss Macks."

Miss Macks thought this an odd reply. "He is so queer, with all his smoothness!" she said to her mother afterward. "He never says what you think he will say. Now, any one would suppose that he would have answered that he would try to make me agree, or something like that. Instead, he just gave it right up, without trying! But I expect he sees how independent I am, and that I don't intend to *reflect any* one."

"Well, they made a great impression," she resumed. "And as you seemed to think, Mr. Noel, that no one could do well in painting who had not seen and studied the old pictures over here, I made up my mind to come over at any cost, if it was a possible thing to bring it about. It wasn't easy, but—here we are. In the lives of all—almost all—artists, I have noticed—haven't you?—that there comes a time when they have to live on hope and their own pluck, more than upon anything tangible that the present has to offer. They have to take that risk. Well, I have taken it; I took it when we left America. And now I will tell you what it is I want from *you*. I haven't any hesitation in asking, because I am sure you will feel interested in a case like mine, and because it was your writings really that brought me here, you know. And so, then, first: I would like your opinion of all that I have done, so far. I have brought everything with me to show you. Second: I want your advice as to the best teacher; I suppose there is a great choice in Rome. Third: I should be glad if you would give a general oversight to all I do, for the next year. And last, if you would be so kind, I should much enjoy making visits with you to all the galleries and hearing your opinions again by word of mouth, because that is always so much more vivid, you know, than the printed page."

"My dear Miss Macks! you altogether overestimate my powers," said Noel, astounded by these far-reaching demands, so calmly and confidently made.

"Yes, I know. Of course it strikes you so—strikes you as a great compliment that I should wish to put myself so entirely in your hands," answered Miss Macks, smiling. "But you must give up thinking of me as the usual young lady; you must not think of me in that way any more than I shall think of you as the usual young gentleman. You will never meet me at a reception again; now that I have found *you*, I shall devote myself entirely to my work."

"An alarming girl!" said Noel to himself. But, even as he said it, he knew that, in the ordinary acceptation of the term at least, Miss Macks was not alarming.

She was twenty-two; in some respects she looked older, in others much younger, than most girls of that age. She was tall, slender, erect, but not especially graceful. Her hands were small and finely shaped, but thin. Her features were well cut; her face oval. Her gray eyes had a clear directness in their glance, which, combined with the other expressions of her face, told the experienced observer at once that she knew little of what is called "the world.". For, although calm, it was a deeply confident glance; it showed that the girl was sure that she could take care of herself, and even several others, also, through any contingencies that might arise. She had little color; but her smooth complexion was not pale—it was slightly brown. Her mouth was small, her teeth small, and very white. Her light-brown hair was drawn back smoothly from her forehead, and drawn up smoothly behind, its thickness braided in a close knot on the top of her head. This compact coiffure, at a time when most feminine foreheads in Rome and elsewhere were shaded almost to the eyebrows by curling locks, and when the arched outline of the head was left unbroken, the hair being coiled in a low knot behind, made Miss Macks look somewhat peculiar. But she was not observant of fashion's changes. That had been the mode in Tuscolee; she had grown

accustomed to it; and, as her mind was full of other things, she had not considered this one. One or two persons, who noticed her on the voyage over, said to themselves, "If that girl had more color, and if she was graceful, and if she was a little more womanly,—that is, if she would not look at everything in such a direct, calm, impartial, impersonal sort of way, —she would be almost pretty."

But Miss Macks continued without color and without grace, and went on looking at things as impersonally and impartially as ever.

"I shall be most happy, of course, to do anything that I can," Noel had answered. Then to make a diversion, "Shall I not have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Macks?" he asked.

"Mrs. Macks? Oh, you mean mother. My mother's name is Spurr—Mrs. Spurr. My father died when I was a baby, and, some years afterward, she married Mr. Spurr. She is now again a widow. Her health is not good, and she sees almost no one, thank you."

"I suppose you are much pleased with the picturesqueness of Roman life, and—ah—your apartment?" he went on.

"Pleased?" said Miss Macks, looking at him in wonder. "With our apartment? We get along with it because we must; there seems to be no other way to live, in Rome. The idea of having only a story of a house, and not a whole house to ourselves, is dreadful to mother; she cannot get used to it. And, with so many families below us,—we have a clock-mender, a dress-maker, an engraver, a print-seller, and a cobbler,—and only one pair of stairs, it does seem to me dreadfully public."

"You must look upon the stair-way as a street," said Noel. "You have established yourselves in a very short time."

"Oh, yes. I got an agent, and looked at thirty places the very first day. I speak Italian a little, so I can manage the housekeeping; I began to study it as soon as we thought of coming, and I studied hard. But all this is of secondary importance; the real thing is to get to work. Will you look at my paintings now?" she said, rising as if to go for them.

"Thanks; I fear I have hardly time to-day," said Noel. He was thinking whether it would be better to decline clearly and in so many words the office she had thrust upon him, or trust to time to effect the same without an open refusal. He decided upon the latter course; it seemed the easier, and also the kinder to her.

"Well,—another day, then," said Miss Macks, cheerfully, taking her seat again. "But about a teacher?"

"I hardly know ——"

"Oh, Mr. Noel! you *must* know."

And, in truth, he did know. It came into his mind to give her the name of a good teacher, and then put all further responsibilities upon him.

Miss Macks wrote down the name in a clear, ornamental handwriting.

"I am glad it isn't a foreigner," she said. "I don't believe I should get on with a foreigner."

"But it is a foreigner."

"Why, it's an English name, isn't it? Jackson."

"Yes, he is an Englishman. But isn't an Englishman a foreigner in Rome?"

"Oh, you take that view? Now, to me, America and—well, yes, perhaps England, too, are the nations. Everything else is foreign."

"The English would be very much obliged to you," said Noel, laughing.

"Yes, I know I am more liberal than most Americans; I really like the English," said Miss Macks, calmly. "But we keep getting off the track. Let me see— Oh, yes. As I shall go to see this Mr. Jackson this afternoon, and as it is not likely that he will be ready to begin to-morrow, will you come then and look at my pictures? Or would you rather commence with a visit to one of the galleries?"

Raymond Noel was beginning to be amused. If she had shown the faintest indication of knowing how much she was asking,—if she had betrayed the smallest sign of a desire to secure his attention as Raymond Noel personally, and not simply the art-authority upon whom she had pinned her faith,—his disrelish for various other things about her would have been heightened into utter dislike, and it is probable that he would never have entered the street of the Hyacinth again. But she was so unaware of any intrusion, or any exorbitance in her demands, probably so ignorant of—certainly so indifferent to—the degree of perfection (perfection of the most quiet kind, however) visible in the general appearance and manner of the gentleman before her, that (he said to himself) he might as well have been one of her own Tuscolee farmers, for all she knew to the contrary. The whole affair was unusual; and Noel rather liked the unusual, if it was not loud—and Miss Macks was, at least, not loud; she was dressed plainly in black, and she had the gift of a sweet voice, which, although very clear, was low-toned. Noel was an observer of voices, and he had noticed hers the first time he heard her speak. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was answering that he feared his engagements for the next day would, unfortunately, keep him from putting himself at her service.

Her face fell; she looked much disappointed.

"Is it going to be like this all the time?" she asked, anxiously. "Are you always engaged?"

"In Rome, in the winter, one generally has small leisure. It will be the same with you, Miss Macks, when you have been here a while longer; you will see. As to the galleries, Mr. Jackson has a class, I think, and probably the pupils will visit them all, under his charge; you will find that very satisfactory."

"But I don't want Mr. Jackson for the galleries; I want *you*," said Miss Macks. "I have studied your art-criticisms until I know them by heart, and I have a thousand questions to ask about every picture you have mentioned. Why, Mr. Noel, I came to Europe to see you!"

Raymond Noel was rather at a loss what to answer to this statement, made by a girl who looked at him so soberly and earnestly with clear gray eyes. It would be of no avail again to assure her that his opinions would be of small use to her; as she had said herself, she was very determined, and she had made up her mind that they would be of great use, instead of small. Her idea must wear itself out by degrees. He would try to make the degrees easy. He decided that he would have a little private talk with Jackson, who was a very honest fellow; and, for the present, he would simply take leave.

"You are very kind," he said, rising. "I appreciate it, I assure you. It has made me stay an unconscionable time. I hope you will find Rome all you expected, and I am sure you will; all people of imagination like Rome. As to the galleries, yes, certainly; a—ah—little later. You must not forget the various small precautions necessary here as regards the fever, you know."

"Rome will not be at all what I expected if *you* desert me," answered Miss Macks, paying no attention to his other phrases. She had risen, also, and was now confronting him at a distance of less than two feet; as she was tall, her eyes were not much below the level of his own.

"How can a man desert when he has never enlisted?" thought Noel, humorously. But he kept his thought to himself, and merely replied, as he took his hat: "Probably you will desert me; you will find out how useless I am. You must not be too hard upon us, Miss Macks; we Americans lose much of our native energy if we stay long over here."

"Hard?" she answered,—"hard? Why, Mr. Noel, I am absolutely at your feet!"

He looked at her, slightly startled, although his face showed nothing of it; was she, after all, going to ——? But no; her sentence had been as impersonal as those which had preceded it.

"All I said about having contrary opinions, and all that, amounts to nothing," she went on, thereby relieving him from the necessity of making reply. "I desire but one thing, and that is to have you guide me. And I don't believe you are really going to refuse. You haven't an unkind face, although you *have* got such a cold way! Why, think of it: here I have come all this long distance, bringing mother, too, just to study, and to see you. I shall study hard; I have a good deal of perseverance. It took a good deal to get here in the first place, for we are poor. But I don't mind that at all; the only thing I should mind, the only thing that would take my courage away, would be to have you desert me. In all the troubles that I thought might happen, I assure you, I never once thought of *that*, Mr. Noel. I thought of course you would be interested. Why, in your books you are all interest. Are you different from your books?"

"I fear, Miss Macks, that writers are seldom good illustrations of their own doctrines," replied Noel.

"That would make them hypocrites. I don't believe you are a hypocrite. I expect you have a habit of running yourself down. Many gentlemen do that, and then they think they will be cried up. I don't believe you are going to be unkind; you *will* look at the pictures I have brought with me, wont you?"

"Mr. Jackson's opinion is worth a hundred of mine, Miss Macks; my knowledge is not technical. But, of course, if you wish it, I shall take pleasure in obeying." He added several conventional remarks as filling-up, and then, leaving his compliments for "your mother,"—he could not recall the name she had given,—he went toward the little curtained door.

She had brightened over his promise.

"You will come Monday, then, to see them, wont you?—as you cannot come to-morrow," she said, smiling happily.

When she smiled (and she did not smile often), showing her little white, child-like teeth, she looked very young. He was fairly caught, and answered, "Yes." But he immediately qualified it with a "That is, if it is possible."

"Oh, *make* it possible," she answered, still smiling and going with him herself to the outer door, instead of summoning the maid. The last he saw of her she was standing in the open door-way, her face bright and contented, watching him as he went down. He did not go to see her pictures on the following Monday; he sent a note of excuse.

Some days later he met her.

"Ah, you are taking one of the delightful walks?" he said. "I envy you your first impressions of Rome."

"I am not taking a walk—that is, for pleasure," she answered. "I am trying to find some vegetables that mother can eat; the vegetables here are so foreign! You don't know how disappointed I was, Mr. Noel, when I got your note. It was such a set-back! Why couldn't you come right home with me now—that is, after I have got the vegetables—and see the pictures? It wouldn't take you fifteen minutes."

It was only nine o'clock, and a beautiful morning. He thought her such a novelty, with her urgent invitations, her earnest eyes, and her basket on her arm, that he felt the impulse to walk beside her a while through the old streets of Rome; he was very fond of the old streets, and was curious to see whether she would notice the colors and outlines that made their picturesqueness. She noticed nothing but the vegetable-stalls, and talked of nothing but her pictures.

He still went on with her, however, amused by the questions she put to the vegetable-dealers (questions compiled from the phrase-books), and the calm contempt with which she surveyed the Roman artichokes they offered. At last, she secured some beans, but of sadly Italian aspect, and Noel took the basket. He was much entertained by the prospect of carrying it home. He remarked to himself that, of all the various things he had done in Rome, this was the freshest. They reached the street of the Hyacinth and walked down its dark center.

"I see you have the sun," he said, looking up.

"Yes; that is the reason we took the top floor. We will go right up. Everything is ready."

He excused himself.

"Some other time."

They had entered the dusky hall-way. She looked at him without replying; then held out her hand for the basket. He gave it to her.

"I suppose you have seen Mr. Jackson?" he said, before taking leave.

She nodded, but did not speak. Then he saw two tears rise in her eyes.

"My dear young lady, you have been doing too much! You are tired. Don't you know that that is very dangerous in Rome?"

"It is nothing. Mother has been sick, and I have been up with her two nights. Then, as she did not like our servant, I dismissed her, and as we have not got any one else yet, I have had a good deal to do. But I don't mind that at all, beyond being a little tired; it was only your refusing to come up, when it seemed so easy. But, never mind; you will come another day." And, repressing the tears, she smiled faintly, and held out her hand for good-by.

"I will come now," said Noel. He took the basket again, and went up the stairs. He was touched by the two tears, but, at the same time, vexed with himself for being there at all. There was not one chance in five hundred that her work was worth anything; and, in the four hundred and ninety-nine, pray what was he to say?

She brought him everything. They were all in the four hundred and ninety-nine. In his opinion, they were all extremely and essentially bad.

It was one of Raymond Noel's beliefs that, where women were concerned, a certain amount of falsity was sometimes indispensable. There were occasions when a man could no more tell the bare truth to a woman than he could strike her; the effect would be the same as a blow. He was an excellent evader when he chose to exert himself, and he finally got away from the little high-up apartment without disheartening or offending its young mistress, and without any very black record of direct untruth—what is more, without any positive promise as to the exact date of his next visit. But all this was a good deal of trouble to take for a girl he did not know or care for.

Soon afterward he met, at a small party, Mrs. Lawrence.

"Tell me a little, please, about the young lady to whom you presented me at Mrs. Dudley's reception—Miss Macks," he said, after some conversation.

"A little is all I can tell," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "She brought a letter of introduction to me from a far-away cousin of mine, who lives out West somewhere, and whom I have not seen for twenty years; my home, you know, is in New Jersey. How they learned I was in Rome I cannot imagine; but, knowing it, I suppose they thought that Miss Macks and I would meet, as necessarily as we should if together in their own village. The letter assures me that the girl is a great genius; that all she needs is an opportunity. They even take the ground that it will be a privilege for me to know her! But I am mortally tired of young geniuses; we have so many here in Rome! So, I told her at once that I knew nothing of modern art,—in fact, detested it,—but that, in any other way, I should be delighted to be of use. And I took her to Mrs. Dudley's *omnium gatherum*."

"Then you have not been to see her?"

"No; she came to see me. I sent cards, of course; I seldom call. What did you think of her?"

"I thought her charming," replied Noel, remembering the night-vigils, the vegetables, the dismissed servant, and the two tears of the young stranger,—remembering, also, her extremely bad pictures.

"I am glad she has found a friend in you," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "She was very anxious to meet you; she looks upon you as a great authority. If she really has talent—of course *you* would know—you must tell me. It is not talent I am so tired of, but the pretense of it. She struck me, although wofully unformed and awkward, of course, as rather intelligent."

"She is intelligence personified," replied Noel, qualifying it mentally with "intelligence without cultivation." He perceived that the young stranger would have no help from Mrs. Lawrence, and he added to himself: "And totally inexperienced purity alone in Rome." To be sure, there was the mother; but he had a presentiment that this lady, as guardian, would not be of much avail.

The next day he went down to Naples for a week, with some friends. Upon his return he stopped at Horace Jackson's studio one afternoon, as he happened to be passing. His time was really much occupied; he was a favorite in Rome. To his surprise, Jackson seemed to think that Miss Macks had talent. Her work was very crude, of course; she had been brutally taught; teachers of that sort should simply be put out of existence with the bowstring. He had turned her back to the alphabet; and, in time, in time, they—would see what she could do.

Horace Jackson was English by birth, but he had lived in Italy almost all his life. He was a man of forty-five—short, muscular, his thick, rather shaggy, beard and hair mixed with gray; there was a permanent frown over his keen eyes, and his rugged face had marked lines. He was a man of strong individuality. He had the reputation of being the most incorruptibly honest teacher in Rome. Noel had known him a long time, and liked him, ill-tempered though he was. Jackson, however, had not shown any especial signs of a liking for Noel in return. Perhaps he thought that, in the nature of things, there could not be much in common between a middle-aged, morose teacher, who worked hard, who knew nothing of society, and did not want to know, and a man like Raymond Noel. True, Noel was also an artist—that is, a literary one. But he had been highly successful in his own field, and it was understood, also, that he had an income of his own by inheritance, which, if not opulence, was yet sufficiently large to lift him quite above the usual *res angusta* of his brethren in the craft. In addition, Jackson considered Noel a fashionable man; and that would have been a barrier, even if there had been no other.

As the Englishman seemed to have some belief in Miss Macks, Noel did not say all he had intended to say; he did, however, mention that the young lady had a mistaken idea regarding any use he could be to her; he should be glad if she could be undeceived.

"I think she will be," said Jackson, with a grim smile, giving his guest a glance of general survey that took him in from head to foot; "she isn't dull."

Noel understood the glance, and smiled at Jackson's idea of him.

"She is not dull, certainly," he answered. "But she is rather—inexperienced." He dismissed the subject, went home, dressed and went out to dinner.

One morning, a week later, he was strolling through the Doria gallery. He was in a bad humor. There were many people in the gallery that day, but he was not noticing them; he detested a crowd. After a while, some one touched his coat-sleeve from behind. He turned, with his calmest expression upon his face; when he was in an ill-humor he was impassively calm. It was Miss Macks, her eyes eager, her face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, what good luck!" she said. "And to think that I almost went to the Borghese, and might have missed you! I am so delighted that I don't know what to do. I am actually trembling." And she was. "I have so longed to see these pictures with you," she went on. "I have had a real aching disappointment about it, Mr. Noel."

Again Noel felt himself slightly touched by her earnestness. She looked prettier than usual, too, on account of the color.

"I always feel a self-reproach when with you, Miss Macks," he answered—"you so entirely overestimate me."

"Well, if I do, live up to it," she said, brightly.

"Only an archangel could do that."

"An archangel who knows about Art! I have been looking at the Caraccis; what do you think of them?"

"Never mind the Caraccis; there are better things to look at here." And then he made the circuit of the gallery with her slowly, pointing out the best pictures. During this circuit, he talked to her as he would have talked to an intelligent child who had been put in his charge in order to learn something of the paintings; he used the simplest

terms, mentioned the marked characteristics, and those only of the different schools, and spoke a few words of unshaded condemnation here and there. All he said was in broad, plain outlines. His companion listened earnestly. She gave him a close attention, almost always a comprehension, but seldom agreement. Her disagreement she did not express in words, but he could read it in her eyes. When they had seen everything,—and it took some time,—

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell me frankly, and without reference to anything I have said, your real opinion of several pictures I shall name—that is, if you can remember?"

"I remember everything. I always remember."

"Very well. What do you think, then, of the Raphael double portrait?"

"I think it very ugly."

"And the portrait of Andrea Doria, by Sebastian del Piombo?"

"Uglier still."

"And the Velasquez?"

"Ugliest of all."

"And the two large Claude Lorraines?"

"Rather pretty; but insipid. There isn't any reality or meaning in them."

"The Memling?"

"Oh, *that* is absolutely hideous, Mr. Noel; it hasn't a redeeming point."

Raymond Noel laughed with real amusement, and almost forgot his ill-humor.

"When you have found anything you really admire in the galleries here, Miss Macks, will you tell me?"

"Of course I will. I should wish to do so in any case, because, if you are to help me, you ought to thoroughly understand me. There is one thing more I should like to ask," she added, as they turned toward the door, "and that is that you would not call me Miss Macks. I am not used to it, and it sounds strangely; no one ever called me that in Tuscolee."

"What did they call you in Tuscolee?"

"They called me Miss Ettie; my name is Ethelinda Faith. But my friends and older people called me just 'Ettie'; I wish you would, too."

"I am certainly older," replied Noel, gravely (he was thirty-three); "but I do not like Ettie. With your permission, I will call you Faith."

"Do you like it? It's so old-fashioned! It was my grandmother's name."

"I like it immensely," he answered, leading the way down-stairs.

"You can't think how I've enjoyed it," she said, warmly, at the door.

"Yet you do not agree with my opinions?"

"Not yet. But all the same it was perfectly delightful. Good-by."

He had signaled for a carriage, as he had, as usual, an engagement. She preferred to walk. He drove off, and did not see her for ten days.

Then he came upon her again, and again in the Doria gallery. He was fond of the Doria, and often went there, but he had no expectation of meeting Miss Macks this time; he fancied that she followed a system, going through her list of galleries in regular order, one by one, and in that case she would hardly have reached the Doria on a second round. Her list was a liberal one; it included twenty. Noel had supposed that there were but nine in Rome.

This time she did not see him; she had some sheets of manuscript in her hand, and was alternately reading from them and looking at one of the pictures. She was much absorbed. After a while he went up.

"Good morning, Miss Macks."

She started; her face changed, and the color rose. She was as delighted as before. She immediately showed him her manuscript. There he beheld, written out in her clear handwriting, all he had said of the Doria pictures, page after page of it; she had actually reproduced from memory his entire discourse of an hour.

There were two blank spaces left.

"There, I could not exactly remember," said Miss Macks, apologetically. "If you would tell me, I should be so glad; then it would be quite complete."

"I shall never speak again. I am frightened," said Noel. He had taken the manuscript, and was looking it over with inward wonder.

"Oh, please do."

"Why do you care for my opinions, Miss Macks, when you do not agree with them?" he asked, his eyes still on the pages.

"You said you would call me Faith. Why do I care? Because they are yours, of course."

"Then you think I know?"

"I am sure you do."

"But it follows, then, that you do not."

"Yes; and there is where my work comes in; I have got to study up to you. I am afraid it will take a long time, wont it?"

"That depends upon you. It would take very little if you would simply accept non-combatively."

"Without being convinced? That I could never do."

"You want to be convinced against your will?"

"No; my will itself must be convinced to its lowest depths."

"This manuscript wont help you."

"Indeed, it has helped me greatly already. I have been here twice with it. I wrote it out the evening after I saw you. I only wish I had one for each of the galleries! But I feel differently now about asking you to go."

"I told you you would desert me."

"No, it is not that. But Mr. Jackson says you are much taken up with the fashionable society here, and that I must not expect you to give me so much of your time as I had hoped for. He says, too, that your art-articles will do me quite as much good as you yourself, and more; because you have a way, he says, like all society men, of talking as if you had no real convictions at all, and that would unsettle me."

"Jackson is an excellent fellow," replied Noel; "I like him extremely. And when would you like to go to the Borghese?"

"Oh, will you take me?" she said, joyfully. "Any time. To-morrow."

"Perhaps Mrs.—your mother, will go, also," he suggested, still unable to recall the name; he could think of nothing but "stirrup," and of course it was not that.

"I don't believe she would care about it," answered the daughter.

"She might. You know we make more of mothers here than we do in America," he ventured to remark.

"That is impossible," said Miss Macks, calmly. Evidently she thought his remark frivolous.

He abandoned the subject, and did not take it up again. It was not his duty to instruct Miss Macks in foreign customs. In addition, she was not only not "in society," but she was an art-student, and art-students had, or took, privileges of their own in Rome.

"At what hour shall I come for you?" he said.

"It will be out of your way to come for me; I will meet you at the gallery," she answered, radiant at the prospect.

He hesitated, then accepted her arrange ment of things. He would take her way, not his own. The next morning he went to the Borghese Palace ten minutes before the appointed time. But she was already there.

"Mother thought she would not come out—the galleries tire her so," she said; "but she was pleased to be remembered."

They spent an hour and a half among the pictures. She listened to all he said with the same earnest attention.

Within the next five weeks Raymond Noel met Miss Macks at other galleries. It was always very business-like,—they talked of nothing but the pictures; in truth, her systematic industry kept him strictly down to the subject in hand. He learned that she made the same manuscript copies of all he said, and, when he was not with her, she went alone, armed with these documents, and worked hard. Her memory was remarkable; she soon knew the names and the order of all the pictures in all the galleries, and had made herself acquainted with an outline, at least, of the lives of all the artists who had painted them. During this time she was, of course, going on with her lessons; but, as he had not been again to see Jackson, or to the street of the Hyacinth, he knew nothing of her progress. He did not want to know; she was in Jackson's hands, and Jackson was quite competent to attend to her.

In these five weeks he gave to Miss Macks only the odd hours of his leisure. He made her no promises; but, when he found that he should have a morning or half-morning unoccupied, he sent a note to the street of the Hyacinth, naming a gallery and an hour. She was always promptly there, and so pleased, that there was a sort of fresh aroma floating through the time he spent with her, after all,—but a mild one.

To give the proper position to the place the young art-student's light figure occupied on the canvas of Raymond Noel's winter, it should be mentioned that he was much interested in a French lady, who was spending some months in Rome. He had known her and admired her for a long time; but this winter he was seeing more of her, some barriers which had heretofore stood in the way being down. Madame B—— was a charming product of the effects of finished cultivation and fashionable life upon a natural foundation of grace, wit, and beauty of the French kind. She was not artificial, because she was art itself. Real art is as real as real nature is natural. Raymond Noel had a highly artistic nature. He admired art. This did not prevent him from taking up occasionally, as a contrast to this lady, the society of the young girl he called "Faith." Most men of imagination, artistic or not, do the same thing once in a while; it seems a necessity. With Noel it was not the contrast alone. The French lady led him an uneasy life, and now and then he took an hour of Faith, as a gentle soothing-draught of safe quality. She believed in him so perfectly! Now Madame appeared to believe in him not at all.

It must be added that, in his conversations with Miss Macks, he had dropped entirely even the very small amount of conventional gallantry that he had bestowed

upon her in the beginning. He talked to her not as though she was a boy, exactly, or an old woman, but as though he himself was a relative of mature age—say an uncle of benevolent disposition and a taste for art.

February gave way to March. And now, owing to a new position of his own affairs, Noel saw no more of Faith Macks. She had been a contrast, and he did not now wish for a contrast; or a soothing-draught, and a soothing-draught was not at present required. He simply forgot all about her.

In April, he decided rather suddenly to leave Rome. This was because Madame B—— had gone to Paris, and had not forbidden her American suitor to follow her, a few days later. He made his preparations for departure, and these, of course, included farewell calls. Then he remembered Faith Macks; he had not seen her for six weeks He drove to the street of the Hyacinth, and went up the dark stairs. Miss Macks was at home, and came in without delay; apparently, in her trim neatness, she was always ready for visitors.

She was very glad to see him; but did not, as he expected, ask why he had not come before. This he thought a great advance; evidently she was learning. When she heard that he had come to say good-by, her face fell.

"I am so very sorry; please sit as long as you can, then," she said, simply. "I suppose it will be six months before I see you again; you will hardly return to Rome before October." That he would come at that time she did not question.

"My plans are uncertain," replied Noel. "But probably I shall come back. One always comes back to Rome. And you—where do you go? To Switzerland?"

"Why—we go nowhere, of course; we stay here. That is what we came for, and we are all settled."

He made some allusion to the heat and unhealthiness.

"I am not afraid," replied Miss Macks. "Plenty of people stay; Mr. Jackson says so. It is only the rich who go away, and we are not rich. We have been through hot summers in Tuscolee, I can tell you!" Then, without asking leave this time, as if she was determined to have an opinion from him before he departed, she took from a portfolio some of the work she had done under Mr. Jackson's instruction.

Noel saw at once that the Englishman had not kept his word. He had not put her back upon the alphabet, or, if he had done so, he had soon released her, and allowed her to pursue her own way again. The original faults were as marked as ever. In his opinion all was essentially bad.

He looked in silence. But she talked on hopefully, explaining, comparing, pointing out.

"What does Mr. Jackson think of this?" he said, selecting the one he thought the worst.

"He admires the idea greatly; he thinks it very original. He says that my strongest point is originality," she answered, with her confident frankness.

"He means—ah—originality of subject?"

"Oh, yes; my execution is not much yet. But that will come in time. Of course, the subject, the idea, is the important thing; the execution is secondary." Here she paused; something seemed to come into her mind. "I know *you* do not think so," she added, thoughtfully, "because, you know, you said," —and here she quoted a page from one of his art-articles with her clear accuracy. "I have never understood what you meant by that, Mr. Noel; or why you wrote it."

She looked at him questioningly. He did not reply; his eyes were upon one of the sketches.

"It would be dreadful for me if you were right!" she added, with slow conviction.

"I thought you believed that I was always right," he said, smiling, as he placed the sketches on the table.

But she remained very serious.

"You are—in everything but that."

He made some unimportant reply, and turned the conversation. But she came back to it.

"It would be dreadful," she repeated, earnestly, with the utmost gravity in her gray eyes.

"I hope the long summer will not tire you," he answered, irrelevantly. "Shall I not have the pleasure of saying good-by—although that, of course, is not a pleasure—to Mrs.—to your mother?"

He should have made the speech in any case, as it was the proper one to make; but as he sat there, he had thought that he really would like to have a look at the one guardian this young girl was to have during her long, lonely summer in Rome.

"I will tell her. Perhaps when she hears that you are going away, she will feel like coming in," said Miss Macks.

She came back after some delay, and with her appeared a matron of noticeable aspect.

"My mother," she said, introducing her (evidently Noel was never to get the name); "this is Mr. Noel, mother."

"And very glad I am to see you, sir, I'm sure," said Mrs. Spurr, extending her hand with much cordiality. "I said to Ettie that I'd come in, seeing as 'twas you, though I don't often see strangers nowadays on account of poor health for a long time past; rheumatism and asthma. But I feel beholden to

you, Mr. No-ul, because you've been so good to Ettie. You've been real kind."

Ettie's mother was a very portly matron of fifty-five, with a broad face, indistinct features, very high color, and a breathless, panting voice. Her high color—it really was her most noticeable feature—was surmounted by an imposing cap, adorned with large bows of scarlet ribbon; a worsted shawl, of the hue known as "solferino," decked her shoulders; under her low-necked collar reposed a bright blue necktie, its ends embroidered in red and yellow; and her gown was of a vivid dark green. But although her colors swore at each other, she seemed amiable. She was also voluble.

Noel, while shaking hands, was considering, mentally, with some retrospective amusement, his condition of mind if this lady had accepted his invitations to visit the galleries.

"You must sit down, mother," said Miss Macks, bringing forward an easy chair. "She has not been so well as usual, lately," she said, explanatorily, to Noel, as she stood for a moment beside her mother's chair.

"It's this queer Eye-talian air," said Mrs. Spurr. "You see I aint used to it. Not but what I aint glad to be here on Ettie's account—real glad. It's just what she needs and oughter have."

The girl put her hand on her mother's shoulder with a little caressing touch. Then she left the room.

"Yes, I do feel beholden to you, Mr. No-ul. But then, she'll be a credit to you, to whatever you've done for her," said Mrs. Spurr when they were left alone. "Her talunts are very remarkable. She was the head scholar of the Young Ladies' Seminary through four whole years, and all the teachers took a lot of pride in her. And then her paintings, too! I'm sorry you're going off so soon. You see, she sorter depends upon your opinion."

Noel felt a little stir at the edges of his conscience; he knew perfectly that his opinion was that Miss Macks, as an artist, would never do anything worth the materials she used.

"I leave her in good hands," he said.

After all, it was Jackson's responsibility, not his.

"Yes, Mr. Jackson thinks a deal of her. I can see that plain!" answered Mrs. Spurr, proudly.

Here the daughter returned, bringing a little note-book and pencil.

"Do you know what these are for?" she said. "I want you to write down a list of the best books for me to read this summer, while you are gone. I am going to work hard; but if I have books, too, the time wont seem so long."

Noel considered a moment. In one way her affairs were certainly none of his business; in another way they were, because she had thrust them upon him.

"I will not give you a list, Miss Macks; probably you would not be able to find the books here. But I will send you, from Paris or London, some things that are rather good, if you will permit me to do so."

She said he was very kind. Her face brightened.

"If she has appreciation enough to comprehend what I send her," he thought, "perhaps in the end she will have a different opinion about my 'kindness'!"

Soon afterward he took leave. The next day he went to Paris.

(To be continued.)

DROUGHT.

THERE is a drought that lasts so far in May
  That buds that waited for the vernal showers,
  Mourning their absence long and dreary hours,
Dewless and dusty, wither quite away.
In vain the clouds, atoning long delay,
  With wet lips kiss the shrunk, unopened flowers
  With steady, soft insistence. Life's full powers,
So strong in spring, not till midsummer stay.
Then were it better that the plant should die,
  Sink down to mother earth, and be forgot,
Than drink the rainfall of the summer sky,
  Living a life that bloom or fruit has not.
Oh, thou whose love this spring-time me might bless!
Canst thou, beloved, not my meaning guess?

Andrew B. Saxton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The President and the Supreme Court.

It was hardly to be expected that the action of the President in nominating Mr. Conkling to the Supreme Bench would be followed by universal approval of the act. The selection for such a place of any man known chiefly as an active politician inevitably exposed the motives which led to the choice, as well as the choice itself, to severe criticism; but in Mr. Conkling's case the President went a step farther than this. He took a man whose reputation has been that of a bitter partisan, a member of a faction to which he himself, until he reached the White House, had always belonged. It was only natural that the choice of such a candidate should be regarded by the opposite faction with jealousy and distrust, and a striking illustration of this sort of temper was afforded by the criticism of the nomination which appeared in what would a year ago have been termed a leading "Half-breed" newspaper, that 'Guiteau had made a Supreme Judge as well as a President.'

Curious enough, the Stalwart organs did not seem to be overjoyed at the event either, the feeling among them evidently being precisely what Mr. Conkling's probably was, that he was too great a man for the place, and that, as it was in large measure to Mr. Conkling's favor that the President owed his political consequence, it was a case of the creature rewarding his creator with something which each of them, in his secret soul, would smile at as the prize of a great political ambition. It must be said that there was a good deal in this view. A judge of the Supreme Court has no patronage, cannot reward friends or punish enemies, and has consequently no control over conventions or nominations. He can only administer law and dispense justice, and if he does this well, his only reward is gaining the reputation of a good judge. To nominate Mr. Conkling was in a certain sense to shelve him, and looking at it in this way, no Stalwart could really feel that it was the act of a faithful political friend. All Stalwart politicians have an antique and simple way of looking at the art of government as only a more public branch of the struggle for existence, and, in their eyes, the President complimented his too close friend with a seat on the bench much as, in other countries and more barbarous times, he might have sent him a bowstring or signed his death-warrant.

The only class in the community which said nothing about the nomination was the bar—a singular fact, upon which we have seen no comment whatever. A small number of Senators were found ready to vote against Mr. Conkling, and Mr. Hoar, in a very deliberate speech, declared that the nomination was unfit to be made. The unfitness chiefly consisted of a total lack of professional qualifications. His unjudicial, or, to put it more accurately, his fiercely partisan, temper may be passed over, because there is no doubt that the exercise of judicial functions, the imperative necessity of listening to both sides, and the habit of weighing evidence, always tend to diminish this defect, and often in time to do away with it altogether. Bitter partisans, after being made judges, have grown out of their partisanship in a wonderful way. But a more fundamental difficulty was the doubt as to whether Mr. Conkling had that experience and learning as a lawyer which brought him within the class from which judges of the Supreme Court have been hitherto drawn. This was a doubt on which the bar might have been expected to throw some light. If, as his friends maintained, Mr. Conkling was really one of the first lawyers of the country, in the enjoyment of a professional practice which placed him in the same rank with the other prominent candidates for the place, it would seem to have been very easy for them to establish the fact. A man cannot occupy such a position in secret; those, at least, who meet him in court must know how powerful he is as an advocate, how learned he is as a lawyer. On the other hand, if he had no practice at all, the nomination was manifestly one in which the bar had such a direct interest as to make some remonstrance almost imperative. The bar, however, remained absolutely silent. Confirmation was treated, from the first, as a foregone conclusion, and the Senators who opposed it were left to record their futile protest without any support. Such inaction in a similar case in the last generation would have been impossible; although, indeed, there were then enough lawyers of the first rank in the Senate itself to have settled any question of the professional standing of a candidate for the Supreme Court, from their own knowledge of the leaders of the bar. The divorce between "politics" and the bar, which has been effected to so great an extent since the war, never had a more curious illustration than in the total silence with which this nomination was received by the whole profession.

The investigation which the bar refused to make into the professional standing of Mr. Conkling was, however, pretty thoroughly made by the press, and the facts of his career as a lawyer were, at the time of his selection, accessible to any one who had the slightest desire to know what they were. He had undoubtedly had some practice. As a young man he had been a rural district-attorney for a short time, and this office had given him a sort of experience that must have been useful in familiarizing him with the ordinary routine of the trial of criminal cases—a branch of the law which would, of course, be of little use to him on the Supreme Bench. At an early age he left the regular practice of the law, and went into politics with a zeal and fervor such as have been displayed by few other men in our time, and in twenty years he became a complete master of the art of management through patronage. He had, however, so devoted himself to this, that he had seldom found time to speak in the Senate on any important measure, and never had made himself an authority in that body on matters of law. His system of politics, indeed, compelled him to devote so much

time and attention to men, that he had but little left to spare for measures at all. Occasionally he appeared with a brief in the Supreme Court, retained, as Senators often are retained, chiefly on account of his position. This, however, was of more real value to him in a professional point of view in the Departments, where he sometimes argued points of law before judges who felt that the retention of their places depended, in a measure, on reaching conclusions which might commend themselves to powerful Senators like himself. When he retired from politics last year, it was loudly asserted by his friends that he was "returning" to a lucrative practice at the bar, and stories were published by them with regard to his prospective income which brought a smile to the lips of every lawyer who knows what "returning" to the bar after an absence of twenty years means. That these stories should have been believed at all, shows what a strange effect public position of any kind has on the imagination. It was almost a matter of mathematical demonstration that Mr. Conkling was not "returning" to any practice whatever.

That a politician with a legal career of this sort should have been nominated to the Supreme Bench twice, first as a chief-justice of the United States,—a position held by Marshall and Taney,—and then as associate-justice, and in both cases should have declined the place, almost as beneath his notice, will one of these days be looked upon as a bit of politico-legal burlesque—to which the finishing touch was given by the fact that, in the second instance, the President who selected him was himself a lawyer from his own State, presumably having a full knowledge of his lack of qualification, and who had just shown his appreciation of the qualities really needed in a judge by his selection for another vacancy on the same bench of the chief-justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court—a lawyer pure and simple, selected solely as such, and having no political backing of any kind. The refusal of Mr. Conkling to take the place does not absolve the President for the part played by him in the farce. The most charitable explanation of his action possible is that he felt sure in advance that the gift would be declined. But it is hardly less a degradation of the nominating power, and hardly less an indication of contempt for the Supreme Court, to make use of judicial patronage for the purpose of complimenting broken-down and discredited partisans, than it would be to pack the bench with them.

It must be said, however, that this explanation has been generally suggested, and that the President is enjoying the benefit of it. If he has made one singularly bad nomination, he has offset it by two singularly good ones. The refusal of Mr. Conkling was followed by the appointment of Judge Blatchford, a lawyer of high standing and long judicial experience, and having almost as little political influence behind him as Judge Gray. The President is, on the whole, more likely to be remembered in connection with the Court for the strength which he has infused into it, than for the harm which he seemed at one time willing to do it. The indignation of the country will, no doubt, prevent the Conkling episode from taking rank as a precedent. Indeed, a repetition may be regarded as impossible, for the country will probably never produce another Conkling.

A Diplomatic Scandal.

No better proof could be offered of the quiet and pacific condition of politics, since the change of administration, than the good humor with which the exposure of the wonderful diplomatic feats performed in the course of our attempt to mediate between Chili and Peru have been received by the public. When it was discovered some years since that General Schenck, as our minister to London, had made use of his position in connection with a mining venture, the scandal created an uproar from one end of the country to the other. But the Schenck scandal, in magnitude, was a mere bagatelle to the Peruvian scandal. The outline of the chief events which gave rise to it are worth recalling.

The Chilians engaged in a war with Peru, in which we had no earthly interest except as spectators, and as being generally friends of peace. During the Hayes administration, following the usual course in such matters, the State Department offered the mediation of the United States, which, however was not accepted. Chili then prosecuted the war to a successful termination, conquered Peru and her ally Bolivia, occupied the conquered territory, seized the capital, declared martial law, and—the Peruvians having, with one of their rapid constitutional changes, set up a new government under a politician named Calderon—seized Calderon and sent him off to Chili. Under the laws of war which the United States and all other modern countries have been in the habit of acting upon, there was no objection to these proceedings. The right of conquest confers an absolute right upon the conqueror to take such measures for preserving order in the conquered territory as he thinks best. And martial law means nothing more nor less than the will of the commanding general. The conqueror, too, has the right not only to preserve order, but to indemnify himself for the expenses of the war, and the expenditure of blood and treasure, by the annexation of such part of the conquered territory as he considers necessary. We did so after the Mexican war, and the Germans did so after their victory over France, ten years ago. Undoubtedly the Chilians would have now proceeded to annex an important part of Peru, had not new and strange forces appeared on the scene to thwart their designs.

The accession of General Garfield to the presidency brought Mr. Blaine to the State Department, and one of his first acts was to recall our minister to Peru, Mr. Christiancy, a lawyer of experience and capacity, and put in his place General Hurlbut, a politician who had done work for Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Blaine's friends, on the stump. The fitness of General Hurlbut for that or any other post under Government may be inferred from his military career. During the war he was in charge of the Department of the Gulf, and made use of his position to fill his pockets with bribes for passing cotton through the lines. His administration of his command was investigated toward the close of the war by a special commission, of which General W. F. Smith and the late James T. Brady were members, and they reported him guilty of this and other serious offenses. Since then the matter has come up in the courts, and, within a few months, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that General

Hurlbut was guilty of corruption in a very glaring case, in which the cotton was entitled to pass without any action by him, but was stopped in order that toll might be levied on it.

Just before the arrival of this diplomate in Peru, the government of the dictator Pierola had crumbled to pieces, and, partly by the aid of the Chilians, the new Calderon government had been set up in its place. This government was, however, a mere shell, and was not officially recognized by the ministers of the European governments at Lima as a *de facto* government. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, Mr. Blaine sent word to Mr. Christiancy that, if Calderon represented the "character and intelligence" of Peru, his government might be recognized—instructions which Mr. Christiancy thought were equivalent to a direction to recognize him, not so much because he regarded him as representing any "character and intelligence" at all, as because he had been taking a good deal of pains to explain, in his dispatches to Mr. Blaine, that he did not think there were any "character and intelligence" worth mentioning in Peru. The peculiarity of the instruction lay in the fact that it applied an absolutely novel test to determine the existence of a government. When one country "recognizes" a foreign government, what it does is simply to admit that a certain fact exists; what is called a *de facto* government is simply one which, apart from all question of right and authority, preserves order, administers justice, levies and collects taxes throughout a definite extent of territory. It must have physical force behind it, but whether it represents "character" or "intelligence" is no more to the purpose than whether it is a monarchy or a republic.

Mr. Hurlbut now arrived on the scene, and Calderon having been recognized as carrying on a government "based" on character and intelligence, our new minister proceeded to issue proclamations, in the shape of dispatches not unlike the *pronunciamentos* of South American statesmen, in which he announced the hitherto unheard-of principle of international law, that a conquering nation in the position of Chili could not annex the territory of a conquered country like Peru, unless it were first proved impossible for the conquered country to pay a money indemnity. While Mr. Hurlbut was setting forth this principle to the Chilians, the latter, who had declared martial law in Peru, suddenly seized Calderon himself, and brought his government to an abrupt termination by carrying him off to Chili.

Martial law being what it is, and having been declared by the Chilians, our government had as little to do with the arrest of Calderon as it had previously with the disappearance of Pierola. His incarceration really simplified the situation, because it left the Chilian commander the only government in existence. Nevertheless, this treatment of Calderon was bitterly resented by Mr. Blaine, one of whose last acts was to dispatch an envoy to demand an explanation, under instructions which, if executed by Mr. Trescott, would have led Chili and the United States to the verge of, if not into, war. Fortunately, the departure of Mr. Blaine from the State Department led to a modification of the instructions.

Now for the explanation of all this diplomacy. Peru is bankrupt, and has two sets of creditors—one in Europe, and the other in the United States. The first are mainly *bona fide* creditors—bond-holders; the second are speculators, who have bought up claims against Peru, growing out of alleged discoveries of guano and nitrates a generation ago, swollen them to fabulous amounts, and tried to get the State Department to press them against Peru. French bankers represented the one; an adventurer of our own, named Shipherd, the other. The most valuable assets of Peru consist of the guano deposits and the nitrate beds. Consequently, these speculators and creditors, fearing that Chili would take them, went to work to get the United States to mediate between the two countries, and arrange terms of peace which would secure them against loss. For this purpose the French creditors got up a company, known as the "Crédit Industriel," which undertook to perform the work of mediation on reasonable terms, part of which was to be the concession of the agency for the sale of the guano and nitrate deposits to an American house; and, to advance this project, it entered into a contract with an American house, the chief member of which was the American minister to Paris, by which his pecuniary returns were dependent on his government's carrying the scheme through. Meanwhile, Shipherd appeared in a corporate form as the Peruvian Company, and in this, apparently, Mr. Hurlbut, our minister to Peru, was to be made interested. At any rate, there was some hitherto unexplained connection between this scheme and the indignation expressed over the arrest of Calderon.

Such is the present condition of the Peruvian scandal, the detailed investigation of which has been taken up by Congress. An extraordinary thing in connection with it is the remarkable number of governments, corporations, and individuals who have first and last interfered in the interest of peace of South America, and the very slight effect they have thus far had on the settlement of the quarrel, when compared with the wide-spread scandal of all kinds that their efforts have produced. The United States, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Christiancy, General Hurlbut, Mr. Shipherd, the Peruvian Company, the "Crédit Industriel," Mr. Levi P. Morton, have all "taken a hand" in arranging the terms of peace; yet the peace is actually being settled by Chili herself, while it leaves us, who were originally disinterested spectators, with a Secretary of State and two foreign ministers under a cloud, and a Congressional committee in session to investigate what is already one of the most extensive and curious, and threatens to be one of the most prolific, diplomatic scandals of modern times.

One Parson in Politics.

THE clergy have had to take not a little admonition of late respecting their political duties. They deserve it, and they ought to profit by it. Ministers are not too nice to bear the ordinary burdens of citizenship; they ought to ask no exemptions, and to shirk no obligations. A consecration that ignores the heaviest responsibilities is a snare.

Happily, those who preach this doctrine to the preachers are not without shining examples of the salutary influence of clergymen upon politics. The

kind of work that may be done by men of this profession has been illustrated by Leonard Bacon and Theodore D. Woolsey, and Julius H. Seelye, and James Freeman Clarke, and others like them—clergymen who have maintained the closest relations with the political life of their day, and have often brought the light of a sound morality to bear upon pending issues. This is a kind of work that always needs doing; and if the clergyman has any special function in politics it would seem to be that of standing up for truth and righteousness and a large patriotism, against the trickery and jobbery and paltry partisanship that often infest political organizations.

Now and then, however, we witness the irruption into politics of a member of the clerical profession who, on entering political life, appears to leave his morals where the Mussulman leaves his shoes—outside the door; who seems to suppose that his usefulness in that sphere depends on forgetting the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and on going down into the dirt with the dirtiest of partisans. It is notorious that the most unscrupulous men who have ever appeared in political life have had clergymen among their stanch adherents. Quite a body-guard of clerical retainers have attached themselves to the fortune of Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts; and even Jim Fisk had his ministerial eulogist.

We should be sorry to class the Rev. Dr. Newman, of this city, among political parsons without conscience. But the short speech made by this gentleman at the late dinner of the Lincoln Club was a most surprising performance, and should be carefully read by clergymen who wish to learn how not to go into politics. "I am proud," said this orator, "to belong to that section of the party known as Stalwarts. I do so from religious principle and from intellectual principle." Precisely what this "section of the party" stands for, the reverend doctor does not stop to tell us, but his subsequent remarks throw some light upon the question. Stalwartism, as Dr. Newman understands it, consists in the worship of Roscoe Conkling. "The names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant have been mentioned," proceeds our Stalwart apostle. "I want to speak another name,—a name that will live when the bronze has melted, and the marble crumbled—a name that will live while the stars shine, and that name is Roscoe Conkling. A majestic model of a man; a man of more than Attic eloquence, of more than Roman logic; a man who can hold up his hand as did Aristides of old, and say there is no stain of bribe there; a man who preferred to go down and out of sight rather than sacrifice a principle."

Something of this is matter of opinion, and more is matter of taste. Dr. Newman may be right in his prediction that the name of Conkling will outlast the bronzes and the marbles; so, for that matter, will the names of Turveydrop and Chadband. That Mr. Conkling is a "majestic model of a man" is a truth concerning which no one who enters into Mr. Conkling's consciousness as intimately as Dr. Newman does could be in doubt; and the panegyric upon this great man's eloquence and logic need not be too sharply challenged. We may cheerfully admit, also, that Mr. Conkling is not suspected of taking money-bribes: is this virtue so rare as to set its possessor on a pinnacle above all other men?

There is, however, a word or two to be said in this connection, to which we beg leave to call the attention of this clerical expounder of political morality. Mr. Conkling may have received no bribes; is he guiltless of bestowing them? The candidate for Congress who takes out his pocket-book and pays a man ten dollars to vote for him is guilty of bribery. The candidate for Congress who says to his friend, "Get me nominated and elected, and I will secure you the post-office in your town, or a clerkship in the Treasury Department, worth eighteen hundred dollars a year," is equally guilty of bribery. That is a corrupt consideration. And even though there is no express bargain, if the corrupt consideration, suggested or expected, is allowed to influence the political action of the candidate's friend, the moral quality of the transaction is precisely the same. "Bribery," says a high authority, "is the administration of a bribe or reward that it may be a motive in the performance of functions for which the proper motive ought to be a conscientious sense of duty." Whenever offices are distributed in such a way as to reward political workers for personal services, the essence of the transaction is bribery. And it is a meaner and more immoral transaction to bribe a man with a Government office, than to bribe him with your own money. Now, this is a kind of transaction to which Mr. Conkling has devoted the best part of his life. He is not alone in it, but he is one of the most conspicuous of those who have been addicted to it. In view of this fact, a judicious teacher of morality would omit the comparison to Aristides.

Dr. Newman further glorifies his ideal statesman by describing him as "a man who preferred to go down and out of sight rather than sacrifice a principle." We might ask whether Mr. Conkling's prolonged and shameless efforts at Albany to get himself back into the United States Senate were a part of his going down and out. But instead we shall ask what is the "principle," allegiance to which, on the part of Mr. Conkling, kindles all this ardor in the breast of a clergyman? It is the "principle" known as "the courtesy of the Senate." It is the "principle" by which the Administration Senators claim the right of controlling all the appointments made by the President in their several States. The Constitution directs the President to make certain appointments: Mr. Conkling's "principle" takes this power out of his hands. It was for the defense of this gross and outrageous usurpation that Mr. Conkling was willing (?) to "go down and out of sight"—for this, and nothing else. And here is a minister of the gospel applauding him for this monstrous assumption, and finding in it the crowning proof of his greatness!

There is one other exhibition of "principle" which may have inflamed the enthusiasm of Mr. Conkling's clerical eulogist. The man who, in the Chicago Convention, exhausted the adjectives in expressing his detestation of "bolters," goes to Albany and organizes a bolt in his own interest, seeking an alliance with the Democrats to defeat the majority of his own party. The egotism, the babyism, and the inconsistency of this transaction have no parallel on any page of our political history. Mr. Conkling did indeed "go down

and out of sight." From the pity and the scorn of his countrymen he did well to hide himself, even though the hiding was delayed till after he had been well beaten in the senatorial contest. The President who picked him up to place him in the highest judicial position in the land gave a rude shock to those who had begun to believe in Mr. Arthur's discretion; and the clergyman who has ornamented him with tinsel eulogy has not adorned his own sacred calling.

Jews and Jew-baiters.

PREJUDICES often survive the reason for their existence, like some ill weeds that grow again after they have been uprooted. In the Middle Ages, the Jews were believed to be an accursed race of deicides. The guilt of Herod and of the chief priests of Pilate's time was supposed to have diffused itself, by a transfer and transmission understood only by the speculative theologian, to the whole Jewish race. It was, therefore, considered most meritorious and well-pleasing to God to make their lives as wretched as possible, in atonement for the suffering of Christ. According to law, distinctive badges were worn by these heirs of perdition, that nobody might mistake them for Christians, and they were required to dwell in separate quarters, that they might not by any chance associate with so-called Christians—an arrangement which, no doubt, saved the Jews from a great deal of bad company.

In some countries, laws were made to keep them from increasing; in others, they were occasionally thinned out by persecution and massacre. When any great drought or other scourge befell a nation, the anger of heaven was appeased by a crusade against the Jews, who were banished or put to death for the sins of high-priest Ananias, as in like manner the Puritans in Boston sought to turn away the wrath of God, disclosed in Philip's War, by fresh severities against the Quakers. There was not much encouragement to people situated as the Jews were to keep visible property, and hence they came to be dealers in money—the financiers of Europe; and since the Jew was destined to perdition anyhow,—damned *ex officio*,—he alone in England was permitted to receive usury for his money.

To justify all this outrage, prejudice easily invented charges against the Jews more injurious than that of taking exorbitant interest. It would have been wonderful, indeed, if the Jew, badgered, beaten, and banished from land to land, did not in turn lay up a store of hatred on his own side that would now and then break out in words and acts. But the wildest stories were set a-going, of children carried off by Jews to be circumcised and even to be crucified. It was under the stimulus of such slanders that, at the close of the thirteenth century, the Jews, after suffering outrage and robbery, were exiled from England, many of them being plundered and pitched into the sea on their passage to the Continent by mariners zealous to promote Christianity.

Not all of Christendom has come out of barbarism yet. There are regions where the Jews still suffer from the folly and fanaticism of their neighbors. In Russia to-day, as in England five hundred years ago, the irresponsible despotism and blind fanaticism that bear so heavily upon the Jews seek to justify themselves by recounting wrongs, real and imaginary, wrought by the Jew. But all the rest of Christendom has long since found out that the simple remedy for all the wrongs, real or imaginary, wrought by the Jews is the admission of Jews to stand before the law on the same level with other human beings. The Jews are not worse than other people. The rascally Jew is not more villainous than the rascally Christian. The race furnishes, by all account, a larger proportion of eminent men than any other. Dr. Guthrie, the Scotch divine, was accustomed to say that the best brains of modern times were in the heads of Jews. Those who cling tenaciously to a prejudice against the Jewish race will none the less follow the political lead of Disraeli, or the theological leadership of Neander, or admire the philosophy of Spinoza and of Moses Mendelssohn, the poetry of Heine, the music of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and in a hundred ways will come under the influence of the Jewish intellect, which plays so large a part in human thought and human affairs.

The greatest paradox of history is the fact that Christendom reveres more than all other literature that which came from the pen of Jews, believing that to them was given a closer communion with God than to other people, while this same Christendom is ready to believe all slanders against the race that gave birth to that greatest of ancient poets—the author of the book of Job, as well as to Isaiah, to Daniel, to John, and to Paul—not to mention a name more deeply reverenced than all. It is never safe to accept the account given of the downtrodden by those who oppress them. Oppression no doubt degrades the oppressed, as it certainly does the oppressor, but it will not do to take the word of the tyrant for the character of the slave under his heel.

Putting away the "Pathies."

AT the last meeting of the New York State Medical Society, a most important change was effected in the ethics of medical practice. This consisted in the adoption of a new code for the guidance of the faculty, virtually permitting a physician of the "old school" to consult with any physician of the other schools in good standing he may choose. This is a wise and timely measure, and must result in a great improvement in the tone of the profession, raising it in the respect of every one, and divesting it of much that is discreditable. In the eyes of the law, both schools have the same privileges and standing; there are well-conducted State homeopathic as well as allopathic asylums and hospitals; there are regularly chartered colleges of both schools; and it is high time that arbitrary distinctions should be at an end.

The action of the State Society at Albany has naturally drawn forth the adverse criticism of men whose ideas are as narrow and illiberal as those of the most bigoted theologians. It has even been insinuated by one Philadelphia medical journal that the new code was suggested by the specialists of the regular school in New York City, who, knowing that a large number of rich and influential people in that city employed homeopathists, wished for a change that would permit them to meet their "irregular" brethren in consulta-

tion. Equally silly and hastily formed opinions have been expressed by other non-progressive critics, who seem to cling as fondly to the traditional blue laws of their school as the venerable Puritan clung to his iron-bound Bible with one hand, while with the other he piled fagots upon the fire built to consume the unfortunate witch.

After all, the duty of the physician is to relieve human suffering, and whether he does so by the use of the heroic measures of Bishop Berkeley's tar-water, or the infinitesimal doses of the Lilliputs, it matters not. The clever and successful practitioner seizes the best remedy that presents itself, and does not stop to inquire whether he violates any code in so doing. The old school are making daily use of the remedies of the "homeopaths," while the latter do not hesitate to administer remedies not included in their pharmacopœia. In America, Doctor Henry G. Piffard, of New York, and in England, Doctor Sidney Ringer, were among the first of "allopaths" to call attention to the value of the homeopathic use of certain drugs.

What is really needed in medicine is a putting away of the "pathies" which belong to the quacks, to the creatures who thrive on printing-ink and "testimonials," and who prey upon the credulity and superstition of the general public. If such an amalgamation as will probably follow the passage of the new code does occur, it will mark an era in medical progress that must carry with it a more scientific exactness. The weaker men in both schools must be crowded to the wall, and at the bedside of the patient there will be a practical and fair application of what is good in each system.

Under the new *régime*, the public ought to be able to judge more clearly of the character and ability of their physicians. The question will not be so much of the school as of the honorable standing of the individual among his comrades of both schools. When he is called hard names by his fellows, it ought hereafter to mean something more than a difference of opinion on matters of theory. Let the public now be on its guard against supposedly "regular" physicians, who are known among their brethren as "commercial doctors." These men, with the indorsement of titles, or a membership in some respectable medical society, prostitute their learning by indulgence in "clap-trap," by the recommendation of "cures," and by useless and unnecessary operations, performed on every occasion and upon every patient, no matter what may be his disease. One will discover that some particular part of the body is the seat of a morbid process, and will proceed to remove it by a mysterious operation; while another will prescribe a remedy which can be procured only at a certain place, and can be taken only in a certain position. A more matter-of-fact practitioner will suggest the extent and value of his practice by means of a pile of bank-notes of large denominations exposed upon his desk. With these men no code of ethics is of the slightest use, and their more honest and plodding fellow-physicians must bear the disgrace thus brought upon their calling. But if the profession itself finds it difficult to deal technically with such men, the public, as we have said, ought to be better able to discern them now that the allopaths are disposed, in their public attitude and private conversation, to reserve their harsh criticisms for real offenders.

New Reasons for Peace.

A GREAT many Englishmen visit America, but a great many more would come over annually if it were not for the English Channel. The general belief of English people who have not crossed the ocean is that, in its effects upon the human system and the human mind, the voyage is just what the effect of the Channel crossing would be if the latter were prolonged for as many days as it is hours. In other words, they look upon the Atlantic Ocean as a larger and more pestilent Channel, and very naturally they refuse to venture upon it. The ingenuity of nature in the production of human misery was never more completely matched by the lack of ingenuity on the part of man to overcome it than in this matter of the Channel crossing. It is not necessary to enter into details concerning a subject which either experience, oral narrative, or literature has made familiar to every intelligent reader.

Of late, however, the scheme has been revived of a submarine tunnel, which, if successful, would effectually and forever abolish what may be said to be one of the greatest evils of civilized life. But along with the news of the revived project—news of the deepest personal interest to every traveling American (and what American does not travel?)—comes the intelligence of an opposition to the scheme, based upon military grounds. It seems that if the tunnel is built—presto! the tight little island is no longer an island! Should *both* ends of the tunnel, by delay, mismanagement, or chance of any kind, fall into the hands of the enemy, and remain therein a single day, the Continental hosts, to the number of one hundred thousand in the twenty-four hours, may pass dry-shod, like the Israelites of old! Then—exit England!

Now, what we have to say is that if this opposition should be successful—if the fear of war should prevent the abatement of this gigantic nuisance—if every tribute paid to Neptune by every Englishman who crosses the Channel is, in reality, a tribute paid to Cæsar, then Cæsar, then war, is doomed! But we do not believe the opposition will be successful. Both England and America are largely ruled by the imagination, but there is something else that has still more power over these kindred nations, and that is common sense. The common sense of America is in favor of the building of a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by any one who is able to build it, and the country cannot be frightened out of the idea by the fears of imagined wars. If the specter of war is to be called up to oppose such steps in the march of human progress as the Channel Tunnel and the Isthmus Canal, then the military idea is destined to receive a check such as no peace convention has ever yet been able to administer to it. Already the idea of international arbitration is taking firm hold of the minds of men. It will take many a long year, and perhaps more than a single century, for this idea to become a fixed policy—and, still more important, a fixed habit—among nations; but that the time is gradually and surely approaching, there can be no doubt. We do not know who there will be to regret

the advent of the era of peace, unless it be the poets, who will not like to say:

> "Farewell the plumèd troops, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill fife,
> The royal banner; and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!"

Yet the poets, with the rest of us, must look the facts in the face, and prepare to bid good-by to the soldier type of hero. War has played a great part in human civilization—it has helped along religion, as well as art; but its days of usefulness as an element in human progress are nearly numbered. The world does not yet quite see how it can get along without it. But the world has given up other ideas as firmly held. For many centuries, the Holy Roman Empire and its allied idea of the Papacy seemed the very rocks and foundations of social order and spiritual happiness and progress, but the former has utterly disappeared, and the latter no longer appeals to the human mind as it once did. And still the world moves. It will be found, too, that the world will move when there are no longer armaments, by sea or land, and when every battle will be considered murder in the first degree. We shall then have our interoceanic canals and our submarine tunnels wherever and whenever they are needed, and the poet will still, it is hoped, not lack for heroes. The unbuilt Isthmus canals have already had their heroic victims,—numerous as in battle,—and the engineer who builds the Channel tunnel will require all the pluck, all the resources and energy of a general who conducts a great campaign against a powerful foe.

Communication.

The Weak Point of Mormonism: A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In the letter which you did me the favor to insert in the March CENTURY, calling attention to the "weak point in Mormonism," your types would have been justified in crediting me with having enjoyed excellent opportunities for judging of the "point" in question, but went quite beyond the truth in giving me an "experience of several years in Utah." The curtailment made necessary by your lack of space explains the source of an error, the correction of which will serve the public little, but fact and myself much.

Yours truly,

Boston, Mass. CHARLES R. BLISS.

LITERATURE.

Morley's "Life of Cobden."*

MR. MORLEY'S volume would have been more interesting, though not, perhaps, so permanently valuable, had it been shorter. The political and economic career of Cobden furnishes little material in the way of biographical incident, and the story is a tolerably familiar one. The history of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the negotiation of the commercial treaty with France, which constitute the two great successes of his life, and take up a large number of Mr. Morley's pages, are trite, though Mr. Morley manages, by a sort of *tour de force*, to give even these worn topics a fresh life in allowing us to see them through the glowing atmosphere of Cobden's enthusiasm. The importance of the rest of Cobden's political work Mr. Morley a good deal exaggerates by the detail in which he deals with it. It is, perhaps, yet too early to attempt to estimate the position which the doctrines of the "Manchester school" will take in history; but Cobden's opposition to the Crimean war, and his dream of universal peace through the progress of true economic ideas, had these alone been his title to public recollection, would never have made his name known throughout the civilized world. He was essentially an economic reformer, and, as he seems to have cared little for forms of government provided the work of economic reform was not allowed to lag, so he held in very slight esteem the ordinary political impulses of his day. He has been blamed for his indifference to the moral questions involved in the rise and establishment of the Second Empire in France. How, it was said at the time, could a man filled with the enthusiasm of humanity sit calmly down with a usurper whose hands were still dripping with the blood of his enslaved fellow-countrymen, to discuss the tariff on iron? For precisely the same reason that he wasted years in opposing the settled policy of Palmerston and the entire country, when he knew that opposition was fruitless—because his interest in economical principles, and his view of war as the enemy of economic progress, blinded him to all other considerations. He was no statesman, for the simple reason that statesmanship precludes the idea of an exclusive attention to any one set of political considerations.

His life was, publicly, a splendid success; privately, the impression left by Mr. Morley's account—and it is obvious that he has drawn the picture with as light a hand as possible—is that of a failure. With great talents for business and the certainty of fortune before him, his devotion to the public cause which he took up made a wreck of his worldly affairs, and compelled him, in advanced life, to become the beneficiary of his political following. A buoyant disposition enabled him to face what seemed like ruin with cheerfulness, and, to the reader of Mr. Morley's volume, there is nothing more curious than the fact that he should have suffered so little from what, to most men, would be the torture involved in deliberately shutting his eyes to the wreck he was making of his future for the sake of devoting himself to the advancement

* The Life of Richard Cobden. By John Morley. London: Chapman & Hall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

of a remote public end. Nothing but a somewhat irrational optimism could explain the phenomenon.

The mind of Cobden was anything but commonplace, but it is impossible to deny that the tendency of his career of agitation was to make it one-sided. To the end, however, he retained as an orator the great gift of being able to excite the interest, arouse the imagination, and stir the hearts of his audience. He was never dull; the vivacity of his mind shines through his driest statistics. To the generality of mankind there is nothing more tiresome than political economy; Cobden managed to make it interesting.

Cobden's speeches contain a valuable moral lesson, for they show how false is the impression that, for popular oratory, it is necessary to make base appeals to passion and prejudice. Cobden used all the arts, and even the tricks, of rhetoric; he made the most powerful appeals to the emotions of his hearers; but it was to their reason that he always addressed himself in the end, and the sincerity of his rhetoric was, perhaps, its greatest source of strength. His eloquence was a natural gift, and a gift of such great force that it is difficult to repress a regret that the subjects upon which it was employed were so often of a local and temporary character. Perhaps there is no better test of oratorical power than its use in fields to which it seems conventionally ill-adapted. The heroism of self-sacrifice on the battle-field has been, from the time of Isocrates, a favorite oratorical theme; but that of the silent self-sacrifices of philanthropy and religion was, we believe, never presented in a way to stir the blood before Cobden's illustration, drawn from the history of the Irish famine. Impassioned as it is, it was written, and not spoken by him. Mr. Morley refers to it as "one of the most striking passages in English prose, not only for the truth of its feeling, but for the energy, simplicity, and noble pathos of its expression." At the same time, does not the climax—

> "And who were these brave men? To what gallant *corps* did they belong? Were they of the horse, foot, or artillery force? They were Quakers from Clapham and Kingston! If you would know what heroic actions they performed, you must inquire from those who witnessed them. You will not find them recorded in the volumes of reports published by themselves,—for Quakers write no bulletins of their victories"

—does not this climax suggest one of the permanent difficulties of philanthropic eloquence—that the passions, and emotions, and sentiments to which eloquence usually appeals do not include that sentiment of self-devotion to the good of others which religion teaches us as a command of God, and which, in the philosophic jargon of the day, is known as altruism? Rhetoric seems essentially foreign to those deeds of silent benevolence, the doing of which by the right hand is concealed from the left. Perhaps to the natural man the appearance of the Quaker hero may suggest even the possibility of an anticlimax; but, for these very reasons, the passage may fairly be regarded as, in its own line, marking a level which no one in our time but Cobden could have reached. And who could possibly have rivaled the following passage, written not far from fifty years ago, and which the crumbling ruin of the Turkish empire now shows us to have been something much more than a mere illusion of the fancy:

> "Constantinople, outrivaling New York, may be painted, with a million of free citizens, as the focus of all the trade of Eastern Europe. Let us conjure up the thousands of miles of railroads, carrying to the very extremities of this empire—not the sanguinary satrap, but the merchandise and the busy traders of a free state, conveying—not the firman of a ferocious Sultan, armed with death to the trembling slave, but the millions of newspapers and letters which stimulate the enterprise and excite the patriotism of an enlightened people. Let us imagine the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora swarming with steam-boats, connecting the European and Asiatic continents by hourly departures and arrivals; or issuing from the Dardanelles, to re-animate once more with life and fertility the hundred islands of the Archipelago; or conceive the rich shores of the Black Sea in the power of the New-Englander, and the Danube pouring down its produce on the plains of Moldavia and Wallachia, now subject to the plow of the hardy Kentuckian. Let us picture the Carolinians, the Virginians, and the Georgians transplanted to the coast of Asia Minor, and behold its hundreds of cities again bursting from the tomb of ages, to recall religion and civilization to the spot from whence they first issued forth upon the world. Alas! that this should only be an illusion of the fancy."

Cobden had the zeal of a religious enthusiast, and this, as is commonly the case, grew upon him with age. He had to deal with a stubborn and perverse generation, though the repeal of the Corn Laws seemed to place him for the time being at the head of a triumphant popular movement. But the success of the League was really won through the Irish famine, and it is easy to see now that, had not that accident brought matters to a crisis, the agitation for free trade might have gone on for many years without producing any decisive effect on legislation. The entire landed interest was as bitterly opposed to it as ever, and it needed the pressure of an actual famine to convince Parliament that the carefully devised sliding scale was a national curse instead of being a national blessing. We have witnessed in our day the experiment of a free-trade agitation in this country, and have seen how little, in the face of great national prosperity and comfort, the arguments of economists affect the popular mind, even with a tariff as grotesque and barbarous as ours. When Cobden came to extend his principles to France, he found the protectionist sentiment of that country so strong that free trade had to be introduced, against the will of the country, by the arbitrary determination of a despotic sovereign.

Cobden and Bright will always be the names associated with the great movement which ended in the repeal of the Corn Laws, and it is a curious illustration of the religious self-devotion of the two leaders to the work that they should have pledged themselves to the cause by a vow, solemnly taken on the occasion of a bitter domestic grief. An interesting and instructive parallel might be drawn between the subsequent careers of the two men. Both were reformers, and both had remarkable gifts of eloquence. Bright, however, was interested primarily in reform by an enlargement of political liberty; like so many other men of the time, he believed in the elevation of the people through the suffrage. To Cobden, on the other

hand, changes in the political machinery, except as engines in the work of economic reform, were meaningless. To get the Corn Laws repealed, he was ready to urge the manufacture of voters by the thousands. But in a general extension of the basis of the suffrage he took little or no interest. But while they started from different points, their aims led them, in the practical questions of their time, to a general unanimity of feeling and opinion. For a long period, during the Crimean war, as Palmerston accurately said, there was on one side the English people and himself, and on the other, "Bright, Cobden & Co." Had Cobden lived longer, he would have seen the ideas of Bright as to the suffrage triumph as his own with reference to the Corn Laws had triumphed, though the immediate agents in the change in the two cases were very different men. The repeal of the Corn Laws was the work of an extremely conscientious politician, to whom observation and argument had actually brought conviction against his will. The popularization of the suffrage was a clever trick of Disraeli, who was equally ready to contract or extend it, as might best serve the interests of his party.

A large part of Mr. Morley's volume is taken up with extracts from Cobden's correspondence, much of which consists of letters from the various countries in which he traveled. Early in life he came to the United States, and the account of his trip is of some interest, as it confirms all the others belonging to the same period on the subject of the traits of character and practical peculiarities then developed here. It is all so far away now, that it is difficult to believe that we ever could have been so puffed up with our own conceit, and so absurdly aggressive toward Englishmen.

Robinson's "Wild Garden."*

THE garden here described is the kind of which we have a vast deal in America and of which they have very little in England, but toward which, apparently, the English are turning with genuine longing —namely, the unkempt garden of Nature,—the garden of which Emerson sings:

> "My garden is a forest ledge
> Which older forests bound;
> The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
> Then plunge to depths profound";—

the garden that includes the woods, the groves, the swamps, the ditches, hedge-rows, fence-corners, meadows, and barren fields. The Englishman is getting surfeited with his trim borders and flower-plots, and is studying how to make the waste places more attractive without marring their natural wildness and freedom. His plan is to introduce the hardy wild plants and flowers of other countries; to sow their seed or set their roots and bulbs in suitable habitats, and to await for their ultimate naturalization.

In the matter of purely wild flowers—flowers that flee from rather than toward cultivation—England, judging from this work, is much poorer off than America. Her wild flowers are rather stragglers from the garden; at least, they appear to have little of the shy, delicate, woodsy character of our native and more characteristic flora. Hence, in planting his wild garden John Bull will do well to study our fields and woods much more closely than he has yet done. Europe, or the Old World, has largely stocked both our vegetable and flower gardens, but when it comes to a wild garden, to the garden of the gods, they must borrow of us. Mr. Robinson recommends a score or more of American plants as suitable for English woods and hedge-rows, but leaves out many of our most charming and prolific. The plants and flowers named are poke, golden-rod, the white trillium, trailing arbutus, blood-root, the asters, bee-balm, spider-wort, pond-lily, bird's-foot violet, Canada violet, milkweed or silkweed (*Asclepias*), birthwort, Virginia creeper, dwarf cornel, moccason flower, American cowslip (*Dodecatheon*), eupatorium, thalictrum, cardinal flower, dog's-tooth violet, and a few others. Our white pond-lily (*Nymphæa odorata*) the author says is quite as fine as the British species. It is, in fact, much finer, being deliciously fragrant, while the European species is odorless. He also speaks of our Canada violet as being without fragrance, when the truth is it has a sweet perfume. Our earliest and most charming spring flower, the hepatica, which is so well suited to the borders of English woods and the shade of English hedge-rows, is not mentioned. The sharp-lobed species, *Hepatica acutiloba*, is very often sweet-scented, and the rank, dense clusters of them, white and blue and purple, make gay the little sunny knolls as soon as the April snows are gone. Our columbine, too,—"the rock-loving columbine,"—what can be more hardy and beautiful, springing up as by magic on the bare, mossy rocks, and tossing its gold and crimson bells and its delicate foliage in the breeze! There is apparently no rock-flower in Britain that compares with it. As an early field-flower for moist, low meadows, producing broad and beautiful effects, we recommend our early flea-bane (*Erigeron bellidifolium*). It will tinge a field with blue and purple, as the daisy and buttercup will make it white and golden a month later. Or our wild geranium; cold, moist meadows, that are a stranger to the plow, are sometimes completely tinged with its soft, delicate bloom. Does not our wild-gardener know the American dogwood (*Cornus florida*), giving such a dash of snow-white here and there to our under-woods, just as the leaves are unfolding? Or our laurel and our azalea, our meadow-lilies, spotting the July meadows with fire; our hawkweed, rivaling the dandelion in color and richness of effect; our matchless fringed gentian, looking regal amid the coarse September weeds; or our impatiens, hanging its golden jewels by the brook-side? Our large yellow gerardia is a handsome midsummer flower, to be grown in oak woods. The only species of our milkweed (*Asclepias*) that we would recommend for the wild garden are the swamp milkweed (*A. incarnata*), the four-leaved milkweed (*A. quadrifolia*), and the butterfly weed (*A. tuberosa*). None of the above-named flowers are matched in kind in the European flora, and the English wild garden is incomplete without them.

Mr. Parsons's illustrations must have been charming in the original, but they are not engraved with the necessary delicacy.

* The Wild Garden. By W. Robinson, F. L. S. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons. London: "The Garden" Office. New York: Scribner & Welford.

Notes on Reading.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE tells us that he once knew a young man, who afterward became insane, who was so impressed with his own ignorance that he went to the college librarian and asked him at which end of the library it was customary for students to begin. And Mr. Charles Dudley Warner tells us that a college professor not long ago informed him "that a freshman came to him, after he had been recommending certain books in the literature class, and said he had never read a book in his life. This was literally true. Except his text-books, he had never read a book. He had passed a fair examination, but of reading he knew no more than a Kaffir."

The first thing one notices is that very few people read, in the exact sense of the word. "Reading and writing come by nature" is as true of the one as it is of the other; and while an enormous proportion of the people of these United States are capable of the physical act of reading, and do, indeed, practice it now and then, so far as to read the market reports or the deaths and marriages, only a few are habitual readers. And even of these, how many are there who read anything besides cheap fiction—cheap, I mean, in quality,—the ready-made literature turned out by the fiction-mills? In the public libraries, seventy per cent. of the books taken out in the course of a year is cheap fiction; and the cheap fiction which gets itself between the covers of a book and upon the shelves of a library is not one-half of that which runs its course in the columns of some weekly story-paper. Now it is not right to call the consumers of stuff like this readers. Charles Lamb speaks of books which are not books, so these are readers who are not readers. They read with the eye alone, while the brain is inert.

This class is far harder to deal with than the still larger class which, like the collegians Mr. Hale and Mr. Warner tell us about, have never made any use of the power of reading which was hammered into them in the primary school. The man who has rarely opened a book may be induced to do so; and he may be so gratified with his discovery of the pleasure and profit which he found in reading that he will never give it up. Those who do not read can only be got to read by giving them something which will interest them sufficiently to make them want to read it through when they have once begun. And what will interest a man depends altogether on the man. In literature, as in dietetics, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. One thing may be said most emphatically: never give any "improving books" to a man who does not read; to do so is to waste your effort and his. When the reading habit is once formed, you may, perhaps, get him interested in a tract or in a religious biography of the ordinary Sunday-school type. But no such book will ever tempt him to go on reading for its own sake.

The rule is simple: study the man or the woman or the child, and put before him or her the book he or she is most likely to begin, and having begun, most likely to finish. In all probability, the firemen around the corner, whose little library you are trying to increase and improve, will not take so kindly to Shakspere; but Tom Hughes's "Alfred the Great," and Higginson's "Young Folk's History of America," —the best little book of its kind I ever saw,—and Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," and a good collection of miscellaneous poems—these are the books they are likely to look at, and in all probability to read. You cannot cure a boy of reading the "Bold Brigand of the Dead Gulch" by giving him the "Student's Hume,"—one of the driest books which ever made a boy thirsty,—or any of the ordinary old-fashioned text-books of history. But you might get him to give up "Lone-eyed Jim, the Boy Scout," to read one of Mayne Reid's stories; and from those the transition is easy to the sea-tales of Cooper and Marryat—two salt-water romancers far healthier than most of the rose-water novelists of to-day. And after you have got the boy interested in these sea-fighters of fiction, let him have Southey's "Life of Nelson," a good biography of Paul Jones, and, if the size of it does not frighten him, Cooper's "History of the American Navy."

The one essential thing to do, when you are trying to change a man who does not read into a man who does read, is to put yourself in his place. What is his business? What are his tastes? What are his surroundings? The answers to these questions suggest the weak points in his indifference. If he is an artisan who gives his evenings to the reading of a weekly story-paper, and so has the freshness taken out of his mind by its cheap fiction, suggest his trying Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place"; and if this story of strikes interest him, lend him Reade's other novels, most of which are so manly, and touch so closely on questions of history and politics, that the reader is tempted to learn more about what the novelist has thus enticingly alluded to. If a lady has a strong taste for the theater, suggest her reading Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants,"—the most amusing as it is the most authoritative of stage-histories,—and insist on her reading Lewes's "Actors and Acting," the one good book on a difficult subject. If she like these, then she may begin on the grand line of English histrionic biographies which begins with Colley Cibber's "Apology," and comes down to Macready's "Reminiscences."

A course of reading is like an encyclopedia; it is meant to take in everything. Now, anybody who believes that he can take in everything will be "taken in" himself. The mass of accumulated knowledge is now enormous, and to take even a cursory view of it all is only possible for a very well-educated man. To know something of everything is getting, day by day, to be a harder task. But to know almost everything about something is more nearly within everybody's reach. To know absolutely everything on a given subject is not possible even to the specialist, but to get a good grasp of a subject, be it scientific, or historical, or literary, to know what is best worth knowing about it—this can

be done by almost anybody with good will and a little perseverance. Now, the way to master a subject is to begin at the beginning. Suppose you want to know about Greek literature. You have noted one of Macaulay's or Matthew Arnold's glowing tributes to the noble simplicity of Grecian writing, and you want to read about it. Get Jebb's "Primer of Greek Literature," which is almost as good as Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature"—as high praise as one can give any book of the kind. This will tell you the conditions under which the Greeks worked. Then if you are attracted toward any other writer, and want to know more about him, get the volume in which he and his works are discussed at length in the series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers." By the time you have read that, you will know whether you really want to study this Greek author or not, whether you are capable of appreciating him, and, therefore, whether your time and attention can be given to him with advantage.

As soon as the taste for reading is formed, that taste begins to improve, and its improvement should be sedulously cultivated. Every man who has read a great deal will tell you that he has left far behind him the books he admired when he began. What he admired at twenty is far inferior to what he admires at thirty or forty. He is constantly going up a literary ladder. Now, it makes little matter on what round of the ladder the reader begins, so long as he climbs. It is the act of climbing which is beneficial, not the elevation attained. If you are a boy, and you read for excitement, for adventure, and for this reason take a story-paper, give it up, and try one of Mr. Towle's series of books about the "Heroes of History," or one of Dr. Eggleston's "Lives of Famous Indians." If Mr. Towle's "Pizarro" attracts you, go from that to Prescott's narrative of the conquest of Peru; and from that you may be led to his other histories of the Spanish dominion in America, and Prescott may thus introduce you to Irving and to Motley. And when you have got so far, the whole field of European history is open before you. Get the best—the best, that is, that you can read with satisfaction, and then go onward and upward. One caution may be thrown out here. When you want to know about any man or period and seek a history to tell you, do not take a school-book; they are only too often dry and colorless.

And this brings us to those who know what to read, but desire advice as to how to get the best results from their reading. Having formed the habit of reading, and having thus got your foot on the ladder of literary culture, how are you to get the best result from these? First of all, always think over a book when you have finished it. Criticise it. Form your own opinion of it. If you liked it, ask yourself why you liked it. If you disliked it, ask yourself why you did not like it. See if the fault was in the book or in you. If you were greatly interested, try to find out whether this was due to the author or to the subject. Then if you can find somebody else who has read the book, talk it over; exchange your impression for his impression; and see whether, on sober second thought, he is more nearly right than you. If you have been reading a great author, see what the great critics have been saying of him. If you have been reading an essay on a great author or a biography of him, take up his own works next, that you may gain the benefit of the interest around about him. If you have been reading any special history, try to see how it fits into the general history of the world: and for this purpose, I know no books to be compared with Mr. Freeman's "Primer of European History," and his "First Sketch of History." These begin at the beginning and tell the march of events to our generation.

Then, as you are reading a book, it is well to mark important passages. If the book is your own, make a light mark with a hard pencil in the margin of the passage. If the book is not yours, put in a slip of paper. When you have ended the book, read over the marked passages, and index those which on this second reading seem worthy of it, or likely in any way to be of use to you. If the book is yours, turn to the blank page at the end and give a hint of the passage and the page it is on; thus:

John Brown, p. 21,
Shaksperean quotation, p. 47,
Anecdote of a wise dog, p. 93,

and so on. If the book is not yours, take a page in a note-book, or a sheet of note-paper, and make your index on that, heading it with the title of the book.

The Rev. Joseph Cook tells us that he marks important passages with a line in the outer margin of the book he is reading, more important with two lines, and most important with three; while passages that he disagrees with or disapproves of, are marked in like manner with one, two, or three lines on the inner margin. He advises the committing to memory of the passages marked with three lines on the outside margin. The reader should also strenuously cultivate the habit of searching diligently in dictionaries and encyclopedias and gazetteers, and in whatever books of reference he can get access to. He should let no allusion pass without an effort to find out what it means. Macaulay bristles with allusions, but there are scarcely any that a quick reader cannot dig out of an encyclopedia in a few minutes. And "when found make a note on,"—as Cap'n Cuttle tells us.

Arthur Penn.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Progress in Smoke Abatement.

THE necessity of getting rid of the clouds of black smoke that overhang all towns where bituminous coal is used in domestic fires, has led to the invention of a large number of new stoves and fire-places. In all these inventions the aim is to prevent the formation of smoke by a more complete combustion of the fuel. Smoke is simply a fine dust composed of

carbon. This carbon dust will burn, and the whole art of preventing the formation of the dust is to insure the complete combustion of the fuel. To accomplish this, inventors have tried two apparently different methods. One way is to make a fire-place in which fresh coal may be added in such a way that it may be "cooked" or prepared for burning before it is wholly consumed. As such fire-places are made on the principle of the gas retort, they may be called coking stoves. The other method is called the regenerative system. The idea here is to heat the air needed to maintain the fire, and thus to secure a better combustion of the fuel. A number of these smoke-preventing stoves and furnaces have already been described in this department. One of these inventions on the regenerative plan has proved to be a commercial success, and it has been introduced into a great number of places. At the Smoke Abatement Exhibition, recently held in England, a number of new smoke-preventing appliances were shown. In one stove and open grate there is a small trough at the front of the grate, into which the fresh coal is put, and from this place, when it has been partly coked, it may be passed by means of a small scraper into the fire, and under the coals already burning. In another grate, two Archimedean screws are used to raise the fresh coal into the fire from a holder, or coal-box, under the grate. In another grate, a gridiron, or rake, under the grate-bars rises, and lifts the whole bed of live coals. This makes a small space or cave under the fire, into which fresh coal may be placed. The iron rake is then withdrawn, letting the live coals down on the raw fuel under it. Another invention puts fresh coal under the fire by means of a pivoted box under the grate-bars. This box may be turned on its pivoted support so as to bring it out in front of the fire. In this position a slide covers an opening in the center of the grate. The box is filled with coal, and is returned to its position under the fire. The slide is withdrawn by the same movement, and by means of a false bottom in the box, the coal is lifted through the opening in the grate, into the fire. Another grate is made in the form of a cylinder (already described here), supported on its axis. It is filled with fuel, and when this is partly lighted the grate is turned over, bringing the fire on top. The fire then burns downward till a part of the fuel is consumed, when it is refilled and turned over again. Besides these grates, there is a new shovel in the form of a wedge-shaped box. When filled with coal, the shovel is pushed into the fire, sliding on the grate-bars, and lifting the live coals. When it is fairly under the hot fuel, a lever is moved, the box is opened and the fresh coal pushed out, when the shovel may be withdrawn, leaving the coal under the fire. In other new fire-places, the fresh coal is pushed into the fire from the back or sides by various appliances, so that the fresh coal is exposed to the heat, and is thus coked before it takes fire.

In the other class of smoke-preventing appliances, the unburned carbon that escapes from the fire is met just beyond the grate by streams of highly heated air, and in this hot air it will take fire and burn. Smoke is formed because there is not sufficient air to enable it to burn, and if the smoke, immediately after it has left the fire, meets a fresh supply of air, some of it will burn. If this fresh air is highly heated it will burn all the more readily, and if the apparatus is properly designed and constructed, all the smoke will be consumed. Among the new appliances shown at the Exhibition, was a grate having hollow grate-bars open at the front end to the air, and communicating with pipes that open into the flue just behind the fire-place. Fresh air is drawn through these hollow grate-bars and is highly heated. It meets the products of combustion, and the unburned gas and smoke take fire and burn with great heat at the ends of the pipes. Various inventions were also shown, wherein the same thing is accomplished by drawing fresh air through sinuous passages at the sides of the fire-place. All these inventions are more or less close imitations of a well-known regenerative furnace for steam-boilers, invented in the United States several years ago, and now in successful operation in many parts of the country.

In the first class of grates and stoves, where the fresh fuel is coked or placed under the live coals, the smoke is burned by passing through or over the hot fuel already burning. There is in all these stoves more or less waste of heat from the escape of the unburned and invisible products of combustion, and for this reason the regenerative plan must be regarded as decidedly the best.

Another apparatus on the regenerative system consists of a steam injector. This is simply two pipes, one within the other, and placed directly over the fire in a steam boiler. The smaller pipe, placed within the larger pipe, is for steam, and the larger pipe is for air. The blast from the steam causes a suction through the larger pipe, and throws a stream of mingled air and steam into the furnace just beyond the fire. The air is heated by the fire and the steam, and assists combustion precisely as in the case of those furnaces where hot air is mingled with the products of combustion, in the regenerative furnaces already described. The use of the steam is, of course, a loss, but in the case of this apparatus it is said to be a loss of only one per cent., whereas the gain of heat from the more complete combustion of the gas and smoke is said to be as high as twenty-five per cent. It must be said, however, that the use of steam in this way appears to be generally regarded as a doubtful economy.

Improved Printing-Plates.

EXPERIMENTS have been made, both here and in Europe, with celluloid as a material for types, and the material has been found to have some advantages over type-metal and wood. It takes clear and sharp impressions under the influence of heat and pressure, and will keep its shape under the hardest usage. The celluloid is used in the form of thin sheets or plates, and is intended to be backed by wood. In nature-printing, as in copying leaves, mosses, laces, and all kinds of raised fabrics, the leaf or fabric is laid on the sheet of celluloid and submitted to heat under considerable pressure. The material will be pressed into the celluloid, and when finished the plate will exhibit the minutest veining or threads of the fabric or leaf. By cutting away the edges of the plate, the leaf may be brought into relief and used as a stereotype plate. These celluloid plates have so far been applied

to the manufacture of large types only, such as are now made of wood, and to the making of small plates containing short notices or advertisements for newspapers. The advantages of the celluloid types and plates consist in their lightness, which saves storage and postage, and in their durability and cheapness. The types resist the action of acids and do not affect the colors of the inks used on them. This makes it possible to use the same type for many colors, which is a great advantage in printing-offices where wood type is used.

The Radiometer in Measuring Light.

THE radiometer bulb, with its white and blackened vanes, is a familiar object in the windows of opticians, but, while it has been the means of making important experiments in physics, it does not appear to have proved of much value in the arts. It has been suggested recently that it can be used as a photometer in testing the power of different lights. The radiometer bulb is placed in a square metallic box having openings opposite the bulb on opposite sides, and closed with glass. The box is filled with water that is raised, by means of a lamp, or other appliance, to a temperature about one hundred degrees higher than the heat that may be given by the two lights to be examined. The beam of light from the candle, or other standard, is then allowed to fall on the vanes of the radiometer through one of the openings in the box. The light to be tested is allowed to fall on the vanes, through the opening on the opposite side. If the two lights are of equal power, the action of the lights on the vanes will balance, and the vanes will stand with one face toward one light and the other toward the other. If the power of the lights is unequal, the stronger light will displace the vanes or cause them to revolve. To measure the photometric power of the light to be tested, it must be moved farther away or nearer to the bulb till the balance is set up. The distance of the lights from the bulb will then give the value of the light, as in any of the photometers now in use. The observation of the action of the vanes is studied through the openings on the opposite sides of the case in which the radiometer is placed.

Hydraulic Dispatch.

A NOVEL form of dispatch-tube for transmitting letters and packages under rivers or harbors has been made the subject of experiment. The plan is the same as in the dispatch-tubes already in use in cities, where light carriers containing letters are blown or drawn through metal pipes by a powerful current of air, except that water is used instead of air. The tube is of thin lead, bound with wire on the outside to give it strength, and covered with tarred hemp to resist the action of the water. The pipe is simply laid on the bottom of the river, the shore ends being placed in a trench for safety. To obtain power, a reservoir is placed at each end of the pipe at a sufficient height to insure a good head of water. The reservoir is connected, by a pipe of equal diameter with the tube, with the top of a box at the shore end. The tube enters the lower side of this box, and there are valves at the end of each pipe, and a water-tight door at the side of the box. The carrier consists of a wire cylinder covered with rubber and closed by a water-tight cap. The messages are placed in the carrier and it is put in the box with others, and the door is closed. The valves are opened and the water, under the pressure from the reservoir, sweeps or floats the train of carriers through the tube at a speed corresponding with the pressure. At the receiving end the water is discharged through a branch pipe into an open box or sieve, through which the water escapes, while the carriers are caught. The transmitting and receiving apparatus are the same at each end of the tube, and by reversing the current, messages may be sent either way. The chief advantage of such a hydraulic system of transmission will probably be found in the greater distance to which the carriers can be sent. As they float in this tube, there will be less friction than in pneumatic tubes, while leakage in the tube will be of less consequence. The commercial value of the system will depend on the relative cost of pumping air or pumping water through such a dispatch-tube.

Recent Progress in the Application of Electricity to Railroads.

THE experiments that were begun some time ago in this country, in the use of electricity on railroads, have been renewed recently upon a greatly enlarged scale. A new narrow-gauge railroad has been laid down on precisely the same conditions in regard to grade and curvature as would be found on ordinary railroads in the United States. A new locomotor with one car, of the ordinary single-horse pattern used on street railways, has been provided, and it is proposed to run the motor and the car continuously under all weathers for a year, in order thoroughly to test the system under every condition of the weather and the seasons.

The direct motive power is a stationary steam-engine located at the top of a hill, about a thousand meters from the nearest point of the railroad. Three dynamo machines are driven by belting from the engine, and these give the current for operating the road. These machines may be used in one of two ways. They may be joined to the wire to give a current that will cause the locomotor to move at a high rate of speed, or with power at a slower rate. If the current from one dynamo is sent into the next, and so on, in series, the current made available for work gives speed. If the current from each machine is sent direct to the wire, the combined currents give intensity or power. At the time the road was examined they were arranged in this way, as the track was new and a trifle rough. From the central station where the dynamo machines are placed, the wires are laid under-ground to the road. The insulation is secured by inclosing the wires in a wooden box filled with an insulating compound, poured in the box and over the wires while liquid. The track consists of square wooden ties and a light rail, laid in the usual manner. To secure insulation, the ends of each tie are painted with an insulating liquid that, when dry and hard, makes a good non-conductor. In placing the ties on the road-bed, care is taken to leave the ends of the ties exposed, so that the rail will not touch the ground between them. The rails are also painted with or dipped in the insulating compound up to the lower side of the tread. This gives the rails the appearance of being painted black

at the sides and bottom. The sides of each rail at the ends are also filed or brightened so as to leave a clean surface, and when they are in place on the track, short bars of copper are laid from rail to rail across the joint. Each bar bears against this bright or bare spot on the rail, and is securely held in this position by the fish-plates. A little solder is also applied, to insure good electrical connection from rail to rail through these copper bars. To assist the insulation, there is also a small piece of insulating material placed on the tie under the rail. On this is also laid another insulator wherever the heads of the spikes rest on the rail. With such a track the loss of electricity by escape into the ground, per mile of track, is found to be very small. The cables from the central station are connected directly with the track, one to each rail, and at a point near one end of the road. This is, however, not a matter of much consequence, as the central station may be at the middle of the road or at either end, while the cable may be carried under a river or across a hill or valley.

The motor consists essentially of a single dynamo machine, of precisely the same pattern as those used to furnish the current. It is laid down horizontally with the armature at the forward end over the driving-wheel. The motor is supported on four wheels, one pair forward being the drivers, while a trailing pair is placed behind under the cab. There are no trucks, as the motor is supported on a rigid frame-work. As the whole machine is small, the wheel-base is about the same as in the horse-car, and it will pass ordinary curves with ease. Motors of a larger size, and carrying two or more dynamo machines, would be arranged differently, perhaps, with two driving-wheels and one trailing truck. The armature of the magnet is secured to a horizontal shaft at the front of the motor, and from this shaft is a belt to a counter-shaft at the rear under the cab. The counter-shaft carries a friction clutch, controlled by a hand-lever in the cab. From the counter-shaft is taken another belt to the axle of the driving-wheel, and over this belt is a belt-tightener, controlled by a hand-screw in the cab. The four wheels are made of iron, in two parts, with a backing of wood, somewhat after the manner of paper car-wheels. The wood serves as an insulator, and prevents the current that flows from the track into the wheels from taking a short circuit through the axles from rail to rail. On each wheel are fastened brass arms, arranged to support a round brass disk opposite the center of the wheel, but not touching it. On this disk rest copper brushes, supported by a brass rod, that communicates with an insulated wire that connects with the magnet. The current from one rail passes through the tread of the wheels on that side, then through the brass arms to the copper brush, and thence by the wire to the magnet. In like manner the current returns to the rail on the other side. In this way, the motor becomes a bridge or short circuit on the rail that is continually changing its position while in motion. This is precisely the same as in those electric block signals (already described in this department) where the current is made to pass from rail to rail through the first or last axle of a train moving in the block. In such signal systems, the moving train is merely an electric shunt or switch, and it receives no direct benefit from the current. In this motor the current passing through the apparatus does useful work in moving the train. All the switches for sending the current through the magnet in either direction, or for stopping, starting, and reversing the machine, are placed in the cab, and the whole work of control consists in moving these simple hand-levers, in moving the friction-clutch lever and the belt-tightener. There is also a hand brake.

At the time the road was inspected, the motor pushed the car containing several people, and dragged behind a small flat-car loaded with gravel and carrying two men. The motor was controlled by one engineer and one assistant. In starting, the switch was turned to admit the current to the magnet. The armature, turning idly before, began to revolve swiftly, and in a few seconds was moving at a high speed with a slight whirring sound. On applying the friction clutch, the motor started ahead easily, and in silence. On applying the belt-tightener a good speed was at once attained, and the train ran swiftly over the road for more than a mile without stopping. On taking off the flat-car load, the return trip was made at good speed, and apparently without effort. No attempt was made to display the highest speed possible, but enough was done to show that the motor could be handled with the greatest ease, and with entire precision. When used alone, the motor ran backward and forward, stopped, and started as readily as any locomotive, and without noise, dust, or smoke. While this road has been built for experimental purposes, enough has already been done to prove that it is a practical success. Such a road and motor will, no doubt, prove of great value wherever ordinary locomotives are objectionable, as in mines, tunnels, and city elevated roads. Short spurs or feeders to regular railroads, particularly where water-power is available, could be built on this system to advantage, and there seems no reason why it may not prove of great value. In point of simplicity and directness of means to ends, the motor and its road appear to be superior to the electrical railways already in use.

Improved Chain-Pump.

THE chain-pumps, so extensively used in some parts of the country, always had the defect of great wastefulness, both in time and power. The metal buttons used for buckets in the chain tube were too small, and allowed the water to run back too freely. An improved rubber bucket, in the form of an inverted cup, has been introduced, that appears to remedy the defects of this otherwise useful form of pump. The buckets fit the tube closely, and prevent the water from falling back.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Forfeits.

THEY sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there.
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although—I can't say what it meant—
The little maid looked ill-content.

His task was then anew begun—
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more that little maid sought he,
And went him down upon his knee.
She bent her eyes upon the floor—
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then—his sweet behest
To kiss the one he loved the best.
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

H. C. Bunner.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE danger's ober when de Shanghai crow.

De pig aint much on 'rifmetic, but he knows de nighes' way to de branch.

Heap o' good folks gits sassy in cat-fish time.

De wus' thing 'bout chills is dat too many folks knows how to cure 'em.

Better not try to out-jump a flyin'-squ'el.

You can't clam to Heben by de chu'ch-steeple.

Settin' on a hornit is a poo' way to git 'ligion.

A man stan's a chance to ketch a 'possum while he's coon-huntin'.

De rabbit's mighty sorry for de neighbors when de turnup-crap fail.

Nex' week is gin'ully gwine to be mighty busy time.

De lead steer gits de mos' whippin'.

De June-apple tree is mighty easy to clam at de right time o' year.

Old times was too good to be true.

When all de half-bushels gits de same size, you may look out for de Millennicum.

You can't tell de weight ob a cotton-bale by lookin' at it.

Ef eb'ry corn-stalk had a big ear, 'twouldn't be no nubbins for de ca'fs.

Folks ought to talk 'bout de neighbors like de tombstones.

You can't sell kerrysene ile to a lightnin'-bug.

De morkin'-bird don't 'sturb hisse'f 'bout de price o' music.

De old cow dat jumps de draw-bars too much is practersin' for de tan-yard.

Don't 'buse de jay-bird's chune, long as he don't brag on it.

A mule aint plum broke tell he's been dead a whole day.

Somehow, it 'pears like de 'possum-dorg ought to vote.

Las' 'ear's sins wa'n't killed by de fros'.

Folks lub to run down dis 'ear's crap.

Old hen can't keep fum tellin' whar her nes' is.

Old Satan nebber likes to miss a camp-meetin'.

'Taint no use o' tryin' to make yourse'f too comfertubble in dis wul'; you got to change cars at de grabe-yard.

A mouse is a fus'-rate hand to tell a cat-track.

Too much shakin' will fotch down green 'simmons.

A bull-dorg is better'n a law-book sometimes.

A feller dat's 'fraid o' de sun in de day-time is too ap' to be 'fraid o' de moon at night.

De safety o' de turnup-patch 'pends mo' on de size ob de turnups dan on de tallness ob de fence.

De wild goose totes his sign-pos' wid him.

De back-lorg an' de banjer-picker make a mighty good team.

Lots o' hens los' deir aigs by braggin' on 'em too loud.

A man's raisin' will show itse'f in de dark.

Some folks medger distunce by deir own roomatiz'.

Old times always hab a big repertation.

A mud-turkle kin clam a pine-tree arter it done fell on de groun'. *J. A. Macon.*

"Uncle Remus" in Objibaway.

MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY.
Via LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE, OTTAWA RIVER, CANADA.
December 12th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Apropos of the notice of Mr. Harris's "Uncle Remus" stories in your magazine for April [1881], and especially of the comparison of "How Mr. Rabbit lost his fine bushy Tail" with the Norse version of the same fable, it may be of interest to your readers to know that the inclosed similar story is told by the Objibaway Indians. For the last few years I have been in the habit of collecting Indian stories and folk-lore of all kinds, my position as surgeon to this factory giving me a better chance than most enjoy. Of these I may make use on my return to England next year. The period which has elapsed since the publication of your magazine and my note is great, and is due to the fact that in this out-of-the-way part of the world we only get two packets a year.

Yours truly,
WALTER HAYDAN.

THE FOX AND THE BEAR.

A fox was fishing one day, in the depth of winter, through a hole in the ice, using his tail for bait, by which means he caught a great number at first, but as the day went on he was not so successful. His tail becoming numbed, he did not perceive it getting frozen in. By and by, thinking he had got a bite, he gave a smart pull and broke his tail off short, at which he began to weep. The Manitou, coming along, asked him why he wept. The fox told him, and begged to have his tail restored. The Manitou told him he could have it back if he could discover an animal as stupid as himself. The fox started for home, with the result of his sport in his mouth. On the road he met a bear, who asked him how he had managed to catch so many fish. The fox told him it was the easiest thing in the world; all he had to do was to use the same means he had done, which the bear begged to be taught. The fox, nothing loath, took Bruin on the ice, cut a hole for him, and told him to put his tail through and not to pull it out until he called to him, and then to take it out as quickly as possible. The fox waited until he saw it well frozen in, and shouted "Pull!" and snap went the tail. The fox's tail was restored to him, but the bear lost his forever, and this is the reason the bear has a stumpy tail to this day.

Two Plantation Songs.

[IF the readers of THE CENTURY who have heard, in concerts or elsewhere, the vocal gymnastics known as the "Swiss Warble," can imagine the volume as well as the melody of that performance increased a thousand-fold, they will be able to form some idea of the thrilling effect of the italicized halloo in the refrain stanzas of the "Hog-Feeder's Song," herewith appended. Harbert, a hog-feeder on the Turner Plantation, in Putnam County, Georgia, could make every inflection of his voice heard at a distance of three miles, but this was not even considered remarkable in a region where the dusky captain of the corn-pile was in the habit of lifting his right hand to his ear, and conveying a most musical invitation to the hands on plantations five miles away.]

I.

HOG-FEEDER'S SONG.

OH, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! * *Gee-woop!—Goo-whee!*
I'm a-gwine dis night fer ter knock along er you!
Gwoop!—Gwoop! Gee-woop!—Goo-whoo!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whee!

Oh, de stars look bright des like dey gwineter fall,
En 'way todes sundown you year de kildee call:
Stee-wee! Killdee!—Pig-goo! pig-gee!
Pig! pig! pig-goo! Pig! pig! pig-gee!

De blue barrer squeal, kaze he can't squeeze froo,
En he hump up he back des like niggers do—
Oh, humpty-umpty blue! *Pig-gee! pig-goo!*
Pig! pig! pig-gee! Pig! pig! pig-goo!

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Goo-whee!
I'm a-gwine dis night a-gallantin' out wid you!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Goo-whoo!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whee!

Ole sow got sense des ez sho's youer bo'n,
'Kaze she take'n' hunch de baskit fer ter shatter out co'n—
Ma'am, you make too free! *Pig-goo! pig-gee!*
Pig! pig! pig-goo! Pig! pig! pig-gee!

W'en pig git fat, he better stay close,
'Kaze fat pig nice fer ter hide out en roas'-
Oh, roas' pig, shoo! *Pig-gee! pig-goo!*
Pig! pig! pig-gee! Pig! pig! pig-goo!

Oh, rise up, my ladies! Lissen unter me!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Goo-whee!—
I'm a-gwine dis night fer ter knock aroun' wid you!
Gwoop!—Gwoopee! Gee-woop!—Goo-whoo!
Pig-goo! pig-gee! Gee-o-whee!

II.

A NEGRO LOVE-SONG.

TRACK in de paff whar rabbit bin play'n',
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
(Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
Hey, my Lily! de cow done lowed,
(Go down de road—go down de road!)
Hit's wet on de grass whar de jew bin po'd,
(Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)

* *G* hard here and throughout.

Mighty long way froo de narrer lane,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
En killdee holler like he callin' up rain,
(Hi, my Lily, go down de road!)
Hey, my Lily! de chicken done crowed,
(Go down de road—go down de road!)
Sun gone down en moon done showed,
(My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
Big owl holler: *No use stay'n'!*
(Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
Big nigger tote de little gal load,
(Go down de road—go down de road!)
'Kaze too big a turn make nigger leg bowed,
(My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

Han' me down my walkin'-cane,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
De boys all sing en keep on say'n':
(Hi, my Lily! go down de road!)
*Nigger will drink fum 'n'er nigger's go'd,**
(Go down de road—go down de road!)
En some folks git w'at dey aint never growed,
(My Lily! my Lily! go down de road!)

One man los' w'at 'n'er man gain,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)
You git yo' shawl en han' my cane,
(Hey, my Lily! go down de road!)

Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus").

* Gourd.

The Message of the Rose.

HE.

SHE gave me a rose at the ball to-night,
And I—I'm a fool, I suppose,
For my heart beat high with a vague delight.
Had she given me more than the rose?

I thought that she had, for a little while,
Till I saw her—fairest of dancers—
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,
To another man, in the Lancers.

Well, roses are plenty and smiles not rare;
It is really rather audacious
To grumble because my lady fair
Is to other men kind and gracious.

Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?
And my dream, so precious and bright,
Now foolish, broken, and worthless seems,
As it fades, with her rose, to-night.

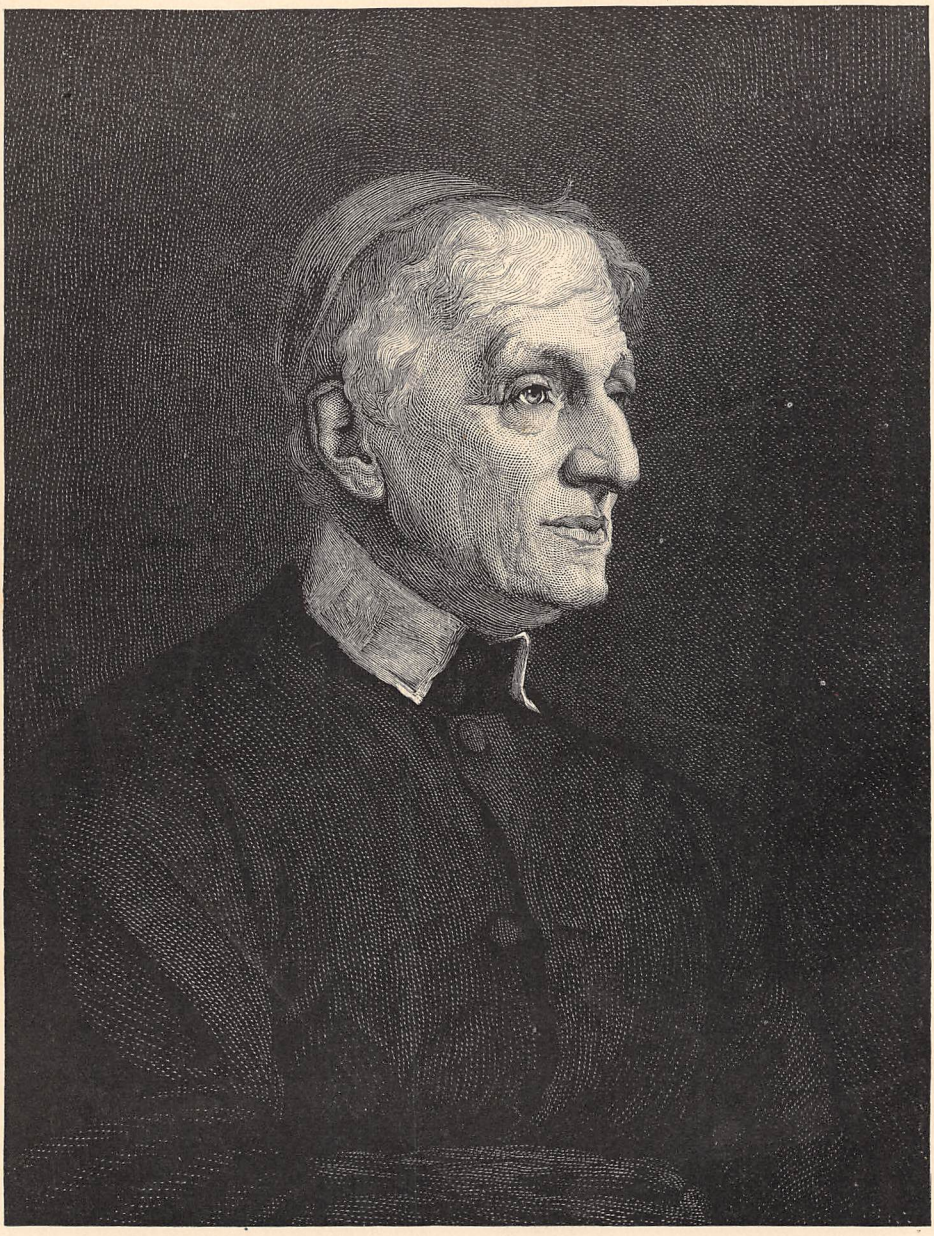
SHE.

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night—
A deep red rose, with fragrance dim,
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright,
I could not, dared not, look at him.

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan;
His earnest look I could not bear,
So I gave a rose to another man—
Any one else—I did not care.

And yet, spite of all, he has read, I know,
My message—he could not have missed it;
For *his* rose I held to my bosom, so,
And then to my lips, while I kissed it.

Bessie Chandler.



John H. Card. Newman

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AROUND CAPE HORN.

AFTER rambling for several months among the rivers and mountains of California, observing and sketching its scenery and people, I found myself in San Francisco again. This was now to be my starting-point for a journey which was to take me to Europe, where I proposed to continue my art studies. The two most obvious ways which lay open before me for reaching New York, whence I could take steamer for England, were either to go across the Isthmus of Panama,—a pleasant but somewhat tedious route,—or to proceed across the continent by rail. Having already taken this time-saving but wearisome overland journey, I had about decided to cross the Isthmus, when my attention was accidentally attracted to a route, formerly the only one, but now scarcely taken by any passengers except those who seek the most sea air for the least expense. I refer to the passage around Cape Horn. To me the idea had in it something racy and novel, for I always preferred a voyage in a sailing-ship when not pressed for time, and as the ship proposed to me was to sail for Liverpool direct, I engaged passage at once, and, after laying in a supply of winter clothing and sundry knickknacks, was on board with my traps twenty-four hours after.

The voyage proved to be a fairly representative one as regards incident and adventure. As those who merely cross the Atlantic in the superb saloons of the steam-liners running between New York and Liverpool,—who grumble if they are out over eight days, or if the *menu* is ever below the standard of Delmonico's,—know very little about life in a sailing-ship, I make no apology for giving them a *résumé* of the voyage of the clipper ship *Three Brothers* around Cape Horn, the sole passengers being Mrs. Hammond, wife of the captain, and one George Walden, artist, and seeker after adventure by land and sea. The ship *Three Brothers* was formerly the famous steamer *North Star*, in which the late Commodore Vanderbilt made his trip to Europe in 1853. Presented by him to the United States Government, she was turned into a sailing-ship after the war, and proved to be one of the largest and fastest clippers afloat. It was on the 17th of March that I bade farewell to the hospitable friends I had met at San Francisco. The noble ship was lying out in the stream, well freighted down with grain. The weather was fine, and, with a long "Heave-oh, boys, o-o-o-oh!" the crew brought the anchor atrip. Amid an apparently inexplicable tangle of ropes and blocks and a bewildering confusion of voices and actions, order nevertheless reigned. A controlling mind regulated all, and it was marvelous to see how soon the vast fabric of masts and spars loomed up white against the sky, as sail after sail was cast loose from the yards by the nimble mariners, and unfolded, wing-like, in the rosy light of the setting sun. After slipping gracefully through the Golden Gate and over the bar, the pilot left us, and, heading south, we were alone on the Pacific, with a prospect of perhaps four months of solitude before we should again set foot on land. I confess it seemed very odd to me to be going around such a vast angle to the very ends of the earth, to reach a point exactly as far north of the Equator as Cape Horn is south of it. We passed the Farallon Isles at sunset, and, for some time after the last land we were to look upon for many a long day had faded out of sight, the gleam of the lighthouse was seen in the gathering gloom of night.

After supper, "sail ho!" rang through the ship, and a dark mass loomed mysteriously

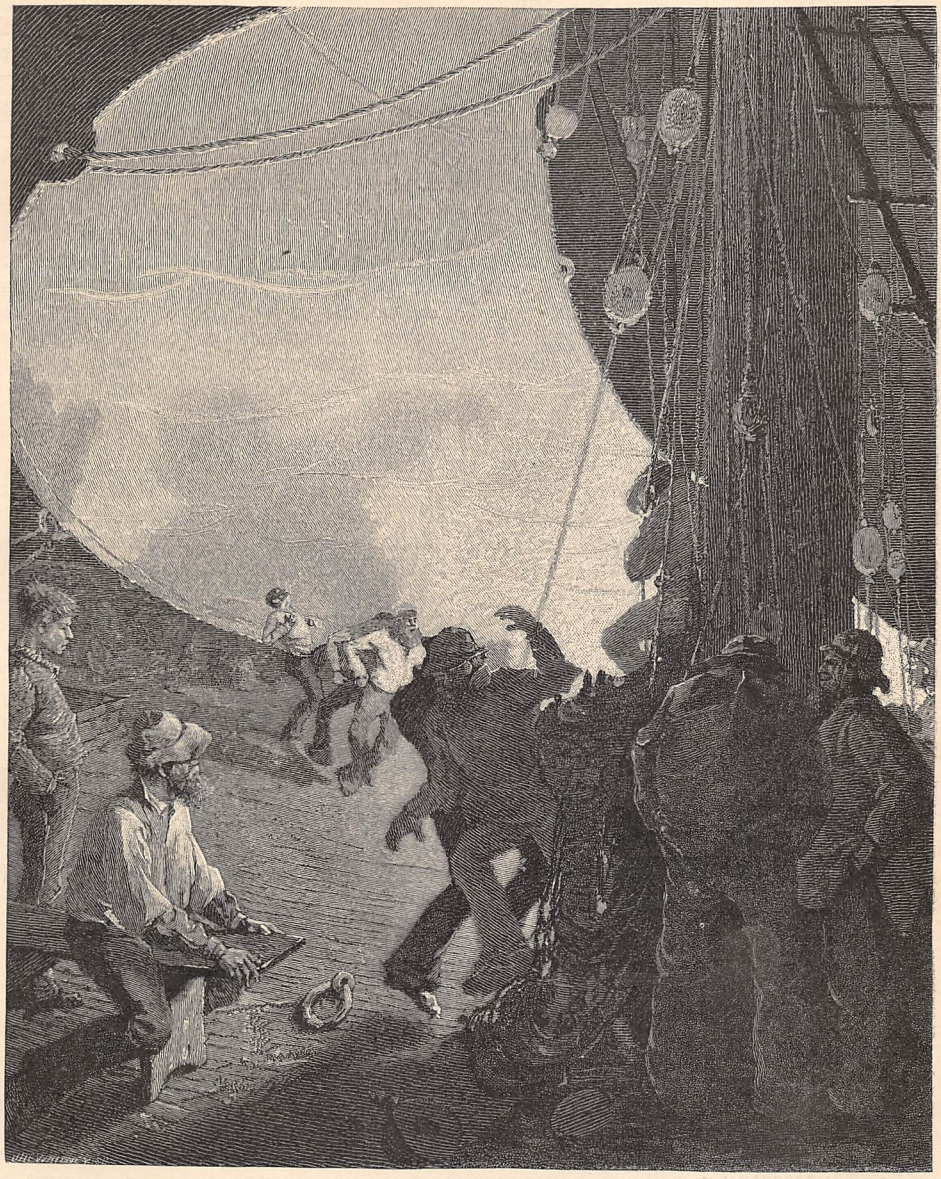
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out of the gloom. It was a ship heading north. This was the last vessel we were destined to see for nearly two months. At eight bells all hands were summoned on deck. We had shipped a new crew, and the first and second mates were now to divide them into the starboard and the port or captain's watches. The men before the mast numbered forty-six, and were a motley set, from nearly every quarter of the globe. As their names were yet unknown, the mates called them out rapidly in turn, by some peculiarity they noticed in them. "Step out there, you fatty!" "You fellow with a big jib, come here!" or the like. Including Captain Hammond and his wife, the three mates, the cook and steward and their assistants, the carpenter and his mate, and myself, we numbered fifty-eight souls on board, destined to "share and share" alike whatever fate might have in store for the good ship *Three Brothers*, while she sailed her solitary course of eighteen thousand miles.

A sailing-ship bound across the seas will generally contrive to leave port, as we did, on a Saturday. Sunday is a poor day in port, as no work can be done in loading the vessel; if the cargo is all in on Thursday, the ship will be detained a day on some pretext or other, in order to avoid sailing on the dreaded Friday. The following Sunday is employed in cleaning up the decks, and the crew take an account of stock, as they did on our first Sunday. All performed unusual ablutions, and most of them dressed for the day and idled about in the sun, sleeping, mending their clothes, or chatting in the desultory manner in which a score or two of people who have never known each other before gradually find their affinities, and adjust themselves to the little world in which they are to live together for a few months. The reckless, thriftless character of the sailor is the natural result of the life to which he is doomed. Going to sea before he has the remotest idea of what kind of a career life in the forecastle must inevitably be, he learns to live in the present, and that fact alone tends to produce recklessness. Every voyage separates him from those he likes and introduces him to a new set of beings, tossed in a hap-hazard fashion in his path, and from whom in a few weeks he is destined to separate, never to see them again. Any storm is likely to be his last; every time he goes aloft he is liable to fall to his death. Deep reflection on the character of his destiny or the prospects of bettering his career can only result in suggestions of suicide or despair. He is, therefore, always like an overgrown boy in his mind, offering strange alternations of simplicity and cunning: now tender as a woman, now callous and cruel as a tiger—a medley of astounding contradictions of character, moved more by the impulse of the moment than by settled convictions, and easily swayed by a mind or a will stronger than his own.

In the afternoon the crew overhauled their sea-chests. Everything was emptied on deck, and an extraordinary hodge-podge it was of clothing, trinkets, dog-eared dime novels, jack-knives, pipes, ditty boxes, cheap looking-glasses, greasy cards, sou'-westers, photographs, plugs of tobacco, and limp hats and caps without end, the latter being in excess of every other object, because the wind makes sad havoc with head-coverings at sea. The experience one has had in sea-voyaging may be fairly gauged by the number of hats and caps he stows in his baggage when starting on a voyage. With boyish eagerness each of the men now surveyed the stock of the others. An active barter was started, and before it struck six bells half the contents of the sea-chests had changed owners, either by trade or theft. The trading was enlivened by characteristic gibes and jokes, more or less caustic, but generally taken in good part. After supper, in the dog-watches, when a lovely twilight drew its star-embroidered veil over the heaving expanse of ocean, one of the crew produced from his chest an accordion, on which he played with considerable effect. A number of the crew, possessed of full, rich voices, aided the music with a fine chorus. In the meantime, the noble ship was steadily pursuing her majestic, rhythmic march over the billows toward the South Pole, blending the steady sonorous roll of the foam around her bow with the chorus of the crew.

After the music came the spinning of yarns. The "Irish Lad," as he was called, got the deck, and proved to be a very Arabian in imagination and volubility. He developed an inexhaustible capacity for romancing, which, on this evening and many subsequent ones, held the crew spell-bound. But, on a sudden, the course of one of his most startling yarns was broken by the shrill yell of the mate, ringing out: "Stand by the sky-sail halliards!" The men sprang to their feet and to the ropes in a wink; as the rattle of the blocks and canvas broke on the night, the motions of the crew were quickened by the commands following in rapid succession: "Clew up the royals! Sky-sail men, aloft! Lively there, boys! Clew up the mizzen-royal stay-sail! Let go your top-gallant halliards!" As soon as the orders were given they were obeyed; and in a few brief moments the upper spars were stripped of canvas, the top-gallant yards being down on the caps, and the great ship was almost in fighting trim under



DIVERSION IN THE DOG-WATCHES.

top-sails. On the weather-bow an impenetrable blackness could be seen rapidly rising and approaching. From the upper stratum dark, fluffy masses were constantly being detached, blown across the stars in advance by the fury of the hurrying tempest, as the arrows of an army precede the onset of a mailed host. At rapidly increasing intervals the inky gloom of the wall of cloud was riven by the intense glow of a thunderbolt. Across the surface of the sea, like the rolling of vast balls over a cavern, pealed the boom of the aërial battle; and even through the darkness the agitation of the distant water was plainly visible—a wrathful white, hissing as it drew nearer. Around us for the moment reigned a portentous calm; the heaving sea was sullen and glassy. Suddenly a few heavy drops fell on the deck like lead.

> "When the rain comes before the wind,
> Then your top-sail halliards mind,"

says the sailor. In an instant, as it seemed,

the heavens overhead became livid, and a burst of wind struck the ship with terrific violence. Having no headway to break the force of the blow, the vessel was hove down on her beam-ends. The pale green lightning flashed incessantly, the thunder pealed with appalling rapidity, and the beat of the rain, which fell in a continuous sheet, and the shriek of the wind made it impossible to hear the orders. The sailors groped over the sloping deck, "hanging on by their eyelids," and finding the ropes by instinct. It was a fearful moment. The upper top-sails were taken in, but until the ship began to pay off before the wind, it seemed as if the masts would go or the vessel founder. But there came a moment, in the midst of the uproar, when one was conscious that the squall had reached its extreme limit. Gradually wind, thunder, lightning, and rain ceased, passing off to leeward, to work destruction elsewhere. The stars came forth once more, the sails were set again, the watch turned in, and I sought my bunk to dream of the first day of the voyage.

Variable winds, calms, and strong breezes succeeded during the remaining days of March. The heat grew intense; although rarely over ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, yet its steadiness, aided by the reflection from the water, made it very exhausting. The crew often went about with nothing on but trowsers. Every day the engineer wet them down with the hose worked by the donkey-engine. The water grew more phosphorescent at night, and the bonitos and sharks which constantly followed us clove the dark deep after nightfall, lambent, like fishes of flame, leaving meteor-like wakes of silver fire. Flying-fish by the million swarmed over the sea, and were washed on deck on the flashing crest of luminous billows. But the steady broiling of the sun as we approached the line, while it weakened one's energies, at the same time exasperated the blood. Fifty men thrown fortuitously together under such circumstances, brutish and unreasoning, without hopes, or aspirations, or lofty motives, or thoughts—without a single bond of union save that of mutual self-preservation, and the awe inspired by the authority of the master, aided by superior intelligence and weapons, are very uncomfortable and inflammable materials to coop under a tropic sun in a narrow ship—especially if one considers that the usual antagonistic elements of a sailing-ship were also at work on board the *Three Brothers*. The officers took every means to prevent the crew from obeying them through any liking or respect. Authority was asserted only by force; a command was often followed by a blow.

The captain and the mate were, as usual, out of harmony; it was the old story of the ins and the outs. The mate, Mr. Evans, was a Herculean Down-easter; his frame was awkward and angular, and the tight muscles were strained down to the hardness of steel. His arms were almost the length of a baboon's, and his enormous paws reached well-nigh to the knees. When he was excited, he swung these ungainly members about like flails. There was, with all this coarseness, a vivid brilliance of imagination combined with great fluency of language, excepting the paucity of adjectives common with seamen and others of the same rank in life, ashore. The elastic adjective which Mr. Evans ingeniously contrived to fit to every condition was the word "bloody." But these gifts had developed in this worthy son of Neptune a capacity for relating episodes in his precious experience which threw the tame annals of Munchausen into the shade.

Entirely lacking in tact, this hard-headed, iron-fisted, limber-jawed worthy contrived to be at loggerheads with the captain and the crew by turns, while he also condescended at times to such familiar terms with them as to bring ridicule upon himself. Then his ponderous wrath would be aroused, and fist, rope, and belaying-pin would be brought into active play.

Signs of insubordination would also crop out sometimes among the crew, hardly to be wondered at, however, under the circumstances. For no apparent cause, one of the men loitered aloft one day, after he was ordered down.

"Come down from there, you — — —!" the mate roared, frantically waving his arms.

"I'll come when I'm ready!" growled the fellow from aloft.

"You'll come when you are ready, will you?" cried the captain. "We'll see about that."

Stepping below for his revolver, he came on deck again, and, taking aim, fired at the man. The ball missed him and lodged in the mast. Another shot also failed to hit, but started the now frightened seaman down the rigging on the run. When he reached the deck, the captain, concluding the man had been sufficiently alarmed, contented himself with hurling a belaying-pin at him, and, as eight bells rang out, sent him below with his watch.

Occasionally a bit of rough horse-play or rollicking fun relieved the monotony and put the crew into good humor for awhile, or the very brutality of the officers was tinctured by a certain grim Plutonian humor. One day, the fowls all broke out of their coop and scattered over the deck. Two flew overboard; a boat

was lowered, and, after a long pull, one was brought back. The carpenter was put on short allowance for a week on account of his carelessness in fastening the coop. Another day, "Shavings," the mate of "Chips," the carpenter, had a row with the cook, and flew at him with a block of salt beef. The cook had a plucked goose in his hand, ready to go into the stove. He belabored "Shavings" about the head with it until the belligerents were separated. The goose was then cooked, and the captain declared he never tasted a more tender *morceau!* On another occasion, the cabin-boy stole the steward's plum-duff. The steward larded the boy from head to toe for punishment, but was in turn forced by the captain to pay for the luxury of revenge by having the cost of the lard deducted from his wages. The cook made a pretty little sum selling pumpkin-seeds to the crew, who took a certain pleasure in eating them, like gallery gods feasting on pea-nuts in the old Bowery Theater. But a wag bored holes in the pumpkins and extracted all the seeds; in consequence, for some days the atmosphere around the galley was blue with the blasphemous wrath of the cook. The fun of this protracted "heated term" culminated in the sudden and unexpected demise of a pig, whose fair proportions had aroused the admiration of the crew. That a pig should die a natural death was so remarkable an event, it was universally conceded that it should be marked by appropriate ceremonies. On a serene evening in the dog-watches, the men gathered in the forecastle and appointed "Slim Joe," a solemn, lantern-jawed, clerical-looking tar, to act the part of clergyman on this melancholy occasion. The ritual services were then performed with the formality and seriousness accorded to a deceased mariner, and the body of the pig, sewed up in canvas shroud and shotted, was consigned to the deep.

Mrs. Hammond, when not overcome by the heat, sometimes interested herself in the welfare of the crew, and repeatedly made them a batch of mince-pies. She also sent them, one Sabbath morning, a supply of religious tracts and stories which had been given to the ship by the Tract Society. But the men's taste had been so pampered by highly seasoned dime novels that they could not relish the homely fare of the church. The books were, therefore, returned to Mrs. Hammond. But the captain regarded this as a slight to his wife, and ordered the men to keep the books. Finding they could not get rid of them otherwise, the crew amused themselves by tearing them to pieces.

During these equatorial days the captain spent his enforced leisure in an occupation exceedingly common at sea, and in which seamen often display extraordinary skill. He busied himself with joinery work of the most exquisite character, such as making an inlaid chest of mahogany and ivory for his charts; when that was done he began the model of a ship, in which every detail was wrought in hard woods, silver, and brass.

The birds in those latitudes accompanied us in vast multitudes; but it was a singular fact that regularly every afternoon, about four o'clock, they mysteriously and simultaneously disappeared. At ten in the morning they would return. Where did they go during the interval?

On the 5th of April we slipped quietly across the Line. Neptune did not come on board, owing to the extreme heat, nor was there any outward evidence that we had accomplished a great feat in physics. But the mind seemed to acknowledge the fact, and one had a sensation something like the feeling we experience when, after climbing to the crest of a mountain, we begin to descend on the other side. We were now heading directly for Pitcairn's Island, about south-and-by-west. Great anticipations were enjoyed by all on board of soon sighting the island, and obtaining a supply of fresh provisions from the thrifty descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

"Sooty," the engineer, got up steam on the 10th of April, in order to condense fresh water for the laundry. A sudden escape of steam with a terrible hissing summoned all hands to the engine-room, but the steam rushed forth in such dense volumes no one dared to enter, although the engineer was in there, probably scalded to death.

"Sooty!" cried some one, in a half-inquiring, half-kindly tone.

"Aye, aye, sir!" cheerfully replied this sea salamander, coming on deck with face and arms peeled and parboiled by the steam.

"Shut off the steam!" said the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Sooty, and plunged into the hissing steam again apparently with the utmost unconcern. After getting things to rights he went on with his work with a coolness that was almost incredible. There is no question that the extraordinary indifference to physical suffering displayed by seamen, savages, and others hardened by early or constant exposure, enables them to appear to advantage when those of finer organization, but equal temper, suffer excruciating torment.

The albatrosses which followed the ship at this time were a perpetual source of wonder. As if attached to it by invisible cords, with calm, fixed gaze they kept suspended but a few feet over the stern, like the poising form of



IN A HEAVY SEA.

Apollo with his mantle protecting the corpse of Hector as Achilles dragged it round the walls of Troy. Their enormous pinions seemed not even to vibrate, and when they chose to beat up against the wind, they would cleave their arrowy course in the very teeth of the raging tempest, without any apparent exertion. The mysterious manner in which the albatross navigates the air has been a matter of much speculation, but as yet no adequate explanation has been found.

As the days of April wore on, preparations were made for the weather we must expect to encounter as we drew toward the Horn. We should be in its vicinity about the season when the sub-equatorial winter begins, and must prepare to encounter very heavy weather. The summer suit of sails was unbent and stowed below, and a new suit was bent on the yards, able to stand the strain of gales and hurricanes. There is something heroic in the determined resolution with which the mariner in the plain exercise of his duty goes forth to battle with the elements, and encounters fearful hardships and perils, without even the expectation of credit or record in return.

Those harbingers of evil, the stormy petrels, the wandering Arabs of the sea, now began to appear constantly, and the wind sang in the rigging with the long, low, requiem wail which always precedes bad weather at sea. No wonder that they who go down to the sea in ships are superstitious, and fancy wraiths and mermaids riding on the white sea-horses of the storm!

On April 16th we were in the neighborhood of Pitcairn's Island, but the strong breeze then blowing headed us off, and we did not even see that or any other of the neighboring isles, to our great mortification. We had a heavy, jumping sea and fresh, variable breezes, indicating a general disturbance of the elements. Frequent squalls forced us often to clew up the "kites," and the horizon for days at a time had a brooding and uncanny aspect, showing what sailors call a greasy sky. In one squall, the thunderbolts pierced the water within a few yards of the ship. On the 21st of April we struck the north-west trades, and on the night of the 22d the foul weather we had been expecting attacked us "butt-end on," as the sea phrase goes. We shortened sail when the middle watch turned out, and a long, heavy job it was. At dawn—and what a fearful dawn!—a hurricane was tearing the sea to foam. The ship was hove to, under close-reefed fore and main topsails and fore and main stay-sails. A tremendous, tumultuous sea was running, the wind fairly blowing the gray crests of the seas off, and driving the spoon-drift, or salt stinging sleet, in a dense sheet across the ship, almost burning the skin



REEFING THE TOPSAIL.

off one's face. The ship labored heavily, and, notwithstanding her great size, shipped vast quantities of water. The wind shifted frequently with great rapidity, and thus, while we were hove to at one time, we were running on our course at another. This naturally made the waves much more "hubbelly" and dangerous. In a tremendous squall on the second morning, the reefed foresail was blown out of the bolt-ropes, flying off to leeward like a vapor, and several of the furled sails were actually torn out of the gaskets. It was a very anxious time, and for two days Captain Hammond did not dare to leave the deck to eat or sleep. We took a prodigious green sea over the quarter, which swept away the binnacle and washed off one of the men at the wheel. The ship would have broached to

if the captain had not sprung to the wheel and aided in putting the helm up. The "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to look out for the life of poor Jack" was nodding at the time, and so we lost poor Jim Davis, for he was swept out of sight in a moment, like a feather tossed on the froth of raging billows. As eight bells tolled wildly over the surging waste of waves on the second night of the storm, there came an ominous lull. It was considered the precursor of a shift of the wind, and all hands were sent to the braces, to be ready to meet the emergency in the event of the ship being taken aback. But the lull continued so long that it seemed as if the storm had fairly blown itself out. In the meantime, the ship so rolled on the vast surges that we feared the masts would go out of her. In order to steady her, a reef was cautiously shaken out of the upper topsails. As the calm continued, Captain Hammond served out grog all round, and the first watch were sent to their bunks, exhausted; the captain then went below, but not to sleep, leaving word to be called on the slightest change in the weather. But he was so weary he fell into a deep slumber as soon as he sat down in his arm-chair by the table, notwithstanding the violent lurching of the ship and the thunder of the wet sails as they flapped against the masts.

Suddenly, without warning, there came a flash that whitened the whole ocean, accompanied by an appalling crash, which shook every timber in the ship. The captain leaped to his feet, and on the instant the topsails thrashed against the masts with a burst of wind that caused the vessel to quiver like a frightened steed as she was driven stern on against the mountain walls of water.

"She's taken aback, by God!" yelled the captain, as he made one bound for the deck. The most terrible crisis which can overtake a sailing-ship had arrived.

"Call the watch!" shouted Captain Hammond. "Starboard fore and main braces! Pull for your lives, now, my lads!" rang out in wild frenzy above the storm. The canvas was flattened like boards against the masts, and no effort would avail to get it in before the ship would go down, stern foremost, under the hungry seas that even now towered over the taffrail. Only one maneuver could avail. That was to get the head-yards around—a tremendous task with the pressure on them. Fifty men pulled on the braces as they never pulled before, and aided their efforts by a wild chorus—perhaps their last, like the death-song of an Indian brave. Already the seas had began to boil over the quarter, as the yards finally yielded to the strain on the braces. Relieved of the pressure, the ship began to fall off and gather way. For the time, at least, we were saved! But as the noble *Three Brothers* came broadside to the wind, she heeled over to her scuppers, and would have gone on her beam-ends with the terrific pressure of the cyclone, now at its height, if the upper topsails and jib (new canvas) had not split to rags. Toward dawn the fiery horn of the moon, now in its last quarter, clove the scurrying clouds low down near the horizon for a few moments, and tinged the sloping hollows of the sea like liquid flame. Of all the wild aspects of ocean, I know of none more eery and awful than the waning moon in a night like this.

The storm blew itself out before the following evening, and the sun appeared once more, setting glorious in the serene western sky, but it was days before the turbulence of the sea was allayed. It was characteristic of sea-faring life that, beyond an occasional allusion, neither the storm nor the great danger we had escaped were mentioned after they were passed. The sailor's life, like the soldier's in war, would be melancholy indeed if he allowed himself to dwell on his hardships and perils. He meets them heroically when they come, but returns to reckless hilarity when they are over. This is practical philosophy.

But the weather after this continued boisterous, and the cold increased rapidly as we made our southing. On the 15th of April the temperature was ninety-five degrees, and on the 1st of May it was down to zero. This forced the crew to draw largely on the captain's stock of supplies. Every Saturday, Captain Hammond opened what is called a slop-chest, in the cabin, and traded with the men. Improvident or too poor to lay in a supply sufficient for their needs on a long voyage, the crew of a sailing ship must largely depend on the master, who sells to them on account. Until we crossed the Line, tobacco and thin clothes were what they chiefly required. But now they eagerly sought warmer clothing. The cabin, as the goods lay spread out, resembled the cheap clothing and variety shops one sees on the water-streets of a seaport. Saturday was the regular day for the fair, but the cold was so severe on Friday, the 27th of April, they crowded into the cabin and made a general demand for woolen shirts, mittens, stockings, boots, tippets, and sou'-westers, clinching the request with "and two pounds of tobacco, sir."

Captain Hammond sat at the head of the table with his spectacles on, demanding in a peremptory tone which awed his customers, "And what's your name, and what do you

want?" In most cases the men seemed entirely ignorant of the state of their account, relying upon the honesty of the captain. Thus, one inquired for a pair of boots worth twelve dollars, and was surprised to learn that he had only twenty-five cents to his credit. It was also a psychological study to observe the struggle between shrewdness and simplicity, or between vanity and practical sense which alternately swayed these tawny, uncouth sons of the sea. Bill Symes wavered some time between a crimson shirt, which he did not need, but fancied for its color, and a heavy cap and tippet which he needed sorely. Strange fits also resulted from this ill-assorted medley of wares. Thus one of the crew, diminutive in size, purchased an enormous pair of pantaloons. A day or two after, he appeared in a complete suit, including a cap, and double thickness across the knees, made out of the single pair of pantaloons, aided by contributions from an older pair! Another, who stood six feet four in his stockings, was forced to lengthen out his woolen breeches by a strip of canvas four inches wide.

Baffling and variable winds with squalls retarded our progress, as we neared Cape Horn. A sullen sky brooded over the sea day after day, as if the Antarctic Pole, never yet visited by man, was determined not to allow us to approach any nearer to the secrets of its impenetrable domain. The cold was excessively keen, and yet frequent lightning gleamed across the horizon. It was now dark at four and sunrise at eight. The long nights of gloom made the vast solitude oppressive, and we seemed to be wandering alone over the unexplored waters of an uninhabited planet. But on the afternoon of the forty-fifth day out the strange cry "Sail ho!" from aloft called every one on deck. The vessel was so distant, however, it could only be discerned from the mast-head. May 2d, we took a slant from the westward, which bowled us east by south on our course at the rate of twelve knots. We ran three hundred and six knots, or near three hundred and fifty miles, and were then seven hundred miles from the redoubtable Cape. Notwithstanding the exceedingly unwholesome appearance of the weather, the fair wind put every one for the nonce into good spirits. The captain, who had boasted of the extraordinary paces of the clipper ship *Three Brothers*, had been in very bad humor for some days. On one occasion he exhibited it, by throwing the second mate into irons after badgering him into insolence. At another time Gawky Pete was found sleeping in his middle watch and was compelled to sit astride the stanchion beam for eight hours. Considering the enormity of the misdemeanor, the punishment was not excessive, although this perch was far from comparing favorably with a bed of roses, for the wind and sleet nearly froze him to the marrow. On the 6th, a Cape hen, one of the most important denizens of this hyperborean region, made its appearance. It is a species of gull the color of a raven. On the 7th the glass fell below 28, and a long-threatening gale opened its wrath on our ship. She was reduced to close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. The night was so dark one could not see his hand at arm's length. Dense, driving snow fell at intervals and the cold was intense. Grog was served out to all hands at six bells. A lull of one day was succeeded by a second and fuller edition of the gale. The violent lurching and heavy seas coming on board caused several casualties. The man on the lookout was dashed into the lee scuppers and broke his leg, and the cook and his assistant were thrown to leeward and suffered severe contusions when bringing the dinner to the cabin. Such accidents, singular as it may seem, are more liable to occur in a large than a small ship. As we came off the pitch of the Cape, the seas became larger and the plunging of the ship proportionately dangerous.

On the morning of the 9th of May the wind had moderated, but the decks were covered with snow and ice, requiring great caution in moving about the ship. Toward noon the wind began to pipe up again, and at six bells in the evening, ocean and sky were rent by the fury of a raging hurricane. During a temporary lull, a green sea, towering twenty feet above the bulwarks, burst over the ship fore and aft, setting the decks afloat. The starboard quarter-boat, the binnacle, the skylight, the man at the wheel, were carried away; the latter, fortunately, caught in the rigging, and was saved. Through the skylight and the doors the deluge of water burst into the cabin and washed above the lower berths, and as it quenched the fire in the stove, the cabin was filled with steam. The after hatch was burst in, and a quantity of provisions were spoiled. A cry arose that the rudder had also been carried away, but happily this proved to be a false alarm.

This was not a very encouraging outlook. And when the wind returned, although it steadied the ship, matters did not improve, for both wind and sea were more violent than any we had yet encountered, and many on board never expected to see another dawn.

We did not see Cape Horn after all, for we passed it in the night of May 10th. But on

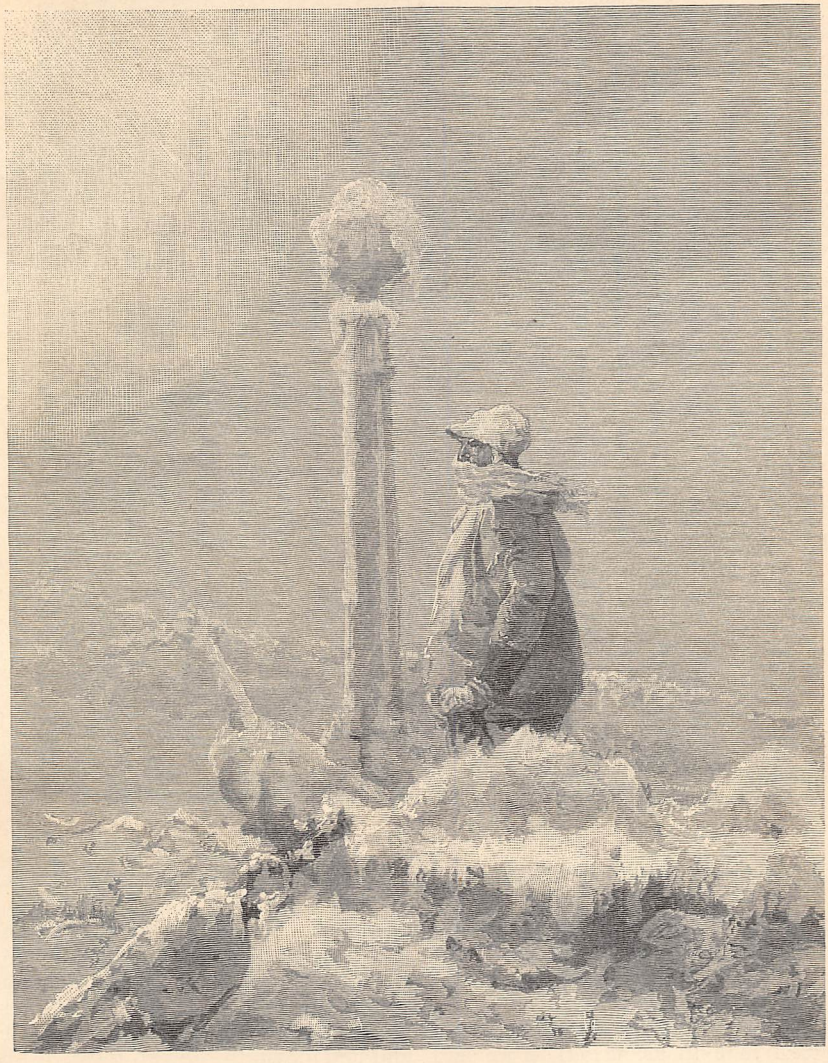
the eleventh day, or the fifty-seventh from San Francisco, land was sighted from aloft, dimly discernible twenty miles away. It proved to be the jagged peaks of the Diego Ramirez Islands. Never before was I more impressed with the heroism of the first navigators who dared to penetrate the unknown wastes beyond Cape Horn. After passing the straits which bears his name, Magellan sailed one hundred and ten days in a direct line on an unknown sea, before sighting land.

Our course was now changed from east by south to north by east. There was a prodigious, following swell, but the night proved fine, with a fair breeze, and the constellations were seen unclouded in their glory the first time for weeks. The Southern Cross and the Magellan clouds gleamed directly overhead at night. The 12th of May was ushered in with a noble sunrise. Several ships were in sight, one near enough to signal us, and the lofty peak of Cape St. John, on Staten Island, was sighted on the weather-bow in the course of the day. We were now fairly on the Atlantic racing before a ten-knot breeze for the North and Old England. But the weather continued cold and then became thick and a gale came on. Although it was in our favor, Captain Hammond kept the ship under short sail, as we were liable at any moment to encounter ice. On the 17th of May we found ourselves rolling in a dead calm off the Falkland Islands. The chief phenomena were fogs and whales. The warmer atmosphere thawed the spirits of the crew. Some of them indulged in a Sunday shave; the boatswain bloomed out in a blue velvet smoking-cap, and the first skylarking seen for many a day filled the fore part of the ship with boisterous mirth.

We had a heavy southwest blow on the 18th of May. The wind was for the most part free, but attended by a dangerous cross-sea. As the gale moderated we spread all sail, and flew at the rate of fifteen miles an hour for a steady twenty-four hours, reeling off three hundred and sixty miles from dawn to dawn. "The girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope this time, and no mistake," observed the bos'n, hitching up his main backstays, as he called his suspenders. We were now off the Rio de la Plata, where we had to keep our eyes peeled for pamperos, the well-known hot gales which spring out of that region upon passing ships, like the simoon upon the traveler of the desert. We were in the spot where the captain had lost the mainmast out of his ship on a previous voyage. Nor were we to escape without a touch of what a pampero is capable. It commenced to blow on the evening of the 23d of May, when we were in latitude 34.05, and longitude 32.83. First came a clear moonlight, then a succession of sou'west



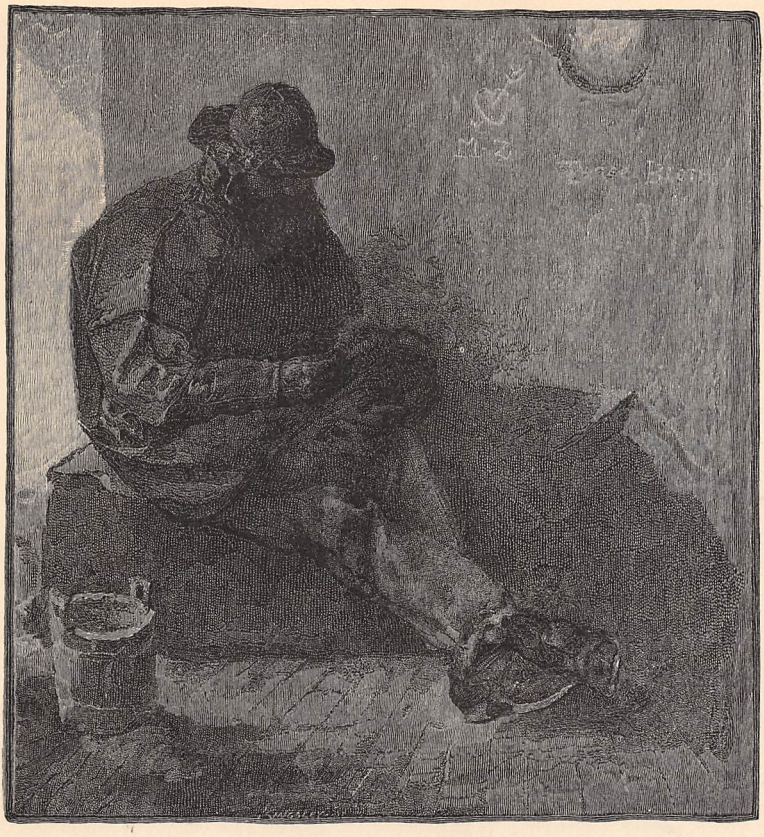
SAILORS SKYLARKING.



ON THE LOOKOUT.

squalls, each harder than the previous one, as if the gale were pouncing on us with the rapid springs of a beast of prey. Then, with a long, steady scream, the pampero smote us in force, tearing away the foresail and mizzen-topsail, and almost suffocating us with the dry heat of the Pampas from whence it came. Fortunately, the wind was in our favor, and we flew before it at a prodigious rate. But the mountainous seas, whipped to a mass of shapeless foam, grey as a snow-clad waste from horizon to horizon, chased us amain, towered over the taffrail, and boiled over the rail on every side. The sea was all aflame with phosphorus. No language can describe the sight at night. The waves tumbled on board like masses of white, boiling lava; the men as they waded over the drenched decks walked in molten silver, and when they raised their feet, flakes of white fire dropped from their legs. The spars, meantime, were tipped with phosphorent lights. It was an awful and magnificent sight. The greatest force of the pampero lasted four hours.

On the 24th of May the captain and the mate had a serious controversy, as the latter did not obey orders. However, the quarrel was quieted for the time. Heavy and variable winds accompanied us as we approached the tropics again, but the weather grew warmer every day, and one by one winter garments were discarded for summer linen. On the



LAID UP FOR REPAIRS.

sixty-ninth day out there occurred another difficulty between the captain and the mate. The latter insulted his superior officer, who summoned witnesses to sign a paper he drew up on the subject, and threatened the next time to throw the mate in irons.

Never were the balmy breezes of the tropics more grateful than to us, tossed as we had been over stormy seas, amid the rigors of a polar winter. In less than two months we had passed through a tropical summer into a polar winter, and from that into summer again. Being fairly in the region of good weather once more, the crew were set to the usual task of overhauling the ship before she arrives in port. Boatswain's chairs were rigged out, and the spars and rigging were scraped, oiled, painted, and tarred from the main-truck to the dolphin striker. The standing rigging was set up anew, the shrouds rattled down, and, perched on planks swung over the side of the ship, the men painted the weather-worn sides of the *Three Brothers*.

On the 29th of May a somewhat dramatic and thoroughly nautical scene agitated all on board. It originated in some of the men jeering the mate when he came on deck. The mate, being unable to ascertain who were the offenders, referred the matter to the "old man," as the captain is called by the crew when he is out of ear-shot. Summoning all hands aft, Captain Hammond addressed the men from the capstan as if it were a pulpit, and laid down the law to them. Either, said he, the men who hooted should stand out manfully and acknowledge the fault, or the whole watch should stay on deck twelve hours without food or sleep. One of the men boldly stepped out and replied that they had heard the mate use insulting language before the crew regarding the captain, and claimed that if he could go unrebuked, they were entitled to the same right. The point was well-taken, and the captain accordingly dismissed the men without further parley. But the breach between the two officers was, after this, irremediable. May 26 we caught the south-east trades, and, on the 31st, were wafted into the south-west trades.

June 8 we entered the Sea of Sargasso, a vortex whither a vast quantity of seaweed collects, floating on the water in such dense quantities sometimes as to impede the prog-

ress of the ship. On the 11th the quarrel between the captain and the mate came to a climax. The insolence and insubordination of the latter reached such a point that Captain Hammond ordered him to his stateroom. He then caused the window to be boarded up and the door locked. Once in four hours the mate was permitted to walk on deck for fifteen minutes under guard, and he was served with the common fare of the crew. Considering the very great and continued provocation he had received, Captain Hammond's conduct on this occasion was remarkably moderate, and could scarcely have been less rigorous without risking his authority.

Passing in the vicinity of the Cape Verd and the Azore Islands, and holding a northeast course thence for England, attended by southerly and westerly winds, we sighted the coast of Great Britain June 27. It was a welcome sight to all, and the sailors' songs were cheery indeed as they gave the finishing touches towards completing the holiday appearance of the noble ship, drew the cable on deck from the chain-lockers, or rigged out the fish-tackle and swung the anchors from the catheads. We sighted the Skerries light the night of June 28. A pilot-boat loomed up alongside out of the darkness, and a bluff, hearty British pilot sprang aboard and welcomed us to Old England. A tug took us in tow at sunrise, and the good ship *Three Brothers* entered the magnificent docks of Liverpool one hundred and five days out from San Francisco.

JEWESS.

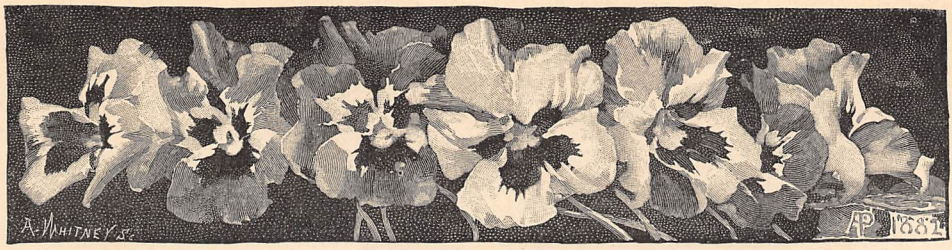
My dark-browed daughter of the sun,
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon,—
O Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
A God-encompassed mystery!

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes.
The obelisks, the pyramids,
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.
The tawny Nile of Moses lies
Portrayed in thy strange people's force
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some twilight sad of June
Above the dying afternoon,
And mourns thy people's mute despair.
The large solemnity of night,
O Israel, is in thy sight!

Then come where stars of freedom spill
Their splendor, Jewess. In this land,
The same broad hollow of God's hand
That held you ever, outholds still.
And whether you be right or nay,
'Tis God's, not Russia's, *here* to say.

Joaquin Miller.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

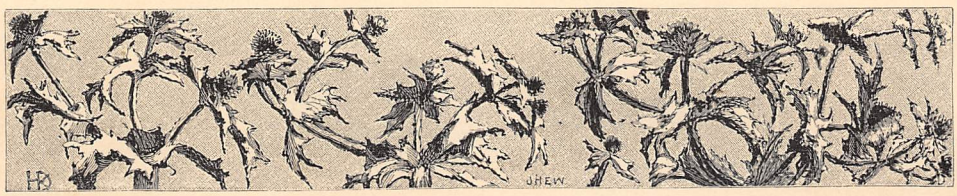
"HIGH as my heart!" Orlando answered thus,
In careless Arden, Arden green to-day,
Parrying with gallant wit the question gay
Touching his lady's stature. When of us
Lips yet to be, in years lying yet before,
Make question of the stature of thy fame,
The words that we shall answer are the same:
High as our hearts he stood.
What man would more?

Wide-sunned with love thy last late winter days,
Whose blue mild morns were memories of the spring.
To thee spring voices had not ceased to sing,
Nor ever closed to thee fresh woodland ways
Where underneath old leaves the violets are,
And, shy as boyhood's dream, spring beauties like a star.

II.

Thou wast not robbed of wonder when youth fled,
But still the bud had promise to thine eyes,
And beauty was not sundered from surprise,
And reverent, as reverend, was thy head.
Thy life was music, and thou mad'st it ours.
Not thine, crude scorn of gentle household things;
And yet thy spirit had the sea-bird's wings,
Nor rested long among the chestnut-flowers.
Spain's coast of charm, and all the North Sea's cold
Thou knewest, and thou knewest the soul of eld,
And dusty scroll and volume we beheld
To gold transmuted—not to hard-wrought gold,
But that clear shining of the eastern air,
When Helios rising shakes the splendor of his hair.

Helen Gray Cone.



THE STREET OF THE HYACINTH.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON,

Author of "Rodman the Keeper," "Anne," etc.

IN TWO PARTS:—II.

THE events of Raymond Noel's life, after he left Rome that spring, were various. Some were pleasant, some unpleasant; several were quite unexpected. Their combinations and results kept him from returning to Italy the following winter; and the winter after that he spent in Egypt. When he again beheld the dome of St. Peter's, he remembered that it lacked but a month of two full years since he had said good-by to it; it was then April, and now it was March. He established himself in some pleasant rooms, looked about him, and then began to take up, one by one, the old threads of his Roman life, such, at least, as remained unbroken. He found a good many. Threads do not break in Rome. He had once said himself that the air was so soft and historic that nothing broke there,—not even hearts. But this was only one of his little speeches. In reality he did not believe much in the breaking of hearts; he had seen them stretch so!

It may be said with truth that Noel had not thought of Miss Macks for months. This was because he had had other things to think of. He had sent her the books from Paris, with an accompanying note, a charming little note—which gave no address for reply. Since then, his mind had been otherwise occupied. But, as he never entirely forgot anything that had once interested him, even although but slightly (this was in reality a system of his; it gave him many holds on life, and kept stored up a large supply of resources ready for use when wanted), he came, after a while, on the canvas of his Roman impressions to the figure of Miss Macks. When he came to it, he went to see her; that is, he went to the street of the Hyacinth.

Of course, she might not be there; a hundred things might have happened to her. He could have hunted up Horace Jackson; but, on the whole, he rather preferred to see the girl herself first, that is, if she was there. Mrs. Lawrence, the only person among his acquaintances who had known her, was not in Rome. Reaching the street of the Hyacinth, he interrogated the old woman who acted as portress at the lower door, keeping up at the same time a small commerce in fritters; yes, the Americans were still on the fourth floor. He ascended the dark stairway. The confiding little "Ettie" card was no longer upon the door. In its place was a small framed sign: "Miss Macks' school."

This told a story!

However, he rang. It was the same shrill, ill-tempered little bell, and when the door opened, it was Miss Macks herself who opened it. She was much changed.

The parlor had been turned into a school-room,—at present empty of pupils. But, even as a school-room, it was more attractive than it had been before. He took a seat and spoke the usual phrases of a renewal of acquaintance with his accustomed ease and courtesy; Miss Macks responded briefly. She said that her mother was not very well; she herself quite well. No, they had not left Italy, nor indeed the neighborhood of Rome; they had been a while at Albano.

The expression of her face had greatly altered. The old direct wide glance was gone; gone also what he had called her over-confidence; she looked much older. On the other hand, there was more grace in her bearing, more comprehension of life in her voice and eyes. She was dressed as plainly as before; but everything, including the arrangement of her hair, was in the prevalent style.

She did not speak of her school, and therefore he did not. But after a while, he asked how the painting came on. Her face changed a little; but it was more in the direction of a greater calm than hesitation or emotion.

"I am not painting now," she answered.

"You have given it up temporarily?"

"Permanently."

"Ah,—isn't that rather a pity?"

She looked at him, and a gleam of scorn filtered into the glance.

"You know it is not a pity," she said.

He was a little disgusted at the scorn. Of course, the only ground for him to take was the ground upon which she stood when he last saw her; at that time, she proposed to pass her life in painting, and it was but good manners for him to accept her intentions as she had presented them.

"I never assumed to be a judge, you know,"

he answered. "When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, painting was, you remember, your cherished occupation!"

"When you last had the pleasure of seeing me, Mr. Noel," said Miss Macks, still with unmoved calm, "I was a fool."

Did she wish to go into the subject at length? Or was that merely an exclamation?

"When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, you were taking lessons of Mr. Jackson," he said, to give a practical turn to the conversation. "Is he still here? How is he?"

"He is very well, now. He is dead."

(She was going to be dramatic then, in any case.)

He expressed his regret, and it was a sincere one; he had always liked and respected the honest, morose Englishman. He asked a question or two. Miss Macks replied that he had died here in the street of the Hyacinth; in the next room. He had fallen ill during the autumn following Noel's departure, and, when his illness grew serious, they—her mother and herself—had persuaded him to come to them. He had lived a month longer, and had died peacefully on Christmas Eve.

"He was one of the most honest men I ever knew," said Noel. Then, as she did not reply, he ventured this: "That was the reason I recommended him, when you asked me to select a teacher for you."

"Your plan was made useless by an unfortunate circumstance," she answered, with an evident effort.

"A circumstance?"

"Yes; he fell in love with me. If I did not consider his pure, deep, and devoted affection the greatest honor of my life, I would not mention it. I tell you, because it will explain to you his course."

"Yes, it explains," said Noel. As he spoke, there came across him a realization of the whole of the strength of the love such a man as Horace Jackson would feel, and the way in which it would influence him. Of course, he saw to the full the imperfection of her work, the utter lack of the artist's conception, the artist's eye and touch; but probably he had loved her from the beginning, and had gone on hoping to win her love in return. She was not removed from him by any distance; she was young, but she was also poor, friendless, and alone. When she was his wife, he would tell her the truth, and in the greatness of his love, the revelation would be naught. "He was a good man," he said. "He was always lonely. I am glad that at the last he was with your mother and you."

"His goodness was simply unbounded. If he had lived, he would have remained always a most faithful, kind, and respectful son to my dear mother. That, of course, would have been everything to me." She said this quietly; yet her tone seemed to hold intention.

For a moment, he thought that perhaps she had married the Englishman, and was now his widow. The sign on the door bore her maiden name; but that might have been an earlier venture.

"Had you opened your school at that time?" he asked. "I may speak of it, since, of course, I saw the sign upon the door."

"Not until two months later; I had the sign made then. But it was of little use; day-schools do not prosper in Rome; they are not the custom. I have a small class twice a week; but I live by going out as day-governess. I have a number of pupils of that kind; I have been very successful. The old Roman families have a fancy for English-speaking governesses, you know. Last summer I was with the Princess C——, at Albano; her children are my pupils."

"Her villa is a delightful one," said Noel; "you must have enjoyed that."

"I don't know that I enjoyed; but I learned. I have learned a great deal in many ways since I saw you last, Mr. Noel. I have grown very old."

"As you were especially young when you saw me last, it does not matter much," he answered, smiling.

"Yes, I was especially young." She looked at him soberly. "I do not feel bitterly toward you," she continued. "Strange! I thought I should. But now that I see you in person, it comes over me that, probably, you did not intend to deceive me; that not only you tried to set me right by selecting Mr. Jackson as my teacher, but again you tried when you sent me those books. It was not much to do! But, knowing the world as I now know it, I see that it was all that could have been expected. At first, however, I did not see this. After I went to Mr. Bellot, and, later, to Mr. Salviati, there were months when I felt very bitterly toward you. My hopes were false ones, and had been so from the beginning; you knew that they were, yet you did not set me right."

"I might have done more than I did," answered Noel. "I have a habit of not assuming responsibility; I suppose I have grown selfish. But, if you went to Bellot, then it was not Jackson who told you?"

"He intimated something when he asked me to marry him; after that, his illness came on, and we did not speak of it again. But I did not believe him. I was very obstinate.

I went to Mr. Bellot the first of January; I wished him to take me as pupil. In answer, he told me that I had not a particle of talent; that all my work was insufferably bad; that I better throw away my brushes and take in sewing."

"Bellot is always a brute!" said Noel.

"If he told the truth brutally, it was still the truth; and it was the truth I needed. But even then I was not convinced, and I went to Mr. Salviati. He was more gentle; he explained to me my lacks; but his judgment was the same. I came home; it was the tenth of January, a beautiful Roman winter day. I left my pictures, went over to St. Peter's, and walked there under its bright mosaics all the afternoon. The next day, I had advertisements of a day-school placed at the bankers', and in the newspapers. I thought that I could teach better than I could sew." All this she said with perfect calm.

"I greatly admire your bravery, Miss Macks. Permit me to add that I admire, even more, the clear, strong, good sense which has carried you through."

"I had my mother to think of; my—good sense might not have been so faithful otherwise."

"You do not think of returning to America?"

"Probably not; I doubt if my mother could bear the voyage now. We have no one to call us back but my brother, and he has not been with us for years, and would not be if we should return; he lives in California. We sold the farm, too, before we came. No; for the present, at least, it is better for us to remain here."

"There is one more question I should like to ask," said Noel later. "But I have no possible right to do so."

"I will give you the right. When I remember the things I asked you to do for me, the demands I made upon your time, I can well answer a few questions in return. I was a miracle of ignorance."

"I always did you justice in those respects, Miss Macks; all that I understood at once. My question refers to Horace Jackson: I see you appreciated his worth—which was rare—yet you would not marry him."

"I did not love him."

"Did any of his relatives come out from England?" he said after a moment of silence.

"After his death a cousin came."

"As heir to what was left?"

"Yes."

"He should have left it to you."

"He wished to do so. Of course, I would not accept it."

"I thank you for answering. My curiosity was not an idle one." He paused. "If you will permit me to express it, your course has been very brave and true. I greatly admire it."

"You are kind," said Miss Macks.

There was not in her voice any indication of sarcasm. Yet the fact that he immediately thought of it, made him suspect that it was there. He took leave soon afterward. He was smarting a little under the sarcasm he had divined, and, as he was, it was like him to request permission to come again.

For Raymond Noel lived up with a good deal of determination to his own standard of what was manly; if his standard was not set on any very fine elevation of self-sacrifice or heroism, it was at least firmly established where it did stand, and he kept himself fairly near it. If Miss Macks was sarcastic, he had been at fault somewhere; he would try to atone.

He saw her four times during the five weeks of his stay in Rome; upon three other occasions when he went to the street of the Hyacinth, she was not at home. The third week in April he decided to go to Venice. Before going he asked if there was not something he could do for her; but she said there was nothing, and he himself could think of nothing. She was well established in her new life and occupations, and needed nothing, at least nothing that he could bestow.

The next winter he came back to Rome early in the season, before Christmas. By chance, one of the first persons he encountered was Mrs. Lawrence. She began immediately to tell him a piece of American news, in which he, as an American, would of course be interested; the news was that "the brother of the Princess C——,—that is Count L——, you know—is determined to marry Ettie Macks. You remember her, don't you? I introduced you to her at the Dudley reception, three years ago."

Noel thought that probably he remembered her better than Mrs. Lawrence did, seeing that that lady had never troubled herself to enter the street of the Hyacinth. But he did her injustice. Mrs. Lawrence had troubled herself—lately.

"It seems that she has been out at Albano for two summers, as governess to his sister's children; it was there that he saw her. He has announced his determination to the family, and they are immensely disturbed and frightened; they had it all arranged for him to marry a second cousin down at Naples, who is rich,—these Italians are so worldly, you know! But he is very determined, they say, and will do as he pleases in spite of them. He hasn't much money, but of course it's a great match for Ettie Macks. She will be a countess, and now, I suppose, more American

girls will come over than ever before! Of course, as soon as I heard of it, I went to see her. I felt that she would need advice about a hundred things. In the beginning she brought a letter of introduction to me from a dear cousin of mine, and, naturally, she would rely upon me as her chief friend now. She is very much improved. She was rather silent; but, of course, I shall go again. The count is willing to take the mother, too, and that, under the circumstances, is not a small matter; she is a good deal to take. Until the other day I had not seen Mrs. Spurr! However, I suppose that her deficiencies are not apparent in a language she cannot speak. If her daughter would only insist upon her dressing in black! But the old lady told me herself, in the most cheerful way, that she liked 'a sprinkling of color.' And at the moment, I assure you, she had on five different shades of red!"

Noel had intended to present himself immediately at the street of the Hyacinth; but a little attack of illness kept him in for a while, and ten days had passed before he went up the dark stair-way. The maid said that Miss Macks was at home; presently she came in. They had ten minutes' of conversation upon ordinary topics, and then he took up the especial one.

"I am told that you are soon to be a countess," he said, "and I have come to give you my best good wishes. My congratulations I reserve for Count L——, with whom I have a slight acquaintance; he is, in my opinion, a very fortunate man."

"Yes, I think he is fortunate; fortunate in my refusal. I shall not marry Count L——."

"He is not a bad fellow."

"Isn't your praise somewhat faint?" This time the sarcasm was visible.

"Oh, I am by no means his advocate! All I meant was that, as these modern Romans go, he was not among the worst. Of course I should have expressed myself very differently if you had said you were to marry him."

"Yes; you would then have honored me with your finest compliments."

He did not deny this.

"Shall you continue to live in Rome?" he asked.

"Certainly. I shall have more pupils and patronage now than I know what to do with; the whole family connection is deeply obliged to me."

They talked awhile longer.

"We have always been unusually frank with each other, Miss Macks," he said toward the end of his visit. "We have never stopped at conventionalities. I wonder if you will tell me why you refused him?"

"You are too curious. As to frankness, I have been frank with you; not you with me. And there was no conventionality, simply because I did not know what it was."

"I believe you are in love with some one in America," he said laughing.

"Perhaps I am," answered Miss Macks. She had certainly gained greatly in self-possession during the past year.

He saw her quite frequently after this. Her life was no longer solitary. As she had said, she was overwhelmed with pupils and patronage from the friends of the Princess C——; in addition, the American girl who had refused a fairly-indorsed and well-appearing count, was now something of a celebrity among the American visitors in Rome. That they knew of her refusal, was not her fault; the relatives of Count L—— had announced their objections as loud and widely as the count had announced his determination. Apparently neither side had thought of a non-acceptance. Cards, not a few, were sent to the street of the Hyacinth; some persons even climbed the five flights of stairs. Mrs. Spurr saw a good deal of company; and enjoyed it.

Noel was very fond of riding; when in Rome he always rode on the Campagna. He had acted as escort to various ladies, and, one day, he invited Miss Macks to accompany him; that is, if she was fond of riding. She had ridden in America, and enjoyed it; she would like to go once, if he would not be troubled by an improvised habit. They went once. Then a second time, an interval of three weeks between. Then, after a while, a third time.

Upon this occasion an accident happened, the first of Noel's life; his horse became frightened, and, skilled rider though he was, he was thrown. He was dragged, too, for a short distance. His head came against some stones, and he lost consciousness. When it came back, it did not come wholly. He seemed to himself to be far away, and the girl who was weeping and calling his name, to be upon the other side of a wide space like an ocean, over which, without volition of his own, he was being slowly wafted. As he came nearer, still slowly, he perceived that in some mysterious way she was holding in her arms something that seemed to be himself, although he had not yet reached her. Then, gradually, spirit and body were reunited, he heard what she was saying, and felt her touch. Even then, it was only after several minutes that he was able to move and unclose his heavy eyes.

When she saw that he was not dead, her wild grief was at once merged in the thought

of saving him. She had jumped from her horse, she knew not how; but he had not strayed far; a shepherd had seen him, and was now coming toward them. He signaled to another, and the two carried Noel to a house which was not far distant. A messenger was sent to the city; aid came, and before night Noel was in his own rooms at the head of the Via Sistina, near the Spanish steps.

His injuries proved to be not serious; he had lost consciousness from the shock, and this, with his pallor and the blood from the cuts made by the stones, had given him the look of death. The cuts, however, were not deep; the effect of the shock passed away. He kept his bed for a week under his physician's advice; he had a good deal of time to think during that week. Later his friends were admitted. As has been said before, Noel was a favorite in Rome, and he had friends not a few. Those who could not come in person sent little notes and baskets of flowers. Among these, Miss Macks was not numbered. But then she was not fashionable.

At the end of two weeks the patient was allowed to go out. He took a short walk to try his strength, and, finding that it held out well, he went to the street of the Hyacinth.

Miss Macks was at home. She was "so glad" to see him out again; and was he "really strong enough;" and he "should be very prudent for a while;" and so forth and so forth. She talked more than usual, and for her, quite rapidly.

He let her go on for a time. Then he took the conversation into his own hands. With few preliminaries, and with much feeling in his voice and eyes, he asked her to be his wife.

She was overwhelmed with astonishment; she turned very white and did not answer. He thought she was going to burst into tears. But she did not; she only sat gazing at him, while her lips trembled. He urged his point; he spoke strongly.

"You are worth a hundred of me," he said. "You are true and sincere; I am a dilletante in everything. But, dilletante as I am, in one way I have always appreciated you, and, lately, all other ways have become merged in that one. I am much in earnest; I know what I am doing; I have thought of it searchingly and seriously, and I beg you to say yes."

He paused. Still she did not speak.

"Of course I do not ask you to separate yourself from your mother," he went on, his eyes dropping for the moment to the brim of his hat which he held in his hand; "I shall be glad if she will always make her home with us."

Then she did speak. And as her words came forth, the red rose in her face until it was deeply colored.

"With what an effort you said that! But you will not be tried. One gray hair in my mother's head is worth more to me, Mr. Noel, than anything you can offer."

"I knew before I began that this would be the point of trouble between us, Faith," he answered. "I can only assure you that she will find in me always a most respectful son."

"And when you were thinking so searchingly and seriously, it was *this* that you thought of,—whether you could endure her! Do you suppose that I do not see the effort? Do you suppose I would ever place my mother in such a position? Do you suppose that you are of any consequence beside her, or that anything in this world weighs in my mind for one moment compared with her happiness?"

"We can make her happy; I suppose that. And I suppose another thing, and that is that we could be very happy ourselves, if we were married."

"The western girl, the girl from Tuscolee! The girl who thought she could paint, and could not! The girl who knew so little of social rules that she made a fool of herself every time she saw you!"

"All this is of no consequence, since it is the girl I love," answered Noel.

"You do not. It is a lie. Oh, of course, a very unselfish and noble one; but a lie, all the same. You have thought of it seriously and searchingly? Yes, but only for the last fourteen days! I understand it all now. At first I did not, I was confused; but now I see the whole. You were not unconscious out there on the Campagna; you heard what I said when I thought you were dying, or dead. And so you come—come very generously and self-sacrificingly, I acknowledge that—and ask me to be your wife." She rose; her eyes were brilliant as she faced him. "I might tell you that it was only the excitement, that I did not know or mean what I was saying; I might tell you that I did not know that I had said anything. But I am not afraid. I will not, like you, tell a lie, even for a good purpose. I did love you; there, you have it! I have loved you for a long time, to my sorrow and shame. For I do not respect you, or admire you; you have been completely spoiled and will always remain so. I shall make it the one purpose of my life from this moment to overcome the feeling I have had for you; and I shall succeed. Nothing could make me marry you, though you should ask me a thousand times."

"I shall ask but once," said Noel. He had risen also; and, as he did, he remembered the time when they had stood in the same place and position, facing each other, and she had told him that she was at his feet. "I did

hear what you said. And it is of that I have been seriously thinking during the days of my confinement to the house. It is also true that it is what you said which has brought me here to-day. But, the reason is, that it has become precious to me—this knowledge that you love me. As I said before, in one way I have always done you justice, and it is that way which makes me realize to the full now, what such a love as yours would be to me. If it is true that I am spoiled, as you say I am, a love like yours would make me better, if anything can." He paused. "I have not said much about my own feelings," he added; "I know you will not credit me with having any. But I think I have. I think that I love you."

"It is of little moment to me whether you do or not."

"You are making a mistake," he said, after a pause, during which their eyes had met in silence.

"The mistake would be to consent."

She had now recovered her self-possession. She even smiled a little.

"Imagine Mr. Raymond Noel in the street of the Hyacinth!" she said.

"Ah,—I should hardly wish to live here; and my wife would naturally be with me."

"I hope so. And I hope she will be very charming, and obedient, and sweet." Then she dropped her sarcasms, and held out her hand in farewell. "There is no use in prolonging this, Mr. Noel. Do not think, however, that I do not appreciate your action; I do appreciate it. I said that I did not respect you, and I have not until now; but now I do. You will understand, of course, that I would rather not see you again, and refrain from seeking me. Go your way, and forget me; you can do so now with a clear conscience, for you have behaved well."

"It is not very likely that I shall forget you," answered Noel, "although I go my way. I see you are firmly resolved. For the present, therefore, all I can do is to go."

They shook hands, and he left her. As he passed through the small hall on his way to the outer door, he met Mrs. Spurr; she was attired as opulently, in respect to colors, as ever, and she returned his greeting with much cordiality. He glanced back; Miss Macks had witnessed the meeting through the parlor door. Her color had faded; she looked sad and pale.

She kept her word; she did not see him again. If he went to the street of the Hyacinth, as he did two or three times, the little maid presented him with the Italian equivalent of "begs to be excused," which was evidently a standing order. If he wrote to her, as he did more than two or three times, she returned what he wrote, not unread, but without answer. He thought perhaps he should meet her, and was at some pains to find out her various engagements. But all was in vain; the days passed, and she remained invisible. Toward the last of May he left Rome. After leaving, he continued to write to her, but he gave no address for reply; she would now be obliged either to burn his letters or keep them, since she could no longer send them back. They could not have been called love-letters; they were friendly epistles, not long,—pleasant, easy, sometimes amusing, like his own conversation. They came once a week. In addition he sent new books, and occasionally some other small remembrance.

In early September of that year there came to the street of the Hyacinth a letter from America. It was from one of Mrs. Spurr's old neighbors at Tuscolee, and she wrote to say that John Macks had come home,—had come home broken in health and spirits, and, as he himself said, to die. He did not wish his mother to know; she could not come to him, and it would only distress her. He had money enough for the short time that was left him, and when she heard, it would be only that he had passed away; he had passed from her life in reality years before. In this John Macks was sincere. He had been a ne'er-do-well, a rolling stone; he had not been a dutiful son. The only good that could be said of him, as far as his mother was concerned, was contained in the fact that he had not made demands upon her small purse since the sum he took from her when he first went away. He had written to her at intervals, briefly. His last letter had come eight months before.

But the Tuscolee neighbor was a mother herself, and, doing as she would be done by, she wrote to Rome. When her letter came, Mrs. Spurr was overwhelmed with grief; but she was also stirred to an energy and determination which she had never shown before. For the first time in years she took the leadership, put her daughter decisively back into a subordinate place, and assumed the control. She would go to America. She must see her boy (the dearest child of the two, as the prodigal always is) again. But even while she was planning her journey, illness seized her—her old rheumatic troubles, only more serious than before; it was plain that she could not go. She then required that her daughter should go in her place,—go and bring her boy to Rome; this soft Italian air would give new life to his lungs. Oh, she should not die! Ettie need not be afraid of that. She would live for years just to get one look at him! And so it ended in the daughter's departure, an efficient nurse being left in charge; the physician said

that although Mrs. Spurr would probably be crippled, she was in no danger otherwise.

Miss Macks left Rome on the fifteenth of September. On the second of December she again beheld the dome of St. Peter's rising in the blue sky. She saw it alone. John Macks had lived three weeks after her arrival at Tuscolee, and those three weeks were the calmest and the happiest of his unsuccessful—unworthy it may be—but also bitterly unhappy life. His sister did not judge him. She kissed him good-by as he lost consciousness, and soon afterward closed his eyes tenderly, with tears in her own. Although he was her brother, she had never known him; he went away when she was a child. She sat beside him a long time after he was dead, watching the strange, youthful peace come back to his worn face.

When she reached the street of the Hyacinth, a carriage was before the door; carriages of that sort were not often required by the dwellers on the floors below their own, and she was rather surprised. She had heard from her mother in London, the nurse acting as amanuensis; at that time, Mrs. Spurr was comfortable, although still confined to her bed most of the day. As she was paying her driver, she heard steps on the stairway within. Then she beheld this: The nurse, carrying a pillow and shawls; next, her mother, in an invalid-chair, borne by two men; and last, Raymond Noel.

When Mrs. Spurr saw her daughter, she began to cry. She had not expected her until the next day. Her emotion was so great that the drive was given up, and she was carried back to her room. Noel did not follow her; he shook hands with the new-comer, said that he would not detain her, and then, lifting his hat, he stepped into the carriage which was waiting and was driven away.

For two days Mrs. Spurr wished for nothing but to hear, over and over again, every detail of her boy's last hours. Then, the excitement and renewed grief made her dangerously ill. After ten days she began to improve; but two weeks passed before she came back to the present sufficiently to describe to her daughter all "Mr. No-ul's kind attentions." He had returned to Rome the first of October, and had come at once to the street of the Hyacinth. Learning what had happened, he had devoted himself to her "most as if he was my real son, Ettie, I do declare! Of course, he couldn't never be like my own darling boy," continued the poor mother, overlooking entirely, with a mother's sublime forgetfulness, the small amount of devotion her boy had ever bestowed; "but he's just done everything he could, and there's no denying that."

"He has not been mentioned in your letters, mother."

"Well, child, I just told Mrs. Bowler not to. For he said himself, frankly, that you might not like it; but that he'd make his peace with you when you come back. I let him have his way about it, and I *have* enjoyed seeing him. He's the only person I've seen, but Mrs. Bowler and the doctor, and I'm mortal tired of both."

During Mrs. Spurr's second illness, Noel had not come in person to the street of the Hyacinth; he had sent to inquire, and fruits and flowers came in his name. Miss Macks learned that these had come from the beginning.

When three weeks had passed, Mrs. Spurr was back in her former place as regarded health. One of her first requests was to be taken out to drive; during her daughter's absence, Mr. Noel had taken her five times, and she had greatly enjoyed the change. It was not so simple a matter for the daughter as it had been for Mr. Noel; her purse was almost empty, the long journeys and her mother's illness had exhausted her store. Still she did it. Mrs. Spurr wished to go to the Pincio. Her daughter thought the crowd there would be an objection.

"It didn't tire me one bit when Mr. No-ul took me," said Mrs. Spurr, in an aggrieved tone; "and we went there every single time,—just as soon as he found out that I liked it. What a lot of folks he does know, to be sure! They kept him a-bowing every minute."

The day after this drive, Mr. Noel came to the street of the Hyacinth. He saw Miss Macks. Her manner was quiet, a little distant; but she thanked him, with careful acknowledgment of every item, for his kind attentions to her mother. He said little. After learning that Mrs. Spurr was much better, he spoke of her own health.

"You have had two long fatiguing journeys, and you have been acting as nurse; it would be well for you to give yourself entire rest for several weeks, at least."

She replied, coldly, that she was perfectly well, and turned the conversation to subjects less personal. He did not stay long. As he rose to take leave, he said:

"You will let me come again, I hope? You will not repeat the 'not at home' of last spring?"

"I would really much rather not see you, Mr. Noel," she answered, after hesitating.

"I am sorry. But of course, I must submit." Then he went away.

Miss Macks now resumed her burdens. She was obliged to take more pupils than she had ever accepted before, and to work harder. She had not only to support their little house-

hold, but there were now debts to pay. She was out almost the whole of every day.

After she had entered upon her winter's work, Raymond Noel began to come again to the street of the Hyacinth. But he did not come to see her; his visits were to her mother. He came two or three times a week, and always during the hours when the daughter was absent. He sat and talked to Mrs. Spurr, or rather listened to her, in a way that greatly cheered that lady's monotonous days. She told him her whole history; she minutely described Tuscolee and its society; and, finally, he heard the whole story of "John." In addition, he sent her various little delicacies, taking pains to find something she had not had.

Miss Macks would have put an end to this if she had known how. But, certainly, Mr. Noel was not troubling *her;* and Mrs. Spurr resented any attempt at interference.

"I don't see why you should object, Ettie. He seems to like to come, and there's but few pleasures left to me, I'm sure! You oughtn't to grudge them!"

In this way two months passed, Noel continuing his visits, and Miss Macks continuing her lessons. She was working very hard. She now looked not only pale, but much worn. Count L——, who had been long absent, returned to Rome about this time. He saw her one day, although she did not see him. The result of this vision of her was that he went down to Naples, and, before long, the desirable second cousin with the fortune was the sister of the Princess C——.

One afternoon in March, Miss Macks was coming home from the broad, new, tiresome piazza Indipendenza; the distance was long, and she walked with weariness. As she drew near the dome of the Pantheon, she met Raymond Noel. He stopped, turned, and accompanied her homeward. She had three books.

"Give them to me," he said, briefly, taking them from her.

"Do you know what I have heard today?" he went on. "They are going to tear down your street of the Hyacinth. The Government has at last awakened to the shame of allowing all those modern accretions to disfigure longer the magnificent old Pagan temple. All the streets in the rear, up to a certain point, are to be destroyed. And the street of the Hyacinth goes first. You will be driven out."

"I presume we can find another like it."

He went on talking about the Pantheon until they entered the doomed street; it was as obstinately narrow and dark as ever. Then he dropped his pagan temple.

"How much longer are you going to treat me in this way, Faith?" he said. "You make me very unhappy. You are wearing yourself out, and it troubles me greatly. If you should fall ill, I think that would be the end. I should then take matters into my own hands, and I don't believe you would be able to keep me off. But why should we wait for illness? It is too great a risk."

They were approaching her door. She said nothing, only hastened her steps.

"I have been doing my best to convince you, without annoying you, that you were mistaken about me. And the reason I have been doing it is that I am convinced myself. If I was not entirely sure last spring that I loved you, I certainly am sure now. I spent the summer thinking of it. I know now, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I love you above all and everything. There is no 'duty' or 'generosity' in this, but simply my own feelings. I could perfectly well have let the matter drop; you gave me every opportunity to do so. That I have not done it should show you—a good deal. For I am not of the stuff of which heroes are made. I should not be here unless I wanted to; my motive is the selfish one of my own happiness."

They had entered the dark hall-way.

"Do you remember the morning when you stood here, with two tears in your eyes, saying 'Never mind; you will come another time'?" (Here the cobbler came down the stairs.) "Why not let the demolition of the street of the Hyacinth be the crisis of our fate?" he went on, returning the cobbler's bow. (Here the cobbler departed.) "If you refuse, I shall not give you up; I shall go on in the same way. But—haven't I been tried long enough?"

"You have not," she answered. "But, unless you will leave Rome, and—me, I cannot bear it longer."

It was a great downfall, of course; Noel always maintained that it was.

"But the heights upon which you had placed yourself, my dear, were too superhuman," he said, excusingly.

The street of the Hyacinth experienced a great downfall, also. During the summer it was demolished.

Before its demolition, Mrs. Lawrence, after three long breaths of astonishment, had come to offer her congratulations, in a new direction this time.

"It is the most fortunate thing in the world," she said to everybody, "that Mrs. Spurr is now confined to her bed for life, and is obliged to wear mourning."

But Mrs. Spurr is not confined to her bed; she drives out with her daughter whenever the weather is favorable. She wears black, but is now beginning to vary it with purple and lavender.

THE STORY OF THE ALCÁZAR.

It was told by Captain John to a boy from the main-land, who was spending the summer on the Island, as they sat together, one August evening, at sunset, on a broken bowsprit which had once been a part of the *Alcázar*.

It was dead low water in South-west Harbor, a land-locked inlet which nearly cut the Island in two, and was the gate-way through which the fishing-craft from the village at the harbor head found their way out into the great Penobscot Bay. There were many days during the stern winter and bleak spring months when the gate was blocked with ice, or veiled in fog, but nature relented a little toward the Island folk in the fall, and sent them sunny days for their late, scant harvesting, and steady winds for the mackerel-fishing, to give them a little hope before the winter set in, sharp, with the equinoctial. Now, at low tide, the bright gate-way shone wide open, as if to let out the waters which rise and fall ten feet in the inlet. You could look far out beyond the light-house on Creenlaw's Neck, and the islands that throng the mouth of the harbor, to the red spot of flame the sunset had kindled below the rack of smoke-gray clouds. The color burned in a dull gleam upon the water, broken by the dark shapes of shadowy islands; the sail-boats at anchor in the muddy, glistening flats leaned over disconsolately on their sides, in despair of ever again feeling the thrill of the returning waters beneath their keels; and the gray, weather-beaten houses crowded together on the brink of the cliff above the beach looked like a group of hooded old women watching for a belated sail, as if they had caught the expression of their inmates' lives. At high tide the hulk of the *Alcázar* had been full of water, which was now pouring out through a hole in the planking of her side in a continuous, murmurous stream, like the voice of a persistent talker in a silent company. The old ship looked much too big for her narrow grave, at the foot of the green cliff in which her anchor was deeply sunk and half-overgrown with thistles; her blunt bow and the ragged stump of the figure-head rose, dark and high, above the wet beach where Captain John sat, with his absorbed listener, on the bowsprit. There were rifts about her rail where the red sunset looked through. Her naked sides, that for years had been moistened only by the perennial rains and snows, showed rough and scaly like the armor of some fabled sea-monster. She was tethered to the cliff by her rusty anchor-chain which swung across the space between, serving as a clothes-line for the draggled drift-weed left by the receding tide to dry.

"She was a big ship for these parts," Captain John was saying. "There wa'n't one like her ever come into these waters before. Lord! Folks come down from the Neck, and from Green's Landin', and Nor'east Harbor, and I don't know but they come from the main-land, to see her when she was fust towed in! And such work as they made of her name! Some called it one way and some another. It's a kind of a Cubian name, they say. I expect there aint anybody 'round here that can call it right. However 'twas, old Cap'n Green took and pried it off her starboard quarter, and somebody got hold of it and nailed it up over the blacksmith-shop-door, and there you see it now. The old Cap'n named her the *Stranger* when he had her refitted. May be you could make out the tail of an S on her stern if you could git around there. That name's been gone these forty year. Seem 's if she never owned to it, and it didn't stick to her. She was never called anythin' but the *Alcázar* long as ever I knew her, and I expect I know full's much about her as anybody 'round here. 'Twas a-settin' here, on this very beach, at low water, just's we be now, the old man told me fust how he picked her up. It took a wonderful holt on him; there's no doubt about that. He told it to me more'n once before the time come when he was to put the finish on to it; but, in a gen'ral way, the Cap'n wa'n't much of a talker, and he was shy of this partic'lar business, for reasons that I expect nobody knows much about. But a man most always likes to talk to somebody, no matter how close-mouthed he may be. 'Twas just about this time o' year, fall of '27—the year Parson Flavor was ordained—Cap'n Green had gone a-mack'rel-fishin' with his two boys off Isle au Haut, and they did think o' cruisin' out into Frenchman's Bay, if the weather hel' steady. They was havin' fair luck, hangin' 'round the island, off and on, for a matter of a week, when it thickened up a little and set in foggy, and for two days they didn't see the shore. The second evenin' the wind freshened from the south'ard and east'ard and drove the fog

in shore a bit, and the sun, just before he set, looked like a big yellow ball through the fog, and made a sickly kind of a glimmer over the water. They was a-lyin' at anchor, and all of a sudden, right to the wind'ard of 'em, this old ship loomed up, driftin' in with the wind and flood-tide. They couldn't make her out, and I guess, for a minute, the old Cap'n didn't know but it was the Flyin' Dutchman; but she hadn't a rag o' sail on her, and, as she got nearer, they could see there wa'n't a man on board. The Cap'n didn't like the looks of her, but he knew she wa'n't no phantom, and he and one of his boys down with the punt and went alongside. 'Twan't more'n a quarter of a mile to her. They hailed, and couldn't git no answer. They knew she was a furriner by her build, and she must 'a' been a long time at sea, by her havin' barnacles on her nigh as big's a mack'rel kit. Finally, they pulled up to her fore-chains and clum aboard of her. I never see a ship abandoned at sea, myself, but I aint no doubt but what it made 'em feel kind o' shivery when they looked aft along her decks and not a soul in sight, and everythin' bleached, and gray, and iron-rusted, and the riggin' all slack and white's though it had been chawed, and nothin' left of her sails but some old rags, flappin' like a last year's scarecrow. They went and looked in the fo'k'sel; there wa'n't nothin' there but some chists—men's chists—with a little old beddin' left in the bunks. They went down the companion-way; cabin-door unlocked; everything in there as nat'ral's though it had just been left, only 'twas kind o' moldy-smellin'. I expect the Cap'n give a kind of a start as he looked around. 'Twant no old greasy whaler's cabin, nor no packet-ship, neither. There wa'n't many craft like her on the seas in them days. She was fixed up inside more like a gentleman's yacht is now. Merchantmen, in them days, didn't have their Turkey carpets, and their colored wine-glasses jinglin' in the racks. While they was explorin' 'round in there, movin' 'round kind o' cautious, the door of the captain's state-room swung open with a creak, just's though somebody was a-shovin' it slow, like, and the ship gave a kind of a stir, and a rustlin', moanin' sound, as if she was a-comin' to life. The old man never made no secret but what he was scared when he went through her that night. 'Twa'n't so much what he said as the way he looked when he told it. I expect he thought he'd seen enough about the time that door blew open. He said he knowed 'twas nothin' but a puff o' wind struck her, and that he'd better be a-gittin' on to his own craft before he lost her in the fog. So he went back and got under way, and sent a line aboard of the stranger and took her in tow, and all that night, with a good south-east wind, they kept a-movin' toward home. The old man was kind o' res'less and wakeful, walkin' the decks, and lookin' over the stern at the big ship follerin' him like a ghost. The moonlight was a little dull with fog, but he could see her, plain, a-comin' on before the wind, with her white riggin' and bare poles, and hear the water sousin' under her bows. He said 'twas in his mind more'n a dozen times to cut her adrift. You see he had his misgivin's about her from the fust, though he never let on what they were, but he hung on to her as a man will, sometimes, ag'in' feelin's that have more sense in 'em than reason, like as not. He knew everybody at the Harbor would laugh at him for lettin' go such a prize as that just for a notion, and it wa'n't his way, you may be sure. He didn't need no one to tell him what she was wuth. Anyhow, he hung to her, and next day they beached her at high water, right over there by the old ship-yard. He took Deacon S'lvin'e and his brother-in-law, Captain Purse—Pierce, they call it nowadays, but in the Cap'n's time 'twas Purse. That sounds kind o' broad and comfortable, like the Cap'n's wescoat; but the family's thinnin' down a good deal lately, and gettin' kind o' sharp and lean, and may be Pierce is more suitable. But's I was sayin', Cap'n Green took them two—cheerful, loud-talkin' men they was, both of 'em—aboard of her to go through her, for he hadn't no notion o' goin' into that cap'n's state-room alone, even in broad daylight; but 'twarnt *there* the secret of her lay; there wa'n't nothin' in there to scare anybody! She was trimmed up, I tell you, just elegant. Real mahogany—none of your veneerin', but the real stuff; lace-curt'ins to the berth, lace on the pillows, and a satin coverlid, rumpled up as though the cap'n had just turned out, and there was his slippers handy—the greatest-lookin' slippers for a man you ever saw! They wouldn't 'a' been too big for the neatest-footed woman in the harbor! But Lord! they was just thick with mold, and so was everythin' in the place, even to an old gittar with the strings most rotted off of it, and the picters of furrin-lookin' women on the walls—triflin'-lookin' creeturs, most of 'em. They hunted all through his desk, but couldn't find no log. 'Twas plain enough that whoever'd left that ship had took pains that she shouldn't tell no tales, and 'twa'n't long before they found out the reason.

"When they come to go below,—there was considerable of a crowd on deck by that time, standin' 'round while they knocked out the keys and took off the fore-hatch,—Cap'n

Green called on Cap'n Purse and the Deacon to go down with him; but they didn't 'pear to be very anxious, and the old man wa'n't goin' to hang back for company with everybody lookin' at him, so he lit a candle and went down, and the folks crowded 'round and waited for him. I was there myself, 's close to him as I be to that fish-barrel, when he come up, his face white's a sheet and the candle shakin' in his hand, and sot down on the hatch-combin'.

"'Give me room!' says he, kind o' leanin' back on the crowd. 'Give me air, can't you? She's full o' dead niggers! She's a slaver!'

"Now, 'twas the talk pretty gen'rally that the Cap'n had had a hand in that business himself, in his early days, and that it set uncomfortable on him afterward. It never was known how he'd got his money—he didn't have any to begin with. He was always a kind of a lone bird, and dug his way along up, somehow. Nobody knows what was workin' on him while he sot there; he looked awful sick! It was kind of quiet for a minute, but them that couldn't see him kep' pushin' for'ards and callin' out: 'What d'you see? What's down there?' And them close by wanted to know, all talkin' to once, why he thought she was a slaver, and how long the niggers had been dead. Lord, what a fuss there was! Everybody askin' the foolishest questions, and crowdin' and squeezin', and them in front pushin' back, away from the hatchway, as if they expected the dead would rise and walk out o' that black hole where they'd laid so long. They couldn't get much out o' the old man, except that there was skel'tons scattered all over the after hold, and that he knew she was a slaver by the way she was fixed up. '*How'd* he know?' folks asked among themselves; but nobody liked to asked the Cap'n. As for how long them Africans had been dead, they had to find that out for themselves, all they ever did find out, for the Cap'n wouldn't talk about it, and he wouldn't go down in her again—it 'peard 's if he was satisfied.

"Wal, it made a terrible stir in the place; as I tell you, they come from fifty mile around to see her; they had it all in the papers; some had one idea and some another about the way she come to be abandoned, all in good shape, and them human bein's in her hold. Some said ship-fever, some said mutiny; but when they come to look her over and found there wa'n't a water-cask aboard of her that hadn't s'runk up and gone to pieces, they settled down on the notion that she was a Spanish or a Cubian slaver, or may be a Portagee; got short o' water in the horse-latitudes; cap'n and crew left her in the boats, and the niggers— Lord! it makes a body sick to think o' them! That was always my the'ry 'bout her—short o' water; but some folks wa'n't satisfied 'thout somethin' more excitin'—'twa'n't enough for 'em to have all them creeturs dyin' down there by inches; they stuck to it about some blood-stains on the linin' in her hold, but I tell you the difference between old blood-stains and rust that's may be ten or fifteen years old's might' hard to tell.

"Nobody knows what the old Cap'n was thinkin' about in them days. 'Twas three months or more 'fore he went aboard of her ag'in: he let it be known about that he wanted to sell her, but he couldn't git an offer even; nobody seemed to want to take hold of her. Winter set in early, and the ice blocked her in, and there she lay—the lonesomest thing in sight! You never see no child'n climbin' 'round on her, and there was a story that queer noises, like moanin' and clankin' of chains, come out of her on windy nights; but it might 'a' been the ice, crowdin' as she careened over and back with the risin' and fallin' tide. But when spring opened, folks used to see the old Cap'n hangin' 'round the ship-yard, and lookin' her over at low tide, where the ice had cut the barnacles off of her.

"One night in the store, he figgered up how much lumber she'd carry from Bangor, and 'twa'n't long 'fore he had a gang o' men at work on her. It seemed as if he was kind o' infatuated with her—he was 'fraid of her, but he couldn't let her alone. And she was a mighty well-built craft! Floridy pine and live-oak, and mahogany from the Mosquito coast—built in Cadiz, most likely. Look at her now—she don't look to home, here, does she? She never did. She's as much like our harbor craft as one o' them big, yallow-eyed, bare-necked buzzards is to one o' these here little sand-peeps. But she was a handsome vessel! Them live-oak ribs'll outlast your time if you was to live to be old."

The two faces looked up at the hulk of the *Alcázar*. The blanched, wave-worn messenger sent by the tropic seas into the far North, with a tale that had never been uttered—as if its horror had struck dumb the gray lips which were rotting with their secret untold—its shadow spread broad upon the beach, made the gathering twilight deeper. Out on the harbor the pale saffron light lingered, long after the red had faded. How many tides had ebbed and flowed since the old ship, chained at the foot of the cliff, had warmed in the waters of the Gulf her bare, corrugated sides, warped by the frosts, stabbed by the ice of pitiless northern winters!

Where were the sallow, dark-bearded faces that had watched, from her high poop, the brief twilights die on that "unshadowed main" which, a century ago, was the scene of some of the wildest romances and blackest crimes in maritime history—the bright, restless bosom that warmed into life a thousand serpents, whose trail could be traced through the hot, flower-scented Southern plazas and courts into the peacefullest white villages of the North!

"Sho! I'd no idee 'twas a-gittin' on so late!" said Captain John. "There aint anybody watchin' out for me. I kin put my family under my hat; but I don' know what your folks'll think's come o' you! Wal, the rest on't wont take long to tell: The old man had her fitted up in good shape by the time the ice was out of the river, and run her up to Bangor in ballast and loaded her there for New York. He had an ugly trip down the coast—lost his deck-load and three men overboard in a south-easter off Nantucket Shoals. It made the whole ship's company feel pretty solemn, but the old man took it the hardest of any of 'em, and from that time seems as if he lost his grip—the old scare settled back on him blacker'n ever. There wa'n't a man aboard of her that liked her. They all knew her story, and that she was the *Alcázar*, from nobody knows where, instead of the *Stranger*, from Newburyport,—the Cap'n had Newburyport put on to her because he was a Newburyport man, and all his vessels was built there,—and she hadn't more'n touched the dock in New York before every one on 'em left her, even to the cook. "No better than a floatin' coffin, anyway," they said of her, and I guess the Cap'n would 'a' left her right there, too, if it hadn't been for the money he'd put into her. I expect he was a little *too* fond of money, may be; but I've knowed others, just as sharp's the old Cap'n, that didn't seem to have his luck! The mate saw him two or three times while he was a lyin' in New York, and noticed he was drinkin' more'n usual. He come home light, and anchored off the bar, just as a south-easter was a comin' on. It wouldn't 'a' been no trouble for him to have laid there, if he'd had good ground-gear—but there 'twas ag'in, he'd been a little too savin'! He'd used the old cables he found in her. The new mate didn't know nothin' about her, and put out one anchor. The Cap'n had taken a keg o' New England rum aboard, and been drawin' on it pretty reg'lar all the way up, and as the gale come on he got kind o' wild, and went at it harder'n ever. About midnight, the cable parted. They let go the other anchor, but it didn't snub her for a minute, and she swung, broadside to, on to the bar. The men climbed into the riggin' before she struck, but the old Cap'n was staggerin' 'round decks, kind o' dazed and dumb-like, not tryin' to do anythin' to save himself. The mate tried to git him into the riggin', seein' he wa'n't in no condition to look out for himself; but the old man struck loose from his holt, and cried out to him through the noise:

"'Let me alone! I've got to go with her!'

"The mate just had time to swing himself back into the mizzen-shrouds before the sea broke over her, and left the decks bare. The old ship pounded over the bar in an hour or so, and drifted up here on the beach, where she is now. Every man on board was saved except the Cap'n. He went 'with her,' sure enough.

"There was talk enough about that thing before they got done with it, to 'a' made the old man roll in his grave! They raked up all the stories about his cruisin' on the Spanish main when he was a young man,—they wa'n't stories *he'd* ever told; he wa'n't much of a hand to talk about what he'd seen and done on his v'yages. They never let him rest, 'till 'twas pretty much the gen'ral belief—and is to this day—that he knew more about that slaver from the first than he ever owned to.

"I never had much to say about it, but 'twas plain enough to me. I had my suspicions the mornin' he towed her in. He looked terrible shattered. It 'peared to me he wa'n't ever the same man afterward. 'I've got to go with her!' Them was his last words. He knew that ship and him belonged together, same as a man's sins belongs to him. He knew she'd been a-huntin' him up and down the western ocean for twenty year, with them dead o' his'n in her hold,—and she'd hunted him down at last."

Captain John paused with this peroration; he dug a hole in the wet sand with the toe of his boot, and watched it slowly fill.

"'Twas a bait most any one would 'a' smelt of,—a six-hundred-ton ship, and every timber in her sound,—but you'd 'a' thought he'd been more cautious, knowin' what he did of her. She was bound to have him, though!"

"Captain John," said the boy, a little hoarse from his long silence, "what do you suppose it *was* he did? Anything except just leave them—the negroes, I mean?"

"Lord! Wa'n't that *enough?* To steal 'em, and then leave 'em there—battened down

like rats in the hold! However, I expect there aint anybody that can tell you the whole of that story. It's one of them mysteries that rests with the dead. The new mate—the young fellow he brought on from New York—he married the Cap'n's daughter. None o' the Harbor boys ever seemed to jibe in with her; I always had a notion that she was a touch above most of 'em; but she and her mother was as good as a providence to them shipwrecked men when they was throwed ashore—strangers in the place and no money; and it ended in Rachel's takin' up with the mate, and the whole family's leavin' the place. It was long after all the talk died away that the widow came back, and lived here in the same quiet way she always had, till she was laid alongside the old Cap'n. There wa'n't a better woman ever walked this earth than Mary Green, that was Mary Spofford!"

Captain John rose from the bowsprit, and rubbed his cramped knees before climbing the hill. He parted with his young listener at the top, and took a lonely path across the shore-pasture to a little cabin, where no light shone, built on the edge of high-water mark, like the nest of a sea-bird.

On the gray beach below, a small, dingy yawl, with one sail loosely bundled over the thwarts, leaned toward the door-latch, as if listening for its click. It had an almost human expression of patient, though wistful, waiting. It was the poorest boat in the harbor; it had no name painted on its stern, but Captain John, in the solitude of his watery wanderings among the islands and channels of the bay, always called her the *Mary Spofford.* The boy from the main-land went home slowly, along the village street, toward the many-windowed house in which his mother and sisters were boarding. There were voices, calling and singing, abroad on the night air, reflected from the motionless, glimmering sheet of dark water below, as from a sounding-board. Cow-bells tinkled away among the winding paths along the low, dim shores. The night-call of the heron from the muddy flats struck sharply across the stillness, and from the outer bay came the murmur of the old ground-swell, which never rests, even in the calmest weather.

Mary Hallock Foote.

IN A CHINESE THEATER.

Of the objects of interest in the Chinese "quarter" of San Francisco which appeal most strongly to the stranger's curiosity, the theaters occupy a foremost place. Formerly play-houses were numerous, but an internecine strife among the rival companies lately reduced the number to two. These were installed in ordinary houses which had none of the appointments of an American theater. It occurred to an enterprising manager to build a spacious new house with a large auditorium, and to import "stars" from the Royal Theater of Peking. The venture was a success: these fresh dramatic attractions ruined one of the old play-houses, and brought the other to the verge of bankruptcy. As a last resort, one of the conservative managers also brought out a troupe of high-salaried actors and covered the dead walls with flaming placards, but his efforts were unavailing: his doors were closed, and his leading men went over to the hated rival. Dire threats of vengeance were uttered, and one night, when the new house was crowded, pots of burning phosphorus were thrown upon the stage from the sky-light, and fires were lighted in all corners of the place. Audience and actors vanished like magic, and the fire was only extinguished with much effort. There was intense excitement for several days, but soon the theater was opened again, and now quiet reigns once more in this dramatic world.

The front of the new Chinese theater on Washington street resembles the gable end of a Pennsylvania Dutch barn. It is three stories in height, and has the architectural finish of a country variety store. In the front, on a level with the sidewalk, is a small room shut off with glass doors and windows. Here sit several delicate-featured Chinese repairing watches and jewelry, while about the window, where massive gold rings and ornaments for the hair are displayed, several sight-seers are always gathered, flattening their noses against the panes—metaphorically, of course, for the Mongol nose is beyond the power of man to flatten. To the left of the shop is the main entrance, over which is the sign in gilt letters, "Grand Theater," with four hieroglyphics a foot tall, which express the same thing in more florid style. It is Saturday night, and business is "booming." The box-office is besieged. The foreign barbarian pays "two bits" (twenty-five cents) to the American door-keeper. Opposite is the Chinese ticket-taker, who attends to

the moon-eyed patrons. Pass up a short flight of steps, push aside a thick cloth curtain, and one suddenly emerges into the theater itself. An ancient smell of things Chinese greets the nose before a glimpse is caught of a single pig-tail. Here is a moderate-sized amphitheater, with an open stage at the farther end, and the intervening space packed with Chinese. Packed is the proper word, for they are sitting on low benches, and each bench accommodates as many persons as the seats of a horse-car when the rush for home and dinner has set in. It is a dark-looking crowd, covered with black, low-crowned hats. Only four white hats may be counted, and these are the huge, umbrageous, cream-colored *sombreros* for which the Yuba Bills of California mountain roads show so strong a partiality. No line separates orchestra from dress-circle. The floor rises by regular gradations, and at the rear of the room two flights of steep stairs lead to the balcony. This is also packed, and with a crowd as like to the one below as one Chinese is to another—a strong comparison, for Dromios are numerous, and a "Comedy of Errors" could be arranged from Chinese life with very little trouble. On a level with the balcony, and running forward to the stage, are two narrow galleries, the private boxes. One of these is reserved for the women, of whom several are always in attendance, usually accompanied by venerable-looking children. To-night they are out in great force, and their bright dresses furnish the only relief to the prevailing somberness. One damsel is conspicuous by her position. She half reclines on the hard bench, with her bare feet tilted on the front rail and visible to the entire house, which gazes with approval upon the nonchalance of her attitude and the grace with which she throws out rings of cigarette smoke. It is a broad oriental caricature of the foreign conception of the American in dignified repose.

The upper balcony is a good place for a view of the house, but a bad place for comfort. The temperature is like that of the second hot room in a Turkish bath. The odor is more powerful than below; but by this time the sense of smell has become blunted, temporarily paralyzed. The manager says there are three thousand people in the house. They sit in stolid quiet, the greater number smoking cigars or cigarettes. In among them moves an old man with a tin dish on his head, its many compartments filled with oranges, limes, nuts, sweetmeats, bits of sugar-cane, and pea-nuts. He worms his way in and out between the rows of men, occasionally finding a customer, and shows by his skill that he is several grades above the awkward species of the same nuisance who haunts the galleries of American variety theaters. There is continual conversation among the audience in a low tone, and continual restlessness among those standing at the rear of the room, while two streams of incoming and outgoing patrons keep pouring through the narrow door-way.

But over all the murmur of conversation and the shuffling of shoes on the bare floor rises the unearthly noise of the orchestra. The musicians, seven in number, are placed along the back of the stage, facing the audience. In the middle is the leader, a tall, gaunt Chinese, who plays a diminutive fiddle with one string. This string is composed of many strands of horse-hair, and over it is drawn a bow of similar material. The sound produced is as shrill and ear-piercing as the high notes of a bagpipe. The leader is usually the sole accompanist to a mournful chant. When the sad and sentimental "business" is on, he devotes himself to this instrument. When the action begins, he drops his fiddle and seizes a pair of cymbals as big as a wash-tub, and brings them together with a crash which shakes the theatrical firmament. Next to him sits a melancholy-looking man, who pounds mechanically a brazen gong, pendent by a wire cord and on a level with his head. Beyond him one musician beats a disk of burnished brass with a small metal drumstick, while another sits astride of a small hobby-horse and plays a tattoo upon its head of polished wood. On the other side of the leader are three men who "pick" diminutive banjos, and alternate this discord with performances on a species of horn. The latter produces the only sound that, to English ears, bears the remotest kinship to melody. The devoted musicians remain through the entire performance of six hours, unbroken by a single "wait," and for the greater part of the time they work like galley-slaves. The speeches are delivered to slow music; all the combats, counter-marching, and pantomime which fill out their interminable dramas have their musical accompaniments. The stormy tirades of rival potentates are emphasized by the clash of cymbals and the clangor of gongs, while in mortal combat the entire band aids in spurring on the warriors to deeds of valor. The orchestra smokes almost to a man. It is separated from the actors on the stage by a long table, which serves as a convenient block for decapitating an enemy after a ferocious combat. Both sides of the stage are fringed with spectators, who stand about, as was the custom in Shakspere's time, and until Garrick asserted the right of actors to undisputed pos-

session of the stage. Occasionally the Russian who acts as stage-manager comes on the boards and forces back the eager crowd, in order to give the "supers" a better opportunity to go through with their evolutions.

There is no scenery, no stage illusion, save what may be effected by picturesque costumes. The actors enter at the right by a door-way which is covered with a curtain, and make their exits on the opposite side. All the female characters are personated by men, and the green-room and the dressing-rooms are comprised in one apartment, about thirty feet long by ten feet wide. The narrow space is half-filled with huge, iron-banded trunks, packed with many choice properties, while the walls are hung with costumes. High up on a row of pegs are hung the helmets and head-dresses of the "stars" who play the parts of mandarins and governors of provinces. Many of these look like the burnished copper kettles of the careful New England housewife. The flowing robes of rich silks and satins are heavily embroidered with beads, gilt, and spangles. The room is crowded with performers in all stages of undress. Near the right-hand door stand the actors who are soon to receive their cues, while a file of guards is ready to move upon the stage at the word of command. Other performers are naked to the waist, and are rummaging in the chests to find their costumes. Cigarette-smoking is general, and all seem to be talking at once to no one in particular. The din is tremendous, and is only exceeded by that of the orchestra, which makes the thin partition tremble. The leading tragedian is smoking a cigarette and indulging in some good-natured badinage with my American companion, who speaks Chinese like a native of the Flowery Kingdom. Suddenly, an actor bursts in, there is a wailing cry from the man at the stage door, the guards file upon the stage, with the cigarette-smoking hero at their head, and a moment after we hear his strong, resonant voice, between the crashes of the cymbals, breathing threats of vengeance against his foes.

The drama that was presented on this occasion is known as "The Dragon Disputing Pearls." It is a play of intrigue, in which diplomacy takes the place of love. In fact, the tender passion, which lends the main interest to the dramatic literature of other nations, is almost wholly ignored by the Chinese playwrights. The majority of the national dramas turn upon the quarrels of petty dignitaries, and the arbitration by which these differences are settled. The mimic combats on the stage form a delicate travesty of the national method of warfare—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. They also serve to show another Chinese trait, common also to Homer's warriors—the braggadocio of the combatants, the unconscionable amount of brave words exchanged before a blow is struck.

In the drama referred to, the scene opens on the household of an Emperor, who is blessed with two wives. Each spouse represents a favored province that has shared in the honors and rewards of the royal choice. Each wife has borne a son, but to the son by the first wife belongs the inheritance of the throne. The fierce jealousy between the partisans of the two wives is communicated to the two brothers, and in a quarrel the younger slays his elder brother, throws the body into the river, and gives out the report of an accidental drowning. The truth of this domestic tragedy reaches the ears of the Emperor. He summons the younger wife and her son. In the mother's presence he kills her boy, but not before she has bruised his forehead in her struggle to save the youth. Injury to the Emperor's person is a capital offense, and the wife escapes death only by declaring that she is with child. A short time after she gives birth to a boy. The Emperor has a great desire to get possession of this infant heir to the throne. He succeeds in palming off a spurious infant on the nurse. The mother detects the fraud, ascertains where the genuine child is hidden, dons male attire, and at the head of an armed force (six "supers") marches to the province and demands her child. A long parley is held with the governor of the province, but when the imperial flag is shown, this functionary delivers up the infant, and the militant mother returns in triumph. The Emperor is struck with her ability, recognizes the child as his heir, and peace broods over the imperial household.

The performance of this play—one of the shortest in the theatrical repertory—was begun at six o'clock and ended at midnight. It was relieved by not a single sparkle of wit, not a solitary gleam of humor. The nearest approach to pleasantry was furnished by the speech of the Emperor when he killed his child. The mother exclaimed, "Alas! you have slain our son." To which his answer is: "Well, console yourself: I'm not going to kill him again." This brought out a burst of laughter from the audience; all seemed to regard it as a finished bit of humor. They looked on unmoved, however, when the gory corpse rose and retired from the stage, while a member of the orchestra handed to the murderer a false head, which he apostrophized in blood-curdling terms. The only other expression of enjoyment was elicited by the disguise of the mother in man's attire. When she stroked her long false beard, several of the spectators

laughed heartily, while a ripple of smiles passed over the stolid faces of the others. The rôles of the two wives were played by Chinese men with fine soprano voices. One was a skillful actor, and imitated many peculiar feminine traits and gestures with much nicety. The leading man, who was brought over from Peking, and whose salary is $10,000 a year, has a face brim-full of fun. He succeeds in leavening with a comic element some of the heavy plays, and his command of all the stage "business" is consummate. When engaged in combat with a foe he whirls about like a spinning dervish, crosses long spears with marvelous rapidity, and, at the end, accompanies his triumphal song with a jig that would do credit to the burnt-cork brethren.

The amount of exertion required of the leading actor is amazing. He plays seven days in the week, and the performance each day lasts from six to eight hours. The theater is open at two o'clock every day, and short farces and comedies are given during the afternoon to audiences largely made up of women and children. At seven o'clock begins the regular evening performance, which does not end until after midnight. Frequently the same actors appear in both performances. Chinese actors evidently do not believe in the effectiveness of subdued intensity in histrionic art. They rant like a Bowery tragedian in a "b-loody" border drama, filling the stage with bluster and braggart airs. Nearly all their speeches are delivered in sing-song chant, enforced with facial contortions and lavish gestures. Defiance is hurled against an adversary to the full power of the speaker's voice; his distended eye and ferocious frown typify the workings of inward rage; his mouth betrays a capacity undreamed of at a casual glance. After this tension of the facial muscles has been carried on for some time, one fears that the actor will never be able to regain command of his features. But though he may disappear in a whirlwind of wrath, his face showing demoniac rage and his voice husky with strident bellowing, he will come back in a few moments with a placid smile on his flat face, gay, jaunty, debonair. A horrible expression is given to some faces by a coat of white paint, streaked with black, while others are covered with equally hideous masks. All the grades of official life are represented by costume or head-dress. Governors of provinces are provided with small flags fastened by sticks to their shoulders, which give them a resemblance to martial cherubs. From their helmets also hang two long, drooping plumes, looking as though they were the antennæ of some gigantic cricket. The American who attempts to learn the significance of all these decorations soon gets lost in a hopeless tangle.

The theatrical customs of Peking, dear to the heart of the exiled Chinese, are sadly restricted by the local authorities of San Francisco. It was the fashion several years ago to begin performances at nine o'clock at night, and protract them far into the small hours of the morning. But the Americans who live in the vicinity of the theaters did not relish this method of making night hideous. Their slumbers were rendered fitful and uneasy by the penetrating squeak of the one-stringed fiddle and the clamor of the gongs and cymbals. An ordinance was passed closing the doors of the theaters at midnight, to the deep disgust of the fashionable Chinese. For the American, however, two or three hours of the noisy spectacle are enough. One emerges from the smoke-laden atmosphere into the fresh night-air with the same sense of relief felt in escaping from a railway-car, after an entire day spent amid the dust and grime and clatter of the train. The confused sound of that awful orchestra still rings in the ears, and its barbaric strains tyrannize over one's dreams.

George H. Fitch.

WILHELMINA.

A PORTRAIT.

A PATIENT sadness in the lovely face,
That melts to tenderness within the eyes,
Now dark, now bright, as in the dew-drop lies
A shadow brightening in a sunny place;
Deep dimples in the cheeks that overflow
When laughter rises from the brimming heart;
Soft folds of lustrous hair; lips half apart,
As if a kiss escaped and left them so;
One fair hand thrown aside in careless gesture,
To grasp the rose down-fallen in her vesture:
The rose is passing sweet, yet lacks it grace
To keep me longer from that sweeter face!

Clifford Lanier.

OPERA IN NEW YORK. IV.



MARIO.

In the season of 1854, after some miscellaneous performances of opera, by miscellaneous companies at miscellaneous places, New York was called upon to welcome two artists whose reputations had been more widely known, for ten or fifteen years, than those of any other two in the world. On the 4th of September, 1854, Grisi and Mario made their first appearance in America at Castle Garden, in "Lucrezia Borgia." Susini, who had a noble bass voice, and who looked as if he were what he had been, a colonel of cavalry, was the *Duke Alfonso*. The price of seats had been raised to three dollars, and the choice of them was put up at auction. The advent of these distinguished artists produced a very perceptible ripple upon the surface of society; but there was no great excitement. The audience was large, but the Castle was not thronged, as it had been for Jenny Lind. Grisi was very warmly welcomed; but there was a queer little misunderstanding between her and her audience. *Lucrezia* enters upon the scene masked, and, as often as Grisi attempted to go on with the performance, such applause broke forth as made it impossible for her to do so. She had to curtsy again and again profoundly before her audience ceased this demonstration of welcome. The case was that the people who gave her such an unusual welcome thought that courtesy would dictate to her the removal of her mask one moment, that she might receive and acknowledge their greeting in her own person. The *début* was undeniably successful; but no very profound impression was produced on the musical public until, in the second week, Grisi appeared as *Norma*. The performances of the two distinguished artists were undeniably very fine. Grisi, although showing in person and in voice that she was past her prime, was superb, and Mario, who was in his prime, both of voice and person, sang exquisitely; but there was a certain degree of disappointment. This was due, in a great measure, to the fact that Grisi and Mario brought to the New Yorkers nothing remarkably new or striking, either in music or in its performance. They sang the old operas very admirably in the received style, and according to the received models, which they, indeed, had largely contributed to form. But for that very reason they gave their New York public no fresh sensation. Of Grisi's *Norma*, in which part she appeared on the 11th of September, I find the following appreciation in the "Courier and Enquirer" of the next morning:

"Madame Grisi's *Norma* differs in no respect, as to its conception, from several others that we have enjoyed before; it is only, in some respects, better in execution. We cannot remember a situation in the opera which she treated in a spirit at all new to us, except the scene in which she listened to *Adalzisa's* relation of the birth and growth of her love. Grisi stood with her back to the girl, and, as the tale was told, and the memory of the dawn of her own passion was awakened by the timid confession of her companion in guilt, the face of the Arch-Druidess beamed with tender joy; she clasped her trembling fingers timidly; her breathing was as gentle as a child's; her eyes were bright with the light of youthful love; and then, for the first time, we saw how lovely Grisi must have been. The scene which follows this was as grand as wrath and scorn hurled from female lips can be. The woman towered above her towering passion, which did not make her repulsive, but the object of it pitiable. Her eye flashed his doom upon him; her arms waved the vengeance of heaven down to him; she spurned him with her voice, as a man spurns with his foot the thing that he most loathes; she looked a beautiful Fury. Her vocalization of the passage which the composer has assigned to this situation was in-



GRISI.

comparably fine—brilliant, powerful, impetuous. Her voice seemed unrestrained by consciousness, and abandoned to the sway of her all-controlling rage. The notes flashed out like lightning, and when they were arrested with the same suddenness with which lightning vanishes into darkness, there was just an appreciable instant of utter silence; and then the thunder shook the house. Few who saw it will forget that scene. The finale, the pathos of which is so grand and so touching, she gave with all the dramatic power of which she is supreme mistress. One action was new, and may possibly have been a happy inspiration of the moment. As *Pollione* knelt at her feet repentant, and again her lover, but too late, there was a silent moment; one hand fell from her averted face upon his shoulder. She drew it gently but firmly away, and, as it passed across his head, it lingered for an instant, and its mute fingers told an agony of love and grief beyond the utterance of words. Her singing of 'Casta Diva' was valuable more as an indication of her conception of the music than as a remarkable execution of it. And yet, even thus rendered, it was a study for the lovers of art. The woman's style is so incomparably fine, so unexceptionably correct. As a mere vocalist, we are inclined to doubt her preëminence, even in the plenitude of her powers."

(Sontag, always kind and generous in her criticisms, said to me once: "Madame Grisi cannot sing"; and, judged by Sontag's standard, Grisi could not sing.)

After a few more performances, including "I Puritani," which was received with great favor, these eminent artists were withdrawn from Castle Garden, which had become most inconveniently remote from the habitat of opera-going New Yorkers, who then were obliged to drive between three and four miles down to the opera, and back again at a late hour. It had been happily thought that their assistance would give distinction to an event of some importance in the musical annals of New York, one which brings me near to the end of my task—the opening of the Academy of Music. This took place on the 2d of October, 1854, the opera being "Norma." I find to my surprise, on referring to my contemporary record of the occasion, published the next morning, that the audience was neither very large nor very brilliant. At the Academy, Grisi and Mario repeated the operas which they had performed before; and added to them "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." *Edgardo* is such a test part for a great operatic tenor that I shall not apologize for repeating here a criticism written when I was fresh from Mario's performance of it:

"Signor Mario, though not in perfect voice, vocalized the charming music of the two airs in the finale in a style quite worthy of his great reputation. His tones were full of tenderness and sorrow. He had tears in his voice,—gentle tears, however, discreetly measured, and daintily poured out. He sang '*Fra poco a me recovero*' with such exquisite appreciation of light and shade, such a sustained and symmetrical flow of voice, such delicate inflections and modulations, and withal such a lachrymose expression, that it seemed as if nothing audible could be more exquisitely shaded, more symmetrical, delicate, or lachrymose, until he sang '*Tu che a Dio*,' which was the climax of his complainings, and of his vocal skill. But we confess that in the recitative which introduces this scene we missed that expression of the emotions of *Ravenswood* which it may be made to embody, and which, considering the dramatic requirements of the situation, is of far greater value than any exhibition of skill and taste in vocalization. Signor Allegri's pencil, charged with the hues of passion and of sadness, had in a measure performed the office of the two acts of the drama which find in this scene their culmination, and we looked for the entrance of a man whose visage and whose very gait told utter wretchedness, and the tones of whose voice were modulated by despair, and hate, and love. When he uttered:

'Tombe degli avi miei, l'ultimo avanzo
D'una stirpe infelice,
Deh raccogliete voi,'

our ears were eager for the accents of one who felt that he *was* the last of an unhappy race, and who came deliberately to lay himself and his weight of woe among those who were akin to him no less in fortune than in blood. When the next phrase fell from his lips,

'Cessa dell' ira
Il breve fuoco:—sul nomico acciaro
Abbandonar mi vo,'

we longed for the inflections and the tones of one who was so utterly bowed down with manly grief, so lonely and abandoned in his crushing sorrow, that he met his mortal enemy only to seek death from his sword. When he continued,

'Per me la vita
E' orrendo peso:—l'universo intero
E' un deserto per me senza Lucia!'

we wanted a voice that, whether we would or no, pierced our very heart of hearts, to make us feel that

to him life was in very deed a burthen, and that all the beauty of the earth and the glory of the heavens was naught to him. Above all did we demand that when he uttered '*Ingrata donna!*' he should do it in the tones and with the manner of a man who was stung to the soul by a cruel wrong; who was not merely grieving the loss of a beloved mistress, but who thought with bitterness that the last pang of a life of suffering was inflicted by the 'ungrateful lady' to whom he had sacrificed even the revenge which he had sworn upon his father's ashes. We looked for a *Ravenswood* the intensity of whose grief and wrath was tempered and dignified by manliness of mien and severe simplicity of manner; who bore about him the consciousness that he was the last of a proud and fallen race; and therefore when Signor Mario begged *Lucia* so pathetically to respect at least the ashes of him who died for her, we were not satisfied; we demanded an utterance which amid all its grief was less a prayer which she could not refuse to grant than a mandate which she would not dare to disobey. Nay, even in pathos, when pathos should have been grand, we found the great Mario wanting. We listened in vain for the heart-rending tones in which *Edgardo*, knowing by premonition the answer he will receive, should exclaim:

'Di chi mai, di chi mai, di chi piangete?'

and in vain for that cry of anguish which is wrung from him when the question is answered. The one was a beautifully vocalized phrase, the other an exquisitely diminished note; but they were nothing more. Signor Mario has the sweetest tenor voice in the world, and is supreme master of all the delicate mysteries of *nuance;* he is the prince of romance singers; but there are effects that cannot be compassed by a sweet voice and *nuance*, and which are beyond, we will not say above, the reach of the romance singer. So at least we think; and we find that our demands are not altogether the requirements of an ideal standard, but reminiscences of past delights. Shall we ever see or hear a *Ravenswood* again—fierce, gloomy, passionful; abandoned alternately to his haughty pride, his implacable revenge, and his devoted love? Is it because we have grown a few years older and more world-worn that 'the music and the doleful tale' can thrill our hearts no longer! Or is it true that the breath from no other lips can so make music with our heart-strings?"

This criticism is filled with a reminiscence of *Edgardo* as performed by Benedetti, of whom I have spoken in the second of these sketches. As a vocalist he was no more to be compared to Mario than a garnet is to a diamond; but he was red with warm blood. In the concert-room he appeared to little advantage; but on the stage his accents and his action alike stirred the heart to its very depths. After seeing and hearing his *Edgardo* and Antoguini's, Mario's was tame and puppet-like. He married Truffi, the magnificent, and took her to Italy.

And here, at the opening, by the two most distinguished artists in the world, of our fourth, and, as it has proved, our permanent opera-house, let us pause a moment. I have passed, lightly of necessity, and unsystematically by design, but with reasonable attention to the order of time, over a period of hardly more than a quarter of a century; and we are still eight years from that landmark, the war. And yet we have seen, as the musical experience of New York in that remote twenty-five years, the enjoyment of the performances of such artists of the highest rank as Malibran, Signor Garcia, Caradori, De Begnis, Bosio, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Sontag, Grisi, and Mario; while of artists of the second and third rank, who yet were not without notable European reputations, there had been enough to make a chorus. The intelligent appreciation of all of these, shown equally by the complete and unhesitating recognition of such unknown artists as Malibran and Bosio, and the partial and discriminating admiration of such celebrities as Sontag, Grisi, and Mario, shows in New York audiences of former days a capacity of musical apprehension and an independence of judgment which, joined to the rich experience of those past years, should teach some critics, at home as well as abroad, whose acquaintance with New York was made "since the war," that neither her musical culture nor her familiarity with great operatic artists began with the dawning of their knowledge of the world and of music.

The opportune presence in New York of two such eminent artists as Grisi and Mario when the Academy of Music was finished was, however, due not to the managerial powers that ruled the destinies of the Academy, but to a speculative enterprise of the distinguished actor, Mr. James H. Hackett (father of the late Recorder Hackett), who brought the pair to the United States to make money by them. In this Mr. Hackett was successful; but it is probable that he and the great soprano and the great tenor were the only persons who profited by the undertaking. He received, as he admitted, some sixty thousand and odd dollars above all his expenses, including of course the sum which he had guaranteed to Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, without which guarantee they would not have crossed the Atlantic. It has been thus for more than a hundred years. Artists who have attained a position on the operatic stage will always find managers or speculators ready to engage their services, pay all their expenses and guarantee them large salaries. They do not sing without security; and whoever may lose —and somebody generally loses—by their performances, they do not. Mr. Hackett, making his contract with the managers of the Academy (a few New York gentlemen who had stepped in to sustain and conduct the new enterprise) was both the representative and the proprietor of Grisi and Mario, and therefore, like them, he was secured against loss. But notwithstanding the celebrity of the



LOUISA PYNE.

artists, the money received at their performances was not sufficient to meet the expense involved. It was found that even with a continued succession of the largest audiences which had yet been gathered in the Academy (and they had been large as well as brilliant), the managment would be loser at the rate of *about two thousand dollars weekly*. Such losses are not uncommon in the conduct of opera. They fall upon the manager, the owners of the opera-houses, the tradesmen, and the artisans employed by them, and sometimes upon the poor chorus singers, and the orchestral performers; never, or very rarely, upon the principal artists.

The inevitable result of this condition of financial things at the Academy was that its managers closed their engagement with Mr. Hackett as soon as possible. The Academy was opened with Grisi and Mario on the 2d of October, 1854, with much flourish and high expectations: by the middle of December the virtual bankruptcy of the management was admitted, if not announced, and Mr. Hackett withdrew with his forces. After a brief visit to Boston, they returned to New York and appeared at the Metropolitan Theater. Here they gave only three or four performances before they took their departure for Europe. The operas were "Norma," "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni," and "Semiramide." Grisi appeared to great advantage in all of these operas. She was indeed not quite equal to the lofty vocal style required for the style of "Don Giovanni"; and in "Non mi dir" and the trio in masks, her singing was of coarser quality than her music. And not only was she a notably mature-looking *Donna Anna*, but the costume of the part enhanced a certain defect in her carriage, which that of other parts palliated, and which at worst, strange to say, was not without its charm—a peculiarity in her gait which was certainly the most alluring awkwardness that ever caught the eye of man. Mario distinguished himself as *Don Ottavio* (a part in which great tenors are reluctant to appear, as they are in that of *Pollione*), and he sang "Il mio tesoro" with a purity and grace which seemed the perfection of vocalization. But Grisi never appeared to such advantage, in New York at least, as in "Semiramide." Her port and person suited the character of the semi-barbarous Assyrian queen, and the splendid costume with its trailing robes suited her. Indeed, the performance of "Semiramide" by the Grisi and Mario company was for several reasons an event of some mark in the history of opera in New York.

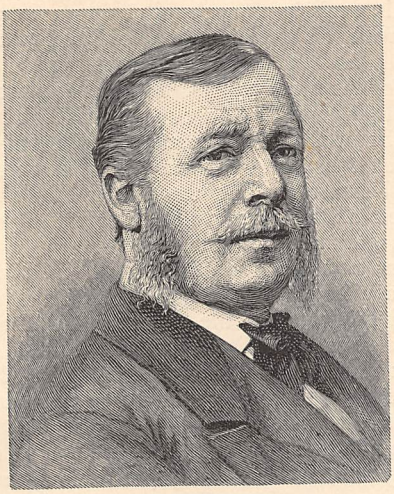
This, however, was less because of the intrinsic merit of the work than because of certain incidents of the occasion, as it was remarked immediately after the performance. Rossini's genius has rarely indeed found more brilliant manifestation than in some passages of "Semiramide"; and yet it is, both as a drama and as a musical composition, so incongruous, so monstrous, that, regarded in its entirety as a work of art, it is laughably absurd—only less so than "Die Zauberflöte," that mine of gems of melody and harmony. Its libretto treats a grand and tragic theme in a style which would justly provoke disparaging criticism in the nursery; and its music, never rising



BRIGNOLI.

even to true dignity, although sometimes to pompousness, vibrates between sensuous splendor and sensuous triviality. To situations truly awful, as, for instance, the scene immediately succeeding the apparition of

Ninus, the composer has awarded strains which ought to set the whole Assyrian court dancing, led off by Semiramis and the chief of the Magi, and brought up with the vigor



RONCONI.

and unction of their race by the sable youths who bear the presents of the King of India; and for others dignified and solemn, as where the principal personages swear obedience to the Queen, he has written only graceful and pleasing melodies which can hardly be saved by a sustained pomp of utterance from dwindling into prettiness. But it was not Rossini's fault that he could not write tragic music; and, if the world must needs have tragic dramas furnished with lyric utterance by the popular composer of the day, the world must sometimes be content to hear the voice of Thalia issuing from the mask of Melpomene.

Grisi did all that could be done by mature beauty, by queenly bearing, and by singing which was grandiose, if not simply grand, to set off this music, and Mario appeared unwontedly in the minor tenor part, charming the female half of his audience by the beauty and quaint richness of his costume, one noted item of which was a pale green India shawl, so fine that it could have been drawn through a lady's bracelet, which he wore as a girdle.

On this occasion Signorina Vestvali burst upon the astonished gaze of New York, which as *Arsace*, the Assyrian commander-in-chief, she might have expected to take by storm. And rarely, indeed, had a more formidably handsome woman made that attack. Her contralto voice was fresh, full, sympathetic, and of unusual compass, but it had the happiness to dwell in a body of such entire and stately symmetry, and to be aided by a countenance so blooming with healthful beauty, so radiant, and so expressive, that her singing could not be judged with exact and impartial justice, until her judges were smitten with blindness. She was the tallest woman that I ever saw upon the stage; I believe the tallest woman I ever encountered; but she was also one of the most beautifully formed. Indeed, as she moved so superbly about as the martial *Arsace*, her helmed head overtopping that of every woman on the stage, it seemed as if Britomart had stepped out of the pictured pages of the "Faerie Queen," or, "so proud were her looks yet sweet," as if, Argante-like, we saw the vision of Tasso's Clarinda in her panoply. For, in his own words, as they were translated two hundred and fifty years ago, by Fairfax:

> "Like her it was in armor and in weed,
> In statue, beauty, countenance, and face,
> In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace."

She made, for the moment, a tremendous sensation; but it was soon discovered by her eye-charmed New York audience that this magnificent singing animal was a very incomplete artist; that her voice, although equal in all its register, had not been sufficiently worked to conceal its breaks, as it passed from one register to another, that her method was imperfect, that her style was always declamatory, and that she frequently sang out of tune. Moreover, magnificent as she was, she was too large. Of all which the consequence was that she soon disappeared from the opera boards of New York, and was no more heard of.

This performance of "Semiramide" was also graced by the appearance of another woman, the dark splendor of whose beauty still lights up the memory of those who had the good fortune to see her; and whose grace was



MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

not less charming than her beauty. This was the Señorita Soto, a young Spanish dancer, who united in their perfection all the personal charms which are assumed to be characteristically Spanish, but which are rarely seen in Spanish women. The alluring charm natural to her face was enhanced by a lazy coquetry, which ever and anon was enlivened by the flashes of her dark, bright eyes. She was as supple as a greyhound, and as lithe as a serpent. Her grace of carriage and of movement was so remarkable and so peculiar, that one morning, some weeks after she had left New York and was supposed to be in Mexico or Cuba, I, walking down Broadway with a friend, and observing a female figure somewhat in advance of us on the other side of the street, dressed in a rumpled brown linen traveling suit, with a fan in her hand, said, after looking a moment, "That is Soto." My friend laughed at my confident assertion of the identity of a woman of whose back only we had had a glimpse; but when we had quickened our pace a little and crossed the street, his laugh was changed to expressions of admiration of the beautiful Spaniard; for Soto it was. I think that I was aided in my diagnosis by the turn of her wrist as she opened and shut her fan. A well-trained Spanish woman performs this little feat with an unconscious, languid grace attainable by no other sort of woman in the world. On the evening in question the attractions of Grisi and Mario and Vestvali were supplemented by those of this splendid dancing woman, which made the occasion one of mark. For although it was somewhat at variance with the truth of history, about which there is so much talk of late years, for Semiramis and all the rank and fashion of Nineveh to stay a solemn ceremony, Anno 2180 B. C., that a handsome Spanish girl in a crimson bodice and short and flimsy skirt might dance "La Zingarella" before the image of Belus; still under the circumstances the severest critic had not the heart to find fault with the fair Iberian, either for being a trifle of three thousand years out of place or for not conforming her costume to the fashion of the country and the period in which she found herself.

The Academy of Music was reopened on the 19th of February, 1855, under the management of the very distinguished Norse violinist, Ole Bull, who leased that vast and splendid void for a short season. Among his artists were Clotilde Patti, Vestvali, Brignoli, and Badiali; and he offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original grand opera by an American composer on an American subject; the copyright to be retained by the author—a vain proposal and an unwise limitation. Music is not cultivated thus; neither by prize-giving, nor by efforts to elevate art and encourage native artists, and still less by insisting upon native subjects. The whole history of literature and of the fine arts is a rebuke to such folly. It was in keeping with this project that Ole Bull should go to ruin as a manager with greater speed than any of his predecessors. He did not last two months; and his short managerial career is worthy of this brief warning notice only because of his distinction as a violin virtuoso, and because in that capacity he had shown no less skill in manipulating public curiosity than in handling his instrument.

And now we pause for a while in following the course of Italian opera to glance backward briefly upon the career of an English prima donna of distinction who visited New York about this time. Miss Louisa Pyne made her first appearance in America at the Broadway theater, on the 9th of October, 1854, in "La Sonnambula." She came of a family which had already produced an artist of some note, the well-known English tenor Pyne being her father's brother. After singing in concerts she made her *début* in opera at Boulogne, in 1849, and from that time continued to grow in public favor. Her voice was a light soprano, of delicious quality, more than common compass, and very flexible. Her method was unexceptionally good, no Italian vocalist of her day being her superior in this respect except Alboni, if a discrimination can be made between two perfections of the same sort. Her intonation was singularly certain, and her execution delicate and finished to the highest degree. Her style was good; never in violation of taste; but it was somewhat tame and colorless. In person, she was a little below the middle height, with light blue eyes and pale brown hair; but although this made her not a very effective figure on the stage, these rather negative traits were strengthened and enlivened by the intelligence and expressiveness of her countenance. Although her New York audience had been accustomed to see handsomer, or at least more impressive, women as primadonnas on their operatic boards, they were not slow to recognize the fine musical abilities of the new-comer, who at once took a high place in public favor. She added "The Bohemian Girl" and Wallace's "Maritana" to "Sonnambula," the composer himself conducting "Maritana." She remained in America two years and more, and left the country not only profited by her pecuniary success but benefited by the discipline of her American audiences. Her country-woman, Miss E. C. Clayton, who wrote a sketch of her life, re-



PAREPA ROSA.

marks that "it was noticed that Miss Pyne's transatlantic experiences had given her confidence and knowledge of the stage, both in singing and acting, while her voice, though it had lost somewhat of its power, had gained in mellowness and richness." In fact, Louisa Pyne was the great English vocalist of her day; and had she been more impressive in person and in manner, and the possessor of a more powerful voice, she would have been a great prima donna. In vocalization she had no superior but Jenny Lind and Alboni. She did much to cultivate the taste of the English opera-going public in America.

This sketch does not profess to give a complete list of performers or of performances, to read which would be as toilsome and barren a task as to write it; but the appearance of such an artist as the baritone Amodio must not be passed over, coincident as it was, too, with the first performance in America of Verdi's "Il Trovatore." This took place at the Academy of Music on the 30th of April, 1855. The opera at once became a favorite; and so, also, did the singer whom it introduced to the New York public. Amodio had one of the most beautiful baritone voices ever heard. It was of almost unexampled richness and sweetness,—a large, free-flowing voice, and seeming almost as flexible as that of a *tenore di grazia*. His vocalization was remarkably good and his style pleasing,—a serene, very simple, *cantabile* style. But he had little dramatic power, and his deficiency in this respect was emphasized by the unfitness of his person for the stage. He was fatter than Alboni, and no taller. He was *Falstaff* singing in Italian. When he appeared in a close and antique costume, with a little round hat upon his little head, he looked like a plum-pudding set upon sausages. And yet so beautiful was his voice and so pleasing his style, that he was the favorite baritone in New York for some years.

On the occasion of the production of "Il Trovatore," the *Leonora* was Signora Steffanone, the *Azucena*, Signorina Vestvali, who have been particularly spoken of before. The *Manrico* was Signor Brignoli, a tenor who took Benedetti's place for some years in New York, where he was a great favorite, chiefly with very young ladies. For the temper and the constitution of the New York audiences had changed; and the young woman of the period had elbowed her way much nearer the front as an arbiter in art and elegance. Her admiration of Brignoli was not greatly to the credit of her taste. He had one of those tenor voices that seem like the bleating of a sheep made musical. His method was perfectly good; but he sang in a very commonplace style, and was as awkward as the man that a child makes by sticking two skewers into a long potato; and he walked the stage, hitching forward first one side and then the other, much as the child would make his creature walk. But he was a very "nice" young man, was always ready to sing, and, *faute de mieux*, it became the fashion with very young ladies to like him. But there never was a tenor of any note in New York whose singing was so utterly without character or significance, and who was so deficient in histrionic ability. His high and long-continued favor is one of those puzzling popular freaks not uncommon in dramatic annals.

In the spring of 1855 there was "fat in the fire" at the Academy of Music. Incompetent management, jealousy between rival singers, furious strife between rival musical agents, and interference of influential newspapers combined to make Italian opera at that time in New York the most inharmonious and, indeed, actively discordant institution that could be found in the country. There was a three-cornered kind of duel in which, however, each party desired to destroy the other two, and for the moment it seemed as if each one would succeed in its wishes, with the disappearance of all as a consequence, and the closing of the Academy for an indefinite period. The details of such squabbles are utterly without interest when they have subsided; and it is only necessary to say here that this one was quieted by an arrangement for the appearance at the Academy of the La Grange company, so called from the name of its prima donna and principal artist. Madame



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, IN AIDA.

de La Grange's voice was a soprano of extraordinary compass and very pleasing quality. It was not notably powerful, but it was very telling even in concerted music, and was heard through and above the din and clang of a finale, so penetrating were its vibrations. Withal she vocalized the most intricate passages with such delicately perfect execution as is attained only by the few among the leading singers of a generation. It is very rarely that the possessor of a voice, and a vocal style of this kind, has dramatic style or histrionic ability; but Madame La Grange possessed both. She did not however take a position among the great prima donnas, mainly, I am inclined to think, because of deficiencies purely personal. She was not an ugly woman, nor an ungraceful one; but her lean and lady-like figure was not attractive, nor was her voice or her manner what is called "sympathetic." Such various qualities go to the making of that complex captivating creature a great prima donna, and of this variety so much is purely personal, pertaining, that is, to the woman irrespective of the artist. Grisi, one of the most admired and petted among prima donnas, and one of those who reigned longest, was a notable instance of the superiority of the feminine to the artistic element of attraction.

With Madame de La Grange appeared a notably good tenor named Mirate. He was one of the handsomest men seen upon the New York operatic stage since the time of Fornasari. His voice was a pure, robust tenor, fresh and of a delicious sympathetic quality and well delivered. His presence was noble, the very ideal of what a manly tenor should be; and his manner, although somewhat artificial, commanded attention if not always admiration. His defect was a heaviness of style in singing, and a lack of lightness and



ADELINA PATTI.

spirit upon the stage. He was much admired at first; but before long he began to be admired reluctantly, because he was found dull; and dullness is the one thing that dullness never can forgive. I do not remember (for I am now writing from my own memory of musical events), nor discover that the favor of this tenor with the noble person and the noble voice lasted more than one season; and I believe that it endured hardly so long. I

remember how his singing was as *Don Ottavio* in "Don Giovanni"; and that he gave us the air "*Dalla tua pace*," which is rarely heard even in Europe, because first-rate tenors do not take the part; and even among first-rate tenors not all can easily compass this beautiful air which requires the most perfect cantabile style, and also a power of sostenuto in the upper register which is very rare.

On the 31st of December, 1855, the Academy was closed after a moderately successful season, in which Madame de La Grange, Amodio, and Brignoli were the principal attractions, and it was not opened again until March 1856, when the same artists re-appeared, reënforced at times by the always admirable and always admired Badiali, who had not yet won his European reputation nor even thought of going to London. As to the operas performed about this time, it is needless to specify them. They were the same that were performed all over the operatic world, in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, etc.,—Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, with once in a while Rossini.

The winter season of 1857–58 introduced two artists of distinguished ability to the audiences at the Academy—Madame D'Angri and Carl Formes. Madame D'Angri was a contralto, endowed by nature with a full, rich voice and impassioned manner, which gave her, in a large degree, a certain kind of dramatic power. She had also a fine artistic sense. She was not attractive personally, and she made her principal success as the gipsy mother, *Azucena*, in "Il Trovatore." Yet, such are the demands of the stage and such the versatility, real and supposed, of artists, and such their ambition, that this large, strong, middle-aged woman appeared also as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni." To see her play the coquette, and hear her sing "*Vedrai carino*," was like eating tough mutton with mint sauce.

Carl Formes lacked but two of the qualifications for a great lyric artist,—tact as an actor and true intonation as a singer. He had a grand stage presence, a voice noble in quality and in volume, a fine dramatic style of singing, with tragic power, and humor, too, although these were rather Germanish; and to all this he added, or rather into all this he inspired, that unnamable quality which interests, irrespective of skill and art, or even of personal appearance. He was very impressive, both as *Bertrand* in "Robert le Diable," and as *Leporello* in "Don Giovanni." But he sang out of tune so much that he as often gave as much pain as pleasure to sensitive hearers; and in his acting, with all its spirit and force, he so frequently passed the limits prescribed by the reserves of art that his brief career in America resulted in failure, notwithstanding his European reputation.

This season of 1857–8, which was declared by the management to be "the longest and most prosperous season ever given at the Academy of Music," was closed by the production of Mr. William H. Fry's grand opera, "Leonora," the libretto of which was written by his brother, Mr. J. R. Fry. This opera had been previously produced in Philadelphia with great success. It was on the whole much admired in New York, and some of its airs became popular. Its composer was not only an accomplished musician and critic, but a man born with the creative musical faculty and also with fine perceptions in musical rhetoric and the requirements in this respect of the lyric drama. His opera, like the early work of all artists, was so colored by the tone of his predecessors as to seem almost an imitation, now of one and now of another; but it also showed a constructive power and a mastery of the resources of the opera, vocal and instrumental, which promised, with encouragement and time, to produce something of which musical Americans might have been proud. But he did not have encouragement, nor yet time; he soon fell ill of a decline, which went on steadily until his death.

In the spring of 1858, the Italian opera bloomed out again in its humble old nook in a very remarkable manner. At Burton's theater in Chambers street, (the old Palmo's Opera house,) there was a very short season, in which Ronconi made his first appearance in New York. It was as *Dr. Dulcamara* in "L'Elisire d'Amore." The *Adina* was Madame de La Grange; but the interest of all the more intelligent lovers of the lyric drama, was concentrated upon Ronconi. With them he at once took place as the greatest artist that had been seen on the operatic stage of New York, since a time whereof their memory ran not to the contrary. He appeared also in "Il Barbiere" and in "Linda di Chamouni." It might be said that he was equally great in all these dissimilar parts, if he had not been greatest in the last. *Dr. Dulcamara* is a part which pertains to broad farce; *Figaro* carries light comedy to the extreme possible on the lyric stage; *Antonio* is tragic, and in Ronconi's hands it became grandly tragic. He had performed *Dulcamara* with a rankness which would have passed the limits of the permissible but for the richness of his humor and his artistic tact; his *Figaro* was a ceaseless bubbling, sparkling flow of gaiety and fun; and with the memory of these performances in the minds of his audience, he came before them to simulate the woes of a bereaved and

shame-stricken father in humble life, and it proved that he came to achieve the success of a great tragedian. From no tragic actor that had been seen in New York for twenty years, or that has been seen since, saw and heard we such an overpowering expression of love, and grief, and woe, and manly dignity as from Ronconi in the second act of "Linda," in which he finds his way into his lost daughter's chamber. Here he burst into a passion that was heroic; here he rose into grandeur. His singing and his action were alike in the largest, noblest style; his every accent, his every gesture was simply and nobly pathetic. When throwing upon the ground his daughter's alms, he cried out:

"L'elemosina a suo padre
La mia Linda non può far,"

the anguish in the tone of his voice, the horror in his countenance, and the wounded dignity of his bearing, surpassed in pathos and in noble passion anything that I ever heard and saw upon the stage;—I will not except the performances of Salvini, nor even those of Rachel. The only approach to it that I ever saw on the lyric stage was by that grand torso of a tenor Antognini. It must have been by an intuitive dramatic sense that Ronconi attained his great effects. His voice was not remarkable, even among voices of the second grade; his vocalization was good, but it would not have attracted attention in itself; he sometimes sang out of tune; in person he was not striking either as to face or figure; and yet he was—Ronconi, greatest among the lyric artists of his day.

In the autumn of 1858 the Academy reopened with a company which demands no special consideration; and at Burton's a rival company performed, among the members of which were Madame Gazzaniga, Madame Patti-Strakosch, and Signor Brignoli. The conductor was Maurice Strakosch, who had become a personage of importance among the musicians of New York, because of his musical and managerial ability no less than because of his connection with the musical Barili-Patti family which was to produce the most admired prima-donna of her time.

In the autumn of this year, 1858, there appeared at the Academy a young Italian lady who had risen within two years into what may be called a favorable musical notoriety, for it was not fame. Before the spring of 1856, no one beyond the circle of her own family and friends had heard of Maria Piccolomini; and yet in the winter of 1856, and in 1857, she was singing and making a sensation in London and Paris. She was of the well-known noble Italian family, the Piccolomini, and was connected with others of the same quality. Nevertheless, she appeared on the stage when she was but sixteen years old, and made a great success—of a certain sort. After two seasons more of this success in Europe, she came to reap her share of the golden rewards which America bestows upon its favorites.

Signorina Piccolomini first sang before a New York audience on the 20th of October, 1858, in Verdi's "La Traviata." This opera had been much heard in New York just before that time; but it was well selected for Signorina Piccolomini's *début;* for the part of *Violetta* was one in which she had attained not only a great but a peculiar distinction. On this occasion there appeared upon the programmes the following "Particular Notice," the first of its kind that I remember having seen: "As Mlle. Piccolomini appears immediately on the rising of the curtain, visitors are particularly requested to be in their seats before eight. Those who should arrive later can be conducted to their seats only on the conclusion of the *Brindisi* by Mlle. Piccolomini." The lesson and the purpose of the latter sentence are better than its language, and after this good beginning a like restraint was frequently placed upon the disturbing powers of late comers both at operas and at concerts.

When the curtain did rise it showed a childish, over-dressed figure, almost like a great show-doll. When the little prima donna sang, it was, if not in a doll-like, almost in a childish way. Her voice was quickly recognized as a fresh, light soprano, of good compass, flexible, and quite pleasant in quality. As to her singing, it was well enough; but New York had amateurs who were her superiors both in vocalization and in dramatic power. Between her singing and that of Mrs. R——, or Miss G——, there could be no hesitation as to preference. Nor was she either beautiful or a good actress. And yet, when the curtain which had been lifted with such unusual precaution came down, she had again achieved her peculiar success. The truth about Mlle. Piccolomini was that she was the most perfectly lady-like coquette that had been seen on the lyric stage of her generation. She played the coquette on the stage; she played the coquette with her audience: her very grief was coquettish; she was tragic with an alluring glance; and she died in the most piquant manner. She sang always prettily, and sometimes brilliantly. But what was her singing to the way in which she tripped across the stage, and flirted her handkerchief so that every



CHRISTINE NILSSON.

man in the house thought that he had a personal interest in the maneuver? And yet she always impressed her audiences with the sense that she was a gentlewoman. Indeed, seeing Piccolomini was, to the public, like getting a glimpse of private theatricals of the very highest grade, socially and artistically. This was the secret of Piccolomini's brief success, and this was all. As a vocalist or as an actress she demands no particular consideration. She appeared in "La Figlia del Reggimento," "La Zingara," "Don Pasquale," as *Susanna* in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni." Had she been a true artist, the last-named part would have been a triumph for her. But it was not so. She was very charming to the superficial eye; she flirted about in the prettiest manner possible, and played the coquette with a relish that communicated itself to her audience; nor was her singing without grace. But both in conception and in execution her *Zerlina* was poor, thin, very second-rate, and intellectually vulgar. She produced no serious impression in New York, and she soon returned to Europe, where, after a brief struggle, she sank into obscurity.



PAULINE LUCCA.

The season of 1859 was remarkable for two musical events—one the first complete performance in America of Mozart's "Zauberflöte," the other the first appearance of a new and very young prima donna. On one of my visits some years before to Madame Barili-Patti, before mentioned, whom I found to be a very motherly looking, if not matronly seeming, woman, who showed all of her forty-five or fifty years, I observed a slender, swarthy, bright-eyed little girl, in short skirts, who ran into the room and chirped at her mother, and ran out of it, caroling as she went through the passage-way, and then ran in and out again in the same fashion, until the middle-aged prima donna with whom I was talking called out, rather sharply:



ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

"*Adelina, tacete! e venite a me, o andate via.*"

The child chose to come, but soon she left her mother's side for mine, and then, with the freedom of Italian childhood, she who was to be the "*diva Patti*" of the present day half sat upon my knee, swinging one little red-stockinged leg as she glanced from her mother's face to mine. I asked Madame Barili-Patti if her little daughter promised to be a singer like her sisters and her mother, to which she replied: "*Lo spero; lo credo.*" And then, "*Canta uno poco, Adelina, per il signore*"; and she suggested something, whereupon the girl, without leaving her perch, sang, like a bird, a little Italian air that I did not know, and soon ran away on some childish errand. I did not see her again before she made her appearance, on the 24th of November, 1858, as *Lucia*—of course, Donizetti's *Lucia*.

Meantime she had been taught by Maurice Strakosch, who had married her eldest sister, and I suppose by her half-brother, too, Antonio Barili, an excellent master, who "formed" many of the best amateurs in New York. But to be with her mother must have been "a liberal education" in music; and the examples before her night and day, the very atmosphere she breathed, tended to foster her musical talents. All that she had to furnish was voice, intelligence, and practice. Her *début*, it need hardly be recorded, was a very remarkable performance considering her age;—she was then but sixteen years old. Her voice was a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great skill and taste. Still, she was not even in vocalization a prima donna; moreover, her voice lacked amplitude, richness, power, and her manner, although not awkward or constrained, was that of a very young girl. But her capabilities were at once recognized by her audiences, and her future was foretold by her critics, although, at that time, musical criticism in New York was fallen very much below the point at which it stood five years before, and that to which it has risen since. The attention of American newspaper-readers was concentrated upon other topics. John Brown had just been hanged. The mutterings of the great civil war in the not remote distance were of more interest than the chanting of heavenly cherubs would have been. Of Adelina it was remarked, however, that she was "one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon, to revive not only the hopes of managers but the enthusiasm of the public." This was im-



MINNIE HAUK.

mediately upon her singing *Lucia* and *Amina* for the first time, after which she went on from triumph to triumph.

Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to express my doubts of her claims to the position of a great prima donna. She is the best of her time; but her time is barren of great singers. There is, for example, not one great contralto, or one great tenor, or one great baritone now before the world—not one whom even managers, with all their pretensions and all their needs, will venture to call great. What is it to be the greatest in a day of such dearth? The boy was next to head in his class; but, as it proved, the class consisted of him and a little girl. That Adelina Patti sings with perfect method, the highest finish, and in unexceptionable taste, is not to be disputed. What, then, does she lack to be a great prima donna? Two things of the very first importance—a great voice and a rich, impassioned nature. Adelina Patti, like her sisters, is the daughter, musically, of her father, not of her mother. Signor Patti was a respectable tenor singer, with a smooth, soft, piping voice, a correct style of singing, and very good stage manner. He was so plump, so like a middle-aged belle advanced into *embonpoint*, and in voice and person so generally suggestive of pinguidity, that when I laughingly called him *Patti de foie gras*, the name stuck to him for a long time. Now, this man was not only Adelina Patti's father, but her musical begetter. Neither she nor either of her sisters has a first-rate voice. Hers is much the best, but it lacks largeness, power, nobility, sympathy. Nor is her style the grand style. Her method is perfect, almost beyond criticism; she is brilliant, she is exquisitely delicate in finish; but she is little. It may be said of her, as Pasta said of Sontag: She is the best of her school, but her school is not the best. As I write now, I have not heard Adelina Patti since she made her great European success; and I therefore may have to modify my opinion hereafter.* But of this I have not a very troubling apprehension. Her qualities are too essential, too inherent, to be changed by time and culture. The Adelina Patti who sang

* These articles were written in the summer of 1881.

in New York in 1859 and 1860 was not to be made into a great prima donna by being raised to the hundredth power. For that she needed a new voice and a new nature, physical and mental.

The year 1860 was distinguished by the operatic *début* of the most distinguished artist that any one of the United States has yet given to the lyric stage. In the autumn of that year Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, a New York girl, whose vocal gifts and musical intelligence had been discovered and cultivated through the encouragement of New York friends, appeared at the Academy of Music as *Gilda* in Verdi's "Rigoletto." I was present on the occasion, and I confess that the impression that I received was not one that led me to look forward to the success that, in the course of a few years, the fair young *débutante* achieved. Her chief deficiency seemed to be in strength—strength of voice, strength of body, strength of emotional expression. And on all these points she not only was, but still remains, somewhat lacking. Nor was her vocalization better than tolerable. But on two other points she was amply furnished: she had strength of character and strength of will. She persevered. Her voice grew stronger by exercise, as also did her body; she improved herself very much in her singing, and although she never became an effective dramatic vocalist, she had the power of revealing dramatic conceptions of great delicacy, purity, and sweetness. This she showed first in the *Margherita* of Gounod's "Faust," which still remains her finest impersonation. It was in 1864, and as she was soon succeeded in this opera by two distinguished European prima donnas Nilsson and Lucca, it may be well to remark here upon all the three comparatively.

Miss Kellogg's voice is a high soprano, very clear, very pure, very fine, close and firm in quality, and capable of the most exquisitely delicate and tender inflections. Her intonation is remarkably correct. Her dramatic power is suited to her voice; and all that she does is marked by a fine and pure intelligence which has a certain sweet homeliness in its mode of manifestation. Hence her performance of *Margherita*—toward her conception of which she had no help nor even any model—was ideal, and purely poetical in its character. It had no marked individuality, and very little local color; but it was feminine, lovely, tender, and above all, pure. There was a simplicity about it, too, that gave it character—such character as the tint and the perfume of the lilac shows among roses and lilies. I remember one striking exhibition of the delicacy and discipline of Miss Kellogg's vocal powers, my telling of which I hope that she will pardon. I was sitting by her side at a private theatrical performance at Mr. Jerome's private theater, and between the acts I spoke to her of the "Faust," and of the beautiful music of the garden scene. "What, this?" she said, smiling. And, as I bent my head toward her, she, smiling still, sang into my ear, in a voice which, amid the buzzing of tongues around us, was unheard except by me, the greater part of that enchanting passage, and sang it with what seemed to me all the expression which she gave to it in full voice upon the stage. I was delighted, of course, and much flattered by her frank kindness; but I was also astonished, for it was a remarkable feat of vocalization. She has probably forgotten this; but I shall never forget it; nor how I then felt a sort of conviction of sin in that I had greeted her so coldly when she made her *début* four years before. But what may not four years of hard work do for a vocalist who has the capacity of improvement?

Mlle. Nilsson was a prima donna of richer vocal endowment and higher academic training. She came here puffed as a second Jenny Lind; but she was nothing of the sort. She was, however, a very gifted and highly finished vocalist of the second rank, standing in its fore front. She, too, had a high soprano voice, but it had a very considerable breadth, and a strength of vibration which was almost like that of a clarinet. The tone of it was singularly firm. Her singing was never either very astonishing or very touching, but it was always correct in expression, always in good taste. So with her performances dramatically: they always pleased, if they did not satisfy, the most exacting taste, and never offended the most fastidious. Her *Margherita* had more character than Miss Kellogg's. She was more a creature of flesh and blood, but not so tender, not so ideal, not so expressive of that moral *aura* of the character which Goethe himself suggests but fails to express. Mlle. Nilsson's finest performance—that which showed her powers at their highest and her finish at its greatest—was that of *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," which was produced at the Academy of Music on her second visit to New York. Her conception of this character was notable for its elevation, and her performance of it, both vocal and dramatic, for sustained power. Mlle. Nilsson had a fine, intelligent Norse face, well suited to such parts as *Margherita* and *Elsa*, but not so to the strongly emotioned heroines of most of the modern operas. In "Lohengrin" she was ably seconded by Signor Campanini, a tenor who was the best of his time, and who,



ETELKA GERSTER.

for several seasons, was a great favorite in New York, notwithstanding a voice which seemed, with all its strength, to be very much worn, and never to have been rich or sympathetic in quality. He was, however,—I should rather say he is,—a fine dramatic singer, and deserves the favor in which he is held; for he is now the great tenor of the present generation of opera-goers.

Pauline Lucca was as unlike Miss Kellogg as one singing woman can be unlike another —unlike in person, unlike in voice, unlike in manner, unlike in character; or, rather, as unlikeness may exist among those of the same sort, I should say opposed—totally and absolutely opposed—to Miss Kellogg on all these points. She was a strong, not to say a coarse, peasant woman, whose inherent rudeness of fiber was softened and enriched by a warmly emotional nature, and by something that Miss Kellogg and Mlle. Nilsson both lacked entirely—humor. Her voice was large and luscious, and full of warmth; but it was altogether lacking in the capability of expressing elevation of feeling or serenity. Her performance of the saucy *Cherubino* was charming, although even here we might have welcomed a little more refinement. Her *Margherita* was as real as Miss Kellogg's was ideal. She was merely a strong-bodied, simple-minded, warm-hearted peasant girl, who had fallen desperately in love with a handsome fellow who captivated her eye, stirred her emotional nature, and flattered her vanity by sending her fine presents. It would have been impossible to have more local color and less of poetic feeling and of sentiment in Lucca's presentation of Goethe's heroine. Her singing was of a piece with her acting. It was of the flesh, fleshly.

In the autumn of 1865—perhaps earlier, but I find no other record—Mlle. Parepa

came before the New York public in the concert-room, and was received with joyous acclamation; for she was a joyous woman. An ample dame, copious of voice and of person; standing truly somewhat tun-wise upon the stage, yet brightly handsome withal, and tightly girt with elegantest hooping of silk and satin. She soon sang in opera, in which her conductor was always a young violinist named Carl Rosa, much to her pleasing, as the end showed, as well as to the public's. She had voice and vocal skill to delight her audiences, although she offered them nothing new or great, nor taught them anything. Singing and smiling with a certain sumptuousness, she was always received as if she brought more than she really had to give. After a year or two, she kindly took Carl Rosa to husband; and after three or four years more she went with him to Europe, where she lived not long. She left such a feeling behind her, that her admirers would have mourned less a greater artist.

Miss Kellogg is the only prima donna of celebrity that may be properly called "American"; and if to her we add those excellent and popular contraltos Miss Phillips and Miss Cary, we have fairly summed up the contribution of the United States to the higher department of vocal art. But Canada has given the world one prima donna who, making her operatic *début* in New York, rose rapidly afterward in Europe to a position second only to that of Adelina Patti. She made her first appearance at the Academy of Music, in December, 1874, quite unknown and unheard of; and here follows a critical sketch of her written at the time:

"She stands behind the foot-lights, smiling and courtesying, so living an embodiment of her real name, La Jeunesse, that it seems a pity that she should have changed it for the Italianized form of the name of the place, Albany, where she happened to be born. Under any name, however, this last-born daughter of song is welcome. Not a great prima donna, she is a very charming singer; not an actress of remarkable powers, she is yet a very pleasing one; not a beauty, she has yet an exceedingly attractive and captivating person—one that brings up an old word that our grandfathers used when they spoke of our grandmothers before they married them—engaging. She glides across the stage, her dark blue eyes swimming in liquid light, and her full, alluring lips and white, shapely throat promise just the delicious tones that issue from them. Her voice is clear, sound, and pure, and is delivered with a freedom that is rare in a singer born on this side of the Atlantic, or, it may be said, on this side of the British Channel. Inferior singers, badly taught or unteachable, have almost always some awkwardness in the action of the throat or the lips that half chokes or distorts the sound—gives an impression of conscious effort in its utterance and mars pure musical vibration. Nilsson, with all her finish of vocalization, was not wholly without this; Albani has none of it, but is in this respect as unimpeachable as Jenny Lind or even Alboni. In quality, her voice is like a sweet A clarionet above the *chalumeau*—clear, vibrating, smooth, and of an evenness rare and admirable. So fitted by nature were its registers to blend, and so well has she been trained, that it seems as if they were but one. From the lowest note to the top of her compass there is but one quality, one even, unbroken gradation of delicious sound. She is in the first bloom of her youth, and consequently in the fullness of her inexperience. Should she continue to study as she has begun, and keep her health, she will be a better singer five years hence than she has yet become. Even now, the delicacy of her musical articulation is admirable; and her style, that is her musical elocution, is both graceful and impressive. More elegant phrasing, or so good, we have not had here for a long time. This charming, but not very moving, style suits perfectly well with her voice, which flows as clear, as equal, as fresh and bright as a running spring, and almost as cold—no, not cold, but cool, and without a tear-drop in it. Yet she is not impassive on the stage, but seems to express the feelings of a very sensitive nature; and she makes love divinely.

"If I were to assign Albani a place among singers, I should rate her, as a mere vocalist, in the middle of the second rank, with the capability of taking a foremost place in that rank. First-rate, of course, she can never become, for she has not a first-rate voice."

This was the opinion passed upon Mlle. Albani on her first appearance in New York. She has since then reached the high position which was expected for her, and, although not a great artist, is one of the few who are recognized as the notable singers of the world.

In the autumn of 1878, the Academy season was opened with much flourish of trumpets by Mr. Mapleson, who announced a double company from "Her Majesty's Theater." And, although the performance did not come quite up to promise, the stage and the orchestra were well filled by artists of ability. Signor Arditi, most skillful and painstaking of conductors, wielded the baton, and there was a rich variety in the programmes. The season was chiefly remarkable for the production of Bizet's opera, "Carmen," for the return of Miss Minnie Hauk to New York, and for the first appearance here of Madame Gerster. Miss Hauk, a young German girl, born in New York, had, after receiving much encouragement in her native place, gone to Europe to study. She studied to advantage, appeared there in opera with very considerable applause, and returned to the public which she had left merely a gifted but imperfectly taught girl, in the fullness of her powers, to achieve her first great success. She opened the season as *Violetta* in "La Traviata," but the delicacy of the character was not suited to her strong and highly characteristic style. Her performance of *Carmen*, however, soon displayed her peculiar qualities to the great delight of her audiences. The music of this opera is not of a high order, but it has a character of its own—a rhythm and a swing

which, although undeniably vulgar, are captivating, for a time at least, to the general ear. *Carmen* herself is an insufferable creature; and yet as she is represented by Minnie Hauk we follow her actions with interest, and even mourn the death that she deserves. Miss Hauk took this character to herself; she seemed to have been born to play it. In America and in Europe there was but one *Carmen*. Miss Hauk's success was rather that of an actress than that even of a dramatic vocalist.

Madame Gerster made her first appearance at the Academy on the 11th of November, 1878, as *Amina*. She had been much "puffed" in Europe, and, on the other hand, her eminence as a vocalist had been stoutly disputed by critics of acknowledged good judgment. Much interest and unusual curiosity was manifested in her New York *début*. She had not sung many bars of "*Come per me sereno*" before she showed that she was a vocalist of no mean powers. Her voice was—we may rather say is—a true soprano, which, if not remarkably brilliant, sympathetic, or powerful, has a bewildering flexibility well suited to arouse popular musical enthusiasm; and her vocalization is of a corresponding character. She triumphs over difficulties with great ease. In the midst of a passage of no remarkable interest, she will suddenly dazzle the musical perceptions of her audience by some dextrous feat of vocalization, which astonishes and pleases quite as much by the perfect ease and careless certainty with which it is accomplished as by its intrinsic beauty, or even its difficulty. Her special excellence is an exquisitely delicate and sharply brilliant *staccato* in the upper register of her voice. She will suddenly rise an octave, and almost an octave above the staff, and touch a note with exquisite lightness and certainty; or she will dot the air with brilliant points of sound, flinging them out like stars from a bursting rocket. It is rather in such bewildering feats of vocalization than in a pure and sustained cantabile that she shines. She had a very great popular success as *Amina*, as *Lucia*, as *Elvira* ("I Puritani"), and also as the *Queen of Night* in "Die Zauberflöte." She was not an actress; she had not an impressive manner; she was as awkward as a clothes-horse: she was simply a vocalist of wonderful capacity and skill. She is the last prima donna and the last artist of distinction that has appeared on the New York operatic boards; and upon her success we drop our curtain.

Richard Grant White.

IN THE HAUNTS OF BREAM AND BASS.

I.

DREAMS come true and everything
Is fresh and lusty in the spring.

In groves, that smell like ambergris,
Wind-songs, bird-songs never cease.

Go with me down by the stream,
Haunt of bass and purple bream;

Feel the pleasure, keen and sweet,
When the cool waves lap your feet;

Catch the breath of moss and mold,
Hear the grosbeak's whistle bold;

See the heron all alone
Mid-stream on a slippery stone,

Or, on some decaying log,
Spearing snail or water-frog,

Whilst the sprawling turtles swim
In the eddies cool and dim!

II.

The busy nuthatch climbs his tree,
Around the great bole spirally,

Peeping into wrinkles gray,
Under ruffled lichens gay,

Lazily piping one sharp note
From his silver-mailéd throat,

And down the wind the catbird's song
A slender medley trails along.

Here a grackle chirping low,
There a crested vireo;

Every tongue of Nature sings,
The air is palpitant with wings!

Halcyon prophesies come to pass
In the haunts of bream and bass.

III.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream.

Now I cast my silken line;
See the gay lure spin and shine—

While, with delicate touch, I feel
The gentle pulses of the reel.

Halcyon laughs and cuckoo cries,
Through its leaves the plane-tree sighs.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Here a glow and there a gleam,

Coolness all about me creeping,
Fragrance all my senses steeping,

Spicewood, sweetgum, sassafras,
Calamus and water-grass,

Giving up their pungent smells
Drawn from Nature's secret wells;

On the cool breath of the morn
Fragrance of the cockspur thorn.

IV.

I see the morning-glory's curl,
The curious star-flower's pointed whorl.

Hear the woodpecker, rap-a-tap!
See him with his cardinal's cap!

And the querulous, leering jay,
How he clamors for a fray!

Patiently I draw and cast,
Keenly expectant, till, at last,

Comes a flash, down in the stream,
Never made by perch or bream,

Then a mighty weight I feel,
Sings the line and whirs the reel!

V.

Out of a giant tulip-tree,
A great gay blossom falls on me;

Old gold and fire its petals are,
It flashes like a falling star.

A big blue heron flying by
Looks at me with a greedy eye.

I see a stripéd squirrel shoot
Into a hollow maple-root;

A bumble-bee, with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,

Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream!

A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly,

One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure!

Sunshine arrows, swift and keen,
Pierce the maple's helmet green.

VI.

I follow where my victim leads,
Through tangles of rank water-weeds,

O'er stone and root and knotty log,
And faithless bits of reedy bog.

I wonder will he ever stop?
The reel hums like a humming top!

A thin sandpiper, wild with fright,
Goes into ecstasies of flight,

Whilst I, all flushed and breathless, tear
Through lady-fern and maiden's-hair,

And in my straining fingers feel
The throbbing of the rod and reel!

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream!

VII.

At last he tires, I reel him in;
I see the glint of scale and fin.

I lower rod—I shorten line
And safely land him; he is mine!

The belted halcyon laughs, the wren
Comes twittering from its brushy den,

The turtle sprawls upon his log,
I hear the booming of a frog.

Liquidamber's keen perfume,
Sweet-punk, calamus, tulip-bloom,

Glimpses of a cloudless sky
Soothe me as I resting lie.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream.

Maurice Thompson.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM that day until they separated, there was no change in her. It was scarcely two weeks before their paths diverged again; but in looking back upon it afterward, it always seemed to Tredennis that some vaguely extended length of time must have elapsed between the night when he dismounted at the gate in the moonlight, and the morning when he turned to look his last at Bertha, standing in the sun. Each morning when she gave him his breakfast in the old-fashioned room, and he watched her as she moved about, or poured out his coffee, or talked to Meg and Jack, who breakfasted with them; each afternoon when Janey was brought down to lie on the sofa, and she sat beside her singing pretty, foolish songs to her, and telling her stories; each evening when the child fell asleep in her arms, as she sang; each brief hour, later on, when the air had cooled, and she went out to sit on the porch, or walk under the trees,—seemed an experience of indefinite length, not to be marked by hours, nor by sunrise and sunset, but by emotions. Her gentle interest in his comfort continued just what it had been the first day he had been so moved by it, and his care for her she accepted with a gratitude which might have been sweet to any man. Having long since established his rank in Janey's affections, it was easy for him to make himself useful in his masculine fashion. During her convalescence his strong arms became the child's favorite resting-place; when she was tired of her couch he could carry her up and down the room without wearying; she liked his long, steady strides and the sound of his deep voice, and his unconscious air of command disposed of many a difficulty. When Bertha herself was the nurse he watched her faithfully, and when he saw in her any signs of fatigue, he took her place at once, and, from the first, she made no protest against his quietly persistent determination to lighten her burdens. Perhaps, through the fact that they were so lightened, or through her relief from her previous anxiety, she seemed to grow stronger as the child did. Her color became brighter and steadier, and her look of lassitude and weariness left her. One morning having been beguiled out of doors by Jack and Meg, Tredennis heard her laugh in a tone that made him rise from his chair by Janey, and go to the open window.

He reached it just in time to see her run like a deer, across the sun-dappled grass after a bright ball Meg had thrown to her, with an infantile aimlessness, which precluded all possibility of its being caught. She made a graceful dart at it, picked it up, and came back under the trees, tossing it in the air, and catching it again with a deft turn of hand and wrist. She was flushed with the exercise, and, for the moment, almost radiant; she held her dress closely about her figure, her face was upturned and her eyes were uplifted, and she was as unconscious as Meg herself.

When she saw him, she threw the ball to the children, and came forward to the window.

"Does Janey want me?" she asked.

"No. She is asleep."

"Do you want me?"

"I want to see you go on with your game."

"It is not my game," she answered, smiling. "It is Jack's and Meg's. Suppose you come and join them. It will fill them with rapture, and I shall like to look on."

When he came out she sat down under a tree leaning against the trunk, and watched him, her eyes following the swift flight of the ball high into the blue above them, as he flung it upward among the delighted clamor of the children. He had always excelled in sports and feats of strength, and in this simple feat of throwing the ball, his physical force and grace displayed themselves to decided advantage. The ball went up, as an arrow flies from the bow, hurtling through the air, until it was little more than a black speck to the eye. When it came back to earth he picked it up and threw it again, and each time it seemed to reach a greater height than the last.

"That is very fine," she said. "I like to see you do it."

"Why?" he asked, pausing.

"I like the force you put into it," she answered. "It scarcely seems like play."

"I did not know that," he said; "but I

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am afraid I am always in earnest. That is my misfortune."

"It is a great misfortune," she said. "Don't be in earnest," with a gesture as if she would sweep the suggestion away with her hand. "Go on with your game. Let us be like children, and play. Our holiday will be over soon enough, and we shall have to return to Washington and effete civilization."

"Is it a holiday?" he asked her.

"Yes," she answered. "Now that Janey is getting better, I am deliberately taking a holiday. Nothing rests me so much as forgetting things."

"Are you forgetting things?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, looking away, "everything."

Then the children demanded his attention, and he returned to his ball-throwing.

If she was taking a holiday with deliberate intention, she did it well. In a few days Janey was well enough to be carried out and laid on one of the two hammocks swung beneath the trees, and then far the greater part of the day was spent in the open air. To Tredennis it seemed that Bertha made the most of every hour, whether she swung in her hammock with her face upturned to the trees, or sat reading, or talking as she worked with the decorous little basket, at which she had jeered, upon her knee.

He was often reminded in these days, of what the Professor had said of her tenderness for her children. It revealed itself in a hundred trifling ways, in her touch, in her voice, in her almost unconscious habit of caring for them, and more than all, in a certain pretty inconvenient fashion they had of getting close to her, and clinging about her, at all sorts of inopportune moments. Once when she had run to comfort Meg who had fallen down, and had come back to the hammock, carrying her in her arms, he was betrayed into speaking:

"I did not think ——," he began, and then he checked himself guiltily.

"You did not think?" she repeated.

He began to recognize his indiscretion.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I was going to make a blunder."

She sat down in the hammock with the child in her arms.

"You were going to say that you did not think I cared so much for my children," she said gently. "Do you suppose I did not know that? Well, perhaps it was not a blunder. Perhaps it is only one of my pretenses."

"Don't speak like that," he implored.

The next instant he saw that tears had risen in her eyes.

"No," she said. "I will not. Why should I? It is not true. I love them very much. However bad you are, I think you must love your children. Of course, my saying that I loved them might go for nothing; but don't you see," she went on with a pathetic thrill in her voice, "that they love *me?* They would not love me, if I did not care for them."

"I know that," he returned remorsefully. "It was only one of my blunders, as I said. But you have so bewildered me sometimes. When I first returned, I could not understand you. It was as if I found myself face to face with a creature I had never seen before."

"You did," she said. "That was it. Perhaps I never was the creature you fancied me."

"Don't say that," he replied. "Since I have been here, I have seen you as I used to dream of you, when I sat by the fire in my quarters in the long winter nights."

"Did you ever think of me like that?" she said slowly, and with surprise in her face.

He had not thought of what he was revealing, and he did not think of it now.

"I never forgot you," he said. "Never."

"It seems very strange—to hear that now," she said. "I never dreamed of your thinking of me—afterwards. You seemed to take so little notice of me."

"It is my good fortune," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "that I never *seem* to take notice of anything."

"I suppose," she went on, "that you remembered me because you were lonely at first, and there was no one else to think of."

"Perhaps that was it," he answered.

"After all," she said, "it was natural—only I never thought——"

"It was as natural that you should forget, as that I should remember," he said.

Her face had been slightly averted, and she turned it toward him.

"But I did not forget," she said.

"You did not?"

"No. At first, it is true, I scarcely seemed to have time for anything, but to be happy and enjoy the days, as they went by. Oh! what bright days they were, and how far away they seem! Perhaps, if I had known that they would come to an end really, I might have tried to make them pass more slowly."

"They went slowly for me," he said. "I was glad when they were over."

"Were you so very lonely?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Would it have pleased you, if I had written to you when papa did?"

"Did you ever think of doing it?" he asked.

The expression dawning in her eyes was a

curious one—there was a suggestion of dread in it.

"Once," she replied. "I began a letter to you. It was on a dull day, when I was restless and unhappy for the first time in my life. And suddenly I thought of you, and I felt as if I should like to speak to you again. And I began the letter."

"But, you did not finish it."

"No. I only wrote a few lines, and then stopped. I said to myself that it was not likely that you had remembered me in the way I had remembered you, so I laid my letter aside. I saw it only a few days ago among some old papers in my trunk."

"You have it yet?"

"I did not know that I had it, until I saw it the other day. It seems strange that it should have lain hidden all these years, and then have come to light. I laid it away thinking I might find courage to finish it sometime. There are only a few lines,—but they prove that my memory was not so bad as you thought."

He had been lying on the grass a few feet away from her. As she talked he had looked not at her, but at the bits of blue sky showing through the interlacing greenness of the trees above him. Now, he suddenly half rose and leaned upon his elbow.

"Will you give it to me?" he said.

"Do you want it? It is only a yellow scrap of paper."

"I think it belongs to me," he said. "I have a right to it."

She got up without a word and went toward the house, leading Meg by the hand. Tredennis watched her retreating figure in silence, until she went in at the door. His face set, and his lips pressed together, then he flung himself backward and lay at full length again, seeing only the bright green of the leaves, and the bits of intense blue between. It was well that he was alone. His sense of impotent anguish was more than he had strength to bear, and it wrung a cry from him.

"My God!" he said. "My God!" He was still lying so when Bertha returned. She had not been away many minutes, and she came back alone with the unfinished letter in her hand.

He took it from her without comment, and looked at it. The faint odor of heliotrope he knew so well, floated up to him as he bent over the paper. As she had said, there were only a few lines, and she had evidently been dissatisfied with these, and irresolute about them, for several words were erased as if with girlish impatience. At the head of the page was written first: *Dear Philip*, and then *Dear Captain Tredennis*, and there were two or three different opening sentences. As he read each one through the erasures, he thought he understood the innocent unconscious appeal in it, and he seemed to see the girl-face bending above it changing from eagerness to uncertainty, and from uncertainty to the timidity which had made her despair.

"I wish you had finished it," he said.

"I wish I had," she answered, and then she added vaguely,—"if it would have pleased you."

He folded it, and put it in his breast pocket and laid down once more, and it was not referred to again.

It seemed to Tredennis at least, that there never before had been such a day as the one which followed. After a night of rain the intense heat subsided, leaving freshness of verdure, skies of the deepest, clearest blue, and a balmy, luxurious sweetness in the air, deliciously pungent with the odors of cedar and pine.

When he came down in the morning, and entered the breakfast room, he found it empty. The sunlight streamed through the lattice work of vines, and the cloth was laid, with the pretty blue cups and saucers in waiting; but Bertha was not there, and fancying she had risen later than usual, he went out into the open air.

The next morning he was to return to Washington. There was no absolute need of his remaining longer. The child had so far recovered that, at the doctor's suggestion, in a few days she was to be removed to the sea-side. Nevertheless, it had cost him a struggle to arrive at his decision, and it had required resolution to announce it to Bertha. It would have been far easier to let the days slip by as they would, and when he told her of his intended departure, and she received the news with little more than a few words of regret at it, and gratitude for the services he had rendered, he felt it rather hard to bear.

"If it had been Arbuthnot," he thought, "she would not have borne it so calmly." And then he reproached himself bitterly for his inconsistency.

"Did I come here to make her regret me, when I left her?" he said. "What a fool a man can make of himself, if he gives way to his folly."

As he descended the steps of the porch he saw her, and he had scarcely caught sight of her before she turned and came toward him. He recognized at once that she had made a change in her dress, that it was no longer such as she had worn while in attendance upon Janey, and that it had a delicate holiday air about it, notwithstanding its simplicity.

"Was there ever such a day before?" she said as she came to him.

"I thought not, as I looked out of my window," he replied.

"It is your last," she said. "And I should like you to remember it as being pleasanter than all the rest, though," she added thoughtfully, "the rest have been pleasant."

Then she looked up at him, with a smile. "Do you see my gala attire?" she said. "It was Janey who suggested it. She thinks I have not been doing myself justice, since you have been here.

"That," he said, regarding her seriously, "is a very beautiful gown, but—" with an entirely respectful sense of inadequacy of expression—"you always wear beautiful gowns, I believe."

"Did Mr. Arbuthnot tell you so?" she said—"or was it Miss Jessup?"

They breakfasted together in the sunny room and after breakfast they rambled out together. It was she who led, and he who followed, with a curious dreamy pleasure in all he did, and in every beauty around him, even in the unreal passiveness of his very mood itself. He had never been so keenly conscious of things before, everything impressed itself upon him, the blue of the sky, the indolent sway of the leaves, the warmth of the air, and the sweet odors in it, the broken song of the birds, the very sound of Bertha's light tread as they walked.

"I am going to give the day to you," she had said. "And you shall see the children's favorite camping-ground on the hill. Before Janey was ill, we used to go there almost every day."

Behind the house was a wood-covered hill, and half way up was the favored spot. It was a sort of bower formed by the clambering of a great vine from one tree to another, making a canopy, under which, through a break in the trees, could be seen the most perfect view of the country below, and the bend of the river. The ground was carpeted with moss, and there was a moss-covered rock to lean against, which was still ornamented with the acorn cups and saucers with which the children had entertained their family of dolls on their last visit.

"See," said Bertha, taking one of them up when she sat down. "When we were here last, we had a tea-party, and it was poor Janey's headache which brought it to a close. At the height of the festivities, she laid down her best doll, and came to me to cry, and we were obliged to carry her home."

"Poor child," said Tredennis. He saw only her face upturned under the shadow of the white hat,—a pretty hat with small, soft downy plumes upon it, and a general air of belonging to the great world.

"Sit down," said Bertha, "or you may lie down, if you like, and look at the river, and not speak to me at all." He lay down, stretching his great length upon the soft moss, and clasping his hands beneath his head. Bertha clasped her hands about her knee and leaned slightly forward, looking at the view as if she had never seen it before.

"Is this a dream?" Tredennis said languidly, at last. "I think it must be."

"Yes," she answered, "that is why the air is so warm and fragrant, and the sky so blue, and the scent of the pines so delicious. It is all different when one is awake. That is why I am making the most of every second and am determined to enjoy it to the very utmost."

"That is what I am doing," he said.

"It is not a good plan, as a rule," she began, and then checked herself. "No," she said, "I wont say that. It is a worldly and Washingtonian sentiment. I will save it until next winter."

"Don't save it at all," he said, "it is an unnatural sentiment. It isn't true, and you do not really believe it."

"It is safer," she said.

He lay still a moment, looking down the hillside through the trees at the broad sweep of the river bend and the purple hills beyond.

"Bertha," he said, at last; "sometimes I hate the man who has taught you all this."

She plucked at the red-tipped moss at her side for a second or so before she replied, but she showed no surprise or hurry when she spoke.

"Laurence Arbuthnot!" she said. "Sometimes I hate him, too, but it is only for a moment—when he tells me the simple, deadly truth, and I know it is the truth, and wish I did not."

She threw the little handful of moss down the hill as if she threw something away with it.

"But this is not being happy," she said. "Let us be happy. I *will* be happy. Janey is better, and all my anxiety is over, and it is such a lovely day, and I have put on my favorite gown to celebrate it in. Look at the color of the hills over there—listen to those doves in the pines. How warm and soft the wind is, and how the scent of my carnations fills the air! Ah! what a bright world it is after all."

She broke into singing softly, and half under breath, a snatch of a gay little song. Tredennis had never heard her sing it before, and thought it wonderfully sweet. But she sang no

more than a line or two, and then turned to him with a smile in her eyes.

"Now," she said, "it is your turn. Talk to me. Tell me about your life in the West—tell me all you did the first year, and begin—begin just where you left me, the night you bade me good-bye at the carriage door."

"I am afraid it would not be a very interesting story," he said.

"It would interest me," she answered. "There are camp fires in it, and scalps, and Indians, and probably war-paths." And, her voice falling a little, "I want to discover why it was that you always seemed to be so much alone,—and sat and thought in that dreary way by the fire in your quarters. It seems to me that you have been a great deal alone."

"I have been a great deal alone," he said, "that is true."

"It must have been so even when you were a child," she went on. "I heard you tell Janey once that, when you were her age you belonged to no one. I don't like to think of that. It touches the maternal side of me. It makes me think of Jack. Suppose Jack belonged to no one, and you were not so old as Jack. I wonder if you were at all like him, and how you looked. I wish there was a picture of you, I could see."

He had never regarded himself as an object likely to interest in any degree, and had lost many of the consolations and excitements of the more personal kind thereby, and to find that she had even given a sympathetic thought to the far-away childhood whose desolateness he himself had never quite analyzed, at once touched and bewildered him.

"I have not been without friends," he said, "but I am sure no one ever gave much special thought to me. Perhaps it is because men are scarcely likely to give such thought to men, and I have not known women. My parents died before I was a year old, and I don't think any one was ever particularly fond of me. People did not dislike me, but they passed me over. I never wondered at it, but I saw it. I knew there was something a little wrong with me, but I could not understand what it was. I know now: I was silent, and could not express what I thought and felt."

"Oh!" she cried, "and was there no one to help you?"

There was no thought of him as a full-grown person in the exclamation, it was a womanish outcry for the child, whose desolate childhood seemed for the moment to be an existence which had never ended.

"I know about children," she said, "and what suffering there is for them if they are left alone. They can say so little, and we can say so much. Haven't I seen them try to explain things when they were at a disadvantage and overpowered by the sheer strength of some full-grown creature; haven't I seen them make their impotent little struggle for words and fail, and look up with their helpless eyes and see the uselessness of it, and break down into their poor little shrieks of wrath and grief. The happiest of them go through it sometimes, and those who are left alone —— Why didn't some woman see and understand; some woman ought to have seen and cared for you."

Tredennis found himself absorbed in contemplation of her. He was not sure that there were not tears in her eyes, and yet he could hardly believe it possible.

"That is all true," he said, "you understand it better than I did. I understood the feeling no better than I understood the reason for it."

"I understand it because I have children," she answered. "And because I have watched them and loved them, and would give my heart's blood for them. To have children makes one like a tiger, at times. The passion one can feel through the wrongs of a child is something *awful*. One can feel it for any child—for all children. But for one's own ——"

She ended with a sharply drawn breath. The sudden uncontrollable fierceness which seemed to have made her in a second, in her soft white gown and lace, and her pretty hat with its air of good society—a small, wild creature, whom no law of man could touch, affected him like an electric shock; perhaps the thrill it gave him revealed itself in his look, and she saw it, for she seemed to become conscious of herself and her mood, with a start. She made a quick, uneasy movement and effort to recover herself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a half laugh. "But I couldn't help it. It was —" and she paused a second for reflection, "it was the primeval savage in me." And she turned and clasped her hands about her knee again, resuming her attitude of attention, even while the folds of lace on her bosom were still stirred by her quick breathing.

But though she might resume her attitude, it was not so easy to resume the calmness of her mood. Having been stirred once, it was less difficult to be stirred again. When he began, at last, to tell the story of his life on the frontier, if his vanity had been concerned he would have felt that she made a good listener. But his vanity had nothing to do with his obedience to her wish. He made as plain a story as his material would allow, and also

made persistent, though scarcely successful, efforts to avoid figuring as a hero. He was, indeed, rather abashed to find, on recurring to facts, that he had done so much to bring himself to the front. He even found himself at last taking refuge in the subterfuge of speaking of himself in the third person as "one of the party," when recounting a specially thrilling adventure in which he discovered that he had unblushingly distinguished himself. It was an exciting story of the capture of some white women by the Indians at a critical juncture, when but few men could be spared from the fort, and the fact, that the deadly determination of "one of the party" that no harm should befall them, was not once referred to in words, and only expressed itself in daring and endurance, for which everyone but himself was supposed to be responsible, did not detract from its force. This "one of the party," who seemed to have sworn a silent oath that he would neither eat nor sleep nor rest until he had accomplished his end of rescuing the captives, and who had been upon the track almost as soon as the news had reached the fort, and who had followed it night and day, with his hastily gathered and altogether insufficient little band, and at last had overtaken the captors, and through sheer courage and desperate valor had overpowered them, and brought back their prisoners unharmed—this "one of the party," silent and would-be insignificant, was in spite of himself a figure to stir the blood.

"It was *you* who did that?" she said, when he had finished.

"I was only one of the company," he answered, abashed, "and obeyed orders. Of course a man obeys orders."

CHAPTER XVII.

When he took her hand to assist her to rise he felt it tremble in his own.

"It was not a pleasant story," he said. "I ought not to have told it to you."

They scarcely spoke at all as they descended. He did not understand his own unreasoning happiness. What reason was there for it, after all? If he had argued the matter, he was in the mood to have said that what he gained in the strange sweetness of the flying moments could only hurt himself, and was enough in itself to repay him for any sense of pain and loss which might follow. But he did not argue at all. In Laurence Arbuthnot's place he would scarcely have given himself the latitude he was giving himself now.

"It is safe enough for *me*," was the sharp-edged thought which had cut through all others once or twice. "It is safe enough for *me* to be as happy as I may."

But he forgot this as they went down the hill, side by side. For the time being he only felt, and each glance he turned upon Bertha's downcast face gave him cause to realize what intensity his feelings had reached, and wakened him to that sudden starting of pulse and heart which is almost a pain. When they reached the house Bertha went in search of Janey. She remained with her for about half an hour, and then came out to the hammock with her work-basket. The carnations at her waist were crushed a little, and something of the first freshness of her holiday air was gone. She held a letter in her hand which she had evidently been reading. She had not returned it to its envelope, and it was still half open.

"It is from Richard," she said, after she had taken her seat in the hammock. "It was brought in from the post-office at Lowville about an hour ago."

"From Richard?" he said. "He is coming home, I suppose."

"No," she answered, looking down at the closely written sheets,—"he is not coming yet. He was wise enough not to take a serious view of Janey's case. He is very encouraging, and expresses his usual confidence in my management."

There was nothing like bitterness in her voice, and it struck him that he had never seen so little expression of any kind in her face. She opened the letter and looked over the first page of it.

"He has a great many interesting things to say," she went on; "and he is very enthusiastic."

"About what?" Tredennis asked. She looked up.

"About the Westoria lands," she answered. "He finds all sorts of complications of good fortune connected with them. I don't understand them all by any means. I am not good at business. But it seems as though the persons who own the Westoria lands will be able to command the resources of the entire surrounding country,—if the railroad is carried through: of course it all depends upon the railroad."

"And the railroad," suggested Tredennis, "depends upon——"

"I don't know," she replied. "On several people, I suppose. I wish it depended on me."

"Why?" said Tredennis.

She smiled slightly and rather languidly.

"I should like to feel that anything so important depended on me," she said. "I

should like the sense of power. I am very fond of power."

"I once heard it said that you had a great deal of it," Tredennis said,—"far more than most women."

She smiled again, a trifle less languidly.

"That is Laurence Arbuthnot," she observed. "I always recognize his remarks when I hear them. He did not mean a compliment exactly, either, though it sounds rather like one. He has a theory that I affect people strongly, and he chooses to call that power. But it is too trivial. It is only a matter of pleasing or displeasing, and I am obliged to exert myself. It does not enable me to bestow things, and be a potentate. I think that to be a potentate might console one for a great many things,—and for the lack of a great many. If you can't take, it must distract your attention to be able to give."

"I do not like to hear you speak as if the chief thing to be desired was the ability to distract one's self," Tredennis said.

She paused a second.

"Then," she said, "I will not speak so now. To-day I will do nothing you do not like." Then she added: "As it is your last day, I wish to retrieve myself."

"What have you to retrieve?" he asked.

"Myself," she answered, "as I said."

She spread the letter upon her lap, and gave her attention to it.

"Isn't it rather like Richard," she said, "that when he begins to write, he invariably writes a letter like that? Theoretically he detests correspondence, but when he once begins, his letter always interests him, and even awakens him to a kind of enthusiasm, so that instead of being brief he tells one everything. He has written twelve pages here, and it is all delightful."

"That is a wonderful thing to do," remarked Tredennis, "but it does not surprise me in Richard."

"No," she replied, "Richard can always interest himself; or, rather, he does not interest *himself*,—it is that he is interested without making an effort; that is his strong point."

She replaced the letter in the envelope and laid it in the basket, from which she took a strip of lace-work, beginning to employ herself with it in a manner more suggestive of graceful leisure than of industrious intention. It seemed to accentuate the fact that they had nothing to do but let the day drift by in luxurious idleness.

But Tredennis could not help seeing that for a while the tone of her mood, so to speak, was lowered. And yet, curiously enough, nothing of his own dreamy exaltation died away. The subtle shadow which seemed to have touched her, for a moment, only intensified his feeling of tenderness. In fact, there were few things which would not have so intensified it; his mental condition was one which must advance by steady, silent steps of development to its climax. He was not by nature a reckless man, but he was by no means unconscious that there was something very like recklessness in his humor this last day.

As for the day itself, it also advanced by steady steps to its climax, unfolding its beauties like a perfect flower. The fresh rain-washed morning drifted into a warm, languorous noon, followed by an afternoon so long and golden that it seemed to hold within itself the flower and sun, shade and perfume of a whole summer. Tredennis had never known so long an afternoon, he thought, and yet it was only lengthened by the strange delight each hour brought with it, and was all too short when it was over. It seemed full of minute details, which presented themselves to his mind at the time as discoveries. Bertha worked upon her lace, and he watched her, waiting for the moment when she would look up at him, and then look down again with a quick or slow droop of the lids, which impressed itself upon him as a charm in itself. There was a little ring she wore which made itself a memory to him—a simple turquoise, which set upon the whiteness of her hand like a blue flower. He saw, with a new sense of recognition, every fold and line of her thin, white drapery, the slight, girlish roundness of her figure, the dashes of brightness in the color of her hair, the smallness of the gold thimble on her finger, her grace when she rose or sat down, or rested a little against the red cushions in her hammock, touching the ground now and then with her slender slipper and swaying lightly to and fro.

"Do you know," he said to her once, as he watched her do this,—"do you know," with absorbed hesitation, "that I feel as if—as if I had never really seen you until to-day—until this afternoon. You seem somehow to look different."

"I am not sure," she answered, "that I have ever seen you before—but it is not because you look different."

"Why is it?" he asked, quite ready to relinquish any idea of his own in the pursuit of one of hers.

She looked down a moment.

"To-day," she said, "I don't think you have anything against me."

"You think," he returned, "that I have usually something against you?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you tell me what you think it is?"

"I do not need to tell you," she said. "You know so well—and it would rather hurt me to put it into words."

"Hurt you?" he repeated.

"I should be harder than I am," she returned, "if it had not hurt me to know it myself—though I would not tell you that at any other time than now."

"I dare say I shall repent it to-morrow," she said.

"No," he answered, "you wont repent it. Don't repent it."

He felt the vehemence of his speech too late to check it. When he ended, she was silent, and it was as if suddenly a light veil had fallen upon her face, and he felt that, too, and tried to be calmer.

"No," he repeated, "you must not repent. It is I who must repent that I have given you even a little pain. It is hard on me to know that I have done that."

The afternoon stretched its golden length to a sunset which cast deep, velvet shadows upon the grass and filled the air with an enchanted mellow radiance. Everything took a tinge of gold—the green of the pines and the broad-leaved chestnut trees, the gray and brown of their trunks, the red of the old house, the honeysuckle and Virginia creeper clambering about it, the birds flying homeward to their nests. When the rich clearness and depth of color reached its greatest beauty, Bertha folded her strip of lace and laid it in the little basket.

"We ought simply to sit and watch this," she said. "I don't think we ought even to speak. It will be all over in a few minutes, and we shall never see it again."

"No," said Tredennis, with a sad prescience; "nor anything at all like it."

"Ah!" was Bertha's rejoinder, "to *me* it has always seemed that it is not the best of such hours that one *does* see others like them. I have seen the sun set like this before."

"*I* have not," he said.

As he stood silent in the stillness and glow a faint, rather bitter, smile touched his lips and faded out. He found himself, he fancied, face to face with Laurence Arbuthnot again. He was sharing the sunset with him—there were ten chances against one that he had shared the day with him also.

Bertha sat in the deepening enchanted light with a soft dreamy look. He thought it meant that she remembered something, but he felt that the memory was one to which she yielded herself without reluctance, or that she was happy in it. At last, she lifted her eyes to his, and their expression was very sweet in its entire gentleness and submission to the spell of the moment.

"See!" she said, "the sun has slipped behind the pines already. We have only a few seconds left."

And then even as they looked at the great fire, made brighter by the dark branches through which they saw it—it sank a little lower, and a little lower, and with an expiring flame was gone.

Bertha drew a quick breath, there was a second or so of silence, and then she stirred.

"It is over," she said. "And it has been like watching some one die, only sadder."

She took up the little work-basket and rose from her seat.

"It seems a pity to speak of mundane things," she said, "but I think we must go in to tea."

When the children were taken up-stairs for the night, Bertha went with them. It had been her habit to do this during their sojourn in the country, and naturally Janey had been her special care of late.

"I cannot often do such things, when I am in Washington," she had explained once to Tredennis. "And I really like it as much as they do. It is part of the holiday."

As he sat on the porch in the starlight, Tredennis could hear her voice mingling with the children's. The windows were wide open, she was moving from one room to the other, and two or three times she laughed in answer to some childish speech.

It was one of these laughs which, at last, caused Tredennis to leave his seat and go to the place under the trees where the hammocks were swung, and which was far more the place of general rendezvous than the parlor windows. From this point he could see the corner of the brightly lighted room, near the window where it was Bertha's custom to sit in her low chair, and rock Janey to sleep when she was restless.

She was doing it to-night. He could see the child's head lying on her bosom, and her own bent so that her cheek rested against the bright hair. In a few moments all was quiet, and she began to sing, and as she sang, swaying to and fro, Tredennis looked and listened without stirring.

But though it was gay no longer, he liked to hear her song, and to his mind the moments in which he stood in the odorous dark looking upward at the picture framed by the vine-hung window were among the tenderest of the day. It was his fate to be full of a homely sentiment, which found its pleasure in unsophisticated primary virtues and affections. Any deep passion he might be moved by, would necessarily have its

foundation in such elements. He was slow at the subtle analysis, whose final result is frequently to rob such simplicities of their value. His tendency was to reverence for age, tenderness to womanhood and childhood, faithfulness to all things. There was something boyish and quixotic in his readiness to kindle in defense of any womanly weakness or pain. Nothing he had ever said, or done, had so keenly touched and delighted Professor Herrick, as his fiery denunciation one night of a man who was the hero of a scandalous story. There had been no qualifications of his sweeping assertion that in such cases it must be the man who had earned the right to bear the blame.

"It is *always* the man who is in the wrong," he had cried, flushing fiercely, "coward and devil. It is in the nature of things that he should be. Let him stand at the front and take what follows, if he has ever been a man for an hour?" And the Professor had flushed also—the fainter flush of age, and had given some silent moments to reflection afterwards, as he sat gazing at the fire.

It was these primitive beliefs and sentiments which stirred within him now. He would not have lost one low note of the little song for the world, and he had left his seat only that he might see what he saw now,—her arm about her child, her cheek pressed against its hair.

It was not long before her little burden fell asleep he saw, but she did not rise as soon as this happened. She sat longer, and her song went on, finally dying away into brooding silence, which reigned for some time before she moved.

At length she lifted her face gently. She looked down at the child a few seconds, and slowly changed the position in which she lay, with an indescribably tender and cautious movement. Then she rose, and after standing an instant, holding her in her folding arms, crossed the room and passed out of sight.

Tredennis turned and began mechanically to arrange the cushions in the hammock. He felt sure she would come to-night and talk to him for a little while at least.

It was not very long before he recognized her white figure in the doorway, and went toward it.

"They are all asleep," she said, in a voice whose hushed tone seemed to belong half to the slumber she had left and half to the stillness of the hour.

"Will you come out to the hammock?" he said, "or will you sit here?"

She came forward and descended the steps.

"I will sit in the hammock," she replied. "I like the trees above me."

They went down the path together, and reaching the hammock she took her usual seat among its cushions, and he his upon a rough rustic bench near her.

"I was thinking before you came," he said, "of what you said this afternoon of my having something against you. I wont deny that there has been something in my thoughts of you that often has been miserable, and you were right in saying it was not in them to-day. It has not been in them for several days. What I was thinking just now was that it could never be in them again."

She did not stir.

"Don't you see," he went on, "I can't go back. If there had been nothing but to-day, I could not go back—beyond to-day. It would always be a factor in my arguments about you. I should always say to myself when things seemed to go wrong: 'There was no mistake about that day,—she was real then,' and I should trust you against everything. To-day—and in the other days too—I have seen you as you are, and because of that, I should trust you in spite of everything."

"Oh!" she cried. "Don't trust me too much!" There was anguish in the sound and he recognized it.

"I can't trust you too much," he answered with obstinacy. "No honest human being can trust another honest human being too much."

"Am I an honest human being?" she said.

"I shall believe you one until the end," he returned.

"That is saying a great deal," was her reply.

"Listen," he said. "You know I am not like Arbuthnot and the rest. If I were to try to be like them, I should only fail. But though you have never told me that I could be of any use to you, and you never will, I shall know if the time should come—and I shall wait for it. Have we not all of us, something that belongs to ourselves and not to the world—it may be a pleasure or a pain—it does not matter which?"

"No," she put in, "it does not matter which."

"It does not matter to those on the outside," he went on, "it only matters to us, and I think we all have it to bear. Even I ——"

"What," she said, "you, too?"

"Yes," he answered, "I, too; but it does not matter, if no one is hurt but ourselves."

"There are so many things that 'do not matter,'" she said. "To say that, only means that there is no help."

"That is true," was his reply, "and I did not intend to speak of myself, but of you."

"No," she said, "don't speak of me,—don't speak of me!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I tell you that you are trusting me too much."

"Go on," he said.

She had covered her face with her hands, and held them so for a little while, then she let them fall slowly to her lap.

"If I tell you the truth," she said, "it will not be my fault if you still trust me too much. I don't want it to be my fault. The worst of me is that I am neither bad nor good, and that I cannot live without excitement. I am always changing and trying experiments. When one experiment fails, I try another. They all fail after a while, or I get tired of them."

"Poor child!" he said.

She stirred slightly; one of the flowers fell from her belt upon her lap, and she let it lie there.

"It does not matter," she answered. "All that matters is, that you should know the truth about me—that I am not to be depended upon, and that, above all, you need not be surprised at any change you see in me."

"When we meet again in Washington?" he suggested.

She hesitated a moment and then made her response.

"When we meet again in Washington, or at any time."

"Are you warning me?" he inquired.

"Yes," was her reply, and he recognized that in spite of her effort it was faintly given. "I am warning you."

He looked down at the grass and then at her. The determined squareness of chin, which was one of the chief characteristics of his face, struck her as being more marked than she had ever seen it.

"It is unnecessary," he said. "I wont profit by it."

He rose abruptly from his seat, and there was meaning in the movement, and in his eyes looking down upon her deep and dark in the faint light.

"You cannot change *me*," he said. "And you would have to change me before your warning would carry weight. Change yourself as you like—try as many experiments as you like—you cannot change the last ten days."

Even as the words were uttered, the day was ended for them as they had never once thought of its ending. There fell upon the quiet the sound of horses' feet approaching at a rapid pace and coming to a stop before the gate. The dogs came bounding and baying from the house, and above their deep-mouthed barking a voice made itself heard calling to some one to come out—a voice they both knew.

Tredennis turned toward it with a sharp movement.

"Do you hear that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bertha; and suddenly her manner was calm almost to coldness; "it is Laurence Arbuthnot, and papa is with him. Let us go and meet them."

And in a few seconds they were at the gate and the Professor was explaining their unexpected appearance.

"It is all Mr. Arbuthnot's fault, my dear," he said; "he knew that I wished to see you, and having an idea that I was not strong enough to make the journey alone, he suddenly affected to have business in this vicinity. It was entirely untrue, and I was not in the least deceived, but I humored him, as I begin to find it best to do, and allowed him to bring me to you."

Arbuthnot had dismounted and was fastening his horse to the gate, and he replied by one of the gayest and most discriminatingly pitched of the invaluable laughs.

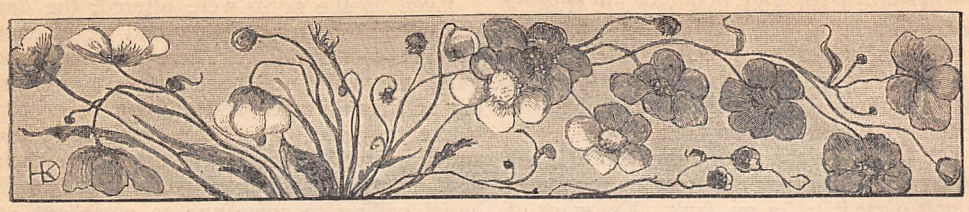
"It is no use," he said; "the Professor does not believe in me. He refuses to recognize in me anything but hollow mockery."

Bertha went to him. There was something hurried in her movement; it was as if she was strangely, almost feverishly, glad to see him. She went to his horse's head and laid her hand on the creature's neck.

"That takes me back to Washington," she said—"to Washington. It was like you to come, and I am glad, but—you should have come a little sooner."

And as she stood there, faintly smiling up at him, her hand was trembling like a leaf.

(To be continued.)



THE BEE-PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

IN TWO PARTS:—I.

WHEN California was wild, it was one sweet bee-garden throughout its entire length, north and south, and all the way across from the snowy sierra to the ocean.

Wherever a bee might fly within the bounds of this virgin wilderness—through the redwood forests, along the banks of the rivers, along the bluffs and headlands fronting the sea, over valley and plain, park and grove, and deep leafy glen, or far up the piney slopes of the mountains—throughout every belt and section of climate, bee-flowers bloomed in lavish abundance. Here they grew more or less apart in special sheets and patches of no great size, there in broad, flowing folds hundreds of miles in length, zones of polleny forests, zones of flowery chaparral, stream-tangles of rubus and wild rose, sheets of golden compositæ, beds of violets, beds of mint, beds of bryanthus and clover, and so on, certain species blooming somewhere around all the year.

But of late years plow and sheep have made sad havoc in these glorious pastures, destroying tens of thousands of the flowery acres like a fire, and banishing many species of the best honey-plants to rocky cliffs and fence corners, while, on the other hand, culture thus far has given no adequate compensation, at least in kind—acres of alfalfa for miles of the richest wild pasture, ornamental roses and honeysuckles around cottage doors for cascades of wild roses in the dells, and small, square orchards and orange-groves for broad mountain-belts of chaparral.

Only ten years ago, the Great Central Plain of California, during the months of March, April, and May, was one smooth, continuous bed of honey-bloom, so marvelously rich that, in walking from one end of it to the other, a distance of more than four hundred miles, your feet would press more than a hundred flowers at every step. Mints, gilias, nemophilas, castilleias, and innumerable compositæ were so crowded together that, had ninety-nine in every hundred been taken away, the plain would still have seemed extravagantly flowery to any but Californians. The radiant, honeyful corollas, touching and over-lapping, and rising above one another, glowed in the living light like a sunset sky—one glorious blaze of purple and gold. Down through the midst flowed many a river, the Sacramento from the north, the San Joaquin from the south, with noble tributaries sweeping in at right angles from the mountains, dividing the plain into sections fringed with trees.

Along each river and tributary there is a strip of bottom-land, countersunk beneath the general level, and wider toward the foot-hills, where magnificent oaks, from three to eight feet in diameter, cast grateful masses of shade over the open, prairie-like level. And close along the water's edge there is a fine jungle of tropical luxuriance, composed of wild rose and bramble bushes and a great variety of climbing vines, wreathing and interlacing the branches and trunks of willows and alders, and swinging across from summit to summit in heavy festoons. Here the wild bees revel in fresh bloom long after the flowers of the drier plain have withered and gone to seed. And in midsummer, when the "blackberries" are ripe, the Indians come from the mountains to feast—men, women, and babies in long, noisy trains, oftentimes joined by the farmers of the neighborhood, who gather this wild fruit with commendable appreciation of its superior flavor, while their home orchards are full of ripe peaches, apricots, nectarines, and figs, and their vineyards are laden with grapes. But, though these luxuriant bottoms are thus distinct from the smooth, treeless plain, they make no heavy dividing lines in general views. The whole appears as one continuous

sheet of bloom, bounded only by the mountains.

My first view of this central garden, the most extensive and best defined of all the bee-pastures of the State, was obtained from the summit of the Pacheco pass, about the middle of April, 1868, when it was rejoicing in all its glory. Along the eastern horizon rose the mighty sierra, white and jagged with snowy peaks along the top, dark with forests in the middle region, and purple with grasses and flowers and chaparral at the base, and blending gracefully in smooth hill undulations into the glowing yellow plain, which, like a cloth of gold, was seen flowing away to north and south as far as the eye could reach: hazy and vanishing in the distance, distinct as a new map along the foot-hills at my feet—the sunny sky arching over all.

Descending the eastern slopes of the coast range, through beds of gilias and lupines, and around many a breezy hillock and bush-crowned headland, I at length waded out into the midst of the glorious field of gold. All the ground was covered, not with grass and green leaves, but with radiant corollas, about ankle-deep next the foot-hills, knee-deep or more five or six miles out. Here were bahia, madia, madaria, burrielia, chrysopsis, corethrogyne, grindelia, etc., growing in close social congregations of various shades of yellow, blending finely with the purples of clarkia, orthocarpus, and œnothera, whose delicate petals were drinking the vital sunbeams without giving back any sparkling glow.

Because so long a period of extreme drought succeeds the rainy season, most of the vegetation is composed of annuals, which spring up simultaneously and bloom together at about the same height above the ground, the general surface being but slightly ruffled by the taller phacelias, pentstemons, and groups of *Salvia carduacea*, the king of the mints.

Sauntering in any direction, hundreds of these happy sun-plants brushed against my feet at every step, and closed over them as if I were wading in liquid gold. The air was sweet with fragrance, the larks sang their blessed songs, rising on the wing as I advanced, then sinking out of sight in the polleny sod, while myriads of wild bees stirred the lower air with their monotonous hum—monotonous, yet forever fresh and sweet as every-day sunshine. Hares and spermophiles showed themselves in considerable numbers, and small bands of antelope were almost constantly in sight, gazing curiously from some slight elevation, and then bounding swiftly away with unrivaled grace of motion. Yet I could discover no crushed flowers to mark their track, nor, indeed, any destructive action of any wild foot or tooth whatever.

The great yellow days circled by uncounted, while I drifted toward the north, observing the countless forms of life thronging about me—lying down almost anywhere on the approach of night. And what glorious botanical beds I had! Oftentimes on awaking I would find several new species leaning over me and looking me full in the face, so that my studies would begin before rising.

About the first of May I turned eastward, crossing the San Joaquin between the mouths of the Tuolumne and Merced, and by the time I had reached the Sierra foot-hills, most of the vegetation had gone to seed and become as dry as hay.

All the seasons of the great plain are warm or temperate, and bee-flowers are never wholly wanting; but the grand spring-time—the annual resurrection—is governed by the rains, which usually set in about the middle of December or the beginning of January. Then the seeds, that for six months have lain on the ground dry and fresh as if they had been gathered into barns, at once unfold their treasured life. The general brown and purple of the ground, and the dead vegetation of the preceding year, give place to the green of mosses and liverworts and myriads of young leaves. Then one species after another comes into flower, gradually overspreading the green with yellow and purple, which lasts until May.

The "rainy season" is by no means a gloomy, soggy period of constant cloudiness and rain. Nowhere else in North America, perhaps in the world, are the months of December, January, February, and March so full of bland, plant-building sunshine. Referring to my notes of the winter and spring of 1868–9, every day of which I spent out of doors, on that section of the plain lying between the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, I find that the first rain of the season fell on the 18th of December. January had only six rainy days—that is, days on which rain fell; February three, March five, April three, and May three, completing the so-called rainy season, which was about an average one. The ordinary rain-storm of this region is seldom very cold or violent. The winds, which in settled weather come from the north-east, veer round into the opposite direction, the sky fills gradually and evenly with one general cloud, from which the rain falls steadily, often for several days in succession, at a temperature of about 45° or 50°.

More than seventy-five per cent. of all the rain of this season came from the south-east. One magnificent storm from the north-west fell on the 21st of March. A massive, round-browed cloud came swelling and thundering over the flowery plain in most imposing majesty, its bossy front burning white and purple in the full blaze of the sun, while warm rain poured from its ample fountains like a cataract, beating down flowers and bees, and flooding the dry water-courses as suddenly as those of Nevada are flooded by "cloud-bursts." But in less than half an hour not a trace of the heavy mountain-like cloud-structure was left in the sky, and the bees were on the wing as if nothing more gratefully refreshing could have been sent them.

By the end of January four plants were in flower, and five or six mosses had already adjusted their hoods and were in the prime of life, but the flowers were not sufficiently numerous to affect greatly the general green of the young leaves. Violets made their appearance on the first week of February, and toward the end of this month the warmer portions of the plain were already golden with myriads of the flowers of rayed compositæ.

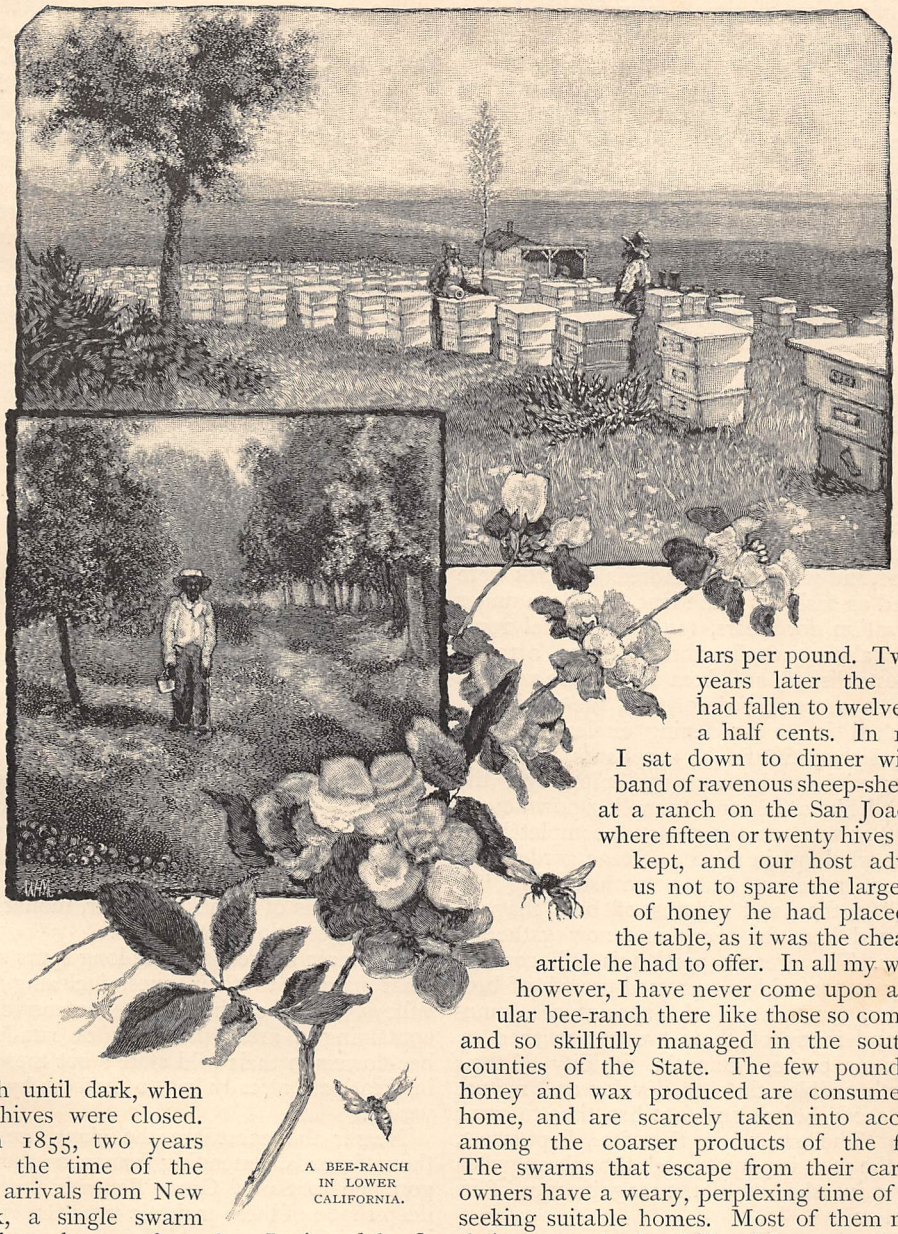
This was the full spring-time. New species bloomed every day. The sunshine grew warmer and richer. The air became more tuneful from day to day with humming wings, and sweeter with the fragrance of the opening flowers. Ants were getting ready for their summer work, rubbing their benumbed limbs, and sunning themselves on the husk-piles before their doors, and spiders were busy mending their old webs or weaving new ones.

In March, vegetation was more than doubled in depth and splendor; claytonia, calandrinia, a large white gilia, and two nemophilas were in bloom, together with a host of yellow compositæ, tall enough to bend in the wind and show wavering ripples of shade.

In April, plant-life as a whole reached its greatest height, and the plain over all its varied surface was mantled with a close furred plush of purple and golden corollas. By the end of this month most of the species had ripened their seeds, but undecayed, still seemed to be in bloom from the numerous corolla-like involucres and whorls of chaffy scales of the compositæ. In May the bees found only a few deep-set liliaceous plants and eriogonums in flower.

June, July, August, and September was the season of rest and sleep,—the winter of dry heat,—followed in October by a second outburst of bloom at the very driest time of the year. Then, after the shrunken mass of leaves and stalks of the dead vegetation crinkle and turn to dust beneath the foot, as if it had been baked in an oven, *Hemizonia virgata*, a slender, unobtrusive little plant, from six inches to three feet high, suddenly makes its appearance in patches miles in extent, like a resurrection of the bloom of April. I have counted upward of three thousand flowers, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, on a single plant. Both leaves and stems are so slender as to be nearly invisible amid so showy a multitude of flowers. The ray and disk flowers are both yellow, the stamens purple, the texture of the rays being rich and velvety, like the petals of garden pansies. The prevailing wind turns all the heads round to the south-east, so that in facing north-westward we have the flowers looking us in the face. In our estimation, this little plant, the last-born of the brilliant host of compositæ that glorify the plain, is the most interesting of all. It remains in flower until November, uniting with two or three species of wiry eriogonums, which continue the floral chain around December to the spring flowers of January. Thus, although the main bloom and honey season is only about three months long, the floral circle, however thin around some of the hot, rainless months, is never completely broken.

How long the various species of wild bees have lived in this honey-garden nobody knows; probably ever since the main body of the present flora gained possession of the land, toward the close of the glacial period. The first brown honey-bees brought to California are said to have arrived in San Francisco in March, 1853. A bee-keeper by the name of Shelton purchased a lot, consisting of twelve swarms, from some one at Aspinwall, who had brought them from New York. All the hives contained bees when landed at San Francisco, but they finally dwindled to one hive, which was taken to San José. The little emigrants flourished and multiplied in the bountiful pastures of the Santa Clara valley, sending off three swarms the first season. The owner was killed shortly afterward, and in settling up his estate, two of the swarms were sold at auction for one hundred and five and one hundred and ten dollars respectively. Other importations were made, from time to time, by way of the Isthmus, and, though great pains were taken to insure success, about one-half usually died on the way. Four swarms were brought safely across the plains in 1859, the hives being placed in the rear end of a wagon, which was stopped in the afternoon to allow the bees to fly and feed in the floweriest places that were within



A BEE-RANCH IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

reach until dark, when the hives were closed.

In 1855, two years after the time of the first arrivals from New York, a single swarm was brought over from San José, and let fly in the Great Central Plain. Bee-culture, however, has never gained much attention there, notwithstanding the extraordinary abundance of honey-bloom and the high price of honey. A few hives are found here and there among settlers who chanced to have learned something about the business before coming to the State. But sheep, cattle, and grain raising are the chief industries, as they require less skill and care, while the profits thus far have been greater. In 1856, honey sold here at from one and a half to two dollars per pound. Twelve years later the price had fallen to twelve and a half cents. In 1868, I sat down to dinner with a band of ravenous sheep-shearers at a ranch on the San Joaquin, where fifteen or twenty hives were kept, and our host advised us not to spare the large pan of honey he had placed on the table, as it was the cheapest article he had to offer. In all my walks, however, I have never come upon a regular bee-ranch there like those so common and so skillfully managed in the southern counties of the State. The few pounds of honey and wax produced are consumed at home, and are scarcely taken into account among the coarser products of the farm. The swarms that escape from their careless owners have a weary, perplexing time of it in seeking suitable homes. Most of them make their way to the foot-hills of the mountains, or to the trees that line the banks of the rivers, where some hollow log or trunk may be found. A friend of mine, while out hunting last winter on the San Joaquin, came upon an old coon-trap hidden among some tall grass, near the edge of the river, upon which he sat down to rest. Shortly afterward his attention was forced upon a crowd of angry bees that were flying excitedly about his head, when he discovered that he was sitting upon their hive, which was found to contain more than two hundred pounds of honey. Out in the broad,

swampy delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin the little wanderers have been known to build their combs in a bunch of rushes or stiff, wiry grass, scarcely protected from the weather, and in danger every spring of being carried away by floods. They have the advantage, however, of a vast extent of fresh pasture, accessible only to themselves.

The present condition of the Grand Central Garden is very different from that we have sketched. About ten years ago, when the gold placers had been pretty thoroughly exhausted, the attention of fortune-seekers—not home-seekers—was in great part turned away from the mines to the fertile plains, and many began experiments in a kind of restless, wild-cat agriculture. A load of lumber would be hauled to some spot on the free wilderness where water could be easily found, and a rude box-cabin built. Then a gang-plow was procured, and a dozen mustang ponies, worth ten or fifteen dollars apiece, and with these hundreds of acres were stirred as easily as if the land had been under cultivation for years, tough perennial roots being almost wholly absent. Thus, a ranch was established, and from these bare wooden huts, as centers of desolation, the wild flora vanished in ever-widening circles. But the arch destroyers are the shepherds, with their flocks of hoofed locusts, sweeping over the ground like a fire, and trampling down every rod that escapes the plow as completely as if the whole plain were a cottage garden-plot without a fence. But notwithstanding "a' that," a thousand swarms of bees may be pastured here for every one now gathering honey. The greater portion is still covered every season with a repressed growth of bee-flowers, for most of the species are annuals, and many of them are not relished by sheep or cattle, while the rapidity of their growth enables them to develop and mature their seeds before any foot has time to crush them. The ground is, therefore, kept sweet, and the race is perpetuated, though only as a suggestive shadow of the magnificence of its wildness.

The time will undoubtedly come when the entire area of this noble valley will be tilled like a garden, when the fertilizing waters of the mountains, now flowing to the sea, will be distributed to every acre, giving rise to prosperous towns, wealth, arts, etc. Then, I suppose, there will be few left, even among botanists, to deplore the vanished primeval flora. In the meantime, the pure waste going on—the wanton destruction of the innocents—is a sad sight to see, and the sun may well be pitied in being compelled to look on.

The bee-pastures of the coast-ranges last longer and are far more varied than those of the great plain, on account of differences of soil and climate, moisture and shade, etc. Some of the mountains are upward of four thousand feet in height, and small streams and springs, oozy bogs, etc., occur in great abundance and variety in the wooded regions, while open parks flooded with sunshine, and hill-girt valleys lying at different elevations, each with its own peculiar climate and exposure, possess the required conditions for the development of species and families of plants widely varied.

Next the plain there is, first, a series of smooth hills, planted with a rich and showy vegetation that differs but little from that of the plain itself—as if the edge of the plain had been lifted and bent into flowing folds with all its flowers in place, only toned down a little as to their luxuriance, and a few new species introduced, such as the hill lupines, mints, and gilias. The colors show finely when thus held to view on the slopes—patches of red, purple, blue, yellow, and white blending around the edges, the whole appearing at a little distance like a map colored in sections.

Above this lies the park and chaparral region, with evergreen oaks planted wide apart, and blooming shrubs from three to ten feet high—manzanita and ceanothus of several species, mixed with rhamnus, cercis, pickeringia, cherry, amelanchier, and adenostoma, in shaggy, interlocking thickets, with many species of hosackia, clover, monardella, castilleia, etc., in the openings.

The main ranges send out long spurs somewhat parallel to their axes, inclosing level valleys, many of them quite extensive, and containing a great profusion of sun-loving bee-flowers in their wild state; but these are, in great part, already lost to the bees by cultivation.

Nearer the coast are the giant forests of the redwoods, extending from near the Oregon line to Santa Cruz. Beneath the cool, deep shade of these majestic trees the ground is occupied by ferns, chiefly woodwardia and aspidiums, with only a few flowering plants—oxalis, trientalis, erythronium, fritillaria, smilax, and other shade-lovers. But all along the redwood belt there are sunny openings on hill-slopes looking to the south, where the giant trees stand back and give the ground to the small sun-flowers and the bees. Around the lofty redwood walls of these little bee-acres there is usually a fringe of chestnut-oak, laurel, and madroña, the last of which is a surpassingly beautiful tree, and a great favorite with the bees. The trunks of the largest

specimens are seven or eight feet thick, and about fifty feet high, the bark crimson and chocolate, the leaves plain, large, and glossy, like those of *Magnolia grandiflora*, while the flowers are white and urn-shaped, in well-proportioned panicles from five to ten inches long. When in full bloom, a single tree seems to be visited at times by a whole hive of bees at once, and the grand hum of such a multitude of wings makes the listener guess that more than the ordinary work of honey-winning must be going on.

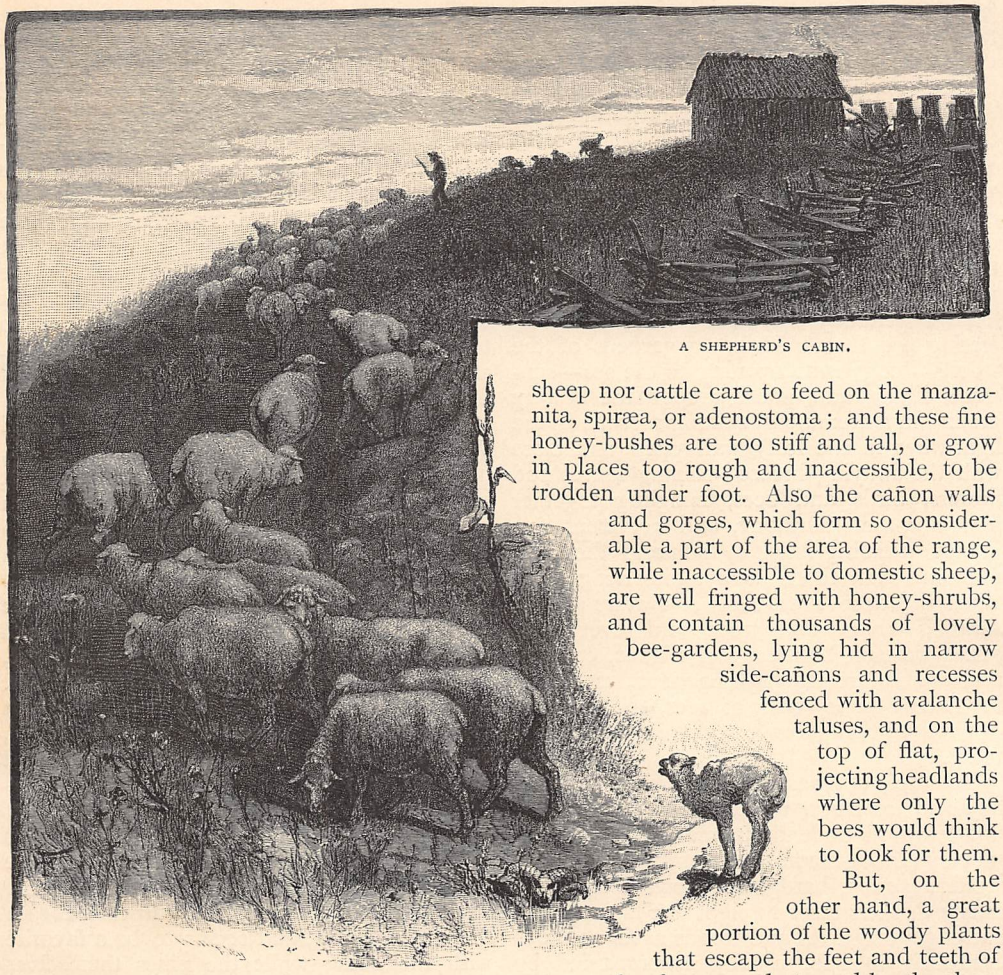
How perfectly enchanting and care-obliterating are these withdrawn gardens of the woods—long vistas opening to the sea—sunshine sifting and pouring upon the flowery ground in a tremulous, shifting mosaic, as the light-ways in the leafy wall open and close with the swaying breeze—shining leaves and flowers, birds and bees, mingling together in spring-time harmony, and nectarous fragrance exhaling from a thousand thousand fountains! In these balmy, dissolving days, when the deep heart-beats of Nature are felt thrilling rocks and trees and everything alike, common business and friends, children and wives, are happily forgotten, and even the natural honey-work of bees, and the care of birds for their young, seems slightly out of place.

To the northward, in Humboldt and the adjacent counties, whole hill-sides are covered with rhododendron, making a glorious melody of bee-bloom in the spring. And the western azalea, hardly less flowery, grows in massy thickets three to eight feet high around the edges of groves and woods as far south as San Luis Obispo, usually accompanied by manzanita, while the valleys, with their varying moisture and shade, yield a rich variety of the smaller honey-flowers, such as mentha, lycopus, micromeria, audibertia, trichostema, and other mints, with vaccinium, wild strawberry, geranium, calais, and golden-rod; and in the cool glens along the stream-banks, where the shade of trees is not too deep, spiræa, dog-wood, photinia, and calycanthus, and many species of rubus, form interlacing tangles, some portion of which continues in bloom for months.

Though the coast region was the first to be invaded and settled by white men, it has suffered less from a bee point of view than either of the other main divisions—chiefly, no doubt, because of the unevenness of the surface, and because it is owned by individuals, instead of lying exposed to the flocks of the "sheep-man." These remarks apply more particularly to the north half of the coast. Farther south there is less moisture, less forest shade, and the honey flora is less varied.

The sierra region is the largest of the three main divisions of the bee-lands of the State, and the most regularly varied in its subdivisions, owing to their gradual rise from the level of the Central Plain to the alpine summits. The foot-hill region is about as dry and sunful, from the end of May until the setting in of the winter rains, as the plain. There are no shady forests, no damp glens, at all like those lying at the same elevations in the coast mountains. The social compositæ of the plain, with a few added species, form the bulk of the herbaceous portion of the vegetation up to a height of fifteen hundred feet or more, shaded lightly here and there with oaks and Sabine pines, and interrupted by patches of ceanothus and buckeye. Above this, and just below the forest region, there is a dark, heath-like belt of chaparral, composed almost exclusively of *Adenostoma fasciculata*, a bush belonging to the rose family, from five to eight feet high, with small, round leaves in fascicles, and bearing a multitude of small white flowers in panicles on the ends of the upper branches. Where it occurs at all, it usually covers all the ground with a close, impenetrable growth, scarcely broken for miles.

Up through the forest region, to a height of about nine thousand feet above sea-level, there are ragged patches of manzanita, and five or six species of ceanothus, called deer-brush or California lilac. These are the most important of all the honey-bearing bushes of the sierra. *Chamæbatia foliolosa*, a little shrub about a foot high, with flowers like the strawberry, makes handsome carpets beneath the yellow pines, and seems to be a favorite with the bees; while the pines themselves furnish unlimited quantities of pollen and honey-dew. The product of a single tree, ripening its pollen at the right time of year, would be sufficient for the wants of a whole hive. Along the streams, there is a rich growth of lilies, larkspurs, pedicularis, castilleias, and clover. The alpine region contains the flowery glacier meadows, and countless small gardens in all sorts of places full of potentilla of several species, spraguea, ivesia, epilobium, and golden-rod, with beds of bryanthus and the charming cassiope covered with sweet bells. Even the tops of the mountains are blessed with flowers,—dwarf phlox, polemonium, ribes, hulsea, etc. I have seen wild bees and butterflies feeding at a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. Many, however, that go up these dangerous heights never come down again. Some, undoubtedly, perish in storms, and I have found thousands lying dead or benumbed on the surface of the glaciers, to which they had perhaps been attracted by the white glare. From

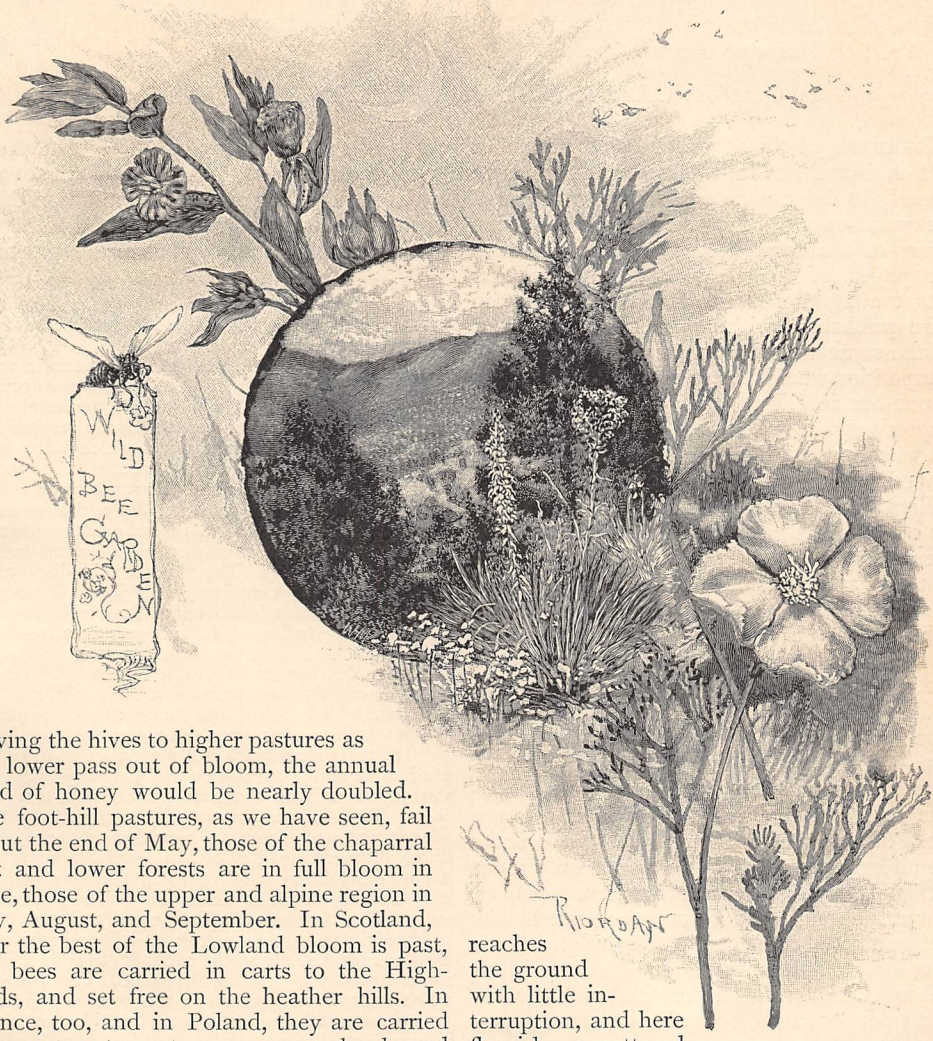


A SHEPHERD'S CABIN.

swarms that escaped their owners in the lowlands, the honey-bee is now generally distributed throughout the whole length of the sierra, up to an elevation of eight thousand feet above sea-level. At this height, where the snow falls to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, they flourish without care. Even higher than this several bee-trees have been cut which contained over two hundred pounds of honey.

The destructive action of sheep has not been nearly so universal on the mountain pastures as on those of the great plain, but in many places it has been more complete, owing to the more friable character of the soil, and its sloping position. The slant digging and down-raking action of hoofs on the steeper slopes of moraines has uprooted and buried many of the tender plants from year to year, without allowing them time to mature their seeds. The shrubs, too, are badly bitten, especially the various species of ceanothus. Fortunately, neither sheep nor cattle care to feed on the manzanita, spiræa, or adenostoma; and these fine honey-bushes are too stiff and tall, or grow in places too rough and inaccessible, to be trodden under foot. Also the cañon walls and gorges, which form so considerable a part of the area of the range, while inaccessible to domestic sheep, are well fringed with honey-shrubs, and contain thousands of lovely bee-gardens, lying hid in narrow side-cañons and recesses fenced with avalanche taluses, and on the top of flat, projecting headlands where only the bees would think to look for them. But, on the other hand, a great portion of the woody plants that escape the feet and teeth of the sheep are destroyed by the shepherds by means of running fires, which are set everywhere during the dry autumn for the purpose of burning off the old fallen trunks and underbrush, with a view to improving the pastures, and making more open ways for the flocks. These destructive sheep-fires sweep through nearly the entire forest belt of the range, from one extremity to the other, consuming not only the underbrush, but the young trees and seedlings on which the permanence of the forests depends; thus setting in motion a long train of evils which will certainly reach far beyond bees and bee-keepers.

The plow has not yet invaded the forest region to any appreciable extent, neither has it accomplished much in the foot-hills. Thousands of bee-ranches might be established along the margin of the plain, and up to a height of four thousand feet, wherever water could be obtained. The climate at this elevation admits of the making of permanent homes, and by



moving the hives to higher pastures as the lower pass out of bloom, the annual yield of honey would be nearly doubled. The foot-hill pastures, as we have seen, fail about the end of May, those of the chaparral belt and lower forests are in full bloom in June, those of the upper and alpine region in July, August, and September. In Scotland, after the best of the Lowland bloom is past, the bees are carried in carts to the Highlands, and set free on the heather hills. In France, too, and in Poland, they are carried from pasture to pasture among orchards and fields in the same way, and along the rivers in barges, to collect the honey of the delightful vegetation of the banks. In Egypt, they are taken far up the Nile, and floated slowly home again, gathering the honey-harvest of the various fields on the way, timing their movements in accord with the seasons. Were similar methods pursued in California, the productive season would extend nearly all the year.

The average elevation of the north half of the sierra is considerably less than that of the south half, and small streams, with the bank and meadow gardens dependent upon them, are less abundant. Around the headwaters of the Yuba, Feather, and Pitt rivers, there are extensive table-lands of lava, sparsely planted with pines, through which the sunshine reaches the ground with little interruption, and here flourishes a scattered, tufted growth of golden applopappus, linosyris, bahia, wyetheia, arnica, artemisia, and similar plants; with manzanita, cherry, plum, and thorn in ragged patches on the cooler hill-slopes. At the extremities of the Great Plain, the sierra and coast ranges curve around and lock together in a labyrinth of mountains and valleys, throughout which the coast and sierra floras are mingled, making at the north, with its temperate climate and copious rain-fall, a perfect paradise for bees—though, strange to say, scarce a single regular bee-ranch has yet been established in it. Cultivation, however, is making rapid headway over all the State, and before long the wild honey-bloom of the mountains will vanish as completely as that of the fertile lowlands.

John Muir.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AND THE CENTURY PRIZES.

READERS of this magazine will remember that in March, 1880, a series of prizes were offered, to be competed for by students of the wood-engraver's art. In April, 1881, the award of the committee was made public in the pages of the magazine, and the best cuts among those that had been submitted were published, with appropriate criticisms. At the same time it was announced that the competition would be repeated. Three prizes, of one hundred, seventy-five, and fifty dollars respectively, were offered to young engravers who had not yet been commercially employed, with a supplementary reward of fifty dollars to be competed for by the prize-takers of 1881. A large number of blocks have been sent to THE CENTURY office in reply to these announcements, and the results of this second contest are now presented to the public. They are, I think, better and more interesting in their collective quality than the specimens of last year, and more than fulfill the hopes of those who believed that much good would come from these competitions—good to the student in the shape of earnest work incited, and good to the magazine in the shape of reënforcement for the ranks of its engravers. For, while these ranks are already populous, there is not only room in them for capable recruits, but an urgent need thereof. Some remarks upon the prize blocks will be made later on, and the reasons which have guided the judges in their decisions will be stated. First, however, it will be well, as a prelude to their intelligent examination by the reader, to sketch very hastily the recent development of wood-engraving in general, and to mark what are the questions of the hour regarding it.

Every reader knows, most probably, that, for the past two or three years, a rather sharp controversy has been going on with reference to the "new school" of American wood-engraving. Every reader ought to know, in addition, that whatever strictures may have been passed upon it at home, it has been almost universally praised abroad. In England as in France critics have been lavish of their commendation. When we find, for example, "L'Art" reprinting a series of cuts from the "Scribner Portfolio," and even the "Saturday Review" ranking American work above all that is done in other countries, we cannot be blamed for feeling a responsive glow of self-approval.* But foreign praise, even from competent pens, should not serve us in the stead of a personal examination of our work, based upon a knowledge of the theories which lie behind it, as well as of the specimens

* As the most recent example of the estimation in which foreign critics hold American work, I may quote the following passages from Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Graphic Arts":

"The development of delicate and versatile wood-engraving in America is due to the managers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, who worked resolutely with this definite end in view, and gradually reached perfection by paying for many cuts which were never published, and by forming a school of wood-engravers animated by the same spirit. Now, whatever may be the differences of opinion about the desirableness of this imitative art, there can be no question that the Americans have far surpassed all other nations in delicacy of execution. The manual skill displayed in their wood-cuts is a continual marvel, and it is accompanied by so much intelligence—I mean by so much critical understanding of different graphic arts—that a portfolio of their best wood-cuts is most interesting. Not only do they understand engraving thoroughly, but they are the best printers in the world, and they give an amount of care and thought to their printing which would be considered uncommercial elsewhere.

"The two superiorities in American wood-engraving are in tone and texture—two qualities very popular in modern times in all the graphic arts which can attain them. Tone in wood-cutting depends entirely upon the management of grays. In etching there are half-a-dozen different qualities of black—all black, yet producing quite different effects upon the eye; in wood-cut there is only one black. In painting there are many different whites, all of them equally called 'whites,' yet bearing little relation to each other; in wood-cut there is only a single white, and it is always got in the same way—by excavating the wood. This being so, white and black are settled for the wood-engraver, and he has not to think about them; but it is not so with intermediate shades, and I cannot but heartily admire the almost unlimited ingenuity with which the Americans vary not only the tone, but the very quality, of these intermediates, getting not one gamut only but several, with the faculty of going from one to another on occasion, as if changing the stops of an organ. Some of their grays are pure and clear, others cloudy; others 'like veils of thinnest lawn'; others, again, are semi-transparent, like a very light wash of body-color, and whatever may be their quality it is always surprising how steadily a delicate tone is maintained in them. As for texture, these engravers seem able to imitate anything that is set before them. It would be an exaggeration to say that they get the exact textures of an oil-painting, but they come near enough to recall them vividly to our minds. To appreciate the technical advance, we must always remember that tone and texture are simply absent from the school of Holbein, and that whilst the engravers of the present day can produce an exact fac-simile of old work, the old engravers had not even begun that course of experiment and of study which has trained such consummate workmen as Juengling, Speer, Kingsley, Closson, Muller, and Cole."

themselves. Within a few months an unrivaled opportunity for examining it has been afforded us. The exhibition of wood-engravings which was held last autumn at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has already been noticed in these pages. While it was chiefly made up of contemporaneous American work, it contained enough examples of past epochs and of the foreign practice of our own day to afford us terms of comparison. Viewed collectively and in the light of such comparison, the band of young engravers which, to some eyes, had previously seemed to consist but of individual experimenters with no very lucid ideal before them, now appeared homogeneous to a surprising extent, and to a surprising extent clear in its aims and tendencies—working collectively toward a common goal, though with large diversities in the ways employed to reach it. And as each man's work was arranged by itself, we were enabled, on the other hand, to gain a better idea of a given talent than had been possible when we knew it merely through cuts appearing at intervals of time, in all sorts of quarters, and often uncredited to any hand.

Preparatory to understanding the peculiar aims of our recent American work the reader will desire to understand the aims of wood-engraving in former days. It is impossible, however, here to pause over the earlier developments of the art. I have no space in which to speak of the grand work done on the side of a plank with knives alone—work which reached its culminating point in the sixteenth century, but which at all times was more remarkable for the talent of the original draughtsman than for the skill of the engraver who had reproduced him. The work of the latter was admirable in its own way, but this was a mechanical way, devoted to the literal rendering of the lines that had been set him by the draughtsman. For a history of these earlier periods of wood-engraving, of its decline after the sixteenth century, and of its regeneration in a new shape by Bewick at the beginning of our own century, the reader is referred to Jackson and Chatto's "History of Wood-Engraving."* It is not an ideal history of the art, even within the periods to which it is confined. But it is the only one existing, and until a new one shall have been prepared by some competent hand,—rewritten from the beginning and carried down from 1838 to the present day,—it is absolutely indispensable to the student. The cuts were laboriously copied on the block by Mr. Jackson, for in his day reproductive "processes" were not employed. Of course the repetition by another hand, and the reduction necessary to bring them within the compass of an octavo page, have often greatly detracted from the effect of the specimens, especially in the case of the splendid big blocks of the sixteenth century. Yet they will be found most useful to the student who has not access to their originals. The chapter on technical processes is very clear and instructive; but here especially the reader must remember that many changes have taken place since Chatto's day, and that the conditions under which the engraver works have greatly altered. If the student reads this book, however,—and it is a most interesting as well as a most instructive one,—he will acquire a knowledge of the craft not otherwise to be gained. Since the date of its publication little has been written save in the way of scattered articles, usually of a controversial character. Mr. Linton has, it is true, prepared a "History of Wood-Engraving in America," which appeared in the "American Art Review" in 1880, and will shortly be issued in book form. Instructive and interesting though it is, and full of acute and suggestive criticisms, it is yet written from the point of view of an engraver distrustful of innovations; and it is therefore less valuable to the beginner than to one who has some knowledge of the questions mooted.

Bewick, as I have said, was the father of modern wood-engraving—the first to make a practice of cutting on the *end* of the wood, using engravers' tools instead of knives, and developing his design chiefly by white lines on black instead of by black lines on a white ground. The men who worked with or immediately after him were consummate masters of their craft as it was then understood—not such artists by nature, perhaps, as Bewick himself, but better technical engravers. Their cuts have never been excelled by similar examples made since their day, and are the *ne plus ultra* of the critic who still defends elder as against newer aims and processes. After their time the art steadily declined, owing—at least in England, we are told—in greater part to a wide commercial demand for average work being met by the creation of large engraving establishments where it was turned out by wholesale, the personality of the workman being completely sunk from sight. This, at all events, was the proximate cause of decline. The ultimate cause—as of all such minor phenomena—is probably to be sought in the generally inartistic temper of the day. A few strong and well-trained men were not submerged by the current of something worse than commonplace which

* A Treatise on Wood-Engraving, Historical and Practical. By William Andrew Chatto. With upwards of four hundred illustrations, engraved on wood by John Jackson. A new edition, with an additional chapter by Henry G. Bohn. New York: J. W. Bouton.

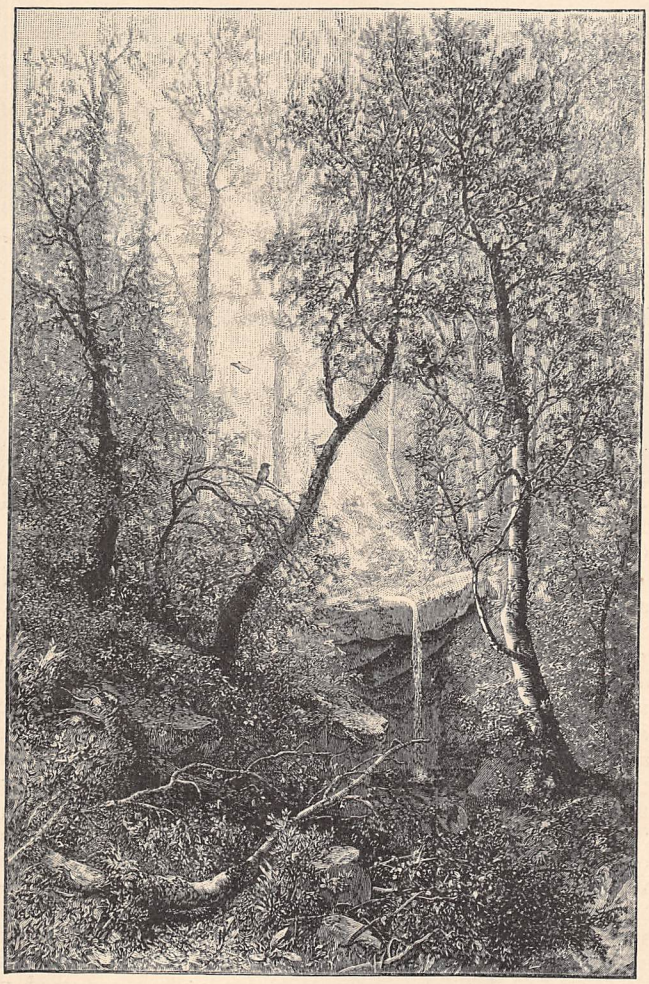


FIRST PRIZE. MILK-CARRIER. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF AD. BRAUN & CO., PARIS) OF THE PAINTING BY J. F. MILLET. ENGRAVER, FLORENCE W. RICHARDSON. TIME OF PRACTICE, THREE YEARS.

swept over the art, among them perhaps the strongest being Mr. Linton, who brought the traditions of good and clever work with him to this country, and who still does good and clever work—none better in its own way. Ten years ago, however, average American was not very different from current English engraving, or, rather, was inferior to it. About that time a more general interest in art of all kinds sprang up among us, following by a short interval a similar revival among the English. One consequence of this awakening was that the managers of this magazine, then just projected, tried to put better work into their pages, feeling that the time had come when the public demanded—or, at least, might appreciate—its presence. The needs of this magazine, and of others which were obliged to follow in its wake, and the introduction of the gift-book profusely illustrated

with wood-cuts, in place of the old-fashioned "annual" and its steel engravings, originated the new development of wood-engraving in this country. For not only was more and better work required, but work of quite a novel sort. There were no guides, past or present, to help the young engravers who tried to answer these demands. They were obliged to experiment each one for himself—a lucky fact, perhaps, since it has given us the most original development of which American art as yet can boast. What, we must now inquire, were these new demands? What are the special aims which present themselves to the engraver of to-day, and which could not have been realized by the best workmanship of a former time?

The elder engraver worked chiefly to make a good line-drawing with his graver. His completed work was sufficient unto itself, valued for what it was—not for what it suggested about another work of art. He labored usually on designs made expressly for his use. But if called upon to reproduce a painting he was only expected to give its most palpable facts—its theme, its design, and the broad contrasts of its color. To do this it was necessary that he should be an admirable draughtsman, that he should follow the lines of his original with intelligence, or supply good lines where none had been provided for him. This "drawing with the graver" is the excellence which finds its highest examples in the work of Bewick's immediate successors—of Thompson, Nesbit, and Clennell. This is the excellence proper to Mr. Linton's work, the excellence upon which he insists so strongly in the work of others. It is indeed and beyond question one



THIRD PRIZE. THE MORNING SONG. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY MARAK. ENGRAVER, JOHN S. MARQUAND. TIME OF PRACTICE, TWO YEARS AND ONE MONTH.



LAUGHING GIRL. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF BROCKMANN, DRESDEN) OF THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT. ENGRAVER, HERBERT F. LYOUNS.

of the highest attainments of the engraver, and one without which he can do little worth the doing. But alone it cannot serve all the needs of the modern workman, who must make something more of his print than an admirable black-and-white drawing, who must do more than produce a fine engraving in and for itself considered, who must also—such is the demand of the hour—reproduce the most characteristic, most peculiar, and most subtile qualities of his model. If this is a painting, for example, he must not only tell us what is on the canvas but exactly how it has been put there. What, we may ask, is the reason why this demand upon the engraver has been made of late, though it was never made before? The answer to this question is to be found, I think, partly in the growth of new ideas with regard to art in general, and partly in new ideas that have worked upon wood-engraving consciously and directly. About ten years ago, painting itself took a new start among us. Certain elements in its practice which had been almost entirely overlooked by our artists came, under the influence of foreign training, to be universally respected, and, perhaps, even a little overrated. One of these elements was the actual technical method of a painter. Another was the insistence upon tone and "values" as distinct from local color. The artist whose painting was copied wished these qualities preserved. And the reader whose eye was trained to love them hailed with delight the first prints in which even an effort was made to reproduce them.

But, one may say, there have been epochs in the past when these and similar refinements of the brush were as highly prized in other countries as they are to-day with us, yet when their reproduction was not demanded from the engraver of any sort. Artists and the public were content if he gave—with beautiful engraver's work—the forms and outlines and the general color scheme of his original. What is the reason we now ask for more? I think it may be discovered, partly at least, in the introduction of photography as a popular multiplying process. Until photographs taken immediately from paintings met his eye, the student had never dreamed of a reproduction which should give the manner as well as the matter of its original. In such photographs the color scheme of a painting is often seriously maligned, and its "values" are not always correctly given. But often they are so given, and always the artist's method reveals itself, line for line and touch for touch. To-

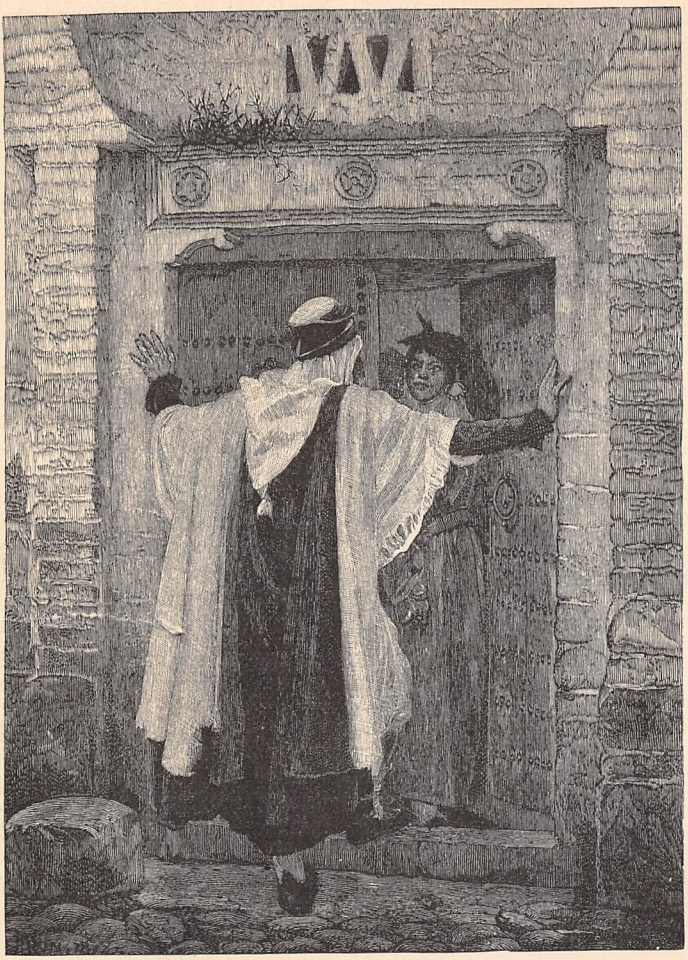
day a steel engraving, for example, is valued as highly as ever for its own artistic sake; but the photograph is absolutely essential to a knowledge of any painter's peculiar qualities.

Thus to a great extent was incited, I believe, the effort made by our editors and responded to by our young engravers—the effort to combine the distinctive qualities of a good photograph with those of an engraving, to reproduce as far as possible all the idiosyncrasies of an original while securing a work of art valuable for its own artistic sake, truer than a photograph in its rendering of color, and capable of being cheaply printed in the pages of a book. Similar excellences were demanded, also, when the work was done after originals of a different sort—after drawings made in pen-and-ink, or pencil, or charcoal, or washed tints, or after photographs from nature. In landscape work, especially, tone and gradation and atmospheric effects were looked for as they had never been before.

These, then, were the problems which the young engraver set himself; these were the problems which the old engraver denounced as degrading his art to the level of an imitative handicraft, as sinking the creative entirely in the interests of the reproductive artist. Photography on the block, which has enabled our workmen to realize their aims as they never could had an intermediary drawing been required, was included in the indictment. And, moreover, certain faults which undoubtedly existed in much of the pioneer work were pointed out as of necessity belonging to such efforts, and as disfiguring them beyond indulgence. The first-named of these objections will not, I think, be sustained by many voices. It must, indeed, be abandoned by its firmest upholders when the new school shall have shown that it can realize its aims with no detriment to the art of wood-engraving in itself considered—nay, rather, with an absolute increase of its beauty. Already it has shown this to a remarkable extent. The first work of our young artists was, I repeat, experimental, and experimenters must run to extremes if they would learn the limits of their possibilities. In their first eager efforts to render faithfully the qualities to which their attention had been directed, they forgot occasionally the claims of their own art. In striving to give us a good reproduction they sometimes neglected to secure a beautiful wood-cut. And even in their reproductive essays proper they have been known to secure "values" and technical effects only with some loss of color and of definition. But each year such mistakes become less frequent. The engraver is rapidly learning that he can accomplish his new aim only within certain limits—that when he has given as much of his original as can be put into a *good* wood-cut, he must hold his hand. It should be said, however, that this amount is almost coincident with that for which he strove in his first ardor. He has not so much altered his aim as learned to work for it with a more cunning hand, with more self-restraint and modesty, with a less palpable show of effort. The handling of our best workmen to-day is vastly more varied, more flexible, and more individual than was that of former masters. But it is coming back



LANDSCAPE. ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRANK A. WHITE.



ON THE THRESHOLD. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.) OF THE PAINTING BY C. BRUN. ENGRAVER, MISS ADA BAMPTON.

very rapidly from the excessive wildness or excessive minuteness which inflamed the wrath of the elder generation. Nor, I must repeat, is the fact that it passed through its earlier and less well-balanced stage to be regretted; for only by such bold experiments, such even reckless attempts to find new ways of expressing his new intentions on the block, could the young practitioner prove what might be allowed to him and what might not. Now he has discovered, I think, the limitations of his art. They are not, by a great distance, the limitations prescribed for it by disciples of an elder day. Yet anywhere within them it is possible to secure as much of technical beauty in the wood-cut as of fidelity to the original. No wood-cuts so faithful to the subtilest facts of nature's handiwork or of an artist's brush are produced to-day as those which come from our younger men; and, I may safely say, none so beautiful. It was not, for example, their faithfulness to originals unknown in Paris which secured an "honorable mention" for the cuts of Mr. Closson and Mr. Juengling at the last *Salon*, but their absolute excellence as samples of the wood-engraver's art. Nor, in thus praising the newest methods, is it necessary to depreciate the old. The art is wide in its range, and old and new developments may alike be valued, each for its own distinctive sort of excellence. We appreciate the plank cuts of the sixteenth century in spite of our admiration for Bewick and his followers. Nor need this admiration be lessened by an equal or even greater love for still more recent things.

The difference between our individual workmen has grown to be as remarkable as the collective individuality of the school; and this could only result, of course, from self-development unfettered by the tyranny



FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST WORK BY FORMER COMPETITORS. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE. ENGRAVED BY WM. H. MACKAY.

of custom or authority. That our students were enabled freely to pursue their investigations, and each to develop in his own way his artistic conscience and his technical skill, is the great benefaction for which we should thank our American magazines.

As yet, however, it must be confessed, our new school is accomplished only within certain limits. Few if any of our young men have yet done large, frank, bold, simple work as well, for example, as it has been done by Mr. Linton in such examples as his "Raft," after Harvey.

But this fact is probably to be traced to the working of the law of supply and demand, the call for the best work being usually to fill pages of a small size. When our illustrated papers shall take the same stand that was taken a few years ago by our magazines, they may encourage our young men to be bold as well as refined, free as well as delicate, and frank as well as subtile. And if, moreover, the art is to be developed *on all sides* to its full capacity, we must have a new school of skillful and intelligent illustrative designers, willing to work with special reference to the needs of the engraver, and of the printer also.

Turning now to the cuts submitted to the judgment of THE CENTURY in this second competition, I may begin a brief consideration of their merits by stating what were the qualities especially looked for by the judges who passed upon them. These were (quoting from their report of last year):

1. Truthfulness in reproduction of the artist's design.
2. Originality in line or texture.
3. General effect.
4. Management of color.

The length of time spent in practice, the rendering of fac-simile, and the selection of subject were also given some weight. The degrees of merit reached in each quality were marked in numerical order by figures, upon a scale in which ten stood for the maximum. The first prize went to him who had the highest aggregate of marks.

The first prize of this year ($100) is awarded to:

Florence W. Richardson, of Concord, Mass. Time of practice, three years—fourteen months with F. Juengling and eight months with W. B. Closson. Original, photograph from painting of "Milk-Carrier," by J. F. Millet. Characteristics of work: Truth to the manner of a very difficult original. The character of the face is not especially well given, but the effect of the whole is well rendered.

The second prize ($75) is awarded to:

W. F. McGrath, of Boston, Mass. Age, seventeen years. Time of practice, twenty-three months. Pupil of A. D. Crombie. Original, photograph from painting of "Othello," by Carl Becker. Characteristics of work: Fidelity to a complicated subject, and rendering of various textures. Especially to be noted is the treatment of the two masculine faces, and of the distant background. This has been an unusually difficult theme, owing to the variety of matter given on a small scale.*

* On account of the inability of the publishers of THE CENTURY to obtain permission to print this engraving of a copyrighted picture, the cut must be omitted. To avoid similar difficulty, competitors for future prizes are requested to select American originals which are not copyrighted.

The third prize ($50) is awarded to:

John S. Marquand, of New York. Age, seventeen years. Time of practice, two years and one month. Pupil of Victor L. Chandler. First essay in book illustration, previous work having been commercial merely. Original, photograph from Marak's "The Morning Song." Characteristics of work: Very delicate treatment, and good tone—in this latter a great improvement on the photograph.

Honorable mention is awarded to:

Herbert F. Lyouns, of Boston, pupil of Russell and Richardson. Original, photograph from drawing of Rembrandt's painting of "Laughing Girl." Characteristics: Good management of line, and skill in use of transparent shadow. This face has been very difficult to render with the proper expression, and though the engraver has not been absolutely successful his effort is more than creditable. The third prize might have been awarded him, indeed, had there not been doubts as to the "printability"—if a useful word may thus be coined—of his block.

F. J. L. McCann, of Boston, Mass., pupil of Geo. E. Johnson. Original, photograph from cattle-painting by Voltz. Characteristics: Faithfulness to original, and great delicacy of treatment—too great, perhaps, for good printing in magazine. The foliage is given in an especially charming manner.

Frank A. White, of Jersey City, N. J. Self-taught, with suggestions from Wm. Scott. Original, a landscape picture. Characteristics: Directness of method, fine rendering of color, and silvery-like quality of line. The simplicity of the treatment is noteworthy as well as its originality.

Mrs. E. M. A. Heth, of Richmond, Va. Original, a photograph of landscape subject from nature. Characteristic: Effective work.

General mention, furthermore, is awarded to:

Miss Ada Bampton, of New York, pupil of Cooper Union school, under J. P. Davis. Original, photograph from painting, "Sur le Pas de la Porte," by C. Brun. Characteristic: Very careful work.

Charles P. Marshall, of Lafayetteville, N. Y. Entirely self-taught, without acquaintance with any engraver or advice of any kind, and study pursued under great difficulties. Original, drawn on block from painting of landscape subject.

Miss Edith M. Harte, of New York, pupil of Cooper Union school under J. P. Davis, but chiefly self-taught. Original, drawn on block from landscape sketch by engraver.

Turning now to the prize of $50 offered for competition to those who took part in the contest of 1881, we find that it has been given to the student who secured the first reward on that occasion:

William H. Mackay, of Boston. Age, seventeen. Original, photograph from life. Characteristics: Excellent management of line, good treatment of varying textures, directness of method, and good tone. The handling of the background is notably strong and simple. If a fault is to be found it is with the drawing of the face, which is not strictly accurate. This cut shows great improvement upon Mr. Mackay's essay of last year. The subject is very difficult, a fact which may not be appreciated by the casual observer. But there is no greater test of an engraver's skill than such steady line-work as is shown in Mr. Mackay's portrait.



SHEEP. ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO., PARIS) OF THE PAINTING BY JACQUE. ENGRAVER, C. H. LATHAM.

Honorable mention in this class is awarded to:

C. H. Latham, who took the third prize of last year. Original, photograph from painting of sheep by Jacque. Treatment very delicate, but might have been a little more forcible. Some doubts as to "printability."

Hiram P. Barnes, of Waltham, Mass. Self-taught. Originals, photographic portraits.

M. L. Brown, of Brookline, Mass. Original, photogravure after Hamon's "Twilight."

J. E. Provine, of Chicago, Ill. Original, photograph after Richter's "Seraglio." Complicated subject treated with much skill in the textures. Some doubts as to "printability."

Miss M. L. Owens, of New York. Has worked for THE CENTURY since last year, and sends several cuts that have appeared in its pages—for example, the first illustration for the recent article on the "Tile Club Ashore."

P. Aitkin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Has also worked for THE CENTURY, and sends excellent cuts, such as La Farge's "Victory" from the article on the "Union League Club House," and Burns's "Taking Observations."

It will be noted that, in criticising the above-mentioned cuts, I have laid especial stress upon a quality not cited in the list first given. This is the quality of "printability,"—one which does not strike the observer who considers the submitted proofs for their intrinsic beauty only, but which is of equal importance with any other in the eyes of art-manager and printer. A deficiency in this quality, indeed, may be so serious as to vitiate all other merits. Strictly speaking, in fact, a cut is *not* good if it is not adapted for the purpose to which it must be put,—if it is so delicate, or so shallow, or so super-refined, that it cannot be printed to advantage on the steam-press. Many a block which gives a beautiful proof on the hand-press is a sad disappointment to its author when used in the pages of book or periodical. As the tendency of our wood-engraving is just in this direction—toward too great minuteness and subtilety—it will be well for all young artists to bear these facts in mind, and, while making their blocks as delicate as necessary, not to make them "too good to use."

Looking once more over all the contributions, successful and non-successful, it may be added that more attention might well be paid to simplicity of treatment—to securing the desired result with the least possible show of effort. A mastery of strong and simple lines is the best, the only thorough, preparation for every sort of work, even for that where the complicated or characteristic effects of an original must be reproduced in complicated and characteristic ways.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

For the announcement of the terms of the third competition, see "Topics of the Time," in the present number.

MARBLE-MINING IN CARRARA.



LOWERING THE BLOCKS FROM THE QUARRY.

CARRARA marble is an article well known the world over. It is reputed to be unquestionably the best marble for the use of sculptors, grave-stone builders, architects, and other marble-workers, and inasmuch as it has enjoyed this reputation without dispute for over nineteen centuries, it is fair to presume that it is justly entitled to its good name. The ancient Romans of the time of Augustus could find no other marble equal to that of Carrara, and they used it freely in making statues, and in building monuments, temples, and various other public edifices. The judgment of the statuaries and architects of the "year one" has been reënforced by that of their successors in each succeeding generation, and to-day Carrara marble is in such demand in every civilized nation of the world that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand tons of it are quarried every year. Of this the United States use about twenty-five thousand tons annually, notwithstanding the fact that, duty paid, the rough blocks are worth about two dollars and a half a foot, or almost two cents a pound, as they are landed from the vessel.

Carrara is situated on the west coast of Italy, forty-five miles from Leghorn and twice as far from Genoa, and, counting in the villages which are dependencies of Carrara, it is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. The city stands in a niche of the Appenine Mountains, which in its rear rise in barren, rocky cliffs, varying in height from three thousand to five thousand feet, and on two sides of the town soften into earth-covered hills, from three hundred to a thousand feet high, cultivated to their very tops by the growers of the grape. These side-hills lack but an eighth of a mile of coming together on the fourth side of the town. If they met, Carrara would be like a very small bit of gentian in a very large mortar. As it is, this break of an eighth of a mile affords an outlook into the world, and looking through it, one's horizon is bounded by the Mediterranean.

Carrara is entirely given up to the trade in marble. The sojourner in the city is not slow to learn this fact, nor likely to forget it. He is awakened in the morning by the clicking of the marble-cutters, and the last sound of which he is aware at night is that of the swearing teamsters, pounding their marble-laden oxen into greater speed. The ground floor of almost every house is turned into a studio, in which tombstones, cemetery and lawn figures, architectural ornaments, and occasionally a fine piece of statuary are produced.

Wonderful to relate, and much to the surprise of people who come to Carrara with no foreknowledge of the place, the houses are not built of marble, but of rough stones cemented together, and covered on the outside with a smooth coating of plaster. There is, however, marble enough in the inside work. The door-posts, the window seats and caps, the stairs, the mop-boards, and generally the floors are of marble, and a new-comer to Carrara can enjoy a very active month of sneezing if his chambers do not afford additional facilities, especially as it is customary to throw in a few marble-topped tables and stands, a half-dozen marble statues, and now and then an elaborate marble mantel-piece.

Terrible as it would be to spend a life-time in Carrara, it is a very interesting city to the few tourists who stop over a day or two on their way from Genoa to Pisa and Florence. The Carrara marble quarries are certainly one of the sights of the world. In Vermont, the workmen grovel in the earth for their marble; in Carrara they go up hundreds, sometimes thousands, of feet into the sky for theirs. Fancy a range of mountains, as high as the highest of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, rising almost perpendicularly—mountains of somber gray rock, bare of trees and of every other sort of vegetation. At the foot of these mountains, upon a plateau of a few hundred acres, place a dingy, dirty, crowded little Italian city; upon the sides of the mountains, at heights varying from five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet, place the marble quarries. Seen in a clear day, at a distance of half a dozen miles, the Carrara mountains seem to rise at an angle of ninety degrees, and the profile of their sharp peaks is so positive and clean, that one can think of nothing more effective in the way of description than to say that they look like the teeth of a magnified wood-saw. And as for the quarries, some of them seem to be patches of snow obstinately refusing to succumb to the sun's warm rays; others look like cascades dashing down the mountain sides; while others seem to be mammoth sheets of paper stuck upon an immense stone wall.

There are upward of four hundred marble quarries, large and small, in Carrara, which are worked by about five thousand men, and the annual production is about one hundred and fifty thousand tons. To procure this amount of marble, probably five hundred thousand tons are quarried, the difference between the figures which represent the annual production and those which represent the amount quarried, being waste. The reason for this is that nobody has yet been ingenious enough to devise a method of quarrying adapted to Carrara which will yield more than one available foot of marble to every four feet quarried. Fortunately, the stock of Carrara marble is inexhaustible, and two thousand years of steady and constantly increasing production have not sensibly affected the supply. The mountains of beautiful white stone seem only to have been touched here and there by the miners.

About half of the quarries are located on the sides of an immense ravine called Ravaccione. A railroad has been built up into this ravine, and tourists who desire to inspect the quarries generally go to Ravaccione by rail, saving a walk of three miles. Arriving at the terminus of the railroad they are about five hundred feet higher than the city of Carrara, and are in sight of as many as two hundred quarries, of which some are not more than two hundred feet above the railroad terminus, while others are very high up the mountain-sides. Very few people undertake to explore the loftier quarries, as the feat requires a deal of hard climbing, and in places an amount of nerve which people unaccustomed to mountaineering do not possess. There are some quarries into which the workmen are lowered by ropes, and still others in which the men do the drilling, and, in fact, all the other work, while suspended by ropes in mid-air, hundreds of feet above the quarry landing.

No machinery of any kind is used in the Carrara quarries. The men of to-day quarry after the fashion of their grandfathers. A common hand-drill, a few jugs of nitric acid, and a plentiful supply of gunpowder complete the outfit of the marble-miners. Slowly and painfully the drill is forced into the mountain-side to the necessary depth; into the hole made by the drill the nitric acid is poured through a tin tube; and when the acid has penetrated every crevice leading from the base of the drill-hole, and has eaten space for the gunpowder, the charge is placed, the slow-match is lighted, the quarrymen betake themselves to places of safety, and in due course of time there is an explosion. After the explosion the quarrymen come back to ascertain the result. It frequently happens that they find nothing as a reward for their labor except a quantity of small rocks. Having blasted the marble out from the mountain, the producer's next step is to put the available blocks into tolerably regular shapes. This is done with the chisel and hammer, by men who receive from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a day. Very large blocks are divided by sawing. The marble-saw is a piece of heavy sheet-iron four or five inches wide, fixed in a cumbrous buck-saw frame, and it is worked by two men. The saw is made to

cut by putting sand beneath the blade, the sand being carried down into the saw-path by a small stream of water trickling from a tub. Working from sunrise to sunset, marble-sawyers can earn as much as thirty-five or forty cents.

When the marble has been squared up it is still a hundred feet, sometimes half a mile, up in the air. It is the custom to lower it with enormous cables. The block to be lowered is put upon a sledge composed of two timbers bolted fast together, and sledge and marble are slowly and laboriously lowered down the mountain-side, pieces of wood rubbed with soap being placed under the sledge in places where the descent is not steep. Sometimes the ropes break, the block escapes from the workmen, and a terrible accident ensues. Carrara is full of cripples, the victims of such accidents.

Occasionally the quarrymen are saved the trouble of lowering the marble. It not infrequently happens that the blast is so strong that the detached pieces do not stop at the quarry landing, but go tumbling to the foot of the mountain. A few days ago, in one of the ravines, I saw a block of marble weighing at least two thousand tons, which, when it was blasted, had slid over a thousand feet from the quarry. In blasting this block the miners were very careful in the use of powder, in the hope that the block would not be driven from the mountain with sufficient force to set it rolling. Fortunately, their calculations were well made. When the blast was fired the block fell forward upon its face, and slid a comparatively short distance down the mountain-side. A very little more powder would have sent it rolling to the bottom of the ravine, and the consequences might have been very serious.

In one of the ravines, it happens perhaps a dozen times a day that workmen and visitors are obliged to take to their heels to escape destruction by some bowlder that has started down-hill. If one could take a safe position and witness the descent of a two-thousand-ton block of marble, the spectacle would be a grand one. But to be chased out of the ravine by this same bowlder would be an altogether different experience. Nothing can be more terrifying than to be in the track of one of these rocks, with hardly a second to spare in which to choose the path of flight. You hear the tooting of a horn, which is a signal that in a few minutes a blast will be set off. Casting your eye about the ravine, you discover that the blast is to be made in a quarry perhaps two thousand feet above you. Anticipating no danger, you keep on calmly crunching your lunch. (Everybody who visits the quarries is supposed to have a lunch with him.) Presently the explosion takes place, and you look up in the direction of the sound. At first you see nothing. A second later, an enormous rock comes bounding out from one of the recesses of the ravine. You fancy that the rock will come to a stop at a certain point which you have marked with your eye, when you are startled by the cries of a hundred quarrymen, and almost at the same time by a sound which, if you have had experience in the quarries, tells you that the bowlder is already dangerously near you. You give one glance at the approaching danger and run for your life, praying as you run. Your flight is to the side of the ravine, and just as you reach a place of safety the bowlder goes thundering past, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and hurling about on all sides fragments of itself and of the rocks which it crushes in its path.

In old times, all of the marble quarried at Carrara was transported from the quarries by oxen. That intended for consumption at Carrara was taken over the rough mountain road a distance of from three to five miles, while that intended for shipment was hauled five miles farther to the sea-shore. The railroad has superseded the wagon service to a large extent, but there are still hundreds of oxen engaged in carting marble from remote quarries to the railroad, and from all of the quarries to saw-mills and studios which are not reached by the railroad. Tourists invariably leave Carrara with the belief that the Carrara teamsters are the most cruel men in the world, and to this belief the writer gives his full adherence. The work which the oxen do would be hard enough under the most favorable circumstances, for the roads are indescribably rough. But the circumstances are not favorable for the poor brutes. They are under-fed and over-loaded, and upon the road are subjected to the most outrageous cruelty. There may be a dozen pairs of oxen attached to the cart. Twelve brutal men, each armed with a heavy goad, are in attendance. The drivers of the eleven leading pairs ordinarily ride, each man seated on the yoke of his own pair, facing the cart, and steadying himself by a hand on the horn of one of the oxen. From the time the team starts from the quarries until it leaves its load there is no cessation of cruelty. It is not to be wondered at that the life of an ox terminates ordinarily within three years of the day on which he makes his first journey to the quarries.

Carrara laborers, and especially those who are engaged in quarrying and transporting marble, certainly have a very hard time of it. Like the oxen, they work much and eat little. For

a day's work, beginning at sunrise and lasting to sunset, the compensation is not more than forty-five cents. It seems almost impossible that a single man can live on such wages, to say nothing of men who count their children by fives, tens, and twenties. Some of the quarrymen live five or six miles from the scene of their labor, and they have, therefore, in addition to a day of severe toil, to take a daily walk of ten or twelve miles. Many of them are obliged to leave their beds at three o'clock in the morning in order to reach the quarries in season to do a full day's work. They take with them in their coat or trowsers pocket the food for the day, which consists of a small loaf of bread. When they return home at night they eat the principal meal of the day, a dish of boiled mush, or a sort of soup made of bread, water, and oil. In the summer they are able to garnish their tables with a dish of vegetables, into which the aromatic garlic is sure to be strongly infused. Meat and fish are luxuries which are indulged in on rare occasions. Most of the marble intended for export is taken to the sea-shore, five miles away, and is unloaded from the cars or ox-wagons upon the sandy beach. Thousands of blocks of marble are to be seen at this depot, each block bearing the initials of its owner and the number by which it is recorded in the owner's books. Here the final preparation for shipment is made. The work of squaring or shaping the block, which was begun at the quarries, is completed here, and the edges of the blocks receive what might be called a "rough smoothing." This done, Carrara having no good harbor, the marble is put into small vessels and sent to Leghorn or Genoa, for shipment to foreign ports.

Robert W. Welch.

ROSE-GERARDIA.

On my small farm, where rocks and weeds contend
Which shall possess the more its barrenness,
In spring, among the very earliest flowers,
Almost untimely, is the saxifrage—
The season's dear, though humble, harbinger,
Rearing on fragile stem its clustered head,
Between the seams of rocks, by east winds blown,
And with a feeble root and few low leaves,
As if it needed neither earth nor sun,
But grew by that exhilarating sense
Of winter past and far-off breath of spring
That likewise man, by his own tokens, knows.

But when all summer's lush and favored flowers,
Fed on the highest suns and richest dews,
Rooted in mellow soil and sheltered nooks,
Are blighted with the year's autumnal change,
Then once again in thin, unfertile lands,
Along the beach-side and the meadow mange,
The rose-gerardia swings its little bell
And will not let the season go too soon.
Its very leaves do deprecate the frost,
Already brown, so not to tempt his touch,
And as the thought of spring, and not spring's self,
Drew from its crevices along the ledge,
The sweet, presaging herald, saxifrage,—
So, now, the latest flower at autumn's end
Grows by the memory of summer days,
Dreams of the rose, and blushes at its dreams.

John Albee.

CARLYLE IN IRELAND.

REMINISCENCES OF MY IRISH JOURNEY. II.

Wednesday, 11th July.—[Let me see what I can now looking back string together of Dublin reminiscences.]

Dublin, Wednesday, 4th July.—Car and letters, Stokes, Sir D. Macgregor,—coming home by Larcom (I forget who else): and as I was stepping out, Dr. E. Kennedy: Off finally with him to dine; home with Snuffy Taylor in K's Car. * * *

Let me *note* henceforth more diligently; and now *shave*. Alas there is no more "Noting" at all; and I must now scrape it together out of memory and letters, the best I can! 2nd Octr 1849.

[I did not *look* on this side while putting down any of the foregoing; had quite forgotten this, or didn't know clearly I ever had such a thing. 7th Octr. *(finished)*]

Addenda (7th Octr.) to the two foregoing entries.—Hideous crowds of beggars at Glendalough—offering guideship, &c. No guide needed. Little black-eye boy, *beautiful* orphan beggar, forces himself on us at last; ditto grey-eyed little girl, with fish her uncle had caught. Scarecrow boatman, his clothes or rags hung on him like *tapestry*, when the wind blew he expanded like a tulip: *first* of many such conditions of dress. "King O'Toole's tomb." Tim Byrne (Burn they pronounced), spoken to—he, the one whole-coated farmer of the place; many *Byrnes* hereabouts. Could not make out the meaning or origin of Glendalough; at last found St. Kevin (natural in St. K) to be the *central* fact; the "Kings" O'Toole, O'Byrne, &c., &c., had dedicated chapels to him, bequeathing their own bodies to be buried there, as unspeakably advantageous for them; straight road to Heaven for them perhaps. Many burials *still* here; tombstones, all of mica-slate, slice off into obliteration within the century. One arch (there still remains another) of entrance to "cathedral" had fallen *last* year (or year before?) Fount, and miracles in "Patrontime"; "Patterun" is Kevin himself; "St. Kevin be your bed!" Brought heath and ivy from Glendalough; grimmest spot in my memory. * * *

Kildare railway; big blockhead, sitting with his dirty feet on seat opposite, not stirring them for me, who wanted to sit there: "One thing we're all agreed on," said he "we're very *ill governed;* Whig, Tory, Radical, Repealer, all admit we're very ill governed!"—I thought to myself "Yes indeed: you govern yourself. He that would govern you well, would probably surprise you much, my friend,—laying a hearty horsewhip over that back of yours." "*No* smoking allowed"; passengers had erased the "No." Coarse young man entering, took out his pipe, and smoked without apology. Second class; went no more in *that.* Carlow, "Hungry Street:" remember it still well, and the few human figures stalking about in it: red, dusty-looking evening, to *us* (in rail) dusty and windy. Of Bagnalstown, saw nothing but Stations (railway is still in progress), and some streak of distant housetops, behind (westward) of that; and one little inn at the extremity where our car halted and the beggars were. Dusty, dusky evening to Kilkenny.

Wednesday, 11th July.— * * * [At Kilkenny.]

Workhouse; huge chaos, *ordered* "as one could;"—O'S. [O'Shaughnessy] poor light little *Corker* (he is from Cork, and a really active creation), proved to be the *best* of all the "orderers," I saw in Ireland in this office; but his establishment, the first I had ever seen, quite shocked me. Huge arrangements for eating, baking, stacks of Indian meal stirabout; 1000 or 2000 great hulks of men lying piled up within brick walls, in such a country, in such a day! Did a *greater* violence to the law of nature ever before present itself to sight, if one *had* an eye to *see* it? Schools, for girls, rather goodish; for boys, clearly bad; forward, impudent *routine*—scholar, one boy, with strong Irish physiognomy,—getting bred to be an impudent superficial pretender. So; or else sit altogether stagnant, and so far as you can, *rot.* Hospital: haggard ghastliness of some looks,—literally, their eyes grown "colorless" (as Mahomet describes the horror of the Day of Judgment); "Take me home!" one half-mad was urging, a deaf-man; ghastly *flattery* of us by another, (*his* were the eyes): ah me! boys drilling, men still piled within their walls: no hope but of stirabout; swine's meat, swine's *destiny* (I gradually saw): right glad to get *away.* Idle people, on road to castle; sitting on street curbstones, &c.; numerous in the summer afternoon; idle old city; can't well think

how they live. Castle "superb" enough but no heart for it; no portraits that I care about, —not even a *certain* likeness of the Duke James, the *Great* of Ormond; *pay* my half-crown; won't write in the album;—home dead-tired; and O'S. is to come and dine. Of dinner little rememberable at all. Strange dialect of Mrs. Dr. Cane, a Wicklow lady,— made a canvas case for my writing case this day, good hostess! came of Scotch people; rings with such a *lilt* in speaking as is unexampled hitherto; all is *i's*, *oi's*, &c.; —excellent mother and wife, so far as heart goes, "sure-ly." Snuffy editors, low bred but not without energy, *once* "all for repale," now out of that;—have little or no memory of what they said or did. Dr. Cane himself, lately in prison for "repale," now free and Mayor again, is really a person of superior worth. Tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and smallish globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching. Irish (moral) Grandison—touch of that in him; sympathy with all that is good and manly however, and continual effort towards that. Likes me, is hospitably kind to me, and I am grateful to him. Up stairs about 8 o'clock (to smoke, I think), lie down on rough ottoman at bed's end, for 5 minutes;— fall dead asleep, and Duffy wakes me at one o'clock! We are to go to-morrow morning towards Waterford—I slept again, till towards six, and then wrote to my mother; as well as looked into "Commercial Reading rooms," &c. opposite me in the ancient narrow street. Jackdaws and lime-pointed old slate roofs were my prospect otherwise fore and aft. Crown of the year now in regard to *heat*.

Thursday 12th July.—Off by rail with Duffy * * * At length under steep cliffs we come to the end of Waterford long wooden bridge; rattle over to the bright trim-looking long quay with its high substantial row of houses on the other side, rattle along the same, and at last are shoved out, very dusty and dim, at Commercial Hotel, where it, not far from ending, is intersected by a broad street at right angles; Hotel as I afterwards found, where "Meagher" (the now convict) lived, and where his father still lives.

Mem. On the Friday morning at Dublin I had seen a big flaring lithograph portrait (whose I didn't know, like *Lockhart* somewhat) with the people murmuring sympathy over it, in a shop window near the end of Sackville Street: it was now removed; must have been M.'s —*This* (Thursday afternoon), was it now that I argued with Duffy about Smith O'Brien; I infinitely vilipending, he hotly eulogizing the said Smith?

At Waterford it was Assize time and the Cl. Hotel was rather in an encumbered state: two small bed-rooms, without fire-places, in third floor; mine looks out seaward, over clean courts, house roofs, and I think sees a bit of country, perhaps even of sea. Letters; one from Lord Stuart de Decies, (volunteer thro' poor-law Ball), to whom I write that I *will* come, and enclosing Lord Monteagle's letter. Duffy's Father Something was also not at home: so we returned to the hotel for tea.—Father Some-other-thing, a silly, fluctuating free-spoken priest, joined us in that meal; we to breakfast with him to-morrow.—Smoke cigar along the quay—the southermost part of it beyond our Hôtel; talk with shopkeeper kind of man there, leaning over the balustrade, looking at the few ships and boats; Waterford's Commerce ruined,—this was the sum of *all* my enquiries,—2,000 hands acquainted with curing bacon had left the place, bacon (owing to potatoe failure) having ended. Butter do., Cattle do.; all has ended "for the time." Good many warehouses, *three* in one place on the quay you may now see shut.— Walk *late* up to the Post Office, big watchman, with grappling hook for drunk men, patrolling the Dock quay;—"accidents may happen, sir!" Wretched state of *my* poor clay carcase at that time * * *

Friday, 13th July.—Breakfast with the Father Something; steepish street far back in the City; other younger Father with him;— clever man this, black-eyed, florid man of thirty this, not ill informed, and appears to have an element of real zeal in him, which is rare among these people. Priest's breakfast and equipment nothing special; that of a poor schoolmaster or the like, living in lodgings with a rude old woman and her niece or daughter: talk also similar,—putting Irish for Scotch, the thing already known to me. —To see some Charitable Catholic Schools; far off, day hot, I getting ill: Irish monk (pallid, tall, dull-looking Irishman of 50) takes us hospitably; 40 or 50 boys, all Catholic, with good apparatus—these he silently *won't* set agoing for us ("holiday" or some such thing); we have to *look* at them with what approval we can. To the hôtel, I with younger priest; totally sick and miserable when I arrive, take refuge up stairs on three chairs, and there lie, obstinate to speak to no man till our car go off. * * *

Dust, dust, wind is arear of us (or some *dusty* way it blows) on the car; and there is no comfort but patience, distant *view* of green, and occasionally a cigar. The wind, dusty or not, refreshes, considerably cures my sick nerves, as it always does. Strait dusty places:

goats chained together with straw rope. "Repale would be agreeable!" Scrubby ill-cultivated country; Duffy talking much, that is, making me talk. Hedges mostly of *gorse*, not one of them will turn any kind of cattle, —alas I found that the universal rule in Ireland, not one fence in 500 that will *turn*. Even they are almost all, and *without* attention paid: emblematic enough. Kilmacthomas, clear white village hanging on the steep declivity. Duffy discovered; enthusiasm of all for him, even the (Galway) policemen. Driver privately whispers me "he would like to give a cheer for that gent."—"Don't, it would do him no good." Other policeman *drunk*, not michievous, but babbling-drunk; didn't see another in that or any such condition in all my travels. * * * Cappoquin at last, in the thickening dusk, 8½ I suppose; leave Duffy at the Inn, and get a car for Dromana, in a most dusty, stiffened, petrified, far from enviable condition. Dromana drawbridge—(over some river tributary of the Blackwater), Dromana park, huge square grey house and deep solitude; am admitted, received with real hospitality and a beautiful quiet politeness (tho' my Waterford letter *has* not been received); and, once entirely stript, washed, and otherwise refreshed, commit myself to the new kindly element, pure element that surrounds me. Sleep,—O the beautiful big old English bed! and bedroom big as a ballroom, looking out on woody precipices that overhang the Blackwater. Begirt with mere silence! I slept and again slept, a heavy sleep; still remembered with thankfulness.

Saturday, 14th July.—Beautiful breezy sunny morning; wide waving wooded lawn, new cropt of *hay*; huge square old grey mansion hanging on the woody brow or (Drom, *Drum*) over the river with steps, paths &c. cut in the steep;—grand silence everywhere, huge *empty* hall like a Cathedral when you entered;—all the family away but Ld Stuart and a stepdaughter Baronness, semi-german, and married to a German now fighting against the Hungarians (Baronness *zealous* for him). The pleasantest morning and day of all my Tour.—Quiet simple breakfast; all in excellent *order* (tea *hot* &c. as you find it rarely in a great house); my letter comes *now* and we have a nice quiet hour or two, we three, over this and other things; ride with Lord Stuart to gardens, thro' woods to village of Dromana; clean slated hamlet with church; founded by predecessor (70 or 80 years ago) for *weaving*. Ulster weavers have all *ceased* here; posterity lives by country labour, reasonably well, you would say. This was the limit of our ride. All trim, rational, well ordered here; Ld Stuart himself good, quite English in style, and with the good-natured candid-*drawling*-dialect (*à la* Twistleton) that reminds you of England. Talent enough too, and a sensibility to fun among other things; man of fifty, smallish black eyes, full cheeks, expression of patience with *capability* of action, with the most perfect politeness at all points. Will drive me to Mount Meillaraye "Monastery;" does so; off about one. Other side of Cappoquin; road wilder, mounting towards Knockmeldown mountains, which had made figure last night, which make a great figure, among the other fine objects, from Dromana Park; arrive at Meillaraye in an hour or so.

Hooded monks,—actually in brown coarse woolen sacks, that reach to the knee, with funnel shaped hood that can be thrown back; Irish physiognomy in a new guise! Labourers working in the field at hay &c; *country* people they, I observe, *presided* over by a monk.—Entrance, squalid hordes of beggars sit waiting; *accent* from beneath the hood as a "brother" admits us; learning the Lordship's *quality* he hastens off for "the prior": a tallish, lean, not very prepossessing Irishman of 40, who conducts us thenceforth. * * * Excellent brown bread, milk and butter, is offered for viaticum; Lord Stuart, I see, smuggles some gift of money; and with blessings we are rolled away again. The new "Monastery" must have accumulated several 1000 pounds of *property* in these 17 or more or fewer years, in spite of its continual charities to beggars; but this itself, I take it must be very much the result of public *Charity* (Catholic Ireland much approving of them); and I confess the whole business had, lurking under it for me, at this year of grace, a certain *dramatic* character, as if they were "doing it." Inevitable at this year of grace, I fear! Hard work I didn't see monks doing: except it were one young fellow who was actually forking hay; food, glory, dim notion of getting to Heaven, too, I suppose these are motive enough for a man of average Irish insight? The saddest fact I heard about these poor monks was, that the Prior had discovered some of them surveying the Youghal-and-Cappoquin steamer, watching its arrival, from their high moor as the event of *their* day; and had reprovingly taken away their telescope: ah me!—potatoe failure had sadly marred *them* too; they had sold their fine organ (a pious gift) lately, and even, as I heard, their "whole stock of poultry" in the famine year.

One Sir —— Shaw, fine Ayrshire man, an old Peninsula soldier, Lord S's agent here, to dinner with us; fine hearty, hoary old soldier, rattles pleasantly away: "Napier used to say, 'If you would be a soldier learn to *sleep!*'"

Few can do it: Napoleon could. Snatch sleep whenever and wherever there is a chance. About 10 I had to tear myself up, and with real pathos snatch myself away from these excellent people; their car waits for me, in the dim summer night, an *English* driver: and thro' Cappoquin I am hurried to Lismore smoking, and looking into the dark boscage. into the dark world.—Bridge building at Cappoquin, old bridge at Lismore Castle, steepish ascent, old gatehouse, passage, silent court; and at one of the corners (left hand, or river, side), Currey [Duke of Devonshire's agent] having done the impossible, *posted*, namely, in bespoken relays of cars all the way from Waterford, is here some minutes ago to receive me; Duke of Devonshire's impulse,—strange enough,—on *me*. Across the court, or through long silent passages to an excellent room and bed, fitted up as for persons of quality; and there, bemurmured by the Blackwater, quite happy had I not been so dyspeptic, incurable a creature, I once more dissolve in grateful sleep under the clouds and stars.

Sunday, July 15th.—Bright sunny morning again; day too hot; and I, alas, internally too hot. Noble old Castle, all sumptuous, clean, dry, and utterly vacant (only a poor Irish housekeeper, old, lame, clean, loitering on the stairs, with an appetite for shillings),—all mine for a few hours; like a palace of the fairies. Drive toward the mountains; to a school-house, to be developed into *Agricultural* school by "the Duke": Currey, kind active man, having his gig ready. Duke's property *ends* at the very peak of the very highest Knockmeldown, a cone that had been conspicuous to me these two days; well shaded country, up the clearest of little rivers; schoolhouse atop, very windy; two girls alone in the house.—Cy salutes the people in Irish (which he has learned) as we drive down again; meet many "coming from chapel," or hanging about the road; a certain "squire." Something is in talk with certain common people, nods to Currey, we turn to the right when near Lismore; get into the Park of some *anarchic* squire (has been shot at, I think); bars and obstacles, high plantations *dying* for long want of the axe; ugliest of houses, with its back to us, or ugly posterior to us; anarchy reigns *within* (I am told) as without. Down at last toward Blackwater side; where C's. messenger, that was to row us, slightly *fails*; Currey, leaving horse, leaving message with somebody on the road, takes me thro' the fat rough meadows; get into the boat, rows me himself (good man), I steering; fat rough meadows, scraggy border of trees or woods, continues for a mile or two; messenger *appears* on bank, mildly rebuked and re-instructed: otter bobs up, have never seen another: fine enough river, most obliging *passage* thereon: we step out, thro' a notable decayed squire's mansion, now genteel farm; find gig in messenger's hands on road; roll home; dine, and get packed and mounted again, over the moor to Youghal, the hospitable Currey still driving, still in all senses carrying me along. Much talk with him: about the unquestionable confusion of leases; unreasons, good-efforts or otherwise of neighbour landlords; general state of men and things hereabouts; on all which he talks well, courteously, wisely. "Old Deer-park" (Duke's) on the height, bare enough of look; somnolent Sunday hamlet, yet with people in Sunday clothes, some of them; somnolent bridge-keeper over muddy river, pleasantish road hitherto,—mount now to the moor-top, and ragged barrenness with many roofless huts is the main characteristic; wind rising to a proper pitch—Blackwater side very beautiful. Dromana &c seen over it. Squire's house hanging close with its lawnlet upon the edge of the high (seamed, precipitous) river bank; fantastic-pretty in the sunny wind. Currey leaves letter there, meet Squiress and ladies walking in the grounds, Irish voices, pretty enough Irish ways of theirs. And so along, by deep woody dells, and high declivities, wild, variegated, sometimes beautiful, sometimes very ugly road; emerge at last upon the *final* reach of the Blackwater; a broad, smooth now quite *tidal* expanse, and along the north shore of this by swift, level, often shady, course, to Youghal—"Yawal"—as they name it: a-town memorable to my early heart—poor brother Alick's song of "*Yoogal* harbour" still dwelling with, bringing whom now from *beyond* the ocean! Sun has about sunk: grey wind is cold. * * * Bridge over Blackwater at Lismore; general style of management; here too, I found what was before visible, that the English Absentee generally far surpasses the native as an owner of land; and that all *admit* the fact indeed. What "scale of worth" tho', must it be! Dingy scattered houses along a dingy waste, hungry, main-street full of idle Sundayers; turn sharp to right up a lane close past a school founded by first Earl of Cork, past corner of "Sir Walter Raleigh's house" (now a Quaker's), and in the cold, dusty dusk we dismount in a little grassy court,—court of "Youghal College" (a kind of religious foundation, nobody could well tell me what); where, better or worse, an ancient pair of domestics, received the tired travellers, light fire, get tea for them; and so taking leave of Currey, who is to start at 2 a. m. and do the impossible again to be at his grand jury work

in Waterford, I mount to a big dim old room, the inner of two, and tumble into bed. * * *

Monday, 16th July.—After *two* sleeps, awoke to a bright day, in my welcome seclusion here at the back of Youghal dingy town. Strange place, considerable park, with old rugged trees, with high old walls, with rough grass and a kind of walk kept gravelly thro' and round it; leans up against the rapidly rising ground; roofs of the town and some quiet clean houses in the back street visible from the higher hillward part of the walk.—What can *be* the use of such a place? very mysterious; to me in my present humour very useful; most still forenoon passed wholly there. Servant, gruff but good, is an old English soldier, wife an old Youghal woman, who is much taken up with "Methodist Missions" in Ireland, for one thing; will have me to subscribe; I won't. Dim, half dilapidated, old house; my big room, big windows that shove up and give egress into the Park: still time, writing there; but about noon, (coach is to go about one or two); walk westward nearly the whole length of Ya'al; dingy semi-savage population; rough, fierce-faced, ragged, in the market place (or Quay) where the wares are of small mercantile value; ballad singer there. "Clock-gate" before that; and washed old humble citizen guides me into this square space of quay, or market, (if it were anything but some huckstering ragfair, with a few potatoes &c. in it); Post Office "no stamps;" home by the upper or northward range of lane, high on the hill edge, looking quite down upon the main street, to which again I descend. Wooden bridge, seen hastily yesternight, I hardly recollect at all. * * *

Killeigh; poor village, brook at this end, remember little of it; poor woman, who had got up beside me, takes to crying; her son, driving her *last* time she was here, is now buried in that churchyard "God's will"—she gradually quieted herself; "bad times for poor &c." yes, but could or would tell me almost nothing about the details. Weltering wet black bogs *before* Killeigh; and sea getting distant, with crops, and scrogs and bogs between us and it. Little memorable to Castle Martyr: broad trim little street of that, Ld. Shannon's gate and park at west end. Ragged boys, brown as berries; tattered people everywhere in quantity, but I had now grown used to them. "Middleton" I really thought they called it. "*Mill*town" —remember its long broad street of good houses, its stream or two streams at west extremity, with big mills; (distillery I think) in the distance, now a subsidiary poorhouse, a frequent phenomenon in these parts. Country not quite bare, otherwise scraggy, bushy, weedy, dusty, full enough of ragged people, not now memorable to me at all. Cork harbour, a long irregular Firth, *indenting* the land in all manner of irregularities for 10 or 12 miles, now begins to shew some of lagoons and muddy creeks, *not* beautiful here; various castles &c. are on the left; on the left lies or lay Cloyne, (Bp Berkley's), but "we don't pass thro' it, sir." Evening is getting cloudy, coldish, windy; carts met, some air of real *trade;* alas! if you look, it is mostly or all meal-sacks, Indian corn sacks,—poorhouse trade. I didn't in all Ireland meet one big-piled carrier's cart, not to speak of carrier's waggon, such as we see here! "Barry's Court," somebody names for me on the left; square old pile Raleigh, in Desmond's war of 1580); remember "Foaty" also, which looked rather like a sentry box in the wide flat, now opening *grey* in the windy evening, with the muddy meanders of Cork harbour labyrinthically indenting it. Cold, dusty, windy: steep height now on our left, clothed with luxuriant wood, nice citizen's boxes nestled there, miles of it (perhaps near 3); looks very well; and Cork itself, white-housed, through the twilight vapour, is now visible ahead. Long street of suburb; goodish houses; at last Cork itself. Lea bridge sharp to left; fine wide crowded street like a small *Cork* "Pootland Place," with fine shops &c.; to left again a little of this. "Wo-hp!" porter of Imperial Hotel is waiting—*has* heard of Duffy. I get letters, washing, mutton chop for dinner; young Englishman—middies as I gradually discover; are rather loudly dining near me.—Then gradually dining in the wholesomest way attainable, I read my letters (Duffy, out to dinner, not yet visible); and endeavour to enjoy, or failing that to endure. Walk on the streets with cigar; loud song of the Blind Beggar on Lea bridge; gave him a penny and stopt silently to listen, "Oah Kehristins may the Lard protec ye from the dangers av the night, and guide yer sowls &c. &c. and may ye never know what it is forever dark, and have no eyes—and for Kehrist's sake, lave a penny for the blind that can never see again!" All this, or something similar in expression, he *chaunted* in a loud deep voice, strange enough to hear for the first time in the streaming thoroughfare in the dusk. Rain slightly beginning now, I return; take to writing: near 11 o'clock,—announces himself "Father O'Shea!" (who I thought had been *dead*;) to my astonishment enter a little grayhaired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticulation, boundless loyal welcome, *red* with dinner and some wine, engages that we are to meet to-morrow,—and again with ex-

plosion of welcomes, goes his way. This Father O'Shea, some 15 years ago, had been, with Emerson of America, one of the *two* sons of Adam who encouraged poor bookseller Fraser, and didn't discourage him, to go *on* with "*Teufelsdröckh*." I had often remembered him since; had not long before *re*-enquired his name, but understood somehow that he was dead;—and now! To bed, after brief good night to Duffy; and, for rattling of window (masses of pamphlets will not still it) cannot, till near 5 a.m., get to sleep at all.

Tuesday, 17th July.—"Seven o'clock, sir!" —Seven o'clock, sir!" this I wove for some time into my deep dreams; then had to awake to see a little bottle-brush head and "boots" with thimble full of "warm water," who had marked me *wrong* "on his slate"—accursed "boots!"—Dismiss him, almost like to assassinate him; but no sleep more; a miserable day for health, that; especially unfit to *walk* (ah me!) round by the Post Office (I suppose), by streets and quays after breakfast. Shallow stream (tide out) with high walls, somewhere off the main river, Statue of George II close by; market-place, rather squalid, miscellaneous; home and write till 2, when Duffy with "Denny Lane" enters. Happily I had *missed* all the forenoon's sights (schools, monasteries, &c.); am to go down the river by steam, and dine with Denny and a company, to sleep too —but that was altered at last—fine brown Irish figure, Denny; distiller—ex-repealer; frank, hearty, honest air; like Alfred Tennyson a little; goes and I write again till near four. Steamer then, and *our* company gathering amid the crowd on deck;—obliged to talk to this and the other: much rather *sit* and *look*. Beautiful white city, Cork, at the foot of its steep woody slope; at the head of its *indentive* narrow Frith, cutting its way thro' the hollows, making hills into *Islands*, for 10 miles up or more.

Dinner [at Denny's cottage on return] hospitable, somewhat hugger-mugger; much too crowded, old mother of Dr. Lane, sat by me, next her, Father O'Something (*Sullivan*, I discover in my letters). Shea's *Curate*, a Cork *wit*, as the punch soon shewed him; opposite me was Father Shea, didactic, loud spoken, courteous, good every way—a true gentn. priest in the Irish style, my *only* good specimen of that. One Barry, editor of songs, of newspapers, next him; Duffy and two, nay 3 or 4 more, to left of me at the other end. O'Sullivan, in yellow wig, man of fifty, with *brick*-complexion, with inextinguishable good humour, caught at all straws to hang some light wit on them; really did produce much shallow laughter (poor soul) from me as from others; merry all; worth seeing for once, this scene of "Irish life." Out after sunset, take a boat, to Fort Carlisle, land at Cove; beautifulest still twilight: walk about Cove, which seems much larger than I expected. Duffy recognized, "Mr. Duffy there!" said some lad or girl, in the back or *upper* narrow Street. "Black thorn stick!" Phantasm in straw hat and rags, amid a small group of inhabits, all gone to black *shadows* at this hour, singing or acting some distraction, the burden of which was "Black thorn stick!" Some Irish modern Hercules, who helps himself divinely out of all difficulties by that. "Sure the craithurs are sick!" says he once, on some phenomenon or other turning up; then follows babblement quite unintelligible to me; but it is all cleared and cured soon as appears, by his "Black thorn stick!" Sootiest, most phantasmal piece of nonsense I ever heard;—to our boat again, Denny (ashamed of "Black thorn") dragging me off. Dark now; sea beautiful, and light still in it. Songs from two persons, editor Barry one of them; Father O'Sullivan, still witty, steering; (Father O'Shea had staid on land). "In hopes to harbour in thy arms!" was one of Barry's songs. "I-a-n ho-opes to ha-arbour in thy a-a-arms!" reiterates always some much enduring mortal of the sailing class;—and does get married, I think:—with a round of applause from us, and low joining in the burden. Round of applause done, Father O'S with a confidential business tone: mentions, "tho' joining faintly in the chorus, in the name of the Church I beg leave to protest!" this, with the tone, and yellow wig, &c. did well enough; a specimen of Father Sn. All priests almost, except Shea, surprise me by their seeming *carelessness* about religion, a matter of military drill with them, you would say. This cheery O'Sullivan, with his vulgar but real good humour was amongst the best I can remember, after the good O'Shea, who I hear labours diligently among a large poor flock; 3 or 4 curates: and though nothing of a bigot, seems truly a serious man. Home in 2 cars, O'Shea in mine; jolty, dark, late, about 2 a.m. at Imperial Hotel (when a begging *idiot* starts up to *assist* us in ringing bell); we all part: sleep with difficulty 2 hours again; not the *happiest* of men, no!

Wednesday, 18th July.—Damp morning, yet with struggling sunshine; rejected contributor of Duffy's, sits at back table while we breakfast; speaks of Ld. Limerick, of Dolly's Brae affair (quite new)—baddish fellow; forgotten all but his *voice*. Three coaches in the road; immense packing, get under way at

last, towards Killarney and Shine Lawlor. Longish row of fellows *sitting* against the walls of houses on quay at the bridge end; very ugly in their lazzarone aspect under the sunshine. Spacious but half-waste aspect of streets as we roll upwards towards the hill country out of Cork. Windy, and ever more so; country bare. Put off *hat* (owing to head wind) at first stage, and took out *cap* from my carpet bag.—Bare commonplace country,—plenty of inequalities and "natural features," but culture, and elegance of taste in possessors, much wanting. Blarney Castle, I remember it, among its bit of wood at the foot of dingy uncultivated heights in dingy bare country; a grey square tower mainly, visible in its wood which the big waste seemed to reduce to a patch of wood. Country getting barer, wilder; *forgotten* now, all details of it. Meet criminals, in long carts escorted by police; young women many of them, a kind of gypsey beauty in some of the witches, keen glancing black eyes with long coarse streams of black hair; "To Cork for trial"—eheu! Saw at another point of the road, large masses of people camped on the wayside, (*other* side of Mallow I think?) "waiting for out-door relief;" squalid, squalid, not the *extremity* of raggedness seen at Kildare, however. * * *

At "Millstreet" dine or lunch; pleasant village among woods on the hill-slope, as seen from the distance; interior, one man of mendicancy, ruined by the "famine," by the potatoe-failure. All towns here seem to depend for their trade on mere produce of the earth; mills, distilleries, bacon, butter,—what of "respectability with gig" could be derived from that has taken station in towns, and all is wrecked now. After lunch, street filled with beggars; people in another coach threw halfpence; the population ran at them like rabid dogs, *dogs* of both sexes, and whelps; one oldish fellow I saw *beating* a boy, to keep at least him out of the competition. Rain; "Hay-y-p!" down hill at a rapid pace, happily we get away. Duffy has taken refuge inside; and the rain now for about an hour becomes furious;—lasts in furious occasional showers, but briefer, till near the end of the journey. Desolate, bare, moory country; hanging now in clear wet; much bog, mainly bog; treeless and swept over by a harsh moist wind.

Mangarton, streak of Killarney evening smoke, and Macgillicuddy serrated ridge, front of the mountain-country, handsomely fringed too with some wood, were now getting very visible; the moor changes itself into drained cultivated land, with gentlemen's seats, and human or *more* human farmhouses: —decidedly rather beautiful, by contrast especially. * * * High avenues, Lord Kenmare's; steepish descent; paved street at last, and square-built open street (town of 6,000 you would have said, 12,000 I was *told*); chaos of hungry porters, inn agents, lodging-agents,—beggars, storming round you, like ravenous dogs round carrion; this is Killarney. Swift, O swift into the car for "Roche's," for anybody's; and let us off! Roche's, I find is a mile and-a-half distant; at the lake side or near it; fine avenues all the way, and we go fast—the inn itself, a kind of general lodging house rather, did, in my experience, by no means correspond to our hope. Funeral overtaken by us; the "Irish howl;"—totally disappointing, there was no sorrow whatever in the tone of it. A pack of idle women, mounted on the hearse as many as could, and the rest walking; were hoh-hoh-ing with a grief quite evidently hired and not worth hiring. Swift, thro' it! Here is "Roche's," a long row of half-cottage looking buildings: in the middle part is the inn proper and we get admitted *taliter qualiter*. * * *

Thursday, 19*th July*.—Bedroom reminds me of being tied up in a sack; clean quiet little cell, however; smoke out of the window, and look at the early sun and moon.—Moon turned away from Killarney. Shine Lawlor appear at breakfast: polite, quick, well-bred-looking, intelligent little fellow, with Irish-English air, with little bead-eyes, and features and *repale* feelings, Irish altogether. We are to come after breakfast, he will "shew us the lake," regrets to have no bed &c.—polite little man;—and we are to bring the *inn* car for ourselves and him. Poor S. L., perhaps he *had* no car of his own in these distressed times! The evident poverty of many an Irish gentleman and the struggle of his hospitality with that, was one of the most touching sights—inviting, and even commanding respectful *silence* from the great surely; Shine Lawlor's "Castle-lough" (I think he calls it) is a beautiful little place, in thick woods, close to "Roche's," and looking over the very lake, —though not from this parlour where we now were. *Shea* Lawlor there too, a kinsman from Bantry; tallow-complexioned, big, erect man, with sharp-croaking Irish voice, small cock-nose, stereotype glitter of smile, and small, hard blue eyes,—explodes in talking over Duffy; ex-repaler, talks *much*, half-wisely, whole-foolishly, (I find) in that vein. "Revd. Dr. Moor, Principal of Oscot," high heavy man in black (catholic) gaiters; Catholic Harmonious Blacksmith,—really very like Whewell. Young Shine Lawlor's brother a *medicus* from Edinburgh; pleasant idle youth with cavendish tobacco: these are the

party; Shine, Duffy, and I, off in car for "Gap of Dunlooe," the others, all but Shea, —are to meet us in boat. Killarney workhouse; 3000 strong, the old *abominable* aspect of "human swinery"—managed as handsomely as they could. Rain has begun; Duffy turns, prefers to talk all day with Shea at Castle Lough: Shine and I alone; swift pleasant-enough colloquy; sensible, shifty man, has done his best in famine-time, with wretched tenants; still above water, thanks to "lying money" he had. Farm of his, "will you enter?" Yes. *Bare*, very bare, new cottage; built by farmer himself, who has a long lease; docks, puddles, with rubbish all round; kitchen place empty of furniture, except a stool or two, and some vestige of perhaps one table by the back-wall; sod roof visible from within; bearded, dirty, big farmer there, who stutters and is civil; worn little old wife, who is reluctant "to shew me her milk-house." How she keeps her milk? "I kape it in *keelers*!"—with a haggard glance from the corner of her old black eyes. Daughter and she conduct us nevertheless; over wet cowhouse spaces from stepping stone to stepping stone; an ancient *cowhouse*, windows walled up with mortarless stones, no cows in *it*, milk in "keelers" (wooden *coolers*, shallow pails), standing two rows on the floor; sod-roof visible above has once had some smear of lime-wash, transient rat has rained down clay into some of the dishes; alas, alas! They supply the Killarney workhouse with milk; have 40 cows (they say,—perhaps 40 *head:*) that is their farm industry. Fat stuttering farmer escorts us through spongy dock-field civilly to the road; and we mount again, and roll. "National School here, walk in?" A most somnolent dusty establishment: perhaps some sixteen little scholars; unshaven sleepy schoolmaster, "*has* no best class," he says;—and indeed it is all a shrine of dusty sleep, among the worst of "National Schools;" not at all without rivals and even surpassers (victors in that bad race) as I found. "Out-door relief" next; at a wretched little country shop; Shine's frank swift talk to the squalid crowd: dusty squalor, full of a noisy hum, expressing greed, suspicion, and *incarnated nonsense* of various kinds. Ragged wet hedges, weedy ditches; nasty ragged, spongy-looking flat country hereabouts;—like a *drunk* country fallen down to sleep amid the mud.

To left, up narrow hard moor-road here, hard like Craigemputtock country; beggars waiting at solitary corners, start with us, run sometimes miles,—get nothing, Lawlor doesn't mind them in the least. We are mounting fast into the stony hills; Macgillicuddy, not always very conspicuous, lies still further to the west (I think); this route is wholly westward of the lake. One beggar ran for 2 or perhaps 3 miles: he, on the dismissal of our car, does get coats &c. to carry, and a shilling I suppose. Ex-*repale* Shine does agree with me that a Parliament,—any Parliament in these times, is a mere talking-machine; that "Parliament on College-green," even if it could be had, is moonshine. Pass is getting straiter, high rocky brows on left hand. We dismiss our car, take to walking; mount now thro' the "Gap" itself; high rugged black cliffs, of slaty or *flag* structure lower overhead on both hands; with tumbled masses of the same below, and bright fat grass bordering them,—"grass which *kills* cattle" (when they get too *much* of it suddenly, I suppose!) Melancholy small farm (with clean straw-roof however), where the gap *opens* into a kind of craggy wide-pit, and we are now at the summit of the place; wild grey damp sky, and showers still scudding about. In front of the farmhouse is "Dunloe hôtel," so Shine laughingly names it. Squalid, dark, empty cottage, where with a dirty table and bench, without fire visible, food, or industry of any kind, sit two women to press upon you the "dainty of the country"—"whisky and goat's-milk." Taste it; a greasy abomination; gave the wretches sixpence; and get away. Poor wretches, after all; but human *pity* dies away into stony misery and disgust in the excess of such scenes. One of these women is the farmer's sister; "he won't let me enter *his* house," she said or hinted; the other *mistress* of the vendible dainty, I learned afterwards, (at least if Irish carman's observation could teach) was "Kate Carney's" niece; "Carney" she too, but not of the song,—tho', if lifted from her squalor, she might be a handsome woman. * * *

Lake clear, blue,—almost black; slaty precipitous islets rise frequent; rocky dark hills, somewhat fringed with native arbŭtus (very frequent all about Killarney), mount skyward on every hand. Well enough;—but don't bother me with *audibly* admiring it: Oh! if you but wouldn't! Come once or twice aground with our boat, in muddy creeks seeking the picturesque too eagerly; otherwise a pleasant sail. "Ornamental cottages," deep shrouded in arbŭtus wood, with clearest cascades, and a depth of *silence* very inviting, abound on the shores of these lakes; but *something* of dilapidation, beggary, human fatuity in one or other form, is painfully visible in nearly all. * * * Stag-hunts have been; *yonder* (west side of the lake); most silent, solitary, with a wild beauty looking thro' the squalor of one's thoughts; that is the impression of the scene; moist, soft weather too harmonized. Boat-

man sings us, by order, "repale songs;" deep bass voice, and business tone, songs obscurely *emblematic*, clearly of most ignorant character; a fine Roman-nosed steel-complexioned fellow, the singer; who also awoke *echoes*, worth not much. I remember a most rapid *strait*, between black rocks, sometimes reckoned dangerous; item, an old black bridge (beggar-girls at it, "we been waiting for ye all day!"). Boatman steered—(song—boatman chiefly) and *shot* the lightened boat, we passing on foot, along the rapid rock-walled channel here. Dangerous this truly; especially in floods; gentleman (young Lawlor's acquaintance) drowned there, in spite of best swimming skill. We waited, in rain, below some other bridge (I remember till boat came up;) passed also below a wooden bridge (woody, wild, but pleasant country all this); and now we are in the *lower* lake, bigger but not so interesting. Land at some ornamental cottage called ——, where the people being understood to be at dinner we do not call; go on to "Lady Kenmare's cottage;" and return. Beautiful little cottage, "which her Ladyship never inhabits;" in the sweetest little woody bay or cove; * * * Big lake is rather windy, even rough; some religious island with edifice (name forgotten) is visible in it to left or *north-west*. Mucross House (Herbert's) indistinctly, Mucross Abbey hardly at all, with woods and those bare Mangartons and mountains in front; pale brassy sky glitters cold on us, boat pitches, wind blows; one is hungry, and glad enough to reach Castle-Lough. * * * Dinner was noisy-Irish, not unpleasant, not anywhere unpolite; nor was intelligence or candour (partly got up for me it might be, yet I think was not) amid the roughish but genial mirth a quite missing element. Shea talked largely, wanted *me* to open on O'Connel that he might hear him well denounced; but I wouldn't; Shine talked, workhouse labour &c., and Mr. Poeble O'Keefe talked; bad tea in fireless parlour; finally we emerge in pitch dark night, with escort thro' the woods; and bid our kind Irish entertainers a kind adieu. Good be with them, good struggling people; that is my hearty feeling for them now.

Friday, 20th July.— * * * We are for Limerick road now; uncertain rather how. One Crosbie of Tralee has written inviting me, to whom I have written appointing notice from him *hither;* none has yet come. Public-car starts from Killarney at 11. Off we; meet postboy, no letter *yet*,—Crosbie of Tralee, is off then. Drive on to Shea Lawlor's in Killarney main-street, and consult about "King William's Town," and the possibilities of that. Quite possible;—start on car for that; will make "Castle-Island" after it to night, and wait there for Limerick car or coach to-morrow. Jolt, jolt, (bad car); away, away! * * *

Road ("made by Queen Elizabeth") runs straight as an arrow, over hill, over hollow; steep and rough, and unspeakably dreary; bare, *blue*, bog without limit, ragged people in small force working languidly at their scantlings or peats, no other work at all; look hungry in their rags; hopeless, air as of creatures sunk beyond hope, look into one of their huts under pretence of asking for a draught of water; dark, narrow, *two* women nursing, other young women on foot as if for work; but it is narrow, dark, as if the people and their life were covered under a tub, or "tied in a sack"; all things smeared over too with a liquid *green;*—the cow (I find) has her habitation here withall. No water; the poor young woman produces butter-milk; in real pity I give her a shilling. Duffy had done the like in the adjoining cottage. Ditto, ditto in Charcuty, with the addition then a man lay in a fever there. These were the wretchedest population I saw in Ireland. "Live, sir? The Lord knows; what we can beg, and rob," (rob means *scrape up;* I suppose?): Lord Kinmare's people, he never looks after them, "hates," worthless bog and I know not what. Bog all reclaimable, lime everywhere in it; swift exit to Lord Kinmare and the leases, or whatever the accursed *incubus* is! The people, as I surmise, do *live* by "butter-milk;" wretched produce of a lean cow here and there, still alive upon the bog; pound or two of butter (precious stuff it must be in these huts!) Indian-meal, and there is sour milk over and above.

Good road at last, broader one, and down swiftly by it to "King William's Town," where are slated cottages, hedges, and little fields, with crops and even cabbages in them; a blessed change indeed. Sad dilapidated inn,—potatoe-failure, and farther the poor landlady's broken heart (we find), "hardly in her mind since loss of her son." Here, at police barrack produce Mc Gregor's circular; and all is made handy for us; and before we have dinner done, "Mr. Boyne," a jolly effectual-looking man of fifty, waits civilly upon us, has his car on the road, and will "shew us everything."

Poole O'Keefe's country was confiscated in the rebellion of 1641; this huge tract of moor (part or whole of his territory) was, clandestinely at length let on many-lived leases to the O'Keefe representative (i. e. nominally to some other, in reality to him), of which the present specimen ("slightly squinting") had dined with us last night. Some 18 years ago, the many-lived lease

ran out; rent had been some £45; question is, Let it again? Griffith of Irish Board of Works, backed by Lords Besborough and Monteagle (Spring Rice) then in office, got an answer, "No, try to improve it," and a grant, or successive grants, which have now run to £24,000 under the guidance of this Boyne, a Meath man, Land-surveyor's son, who had already "cut the Gatty mountains in four" by roads thro' them and was known by Griffith for an excellent "colonel of spademen" which he *is*. Boyne has now been 17 years there: a most solid, eupeptic, energetic, useful-looking man; whose *mark* stands indelible on this bog. "Couldn't stand without sinking here, when I first came"—excellent rye and oats growing now, hedges of thorn, bright copious green of grass, 100 head of "specimen cattle" (among others), clean cottage-farms; a country beautiful to eye and mind as we drove thro' it in the bright fresh evening. Boyne has a farm of (I think?) three hundred acres, or was it £150 a year; first-rate farm, first-rate dairy, &c., as we ourselves saw. His rent goes into the Government Grants; for he is yearly taking in new moor, only some 750 acres out of (5 or 6000?) being yet under plough and scythe. His cottagers, perhaps 30 or 40 with *farms*, had none of them quarreled with him, tho' all had been *shifted* from their lots; they had brimless hats, even of dirty tanned skin, and had incidental tatters on their coarse clothing; but they looked healthy, hearty, swift and brisk, and even joyful, as we saw them at their labours,—decidedly the pleasantest aspect, or the only "pleasant" one, I can remember in Ireland. Brimless man, for example, issuing from the lime-kiln, dust wholly, but a pair of inextinguishably brisk healthy-eager eyes,—to solicit, with impetuous rapid eloquence, "some little of the ould turf to mix with the new," that it might burn better: granted! Other man near Boyne's potatoe-field; cottagers all, of still *better* expression. Boyne's own farm; his dairy the *best* (or equal practically to the best) I ever saw. Excellent "*rye*," "walk through it, gentn., you wont hurt it!" as high as one's chin, thick, clean and regular, tho' the soil below seemed mere pieces of *peat*, which would have burnt still. Tea with Mrs. Boyne and him; excellent Dandie-Dinmont parlour personal and entertainment altogether. But the expense, £24,000? B. admitted that it was immense; urged, however, what was true, that most of it had been laid out on *roads*, "being road to Kantuck," road to &c., &c., which was raising the value of *other* properties, of all properties; and that what he had laid out on this specially was *partly* returned to him—almost *wholly*, as we computed from his *data*; though B. himself was candid enough to admit that if this moor were *his*, he would not take quite that method of reclaiming it, he would "get good farmers and let it with improving leases."—"But if you had 2000 labourers already fed and clothed to your hand (such as sit in the Killarney workhouse idle at this moment)?"—Boyne's eyes sparkled; but his practical solid soul refused to admit so transcendent a speculation, and he did not dwell on that outlook. Moor enough nevertheless, worth little to any creature, *is* lying hereabouts for all the paupers in Cork county this half century to come; Lord Kenmare or whatever lord or mortal obstructs that result, ought to be informed that he mus'n't!—positively! Anecdote of the late "Land Improvement Society." Bull about Limerick: "What price?" asked B. "£20"—"Pooh! will give you £8"—"Secy of Land Impt. Society gave us £30 for the very fellow of it." "If you like to send it down from Limerick to King William's Town within a week, I will give you £8";—and it was *sent*. Land Improvement Society is now, naturally, *extinct* in bankruptcy. Remarkable Triptolemus, this Boyne.—Heavy broad man, fat big cheeks, gray beard well shaven; clean enough; smallish but honest kindly intelligent hazel-eyes and nice brows to his big round head, which he flings slightly back in speaking and rather droops his eyelids; Irish accent, copious *bubbling* speech in querulous-genial tone, wholly *narrative* in character. Simplicity, energy, eupepticity; a right healthy thick-sided Irish soul; would one knew of 1000 such. Catholic, I should think, but we didn't ask. Wife, a timidly-polite, yet sufficiently energetic-looking, rather beautiful woman of the due age; was recorded (by B. with oblique politeness) as admiring Duffy; had excellent *scones*, tea, cream and butter;—which ended we, really with emotion and admiration, quitted Boynedom. Police-serjt was there, who brought up our car for us; many thanks (*money*, said Duffy, will insult): and so off,—not now to Castle-Island and the Limerick coach or car; but to Kantuck (of like distance, and of more certain *inn*), by which from Mallow the Limerick *rail* would receive us. * * *

Saturday, 21 July * * * I have decided now to *go* by Lady Beecher's and Ballygiblin; Duffy, in route to Mallow, can set me down at their gate; and we are to rendezvous in Limerick, at the chief hotel. Newspaper vendors, curious-impertinents;—after various delays we do depart. Pleasant country, hill and hollow and no longer moory; culture toler-

able in general. Horse's saddle needs *repair;* beggar-woman; clean cap, sincere-looking creature.—Duffy's shilling. "Lady Beecher's schoolhouse," then Ballygiblin gate; soon after noon I think; and there I am left; walking pensive, in a grey genial day, thro' a fine park, half a mile, towards this unknown mansion. Two letters I had, one from Gn. Sterling to Lady, one from Lord Monteagle to Sir W., and these, for I think I was hardly known otherwise, except by alarming rumour (heterodoxy, &c.) procured me handsome admittance.

Lady B. a tall stately leanish figure of 55; of strict, hard aspect, high-cheek bones, and small blue eyes,—expression of vigour, energy, honesty; tone of voice, and of talk, dry, stinted-practical. Luncheon with two of her youths just setting off for Killarney, a do. that was to stay, and her two young ladies—handsome, fair-skinned, fine-featured people all; quite English in type and ways. House and grounds beautiful; school, cottages, peasants, all in perfect order;—walk with Lady B.—and then with Sir W's brother ("Wrixon" is the original name, "Beecher" was adopted for *heritable* reasons). All things trim and nice, without doors and within; as in the best English or Scotch houses of the kind. A strict religionist, Lady B., really wholesome and worthy, easy enough to talk with, nor quite unproductive; her *boudoir* by the side of the hall, father and mother's portraits in it; and all manner of lady-elegancies; people meeting her "mylady-ing, the boy is better-ing:" everything has been subdued to herself, I find, and carries the image of her own strict methodic vigorous character, and perfect Church of Englandism, which I find she zealously adopts as the exponent of this universe, and struggles continually to make serve her as a complete rule of life. Very well indeed.—Sir W. much lamed now (by some fall from his horse) appears towards dinner; fine mildly dignified old gentleman, reminds me of Johnstone of Grange. Evening pleasant enough; one young lady plays me innumerable Jacobite tunes; rest of the party playing whist; Lady B. herself ended by singing me "Bonnie Prince Charlie." To sleep, in excellent room and bed; a place where one *can* sleep,—infinitely grateful to me.

Sunday, 22 July.—Dim breezy morning. Train doesn't run to Limerick to-day; must stay, am as well pleased!—Decide to give Duffy leave to go himself,—and do so in the afternoon; one of the various notes I wrote there. To church in the meanwhile; walk with Mr. Wrixon, Sir W. B's brother, a farmer on his own account, and general manager, as I can gather, at Ballygiblin; Lady and Sir are in the big old carriage by some circuitous road. Sudden change, in passing a hedge as we walk along the highway: what is this? Lord Limerick's estate; ground untilled some of it, thistles, docks, dilapidated cottages, ragged men; two years troublous insolvency, and now they are *evicted:* "Here is one of them; I will just set him going for you; turn the spigot, and he will run all day!" Middle-aged farmer-peasant, accordingly, takes off his hat, salutes low, walks hat in hand, wind blowing his long thick hair, black with a streak of gray. His woes, his bad usages. I distinguish little but at all turns "tham vagobonds!" he has been fellow sub-lessee of lands along with various other "vagabonds;" he paid always to the nail, they not; all are now turned out into the road together, the innocent along with the guilty; kind neighbor has taken *him* in, with wife and children, for the time. A reasonably good kind of man, to appearance, and in the truest perplexity, with laws of the truest injustice. "And have you any notion what you are to do now?" "Not a ha'p'orth, yer honour!" Mr. W. can give no work, wishes he could; the poor man will write to Mr. Somebody (the agent) at Cork, begging passage to America, begging something or other. W. will ratify his respectability;—and so we make away, and leave him to clap on his hat again. Sad contrast continues; ugly cottages, unploughed lands, all gone to savagery;—poor-house alone like to reap much produce from this kind of culture. Lord Limerick's method, and his father's before him. Loud and very just complaint that a Beecher should be tied to a Limerick in this way; not left to swim the gulph of pauperism separately, but obliged to do it together! A universal complaint; quite tragic to see the justice of, everywhere;—Larcom and his men are doing what they can to help it; which practically is but little hitherto.

Church service; clean congregation of 40; redhaired young Irish parson, who is very evidently "performing" the service. Decency everywhere; poor little decent Church with the tombs round it, and a tree or two shading it, (on the top of a high rough-green bank with a brook at the bottom): service here, according to the natural English method, "decently performed." I felt how decent English Protestants, or the sons of such, might with zealous affection like to assemble here once a week, and remind themselves of English purities and decencies and gospel ordinances, in the midst of a black howling Babel of superstitious savagery—like Hebrews sitting by the streams of Babel:—but I feel more clearly than ever how *impossible* it was

that an extraneous son of Adam, first seized by the terrible conviction that he had a soul to be saved or damned, that he must rede the riddle of this universe or go to perdition everlasting, could for a moment think of taking this respectable "performance" as the solution of the mystery for him! Oh, Heaven, never in this world! Weep ye by the stream of Babel, decent clean English-Irish; weep for there is cause, till you can do something *better* than weep; but expect no Babylonian or any other mortal to concern himself with that affair of yours! And on the whole I would recommend you rather to give up "weeping,"—to take to working out your meaning rather than weeping it. No sadder truth presses itself upon one than the necessity there will soon be, and the call there everywhere already is, to *quit* these old rubrics and give up these empty performances altogether. All "religions" that I fell in with in Ireland seemed to me too irreligious; really, in sad truth, doing mischief to the people in place of good!—Our ladies joined zealously in the responses, the gentlemen too kept up a form of following, but were passive rather. Home in the carriage, good "moral talk" with Lady B. whose hard eyes have a good deal softened towards me. Note-writing,—then I think an hour of sleep (the afternoon proved showery, with high breezes); at half past six to dinner: * * * What the latter part of our evening was I hardly recollect at all: autobiography came on the carpet; I spoke with Lady B. now quite softened to me, and her fears hushed, about writing down *her* life; dry feeble laugh of gratification in reply, and talk enough, (though in quite general terms) about her life as an actress. The big picture of Juliet (of which I remembered engravings from my boyhood) hung conspicuous in the drawing-room. * * *

Monday, 23 July.—Some difficulty about a car for me to railway at 2. Sir W. and brother at length take me in their carriage; 8 miles, not unattended with rain-showers. Commonplace green country, with weedy fields, ragged hedges, many brooks and boggy places; here and there a big mill,—the only kind of efficient manufactory one sees in Ireland, that of corn into meal. The meal too is *bad*, not well made generally but quite ill; the mill however is *large* enough;—there is surely a potentiality of good meal! To the station just in time; amid fierce scuds of wet, kind and polite farewell; and the steamhorse snorts away for Limerick; * * * Symptoms of Limerick at last, in the blessed showery afternoon.

Long low street, paralled to our rail; exotic in aspect, *Limk.* plebs live there.—Station, strait confused; amid rain;—and poor Duffy stands there, with sad loving smile, a glad sight to me after all. * * * Richd. Bourke has at once followed me into my bedroom, an old London acquaintance busy here in Poor-law; am to join him at Lisnagry to-morrow for dinner. * * *

Wet chief street of Limerick, glimpse of harbour, with poor turf-craft, mainly thro' an opening on the other side. Sickly, weary; Duffy reads *choice* Irish ballads to me,—unmusical enough. Priest O'Brien, he that roused the mob against Mitchell last year; a brandy-faced, pock-marked, very ugly man, of Irish physiognomy, comes in, with wild-eyed, still more Irish younger priest, and some third party of the editorial sort whom I do not recollect at all—Tea with these; and copious not pleasant talk. * * *

Tuesday, 24 July.— * * * Have walked about Limerick what I could; broad, level, strong new bridge, *better* kind of ships lying below it; Government Grants, and works, hear enough about there in reference to this Shannon concern! River broad, deep I suppose, drab-colored, by no means over-beautiful. Back street, on hill top, parallel to main one; here all the *natives* seem to congregate. Ragged turf-burning, turf-dealing long narrow street. —*Irish name* of it forgotten. * * * Adieu to Limerick by a broad open road * * * Lisnagry, "Blind farmer" (only docks and nettles, pay no rents); one Browne's, who *will* turn them away now: "no fear of being shot" —*was* shot at; got policeman, humour fallen now and less fear. Very ugly this particular spot. How a man "prints his image" here on the face of the earth; and you have beauty alternating with sordid disordered ugliness, abrupt as squares in a chess-board! So, all over Ireland. Sir Richard, nor any Bourke, not here, polite young Englishman visitor, in dish hat, steps out to do the honours; at length young Bourke himself, Old Bourke, two ladies (Mrs. and Miss,—Scotch one of them, immemorable both); and the evening, in small polite parlour and dining room, passes tolerably enough. Card from Engineer de Vere. Yes; no matter now. Settle to abide *here* over the morrow, and if I *can*, sleep, or at least lie horizontal all day; next day with Bourke to Gort, and thence Galway [to meet Duffy].

Wednesday, 25 July.—Sir Richd. Bourke, a fine old soldier, once Govr. of New South Wales, man of 75 or 80; rises at 6, but is not visible, has his own hours &c. Something still military, mildly arbitrary, in his whole household-government (I find), and ways of procedure. Interesting kind of old Irish-British figure. Lean, clean face hacked with sabre scars and bullet scars; inextinguishably

lively, grey bead-eyes, head snow white; low-voiced, steady, methodic and practical intelligence, looks thro' his existence here. Bought this place on his return, 30 years ago; a black bare bog then; beautifully improved now, shaded with good wood, neat little house and offices, neat walks, sunk-fences, drains and flourishing fields; again the "stamp of a man's image." Dispensary, chapel near the gate,—already bare and unbeautiful there; the "image" of the country and people, there, not Sir Rs. image. I smoke, and lounge about the grounds, all morning, having breakfasted with "Master Richard" who is off for Limerick for the day. Welcome enough solitude. The two ladies kind and polite, do. the young Englishman: —solitude is preferable.

In the afternoon, Sir Rd, I beside him on the box, drives us. Lord Clare's place, the chief object;—large park, haymaking; big block of a house; gardens very greatly taken care of,—women washing the greenhouse, (Lordship just *expected*); quincunques, foreign books, whirligigs; thought of his Lordship what he *was*, and felt all this to be a kind of painful *mockery* for a soul so circumstanced. First Earl Clare (father) a Fitzgibbon, lawyer, Chancellor did the "union;" a sorry jobber (I supposed); son of a do., some squireen of trading talent; and now it has come to this, as the finale!—Old soldier as gatekeeper; Sir R. and he salute, as old friends. To O'Brien's bridge (by the low road,—woody with occasional glimpses of the river); village, white; lower end of it pretty, in the sunshine; upper part of it squalid, *deserted* mostly: relief-work road,—*half* breadth cut away, and so left: duckwood ditches, drowned bog, inexpressibly ugly for most part, some cleared improved spot, abruptly alternating with the drowned squalor which produces only bad brown stacks of peat. Sir Rd. in mild good-humour trots gently along. Two drunk blockheads, stagger into a cross road to be alone; are seen *kissing* one another as we pass,—just Heaven, what a kiss, with the drowned bog, and gaping full ditches on each hand! Long meagre village, hungry single street "Castle Connell"? Sir Richard's man has been at a fair with sheep ("Six-mile-bridge?"), is met or overtaken here: "prices so and so, rather bad."—Home; wait for "master;" dinner and evening have much sunk with me into the vague, and are not much worth recalling. Talk from sir Richard about wonderful viaducts, canals, and industrial joint-stock movements, seen and admired by himself, done during Louis Philippe's time. Good for something, then, that royal Ikey-Solomon's? Most things are good for *something*:—out of a slain hero you will at least, if you manage his remains at all, get a few cartloads more of turnip-fodder * * *

(To be continued.)

Thomas Carlyle.

LONGFELLOW.

O GENTLE minstrel! songs of thine can start
In eyes of stony calm the boon of tears;
The thoughts that swell the current of the years
Vex not the placid sweetness of thine art;
But whoso goeth from the fray apart
To weep away his wounds, while in his ears
Still rankle cruel taunts and sullen sneers,
Will bless thee—healer of the bruisèd heart!

The clamorous day heeds not thy plaintive notes,
But when the night with wand of darkness stills
The strife of bustling hands and blatant throats,
And twilight's last gray lingers on the hills,
Then through my reverie thy music floats,
As through the dusk the song of whip-poor-wills.

Wilbur Larremore.



A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XIX.

Now that Bartley had got his basis, and had no favors to ask of any one, he was curious to see his friend Halleck again; but when, in the course of the "Solid Men Series," he went to interview the "Nestor of the Leather Interest," as he meant to call the elder Halleck, he resolved to let him make all the advances. On a legitimate business errand it should not matter to him whether Mr. Halleck welcomed him or not. The old man did not wait for Bartley to explain why he came; he was so simply glad to see him that Bartley felt a little ashamed to confess that he had been eight months in Boston without making himself known. He answered all the personal questions with which Mr. Halleck plied him; and in his turn he inquired after his college friend.

"Ben is in Europe," said his father. "He has been there all summer; but we expect him home about the middle of September. He's been a good while settling down," continued the old man, with an unconscious sigh. "He talked of the law at first, and then he went into business with me; but he didn't seem to find his calling in it; and now he's taken up the law again. He's been in the law school at Cambridge, and he's going back there for a year or two longer. I thought you used to talk of the law yourself when you were with us, Mr. Hubbard."

"Yes, I did," Bartley assented. "And I haven't given up the notion yet. I've read a good deal of law already; but when I came up to Boston, I had to go into newspaper work till I could see my way out of the woods."

"Well," said Mr. Halleck, "that's right. And you say you like the arrangement you've made with Mr. Witherby?"

"It's ideal—for me," answered Bartley.

"Well, that's good," said the old man. "And you've come to interview me. Well, that's all right. I'm not much used to being in print, but I shall be glad to tell you all I know about leather."

"You may depend upon my not asking anything that will be disagreeable to you, Mr. Halleck," said Bartley, touched by the old man's trusting friendliness. When his inquisition ended, he slipped his note-book back into his pocket, and said with a smile:

"We usually say something about the victim's private residence, but I guess I'll spare you that, Mr. Halleck."

"Why, we live in the old place, and I don't suppose there is much to say. We are plain people, and we don't like to change. When I built there, thirty years ago, Rumford street was one of the most desirable streets in Boston. There was no Back Bay, then, you know, and we thought we were doing something very fashionable. But fashion has drifted away, and left us high and dry enough on Rumford street; though we don't mind it. We keep the old house and the old garden pretty much as you saw them. You can say whatever you think best. There's a good deal of talk about the intrusiveness of the newspapers; all I know is that they've never intruded upon me. We shall not be afraid that you will abuse our house, Mr. Hubbard, because we expect you to come there again. When shall it be? Mrs. Halleck and I have been at home all summer; we find it the most comfortable place; and we shall be very glad if you'll drop in any evening and take tea with us. We keep the old hours; we've never taken kindly to the late dinners. The girls are off at the mountains, and you'd see nobody but Mrs. Halleck. Come this evening!" cried the old man, with mounting cordiality.

His warmth, as he put his hand on Bartley's shoulder, made the young man blush again for the reserve with which he had been treating his own affairs. He stammered out, hoping that the other would see the relevancy of the statement:

"Why, the fact is, Mr. Halleck, I—I'm married."

"Married!" said Mr. Halleck. "Why didn't you tell me before? Of course we want Mrs. Hubbard, too. Where are you living? We wont stand upon ceremony among old friends. Mrs. Halleck will come with the carriage and fetch Mrs. Hubbard, and your wife must take that for a call. Why, you don't know how glad we shall be to have you both! I wish Ben was married. You'll come?"

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"Of course we will," said Bartley. "But you mustn't let Mrs. Halleck send for us; we can walk perfectly well."

"*You* can walk if you want, but Mrs. Hubbard shall ride," said the old man.

When Bartley reported this to Marcia,

"Bartley!" she cried. "In her carriage? I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense! She'll be a great deal more afraid than you are. She's the bashfulest old lady you ever saw. All that I hope is that you wont overpower her."

"Bartley, hush! Shall I wear my silk, or ——"

"Oh, wear the silk, by all means. Crush them at a blow!"

Rumford street is one of those old-fashioned thoroughfares at the west end of Boston, which are now almost wholly abandoned to boarding-houses of the poorer class. Yet they are charming streets, quiet, clean, and respectable, and worthy still to be the homes, as they once were, of solid citizens. The red brick houses, with their swell fronts, looking in perspective like a succession of round towers, are reached by broad granite steps, and their doors are deeply sunken within the wagon-roofs of white-painted Roman arches. Over the door there is sometimes the bow of a fine transom, and the parlor windows on the first floor of the swell front have the same azure gleam as those of the beautiful old houses which front the Common on Beacon street.

When her husband bought his lot there, Mrs. Halleck could hardly believe that a house on Rumford street was not too fine for her. They had come to the city simple and good young village people, and simple and good they had remained, through the advancing years which had so wonderfully—Mrs. Halleck hoped, with a trembling heart, not wickedly—prospered them. They were of faithful stock, and they had been true to their traditions in every way. One of these was constancy to the orthodox religious belief in which their young hearts had united, and which had blessed all their life; though their charity now abounded perhaps more than their faith. They still believed that for themselves there was no spiritual safety except in their church; but since their younger children had left it, they were forced tacitly to own that this might not be so in all cases. Their last endeavor for the church in Ben's case was to send him to the college where he and Bartley met; and this was such a failure on the main point, that it left them remorsefully indulgent. He had submitted, and had foregone his boyish dreams of Harvard, where all his mates were going; but the sacrifice seemed to have put him at odds with life. The years which had proved the old people mistaken would not come back upon their recognition of their error. He returned to the associations from which they had exiled him too much estranged to resume them, and they saw, with the unavailing regrets which visit fathers and mothers in such cases, that the young know their own world better than their elders can know it, and have a right to be in it and of it, superior to any theory of their advantage which their elders can form. Ben was not the fellow to complain; in fact, after he came home from college, he was allowed to shape his life according to his own rather fitful liking. His father was glad now to content him in anything he could, it was so very little that Ben asked. If he had suffered it, perhaps his family would have spoiled him.

The Halleck girls went early in July to the Profile House, where they had spent their summers for many years; but the old people preferred to stay at home, and only left their large, comfortable house for short absences. Their ways of life had been fixed in other times, and Mrs. Halleck liked better than mountain or sea the high-walled garden that stretched back of their house to the next street. They had bought through to this street when they built, but they had never sold the lot that fronted on it. They laid it out in box-bordered beds, and there were clumps of hollyhocks, sunflowers, lilies, and phlox in different corners; grapes covered the trellised walls; there were some pear-trees that bore blossoms and sometimes ripened their fruit beside the walk. Mrs. Halleck used to work in the garden; her husband seldom descended into it, but he liked to sit on the iron-railed balcony overlooking it from the back parlor.

As for the interior of the house, it had been furnished, once for all, in the worst style of that most tasteless period of household art which prevailed from 1840 to 1870; and it would be impossible to say which was most hideous, the carpets or the chandeliers, the curtains or the chairs and sofas; crude colors, lumpish and meaningless forms, abounded in a rich and horrible discord. The old people thought it all beautiful, and those daughters who had come into the new house as little girls revered it; but Ben and his younger sister, who had been born in the house, used the right of children of their parents' declining years to laugh at it. Yet they laughed with a sort of filial tenderness.

"I suppose you know how frightful you have everything about you, Olive?" said Clara Kingsbury, one day after the Eastlake movement began, as she took a comprehensive

survey of the Halleck drawing-room through her *pince-nez*.

"Certainly," answered the youngest Miss Halleck. "It's a perfect chamber of horrors. But I like it, because everything's so exquisitely in keeping."

"Really, I feel as if I had seen it all for the first time," said Miss Kingsbury. "I don't believe I ever realized it before."

She and Olive Halleck were great friends, though Clara was fashionable and Olive was not.

"It would all have been different," Ben used to say, in whimsical sarcasm of what he had once believed, "if I had gone to Harvard. Then the fellows in my class would have come to the house with me, and we should have got into the right set naturally. Now, we're outside of everything, and it makes me mad, because we've got money enough to be inside, and there's nothing to prevent it. Of course, I'm not going to say that leather is quite as blameless as cotton, socially, but taken in the wholesale form it isn't so very malodorous; and it's quite as good as other things that are accepted."

"It's not the leather, Ben," answered Olive, "and it's not your not going to Harvard altogether, though that has something to do with it. The trouble's in me. I was at school with all those girls Clara goes with, and I could have been in that set if I'd wanted; but I didn't really want to. I saw, at a very tender age, that it was going to be more trouble than it was worth, and I just quietly kept out of it. Of course, I couldn't have gone to Papanti's without a fuss, but mother would have let me go if I had made the fuss; and I could be hand and glove with those girls now, if I tried. They come here whenever I ask them; and when I meet them on charities, I'm awfully popular. No, if I'm not fashionable, it's my own fault. But what difference does it make to you, Ben? You dont want to marry any of those girls as long as your heart's set on that unknown charmer of yours." Ben had once seen his charmer in the street of a little Down-East town, where he met her walking with some other boarding-school girls; in a freak, with his fellow-students, he had bribed the village photographer to let him have the picture of this young lady, which he had sent home to Olive, marked, "My Lost Love."

"No, I don't want to marry anybody," said Ben. "But I hate to live in a town where I'm not first chop in everything."

"Pshaw!" cried his sister, "I guess it does n't trouble you much."

"Well, I don't know that it does," he admitted.

Mrs. Halleck's black coachman drove her to Mrs. Nash's door on Canary Place, where she alighted and rang with as great perturbation as if it had been a palace, and these poor young people to whom she was going to be kind were princes. It was sufficient that they were strangers; but Marcia's anxiety, evident even to meekness like Mrs. Halleck's, restored her somewhat to her self-possession; and the thought that Bartley, in spite of his personal splendor, was a friend of Ben's, was a help, and she got home with her guests without great chasms in the conversation, though she never ceased to twist the window-tassel in her embarrassment.

Mr. Halleck came to her rescue at her own door, and let them in. He shook hands with Bartley again, and viewed Marcia with a fatherly friendliness that took away half her awe of the ugly magnificence of the interior. But still she admired that Bartley could be so much at his ease. He pointed to a stick at the foot of the hat-rack, and said, "How much that looks like Halleck!" which made the old man laugh, and clap him on the shoulder, and cry: "So it does! so it does! Recognized it, did you? Well, we shall soon have him with us again, now. Seems a long time to us since he went."

"Still limps a little?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, I guess he'll never quite get over that."

"I don't believe I should like him to," said Bartley. "He wouldn't seem natural without a cane in his hand, or hanging by the crook over his left elbow, while he stood and talked."

The old man clapped Bartley on the shoulder again, and laughed again at the image suggested.

"That's so! that's so! You're right, I *guess!*"

As soon as Marcia could lay off her things in the gorgeous chamber to which Mrs. Halleck had shown her, they went out to tea in the dining-room overlooking the garden.

"Seems natural, don't it?" asked the old man, as Bartley turned to one of the windows.

"Not changed a bit, except that I was here in winter, and I had n't a chance to see how pretty your garden was."

"It *is* pretty, is n't it?" said the old man. "Mother—Mrs. Halleck, I mean—looks after it. She keeps it about right. Here's Cyrus!" he said, as the serving-man came into the room with something from the kitchen in his hands. "You remember Cyrus, I guess, Mr. Hubbard?"

"Oh, yes!" said Bartley, and when Cyrus had set down his dish, Bartley shook hands

with the New Hampshire exemplar of freedom and equality; he was no longer so young as to wish to mark a social difference between himself and the inside man who had served Mr. Halleck with unimpaired self-respect for twenty-five years.

There was a vacant place at table, and Mr. Halleck said he hoped it would be taken by a friend of theirs. He explained that the possible guest was his lawyer, whose office Ben was going into after he left the law school; and presently Mr. Atherton came. Bartley was prepared to be introduced anew, but he was flattered and the Hallecks were pleased to find that he and Mr. Atherton were already acquainted; the latter was so friendly that Bartley was confirmed in his belief that you could not make an interview too strong, for he had celebrated Mr. Atherton among the other people present at the Indigent Surf-Bathing entertainment.

Mr. Atherton was put next to Marcia, and after a while he began to talk with her, feeling with a tacit skill for her highest note, and striking that with kindly perseverance. It was not a very high note, and it was not always a certain sound. She could not be sure that he was really interested in the simple matters he had set her to talking about, and from time to time she was afraid that Bartley did not like it; she would not have liked him to talk so long or so freely with a lady. But she found herself talking on, about boarding, and her own preference for keeping house; about Equity, and what sort of place it was, and how far from Crawford's; about Boston, and what she had seen and done there since she had come in the winter. Most of her remarks began or ended with Mr. Hubbard; many of her opinions, especially in matters of taste, were frank repetitions of what Mr. Hubbard thought; her conversation had the charm and pathos of that of the young wife who devotedly loves her husband, who lives in him and for him, tests everything by him, refers everything to him. She had a good mind, though it was as bare as it could well be of most of the things that the ladies of Mr. Atherton's world put into their minds.

Mrs. Halleck made from time to time a little murmur of satisfaction in Marcia's loyalty, and then sank back into the meek silence which she only emerged from to propose more tea to some one, or to direct Cyrus about offering this dish or that.

After they rose, she took Marcia about and showed her the house, ending with the room which Bartley had had when he visited there. They sat down in this room and had a long chat, and when they came back to the parlor they found Mr. Atherton already gone. Marcia inferred the early habits of the household from the departure of this older friend, but Bartley was in no hurry; he was enjoying himself, and he could not see that Mr. Halleck seemed at all sleepy.

Mrs. Halleck wished to send them home in her carriage, but they would not hear of this; they would far rather walk, and when they had been followed to the door, and bidden to mind the steps as they went down, the wide open night did not seem too large for their content in themselves and each other.

"Did you have a nice time?" asked Bartley, though he knew he need not.

"The best time I ever had in the world!" cried Marcia.

They discussed the whole affair; the two old people; Mr. Atherton, and how pleasant he was; the house and its splendors, which they did not know were hideous.

"Bartley," said Marcia at last, "I *told* Mrs. Halleck."

"Did you?" he returned, in trepidation; but after a while he laughed. "Well, all right, if you wanted to."

"Yes, I did; and you can't think how kind she was. She says we must have a house of our own somewhere, and she's going round with me in her carriage to help me to find one."

"Well," said Bartley, and he fetched the sort of sigh, half of pride, half of dismay.

"Yes, I long to go to housekeeping. We can afford it now. She says we can get a cheap little house, or half a house, up at the South End, and it wont cost us any more than to board, hardly; and that's what I think, too."

"Go ahead, if you can find the house. I don't object to my own fireside. And I suppose we must."

"Yes, we must. Aint you glad of it?"

They were in the shadow of a tall house, and he dropped his face toward the face she lifted to his, and gave her a silent kiss that made her heart leap toward him.

XX.

WITH the other news that Halleck's mother gave him on his return, she told him of the chance that had brought his old college comrade to them again, and how Bartley was now married, and was just settled in the little house she had helped his wife to find.

"He has married a very pretty girl," she said.

"Oh, I dare say!" answered her son. "He isn't the fellow to have married a plain girl."

"Your father and I have been to call upon them in their new house, and they seem very

happy together. Mr. Hubbard wants you should come to see them. He talks a great deal about you."

"I'll look them up in good time," said the young man. "Hubbard's ardor to see me will keep."

That evening Mr. Atherton came to tea, and Halleck walked home with him to his lodgings, which were over the hill, and beyond the Public Garden.

"Yes, it's very pleasant, getting back," he said, as they sauntered down the Common side of Beacon street, "and the old town is picturesque after the best they can do across the water."

He halted his friend, and brought himself to a rest on his cane, for a look over the hollow of the Common and the level of the Garden, where the late September dark was keenly spangled with lamps. "'My heart leaps up,' and so forth, when I see that. Now that Athens and Florence and Edinburgh are past, I don't think there is any place quite so well worth being born in as Boston." He moved forward again, gently surging with his limp, in a way that had its charm for those that loved him. "It's more authentic and individual, more municipal, after the old pattern, than any other modern city. It gives its stamp, it characterizes. The Boston Irishman, the Boston Jew, is a quite different Irishman or Jew from those of other places. Even Boston provinciality is a precious testimony to the authoritative personality of the city. Cosmopolitanism is a modern vice, and we're antique, we're classic, in the other thing. Yes, I'd rather be a Bostonian, at odds with Boston, than one of the curled darlings of any other community."

A friend knows how to allow for mere quantity in your talk, and only replies to the quality; separates your earnest from your whimsicality, and accounts for some whimsicality in your earnest.

"I didn't know but you might have got that bee out of your bonnet on the other side," said Atherton.

"No, sir; we change our skies but not our bees. What should I amount to without my grievance? You wouldn't have known me. This talk to-night about Hubbard has set my bee to buzzing with uncommon liveliness; and the thought of the law school next week does nothing to allay him. The law school isn't Harvard; I realize that more and more, though I have tried to fancy that it was. No, sir, my wrongs are irreparable. I had the making of a real Harvard man in me, and of a Unitarian, nicely balanced between radicalism and amateur episcopacy. Now, I am an orthodox ruin, and the undutiful step-son of a Down-East *alma mater*. I belong nowhere; I'm at odds. Is Hubbard's wife really handsome, or is she only country-pretty?"

"She's beautiful,—I assure you, she's beautiful," said Atherton, with such earnestness that Halleck laughed.

"Well, that's right, as my father says. How's she beautiful?"

"That's difficult to tell. It's rather a superb sort of style; and——What did you really use to think of your friend?" Atherton broke off to ask.

"Who? Hubbard?"

"Yes."

"He was a poor, cheap sort of a creature. Deplorably smart, and regrettably handsome. A fellow that assimilated everything to a certain extent, and nothing thoroughly. A fellow with no more moral nature than a base-ball. The sort of chap you'd expect to find, the next time you met him, in Congress or the house of correction."

"Yes, that accounts for it," said Atherton, thoughtfully.

"Accounts for what?"

"The sort of look she had. A look as if she were naturally above him, and had somehow fascinated herself with him, and were worshiping him in some sort of illusion."

"Doesn't that sound a little like refining upon the facts? Recollect, I've never seen her, and I don't say you're wrong."

"I'm not sure I'm not, though. I talked with her, and found her nothing more than honest and sensible and good; simple in her traditions, of course, and countrified yet, in her ideas, with a tendency to the intensely practical. I don't see why she mightn't very well be his wife. I suppose every woman hoodwinks herself about her husband in some degree."

"Yes; and we always like to fancy something pathetic in the fate of pretty girls that other fellows marry. I notice that we don't sorrow much over the plain ones. How's the divine Clara?"

"I believe she's well," said Atherton. "I haven't seen her, all summer. She's been at Beverly."

"Why, I should have supposed she would have come up and surf-bathed those indigent children with her own hand. She's equal to it. What made her falter in well-doing?"

"I don't know that we can properly call it faltering. There was a deficit in the appropriation necessary, and she made it up herself. After that, she consulted me seriously as to whether she ought not to stay in town and superintend the execution of the plan. But I told her she might fitly delegate that. She was all the more anxious to perform her

whole duty, because she confessed that indigent children were personally unpleasant to her."

Halleck burst out laughing.

"That's like Clara! How charming women are! They're charming even in their goodness! I wonder the novelists don't take a hint from that fact, and stop giving us those scaly heroines they've been running lately. Why, a real woman can make righteousness delicious and virtue piquant. I like them for that!"

"Do you?" asked Atherton, laughing in his turn at the single-minded confession. He was some years older than his friend.

They had got down to Charles street, and Halleck took out his watch at the corner lamp.

"It isn't at all late yet; only half-past eight. The days are getting shorter."

"Well?"

"Suppose we go and call on Hubbard now? He's right up here on Clover street."

"I don't know," said Atherton. "It would do for you; you're an old friend. But for me, —wouldn't it be rather unceremonious?"

"Oh, come along! They'll not be punctilious. They'll like our dropping in, and I shall have Hubbard off my conscience. I must go to see him sooner or later, for decency's sake."

Atherton suffered himself to be led away.

"I suppose you wont stay long?"

"Oh, no; I shall cut it very short," said Halleck.

And they climbed the narrow little street where Marcia had at last found a house, after searching the South End quite to the Highlands, and ransacking Charlestown and Cambridgeport. These points all seemed to her terribly remote from where Bartley must be at work during the day, and she must be alone without the sight of him from morning till night. The accessibility of Canary Place had spoiled her for distances; she wanted Bartley at home for their one-o'clock dinner; she wanted to have him within easy call at all times; and she was glad when none of those far-off places yielded quite what they desired in a house. They took the house on Clover street, though it was a little dearer than they expected, for two years, and they furnished it, as far as they could, out of the three or four hundred dollars they had saved, including the remaining hundred from the colt and cutter, kept sacredly intact by Marcia. When you entered, the narrow staircase cramped you into the little parlor opening out of the hall; and back of the parlor was the dining-room. Overhead were two chambers, and overhead again were two chambers more; in the basement was the kitchen. The house seemed absurdly large to people who had been living for the last seven months in one room, and the view of the Back Bay from the little bow-window of the front chamber added all outdoors to their superflous space.

Bartley came himself to answer Halleck's ring, and they met at once with such a "Why, Halleck!" and "How do you do, Hubbard?" as restored something of their old college comradery. Bartley welcomed Mr. Atherton under the gas-light he had turned up, and then they huddled into the little parlor, where Bartley introduced his old friend to his wife. Marcia had on a sort of dark wrapper, trimmed with bows of crimson ribbon, which she had made herself, and in which she looked a Roman patrician in an avatar of Boston domesticity; and Bartley was rather proud to see his friend so visibly dazzled by her beauty. It quite abashed Halleck, who limped helplessly about, after his cane had been taken from him, before he sat down, while Marcia, from the vantage of the sofa and the covert of her talk with Atherton, was content that Halleck should be plain and awkward, with close-cut drab hair and a dull complexion. She would not have liked even a man who knew Bartley before she did to be very handsome.

Halleck and Bartley had some talk about college days, from which their eyes wandered at times; and then Marcia excused herself to Atherton and went out, re-appearing after an interval at the sliding doors, which she rolled open between the parlor and dining-room. A table set for supper stood behind her, and, as she leaned a little forward, with her hands each on a leaf of the door, she said, with shy pride, "Bartley, I thought the gentlemen would like to join you," and he answered, "Of course they would," and led the way out, refusing to hear any demur. His heart swelled with satisfaction in Marcia; it was something like, having fellows drop in upon you, and be asked out to supper in this easy way. It made Bartley feel good, and he would have liked to give Marcia a hug on the spot. He could not help pressing her foot under the table, and exchanging a quiver of the eyelashes with her, as he lifted the lid of the white tureen, and looked at her across the glitter of their new crockery and cutlery. They made the jokes of the season about the oyster being promptly on hand for the first of the R months, and Bartley explained that he was sometimes kept at the "Events" office rather late, and that then Marcia waited supper for him, and always gave him an oyster stew, which she made herself. She could not stop him, and the guests praised the oysters, and then they praised the dining-room and the parlor. And when they rose

from the table Bartley said, "Now we must show you the house," and persisted, against her deprecations, in making her lead the way. She was, in fact, willing enough to show it; her taste had made their money go to the utmost in furnishing it; and, though most people were then still in the period of green reps and tan terry, and of dull black-walnut movables, she had everywhere bestowed little touches that told. She had covered the marble parlor-mantel with cloth and fringed it, and she had set on it two vases in the Pompeiian colors then liked; her carpet was of wood colors and a moss pattern; she had done what could be done with folding carpet chairs to give the little room a specious air of luxury; the center-table was heaped with her sewing and Bartley's newspapers.

"We've just moved in, and we haven't furnished *all* the rooms yet," she said of two empty ones which Bartley perversely flung open.

"And I don't know that we shall. The house is much too big for us; but we thought we'd better take it," he added, as if it were a castle for vastness.

Halleck and Atherton were silent for some moments after they came away, and then:

"*I* don't believe he whips her," suggested the latter.

"No, I guess he's fond of her," said Halleck, gravely.

"Did you see how careful he was of her, coming up and down stairs? That was very pretty; and it was pretty to see them both so ready to show off their young housekeeping to us."

"Yes, it improves a man to get married," said Halleck, with a long, stifled sigh. "It's improved the most selfish hound I ever knew."

XXI.

THE two elder Miss Hallecks were so much older than Olive, the youngest, that they seemed to be of a sort of intermediary generation between her and her parents, though Olive herself was well out of her teens, and was the senior of her brother Ben by two or three years. The elder sisters were always together, and they adhered in common to the religion of their father and mother. The defection of their brother was passive, but Olive, having conscientiously adopted an alien faith, was not a person to let others imagine her ashamed of it, and her Unitarianism was outspoken. In her turn she formed a kind of party with Ben inside the family, and would have led him on in her own excesses of independence if his somewhat melancholy indifferentism had consented. It was only in his absence that she had been with her sisters during their summer sojourn in the White Mountains; when they returned home, she vigorously went her way, and left them to go theirs. She was fond of them in her defiant fashion; but in such a matter as calling on Mrs. Hubbard, she chose not to be mixed up with her family, or in any way to countenance her family's prepossessions. Her sisters paid their visit together, and she waited for Clara Kingsbury to come up from the sea-side. Then she went with her to call upon Marcia, sitting observant and non-committal while Clara swooped through the little house, up stairs and down, clamoring over its prettiness, and admiring the art with which so few dollars could be made to go so far. "Think of finding such a bower on Clover street!" She made Marcia give her the cost of everything; and her heart swelled with pride in her sex when she heard that Marcia had put down all the carpets herself. "I wanted to make them up," Marcia explained, "but Mr. Hubbard wouldn't let me,—it cost so little at the store."

"Wouldn't let you!" cried Miss Kingsbury. "I should hope as much, indeed! Why, my child, you're a Roman matron!"

She came away in agony lest Marcia might think she meant her nose. She drove early the next morning to tell Olive Halleck that she had spent a sleepless night from this cause, and to ask her what she *should* do. "Do you think she will be hurt, Olive? Tell me what led up to it? How did I behave before that? The context is everything in such cases."

"Oh, you went about praising everything, and screaming and shouting, and my-dearing and my-childing her, and patronizing ——"

"There, there! say no more! That's sufficient! I see,— I see it all! I've done the very most offensive thing I could, when I meant to be the most appreciative."

"These country people don't like to be appreciated down to the quick, in that way," said Olive. "I should think Mrs. Hubbard was rather a proud person."

"I know! I know!" moaned Miss Kingsbury. "It was ghastly."

"*I* don't suppose she's ashamed of her nose ——"

"Olive!" cried her friend, "be still! Why, I can't *bear* it! why, you wretched thing!"

"I dare say all the ladies in Equity make up their own carpets, and put them down, and she thought you were laughing at her."

"*Will* you be still, Olive Halleck?" Miss Kingsbury was now a large blonde mass of suffering. "Oh, dear, dear! What shall I do? It was sacrilege — yes, it was nothing less than sacrilege—to go on as I did. And

I meant so well; I did so admire, and respect, and revere her!" Olive burst out laughing. "You wicked girl!" whimpered Clara. "Should you—should you write to her?"

"And tell her you didn't mean her nose? Oh, by all means, Clara,—by all means! Quite an inspiration. Why not make her an evening party?"

"Olive," said Clara, with guilty meekness, "I have been thinking of that."

"*No*, Clara! Not seriously!" cried Olive, sobered at the idea.

"Yes, seriously. Would it be so very bad? Only just a *little* party," she pleaded. "Half a dozen people or so; just to show them that I really feel—friendly. I know that he's told her all about meeting me here, and I'm not going to have her think I want to drop him because he's married, and lives in a little house on Clover street."

"Noble Clara! So you wish to bring them out in Boston society? What will you do with them after you've got them there?" Miss Kingsbury fidgeted in her chair a little. "Now look me in the eye, Clara! Whom were you going to ask to meet them? Your unfashionable friends, the Hallecks?"

"My friends, the Hallecks, of course."

"And Mr. Atherton, your legal adviser?"

"I had thought of asking Mr. Atherton. You needn't say what he is, if you please, Olive; you know that there's no one I prize so much."

"Very good. And Mr. Cameron?"

"He has got back,—yes. He's very nice."

"A Cambridge tutor; young and of recent attachment to the college, with no local affiliations, yet. What ladies?"

"Miss Strong is a nice girl; she is studying at the Conservatory."

"Yes. Poverty-stricken votary of Miss Kingsbury. Well?"

"Miss Clancy."

"Unfashionable elderly sister of fashionable artist. Yes?"

"The Brayhems."

"Young radical clergyman, and his wife, without a congregation, and hoping for a pulpit in Billerica. Parlor lectures on German literature in the meantime. Well?"

"And Mrs. Savage, I thought."

"Well-preserved young widow of uncertain antecedents tending to grassiness; outdoor *protégée* of the hostess. Yes, Clara, go on and give your party. It will be *perfectly safe!* But do you think it will *deceive* anybody?"

"Now, Olive Halleck!" cried Clara, "I am not going to have you talking to me in that way! You have no right to do it, and you have no business to do it," she added, trying to pluck up a spirit. "Is there anybody that I value more than I do you and your sisters, and Ben?"

"No. But you don't value us *just in that way*, and you know it. Don't you be a humbug, Clara. Now go on with your excuses."

"I'm not making excuses! Isn't Mr. Atherton in the most fashionable society?"

"Yes. Why don't you ask some other fashionable people?"

"Olive, this is all nonsense,—perfect nonsense! I can invite any one I like to meet any one I like, and if I choose to show Mr. Hubbard's wife a little attention, I can do it, can't I?"

"Oh, of course!"

"And what would be the use of inviting fashionable people—as you call them—to meet them? It would just embarrass them all round."

"Perfectly correct, Miss Kingsbury. All that I want you to do is to face the facts of the case. I want you to realize that, in showing Mr. Hubbard's wife this little attention, you're not doing it because you scorn to drop an old friend, and want to do him the highest honor; but because you think you can palm off your second-class acquaintance on them for first-class, and try to make up in that way for telling her she had a hooked nose!"

"You *know* that I didn't tell her she had a hooked nose."

"You told her that she was a Roman matron,—it's the same thing," said Olive.

Miss Kingsbury bit her lip and tried to look a dignified resentment. She ended by saying, with feeble spite, "I shall have the little evening for all you say. I suppose you wont refuse to come because I don't ask the whole Blue Book to meet them."

"Of course we shall come! I wouldn't miss it for anything. I always like to see how you manage your pieces of social duplicity, Clara. But you needn't expect that I will be a party to the swindle. No, Clara! I shall go to these poor young people and tell them plainly, 'This is not the *best* society; Miss Kingsbury keeps that for ——'"

"Olive! I think I never saw even you in such a teasing humor." The tears came into Clara's large, tender blue eyes, and she continued, with an appeal that had no effect, "I'm sure I don't see why you should make it a question of anything of the sort. It's simply a wish to—to have a little company of no particular kind, for no partic— Because I want to."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then I highly approve of it," said Olive. "When is it to be?"

"I sha'n't tell you, now! You may wait

till I'm ready," pouted Clara, as she rose to go.

"Don't go away thinking I'm enough to provoke a saint because *you've* got mad at me, Clara!"

"Mad? You know I'm not mad! But I think you might be a *little* sympathetic *sometimes*, Olive!" said her friend, kissing her.

"Not in cases of social duplicity, Clara. My wrath is all that saves you. If you were not afraid of me, you would have been a lost worldling long ago."

"I know you always really love me," said Miss Kingsbury, tenderly.

"No, I don't,' retorted her friend, promptly. "Not when you're humbugging. Don't expect it, for you wont get it." She followed Clara with a triumphant laugh as she went out of the door; and except for this parting taunt, Clara might have given up her scheme. She first ordered her *coupé* driven home, in fact, and then lowered the window to countermand the direction, and drove to Bartley's door on Clover street.

It was a very handsome equipage, and was in keeping with all the outward belongings of Miss Kingsbury, who mingled a sense of duty and a love of luxury in her life in very exact proportions. When her *coupé* was not standing before some of the wretchedest doors in the city, it was waiting at the finest; and Clara's days were divided between the extremes of squalor and of fashion.

She was the only child of parents who had early left her an orphan. Her father, who was much her mother's senior, was an old friend of Olive's father, and had made him his executor and the guardian of his daughter. Mr. Halleck had taken her into his own family, and, in the conscientious pursuance of what he believed would have been her father's preference, he gave her worldly advantages which he would not have desired for one of his own children. But the friendship that grew up between Clara and Olive was too strong for him in some things, and the girls went to the same fashionable school together.

When his ward came of age, he made over to her the fortune, increased by his careful management, which her father had left her, and advised her to put her affairs in the hands of Mr. Atherton. She had shown a quite ungirlish eagerness to manage them for herself. In the midst of her profusion she had odd accesses of stinginess, in which she fancied herself coming to poverty; and her guardian judged it best that she should have a lawyer who could tell her at any moment just where she stood. She hesitated, but she did as he advised; and having once intrusted her property to Atherton's care, she added her conscience and her reason in large degree, and obeyed him with embarrassing promptness in matters that did not interfere with her pleasures. Her pleasures were of various kinds. She chose to buy herself a fine house, and, having furnished it luxuriously, and unearthed a cousin of her father's in Vermont and brought her to Boston to matronize her, she kept house on a magnificent scale, pinching, however, at certain points with unexpected meanness. When she was alone, her table was of a Spartan austerity; she exacted a great deal from her servants, and paid them as small wages as she could. After that, she did not mind lavishing money upon them in kindness. A seamstress whom she had once employed fell sick, and Miss Kingsbury sent her to the Bahamas and kept her there till she was well, and then made her a guest in her house till the girl could get back her work. She watched her cook through the measles, caring for her like a mother; and, as Olive Halleck said, she was always portioning or burying the sisters of her second-girls. She was in all sorts of charities, but she was apt to cut her charities off with her pleasures at any moment, if she felt poor. She was fond of dress, and went a great deal into society: she suspected men generally of wishing to marry her for her money, but with those whom she did not think capable of aspiring to her hand, she was generously helpful with her riches. She liked to patronize; she had long supported an unpromising painter at Rome, and she gave orders to desperate artists at home.

The world had pretty well hardened one half of her heart, but the other half was still soft and loving, and into this side of her mixed nature she cowered when she believed she had committed some blunder or crime, and came whimpering to Olive Halleck for punishment. She made Olive her discipline partly in her lack of some fixed religion. She had not yet found a religion that exactly suited her, though she had many times believed herself about to be anchored in some faith forever.

She was almost sorry that she had put her resolution in effect when she rang at the door, and Marcia herself answered the bell, in place of the one servant, who was at that moment hanging out the wash. It seemed wicked to pretend to be showing this pretty creature a social attention, when she meant to palm off a hollow imitation of society upon her. Why should she not ask the very superfinest of her friends to meet such a brilliant beauty? It would serve Olive Halleck right if she should do this, and leave the Hallecks out, and Marcia would certainly be a sensation. She

half-believed that she meant to do it when she quitted the house with Marcia's promise that she would bring her husband to tea on Wednesday evening, at eight; and she drove away so far penitent that she resolved at least to make her company distinguished, if not fashionable. She said to herself that she would make it fashionable yet, if she chose, and as a first move in this direction she easily secured Mr. Atherton: he had no engagements, so few people had got back to town. She called upon Mrs. Witherby, needlessly reminding her of the charity committees they had served on together; and then she went home and actually sent out notes to the plainest daughter and the maiden aunt of two of the most high-born families of her acquaintance. She added to her list an artist and his wife ("Now I shall *have* to let him paint me!" she reflected), a young author whose book had made talk, a teacher of Italian, with whom she was pretending to read Dante, and a musical composer and his daughter.

Olive came late, as if to get a whole effect of the affair at once; and her smile revealed Clara's failure to her, if she had not realized it before. She read there that the aristocratic and æsthetic additions which she had made to the guests Olive originally divined had not availed; the party remained a humbug. It had seemed absurd to invite anybody to meet two such little, unknown people as the Hubbards; and then, to avoid marking them as the subjects of the festivity by the precedence to be observed in going out to supper, she resolved to have tea served in the drawing-room, and to make it literally tea, with bread and butter, and some thin, ascetic cake.

However sharp he was in business, Mr. Witherby was socially a dull man; and his wife and daughter seemed to partake of his qualities by affinition and heredity. They tried to make something of Marcia, but they failed through their want of art. Mrs. Witherby, finding the wife of her husband's assistant in Miss Kingsbury's house, conceived an awe of her, which Marcia would not have known how to abate if she had imagined it; and in a little while the Witherby family segregated themselves among the photograph albums and the bric-a-brac, from which Clara seemed to herself to be fruitlessly detaching them the whole evening. The plainest daughter and the maiden aunt of the patrician families talked to each other with unavailing intervals of the painter and the author. The radical clergyman and his wife were in danger of a conjugal devotion which society does not favor; the unfashionable sister of the fashionable artist conversed with the young Harvard tutor and the Japanese law-student, whom he had asked leave to bring with him, and whose small, mouse-like eyes continually twinkled away in pursuit of the blonde beauty of his hostess. The widow was winningly attentive, with a tendency to be confidential, to everybody. The Italian could not disabuse himself of the notion that he was expected to be light and cheerful, and when the pupil of the Conservatory sang, he abandoned himself to his error, and clapped and cried bravo with unseemly vivacity. But he was restored to reason when the composer sat down at the piano and played, amid the hush that falls on society at such times, something from Beethoven, and again something of his own, which was so like Beethoven that Beethoven himself would not have known the difference.

Mr. Atherton and Halleck moved about among the sufferers, and did their best to second Clara's efforts for their relief; but it was useless. In the desperation which owns defeat, she resolved to devote herself for the rest of the evening to trying to make at least the Hubbards have a good time; and then, upon the dangerous theory, of which young and pretty hostesses cannot be too wary, that a wife is necessarily flattered by attentions to her husband, she devoted herself exclusively to Bartley, to whom she talked long and with a reckless liveliness of the events of his former stay in Boston. Their laughter and scraps of their reminiscences reached Marcia where she sat in a feint of listening to Ben Halleck's perfunctory account of his college days with her husband, till she could bear it no longer. She rose abruptly, and, going to him, she said that it was time to say good-night.

"Oh, so soon!" cried Clara, mystified and a little scared at the look she saw on Marcia's face. "Good-night," she added, coldly.

The assembly hailed this first token of its disintegration with relief; it became a little livelier; there was a fleeting moment in which it seemed as if it might yet enjoy itself; but its chance passed; it crumbled rapidly away, and Clara was left looking humbly into Olive Halleck's pitiless eyes.

"Thank you for a *delightful* evening, Miss Kingsbury! Congratulate you!" she mocked, with an unsparing laugh. "Such a success! But why didn't you give them something to eat, Clara? Those poor Hubbards have a one-o'clock dinner, and I famished for them. I wasn't hungry myself,—*we* have a two-o'clock dinner!"

XXII.

BARTLEY came home elate from Miss Kingsbury's entertainment. It was something like

the social success which he used to picture to himself. He had been flattered by the attention specially paid him, and he did not detect the imposition. He was half-starved, but he meant to have up some cold meat and bottled beer, and talk it all over with Marcia.

She did not seem inclined to talk it over on their way home, and when they entered their own door, she pushed in and ran upstairs.

"Why, where are you going, Marcia?" he called after her.

"To bed!" she replied, closing the door after her with a crash of unmistakable significance.

Bartley stood a moment in the fury that tempted him to pursue her with a taunt, and then leave her to work herself out of the transport of senseless jealousy she had wrought herself into. But he set his teeth, and, full of inward cursing, he followed her upstairs with a slow, dogged step. He took her in his arms without a word, and held her fast, while his anger changed to pity, and then to laughing. When it came to that, she put up her arms, which she had kept rigidly at her side, and laid them round his neck, and began softly to cry on his breast.

"Oh, I'm not myself at all, any more!" she moaned penitently.

"Then this is very improper—for me," said Bartley.

The helpless laughter broke through her lamentation, but she cried a little more to keep herself in countenance.

"But I guess, from a previous acquaintance with the party's character, that it's really all you, Marcia. I don't blame you. Miss Kingsbury's hospitality has left me as hollow as if I'd had nothing to eat for a week; and I know you're perishing from inanition. Hence these tears."

It delighted her to have him make fun of Miss Kingsbury's tea, and she lifted her head to let him see that she was laughing for pleasure now, before she turned away to dry her eyes.

"Oh, poor fellow!" she cried, "I did pity you so when I saw those mean little slices of bread and butter coming round!"

"Yes," said Bartley, "I felt sorry myself. But don't speak of them any more, dearest."

"And I suppose," pursued Marcia, "that all the time she was talking to you there, you were simply ravening."

"I was casting lots in my own mind to see which of the company I should devour first."

His drollery appeared to Marcia the finest that ever was; she laughed and laughed again; when he made fun of the elderly aristocrat's conjecturable toughness, she implored him to stop if he did not want to kill her. Marcia was not in the state in which woman best convinces her enemies of her fitness for empire, but she was charming in her silly happiness, and Bartley felt very glad that he had not yielded to his first impulse to deal savagely with her.

"Come," he said, "let us go out somewhere, and get some oysters."

She began at once to take out her ear-rings and loosen her hair.

"No, I'll get something here in the house; I'm not very hungry. But *you* go, Bartley, and have a good supper, or you'll be sick to-morrow, and not fit to work. Go," she added to his hesitating image in the glass, "I insist upon it. I wont *have* you stay."

His reflected face approached from behind; she turned hers a little, and their mirrored lips met over her shoulder. "Oh, how *sweet* you are, Bartley!" she murmured.

"Yes, you will always find me obedient when commanded to go out and repair my wasted tissue."

"I don't mean *that*, dear," she said softly. "I mean—your not quarreling with me when I'm unreasonable. Why can't we always do so?"

"Well, you see," said Bartley, "it throws the whole burden on the fellow in his senses. It doesn't require any great degree of self-sacrifice to fly off at a tangent, but it's rather a maddening spectacle to the party that holds on."

"Now I will show you," said Marcia, "that I can be reasonable, too: I shall let you go alone to make our party call on Miss Kingsbury." She looked at him heroically.

"Marcia," said Bartley, "you're such a reasonable person when you're the most unreasonable, that I wonder I *ever* quarrel with you. I rather think I'll let *you* call on Miss Kingsbury alone. I shall suffer agonies of suspicion, but it will prove that I have perfect confidence in you." He threw her a kiss from the door, and ran down the stairs. When he returned, an hour later, he found her waiting up for him.

"Why, Marcia!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! I just wanted to say that we will both go to call on her *very soon*. If I sent you, she might think I was mad, and I wont give her that satisfaction."

"Noble girl!" cried Bartley, with irony that pleased her better than praise. Women like to be understood, even when they try not to be understood.

When Marcia went with Bartley to call, Miss Kingsbury received her with careful, perhaps anxious, politeness, but made no further effort to take her up. Some of the

people whom Marcia met at Miss Kingsbury's called; and the Witherbys came, father, mother, and daughter together; but between the evident fact that the Hubbards were poor, and the other evident fact that they moved in the best society, the Witherbys did not quite know what to do about them. They asked them to dinner, and Bartley went alone; Marcia was not well enough to go.

He was very kind and tractable, now, and went whenever she bade him go without her, though tea at the Hallecks was getting to be an old story with him, and it was generally tea at the Hallecks to which she sent him. The Halleck ladies came faithfully to see her, and she got on very well with the two older sisters, who gave her all the kindness they could spare from their charities, and seemed pleased to have her so pretty and conjugal, though these things were far from them. But she was afraid of Olive at first, and disliked her as a friend of Miss Kingsbury. This rather attracted the odd girl. What she called Marcia's snubs enabled her to declare in her favor with a sense of disinterestedness, and to indulge her repugnance for Bartley with a good heart. She resented his odious good looks, and held it a shame that her mother should promote his visible tendency to stoutness by giving him such nice things for tea.

"Now, I like Mr. Hubbard," said her mother, placidly. "It's very kind of him to come to such plain folks as we are, whenever we ask him; now that his wife can't come, I know he does it because he likes us."

"Oh, he comes for the eating," said Olive, scornfully. Then another phase of her mother's remark struck her: "Why, mother!" she cried, "I do believe you think Bartley Hubbard's a distinguished man, somehow!"

"Your father says it's very unusual for such a young man to be in a place like his. Mr. Witherby really leaves everything to him, he says."

"Well, I think he'd better not, then! The 'Events' has got to be perfectly horrid, of late. It's full of murders and all uncleanness."

"That seems to be the way with the papers, nowadays. Your father hears that the 'Events' is making money."

"Why, mother! What a corrupt old thing you are! I believe you've been bought up by that disgusting interview with father. Nestor of the Leather Interest! Father ought to have turned him out of doors. Well, this family is getting a little *too* good, for me! And Ben's almost as bad as any of you, of late,—I haven't a bit of influence with him any more. He seems determined to be friendlier with that *person* than ever; he's always trying to do him good,—I can see it, and it makes me sick. One thing I know: I'm going to stop Mr. Hubbard's calling me Olive. Impudent!"

Mrs. Halleck shifted her ground with the pretense which women use, even amongst themselves, of having remained steadfast.

"He is a very good husband."

"Oh, because he likes to be!" retorted her daughter. "Nothing is easier than to be a good husband."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Halleck, "wait till you have tried."

This made Olive laugh; but she answered with an argument that always had weight with her mother:

"Ben doesn't think he's a good husband."

"What makes you think so, Olive?" asked her mother.

"I know he dislikes him intensely."

"Why, you just said yourself, dear, that he was friendlier with him than ever."

"Oh, that's nothing. The more he disliked him, the kinder he would be to him."

"That's true," sighed her mother. "Did he ever say anything to you about him?"

"No," cried Olive shortly; "he never speaks of people he doesn't like."

The mother returned, with logical severity, "All that doesn't prove that Ben thinks he isn't a good husband."

"He dislikes him. Do you believe a bad man can be a good husband, then?'

"No," Mrs. Halleck admitted, as if confronted with indisputable proof of Bartley's wickedness.

In the meantime the peace between Bartley and Marcia continued unbroken, and these days of waiting, of suffering, of hoping and dreading, were the happiest of their lives. He did his best to be patient with her caprices and fretfulness, and he was at least manfully comforting and helpful, and instant in atonement for every failure. She said a thousand times that she should die without him; and when her time came, he thought that she was going to die before he could tell her of his sorrow for all that he had ever done to grieve her. He did not tell her, though she lived to give him the chance; but he took her and her baby both into his arms, with tears of as much fondness as ever a man shed. He even began his confession; but she said, "Hush! you never did a wrong thing yet that I didn't drive you to." Pale and faint, she smiled joyfully upon him, and put her hand on his head when he hid his face against hers on the pillow, and put her lips against his cheeks. His heart was full; he was grateful for the mercy that had spared him; he was so strong in his silent repentance that he felt like a good man.

"Bartley," she said, "I'm going to ask a great favor of you."

"There's nothing that I can do that *I* shall think a favor, darling!" he cried, lifting his face to look into hers.

"Write for mother to come. I want her!"

"Why, of course."

Marcia continued to look at him, and kept the quivering hold she had laid of his hand when he raised his head.

"Was that all?"

She was silent, and he added,

"I will ask your father to come with her."

She hid her face for the space of one sob.

"I wanted you to offer."

"Why, of course! of course!" he replied.

She did not acknowledge his magnanimity directly, but she lifted the coverlet and showed him the little head on her arm, and the little creased and crumpled face.

"Pretty?" she asked. "Bring me the letter before you send it."

"Yes, that is just right,—perfect!" she sighed, when he came back and read the letter to her, and she fell away to happy sleep.

Her father answered that he would come with her mother as soon as he got the better of a cold he had taken. It was now well into the winter, and the journey must have seemed more formidable in Equity than in Boston. But Bartley was not impatient of his father-in-law's delay, and he set himself cheerfully about consoling Marcia for it. She stole her white, thin hand into his, and now and then gave it a little pressure to accent the points she made in talking.

"Father was the first one I thought of—after you, Bartley. It seems to me as if baby came half to show me how unfeeling I had been to him. Of course I'm not sorry I ran away and asked you to take me back, for I couldn't have had you if I hadn't done it; but I never realized before how cruel it was to father. He always made such a pet of me; and I know that he thought he was acting for the best."

"I knew that *you* were," said Bartley, fervently.

"What sweet things you always say to me!" she murmured. "But don't you see, Bartley, that I didn't think enough of him? That's what baby seems to have come to teach me." She pulled a little away on the pillow, so as to fix him more earnestly with her eyes. "If baby should behave so to *you* when she grew up, I should hate her."

He laughed, and said,

"Well, perhaps your mother hates you."

"No, they don't—either of them," said Marcia with a sigh. "And I behaved very stiffly and coldly with him when he came up to see me,—more than I had any need to. I did it for your sake; but he didn't mean any harm to you,—he just wanted to make sure that I was safe and well."

"Oh, that 's all right, Marsh."

"Yes, I know. But what if he had died!"

"Well, he didn't die," said Bartley, with a smile. "And you've corresponded with them regularly, ever since, and you know they've been getting along all right. And it's going to be altogether different from this out," he added, leaning back, a little weary with a matter in which he could not be expected to take a very cordial interest.

"Truly?" she asked, with one of the eagerest of those hand-pressures.

"It wont be my fault if it isn't," he replied, with a yawn.

"How good you are, Bartley!" she said, with an admiring look, as if it was the goodness of God she was praising.

Bartley released himself, and went to the new crib, in which the baby lay, and with his hands in his pockets stood looking down at it with a curious smile.

"Is it pretty?" she asked, envious of his bird's-eye view of the baby.

"Not definitively so," he answered. "I dare say she will smooth out in time; but she seems to be considerably puckered yet."

"Well," returned Marcia, with forced resignation, "I shouldn't let any one else say so."

Her husband set up a soft, low, thoughtful whistle.

"I 'll tell you what, Marcia," he said, presently. "Suppose we name this baby after your father?"

She lifted herself on her elbow, and stared at him as if he must be making fun of her.

"Why, how could we?" she demanded. Squire Gaylord's parents had called his name Flavius Josephus, in a superstition once cherished by old-fashioned people, that the Jewish historian was somehow a sacred writer.

"We can't name her Josephus, but we can call her Flavia," said Bartley. "And if she makes up her mind to turn out a blonde, the name will just fit. Flavia,—it's a very pretty name." He looked at his wife, who suddenly turned her face down on the pillow.

"Bartley Hubbard," she cried, "you're the best man in the world!"

"Oh, no! Only the second-best," suggested Bartley.

In these days they took their fill of the delight of young fatherhood and motherhood. After its morning bath Bartley was called in, and allowed to revere the baby's mottled and dimpled back as it lay face downward on the nurse's lap, feebly wiggling its arms and legs, and responding with ineffectual little sighs and

gurgles to her acceptable rubbings with warm flannel. When it was fully dressed, and its long clothes pulled snugly down, and its limp person stiffened into something tenable, he was suffered to take it into his arms, and to walk the room with it. After all, there is not much that a man can actually do with a small baby, either for its pleasure or his own, and Bartley's usefulness had its strict limitations. He was perhaps most beneficial when he put the child in its mother's arms, and sat down beside the bed, and quietly talked, while Marcia occasionally put up a slender hand and smoothed its golden-brown hair, bending her neck over to look at it where it lay, with the action of a mother bird. They examined with minute interest the details of the curious little creature: its tiny finger-nails, fine and sharp, and its small queer fist doubled so tight, and closing on one's finger like a canary's claw on a perch; the absurdity of its foot, the absurdity of its toes, the ridiculous inadequacy of its legs and arms to the work ordinarily expected of legs and arms, made them laugh. They could not tell yet whether its eyes would be black, like Marcia's, or blue, like Bartley's; those long lashes had the sweep of hers, but its mop of hair, which made it look so odd and old, was more like his in color.

"She will be a dark-eyed blonde," Bartley decided.

"Is that nice?" asked Marcia.

"With the telescope sight, they're warranted to kill at five hundred yards."

"Oh, for shame, Bartley! To talk of baby's ever killing!"

"Why, that's what they all come to. It's what you came to yourself."

"Yes, I know. But it's quite another thing with baby." She began to mumble it with her lips, and to talk baby-talk to it. In their common interest in this puppet they already called each other papa and mamma.

Squire Gaylord came alone, and when Marcia greeted him with "Why, father! Where's mother?" he asked, "Did you expect her? Well, I guess your mother's feeling rather too old for such long winter journeys. You know she don't go out a great deal. *I* guess she expects your family down there in the summer."

The old man was considerably abashed by the baby when it was put into his arms, and being required to guess its name, he naturally failed.

"Flavia!" cried Marcia, joyfully. "Bartley named it after you."

This embarrassed the Squire still more.

"Is that so?" he asked, rather sheepishly. "Well, it's quite a compliment."

Marcia repeated this to her husband as evidence that her father was all right now. Bartley and the Squire were in fact very civil to each other; and Bartley paid the old man many marked attentions. He took him to the top of the State House, and walked him all about the city, to show him its points of interest, and introduced him to such of his friends as they met, though the Squire's dress-coat, whether fully revealed by the removal of his surtout, or betraying itself below the skirt of the latter, was a trial to a fellow of Bartley's style. He went with his father-in-law to see Mr. Warren in "Jefferson Scattering Batkins," and the Squire grimly appreciated the burlesque of the member from Cranberry Center; but he was otherwise not a very amusable person, and off his own ground he was not conversable; while he refused to betray his impressions of many things that Bartley expected to astonish him The "Events" editorial rooms had no apparent effect upon him, though they were as different from most editorial dens as tapestry carpets, black-walnut desks, and swivel chairs could make them, Mr. Witherby covered him with urbanities and praises of Bartley that ought to have delighted him as a father-in-law; but apparently the great man of the "Events" was but a strange variety of the type with which he was familiar in the despised country editors. He got on better with Mr. Atherton, who was of a man's profession. The Squire wore his hat throughout their interview, and everywhere except at table and in bed; and as soon as he rose from either, he put it on.

Bartley tried to impress him with such novel traits of cosmopolitan life as a *table d'hôte* dinner at a French restaurant; but the Squire sat through the courses as if his barbarous old appetite had satisfied itself in that manner all his life. After that, Bartley practically gave him up; he pleaded his newspaper work, and left the Squire to pass the time as he could in the little house on Clover street, where he sat half a day at a stretch in the parlor with his hat on, reading the newspapers, his legs sprawled out toward the grate. In this way he probably reconstructed for himself some image of his wonted life in his office at home, and was for the time at peace; but otherwise he was very restless, except when he was with Marcia. He was as fond of her in his way as he had ever been, and though he apparently cared nothing for the baby, he enjoyed Marcia's pride in it; and he bore to have it thrust upon him with the surly mildness of an old dog receiving children's caresses. He listened with the same patience to all her celebrations of Bartley, which were often tedious enough, for she bragged of him constantly, of his smartness

and goodness, and of the great success that had crowned the merit of both in him.

Mr. Halleck had called upon the Squire the morning after his arrival, and brought Marcia a note from his wife, offering to have her father stay with them if she found herself too much crowded at this eventful time.

"There! That is just the sort of people the Hallecks are!" she cried, showing the letter to her father. "And to think of our not going near them for months and months after we came to Boston, for fear they were stuck up! But Bartley is always just so proud. Now you must go right in, father, and not keep Mr. Halleck waiting. Give me your hat, or you'll be sure to wear it in the parlor." She made him stoop down to let her brush his coat-collar a little. "There! Now you look something like."

Squire Gaylord had never received a visit except on business in his life, and such a thing as one man calling socially upon another, as women did, was unknown to the civilization of Equity. But, as he reported to Marcia, he got along with Mr. Halleck; and he got along with the whole family when he went with Bartley to tea, upon the invitation Mr. Halleck made him that morning. Probably it appeared to him an objectless hospitality; but he spent as pleasant an evening as he could hope to spend with his hat off and in a frock-coat, which he wore as a more ceremonious garment than the dress-coat of his every-day life. He seemed to take a special liking to Olive Halleck, whose habit of speaking her mind with vigor and directness struck him as commendable. It was Olive who made the time pass for him; and as the occasion was not one for personal sarcasm or question of the Christian religion, her task in keeping the old pagan out of rather abysmal silences must have had its difficulties.

"What did you talk about?" asked Marcia, requiring an account of his enjoyment from him the next morning, after Bartley had gone down to his work.

"Mostly about you, I guess," said the Squire, with a laugh. "There was a large, sandy-haired young woman there ——"

"Miss Kingsbury," said Marcia, with vindictive promptness. Her eyes kindled, and she began to grow rigid under the coverlet. "Whom did *she* talk with?"

"Well, she talked a little with me; but she talked most of the time to the young man. She engaged to him?"

"No," said Marcia, relaxing. "She's a great friend of the whole family. I don't know what they meant by telling you it was to be just a family party, when they were going to have strangers in," she pouted.

"Perhaps they didn't count her."

"No."

But Marcia's pleasure in the affair was tainted, and she began to talk of other things.

Her father staid nearly a week, and they all found it rather a long week. After showing him her baby, and satisfying herself that he and Bartley were on good terms again, there was not much left for Marcia. Bartley had been banished to the spare room by the presence of the nurse; and he gave up his bed there to the Squire, and slept on a cot in the unfurnished attic room; the cook, and a small girl got in to help, had the other. The house that had once seemed so vast was full to bursting.

"I never knew how little it was till I saw your father coming down-stairs," said Bartley. "He's too tall for it. When he sits on the sofa, and stretches out his legs, his boots touch the mop-board on the other side of the room. Fact!"

"He wont stay over Sunday," began Marcia, with a rueful smile.

"Why, Marcia, you don't think I want him to go!"

"No; you're as good as can be about it. But I hope he wont stay over Sunday."

"Haven't you enjoyed his visit?" asked Bartley.

"Oh, yes, I've enjoyed it." The tears came into her eyes. "I've made it all up with father; and he doesn't feel hard to me. But, Bartley —— Sit down, dear, here on the bed." She took his hand and gently pulled him down. "I see more and more that father and mother can never be what they used to be to me,—that you're all the world to me. Yes, my life is broken off from theirs forever. Could anything break it off from yours? You'll always be patient with me, wont you? And remember that I'd always rather be good when I'm behaving the worst?"

He rose, and went over to the crib, and kissed the head of their little girl.

"Ask Flavia," he said, from the door.

"Bartley!" she cried, in utter fondness, as he vanished from her happy eyes.

The next morning they heard the Squire moving about in his room, and he was late in coming down to breakfast, at which he was ordinarily so prompt.

"He's packing," said Marcia, sadly. "It's dreadful to be willing to have him go."

Bartley went out and met him at his door, bag in hand.

"Hollo!" he cried, and made a decent show of surprise and regret.

"M-yes!" said the old man, as they went down-stairs. "I've made out a visit. But I'm an old fellow, and I aint easy away from

home. I shall tell Mis' Gaylord how you're gettin' along, and she'll be pleased to hear it. Yes, she'll be pleased to hear it. I guess I shall get off on the ten-o'clock train."

The conversation between Bartley and his father-in-law was perfunctory. Men who have dealt so plainly with each other do not assume the conventional urbanities in their intercourse without effort. They had both been growing more impatient of the restraint; they could not have kept it up much longer.

"Well, I suppose it's natural you should want to be home again, but I can't understand how any one can want to go back to Equity when he has the privilege of staying in Boston."

"Boston will do for a young man," said the Squire, "but I'm too old for it. The city cramps me: it's too tight a fit; and yet I can't seem to find myself in it."

He suffered from the loss of identity which is a common affliction with country people coming to town. The feeling that they are of no special interest to any of the thousands they meet bewilders and harasses them; after the searching neighborhood of village life, the fact that nobody would meddle in their most intimate affairs if they could, is a vague distress. The Squire not only experienced this, but, after reigning so long as the censor of morals and religion in Equity, it was a deprivation for him to pass a whole week without saying a bitter thing to any one. He was tired of the civilities that smoothed him down on every side.

"Well, if you must go," said Bartley, "I'll order a hack."

"I guess I can walk to the depot," returned the old man.

"Oh, no, you can't."

Bartley drove to the station with him, and they bade each other adieu with a handshake. They were no longer enemies, but they liked each other less than ever.

"See you in Equity next summer, I suppose," suggested the Squire.

"So Marcia says," replied Bartley. "Well, take care of yourself.——You confounded tight-fisted old woodchuck!" he added, under his breath, for the Squire had allowed him to pay the hack-fare.

He walked home, composing variations on his parting malison, to find that the Squire had profited by his brief absence in ordering the hack to leave with Marcia a silver cup, knife, fork, and spoon, which Olive Halleck had helped him choose, for the baby. In the cup was a check for five hundred dollars. The Squire was embarrassed in presenting the gifts, and when Marcia turned upon him with: "Now, look here, father, what do you mean?" he was at a loss how to explain.

"Well, it's what I always meant to do for you."

"Baby's things are all right," said Marcia. "But I'm not going to let Bartley take any money from you unless you think as well of him as I do, and say so, right out."

The Squire laughed.

"You couldn't quite expect me to do that, could you?"

"No, of course not. But what I mean is, do you think *now* that I did right to marry him?"

"Oh, *you're* all right, Marcia. I'm glad you're getting along so well."

"No, no! Is Bartley all right?"

The Squire laughed again, and rubbed his chin in enjoyment of her persistence.

"You can't expect me to own up to everything all at once."

"So you see, Bartley," said Marcia, in repeating these words to him, "it was quite a concession."

"Well, I don't know about the concession, but I guess there's no doubt about the check," replied Bartley, jocosely.

"Oh, don't say that, dear," protested his wife. "I think father was pleased with his visit every way. I know he's been anxious about me all the time; and yet it was a good deal for him to do, after what he had said, to come down here and as much as take it all back. Can't you look at it from his side?"

"Oh, I dare say it was a dose," Bartley admitted. The money had set several things in a better light. "If all the people that have abused me would take it back as handsomely as your father has,"—he held the check up,—"why, I wish there were twice as many of them."

She laughed for pleasure in his joke.

"I think father was impressed by everything about us,—beginning with baby," she said, proudly.

"Well, he kept his impressions to himself," said Bartley.

"Oh, that's nothing but his way. He never was demonstrative,—like me."

"No, he has his emotions under control—not to say under lock and key—not to add, in irons."

Bartley went on to give some instances of the Squire's fortitude when apparently tempted to express pleasure or interest in his Boston experiences.

They both undeniably felt freer now that he was gone. Bartley staid longer than he ought from his work, in tacit celebration of the Squire's departure, and they were very merry together; but, when he left her, Marcia called for her baby, and, gathering it close to her heart, sighed over it, "Poor father! poor father!"

(To be continued.)

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By a series of events, none of them noisy or startling, but which have become historic, or, as some would say, by a singular leading of divine Providence, one by nature retiring and shy holds a position of higher dignity than any other, not hereditary, in England. A small room in a religious house, only technically differing from a monk's cell, is the home of the one English writer of transcendent intellectual and literary merit left by the deaths of Carlyle and George Eliot.

Whatever a man's religious or political opinions,—and the majority of my readers have different views to those of my subject,—that must be a dull imagination which is untouched by the ecclesiastical and storied splendor of the office of cardinal. The Pope and the members of the Sacred College alone are they whose dignity and influence go beyond the bounds of kingdoms or states; they, whatever their authority, wield it equally in Rome, their center, and Japan or San Francisco, points of their circumference; their sway, being over the mind, is far more real than rule over the mere bodies of men. Yet, because of the once temporal dignities of the pontifical court, there still encompasses them, also, a state and a majesty which impresses the eye, and lends the sanction of sense to their intellectual empire.

In England, this historic grandeur has been strongly felt, even by those who most repudiate the papal claim, and, though somewhat illogically, men rejoiced and felt that Englishmen were honored when spiritual honor flowed on Dr. Newman from an authority which they do not recognize. It came tardily, but the late Pope had not, perhaps, so fair a chance of discovering intellectual worth as his successor, and, more narrowly Italian, did not, it may be, fully understand so thoroughly English a mind as that of Dr. Newman. But if the dignity came late, it came at a good time. After many years of misunderstanding, mists have cleared off as, in the natural course of human life, Dr. Newman's sun draws to its setting, and the honor from abroad coincided opportunely with the full recognition of its recipient as one of our greatest, wisest, and best. Much of the improved understanding is due to the publication of "Apologia pro Vita Sua,"—a fragment of autobiography written with rare courage and frankness, a work which has become classical, and is, or ought to be, known to all students of religious life, of psychology, or of pure and vigorous English.

It seemed well to the editor of this magazine that a critical analysis of such a life and character should be presented by an outsider, and I was consulted in regard to the writer. Certain names of persons, younger, indeed, than the Cardinal, but still workers with him in Oxford days, at once suggested themselves. These were interested in the desire to make their friend better known and understood, but the old days and times were too sacred in their memories, too dear and too painful to allow them, as yet, to treat of them in full. "The Parting of Friends," in the cases of which I speak, has left a wound fresh as though it were of yesterday. They who now know best Dr. Newman's life and mind are not especially qualified to write of the Oxford past, nor can they be free to speak of one, their master and their father, with whom they are in daily companionship. It was equally clear that such a memoir could not be written by any former opponent—then, as now, out of sympathy with the mind with which they would deal, nor, if there were such, by any once familiar friend who had lifted up his heel against him.

So, by a process of natural elimination, the thoughts of those old friends of whom I have spoken, and my own, suggested that the task should be mine. One word, not for egoism, but for explanation, of what I may know on the matter. My entrance into Oxford life almost coincided with Mr. Newman's secession. The high-church movement of that day had reached its furthest water-mark. It remained at the full for some years before the ebb preceding the new tide which we call ritualism; all the doctrines of the movement had been settled and defined by the Tractarians, and in that full, still time, though Newman was gone in person, his was the one influence abiding in the place—his spirit and his name were everywhere. With it Oxford resounded, as Hebrus of old with that of Eurydice:

> "Eurydice the woods,
> Eurydice the floods,
> Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rang."

Dr. Pusey's was the name which stamped the Oxford movement in the country, but in spite of his long retirement at Littlemore, Newman's was the one potent memory in the

university, alike a charm to conjure with and a dangerous force to execrate. The men who had been his friends were kind to me, a younger man; the glamour which had attached to him wrapped me round. I well remember a home near Oxford, in which a veiled crucifix seemed to its possessors to have gained a special sanctity because it had been his, and many of us who attended his former church at Littlemore prayed all the more fervently because he had prayed there before us; it was hard to say if the young zealots of that day loved St. Mary's most for the porch which Laud had built, or for the pulpit whence Newman had preached.

Having, then, had a clear understanding of these things from the first, from eye-witnesses and fellow-workers, my veneration and my interest have never flagged. But my interest then, as now, was mainly intellectual, not doctrinal. It is true that I now feel, even far more than then, that, granting the premises, Dr. Newman's church is the only logical outcome of them; but even then I scarce accepted the premises with a whole assent. And there is no seeming paradox more certainly true than this, that a man may largely agree with and give full intellectual admiration to those with whom he remains irreconcilably at variance. So near but so far is not a contradiction in terms. A liberal of the liberals, one of those, therefore, falling under Dr. Newman's stern disapproval, with the affectionate sympathy of a pupil for a master whom he cannot follow, with genuine admiration for the subtlest intellect, the largest heart, the most unselfish life I know, I try to give my readers some faint portraiture of John Henry Newman, Cardinal of St. George.

He was born in London eighty-one years ago, the eldest son of Mr. John Newman, a London banker. His brother, still living, is Mr. Francis Newman, the well-known author of "Phases of Faith." One of his sisters, Mrs. Thomas Mozley, now dead, was the writer of several exceedingly clever stories for young people, among which "The Fairy Bower" and "The Lost Brooch" are the best known. Some graceful lines in the second of these are understood to be by her brother John. That literary tastes and reading were not exceptional in the family shows, in a measure, the character of the home. The religious tone was what would now be called evangelical, and, indeed, religious earnestness in that day usually took no other form, save in a few nooks of cathedral cities, and in some old-world aristocratic families. But it was not of a narrow or fanatical type. Dr. Newman speaks of his having read "some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's," of having been taken by his father, "who wanted to hear some piece of music," into the Catholic chapel in Warwick street, and, in other directions than fiction, the boy's own reading was allowed to be discursive. Tom Paine's tracts, Hume's "Essay on Miracles," some of Voltaire, all seem to have been studied without parental opposition, and, indeed, a father might well have judged that such a boy would refuse the evil and choose the good. For, from a child, he took delight in sermons and in theological reading—"all of the school of Calvin," and the same teaching had deep effect on him after mere boyhood; he went up to Trinity as a scholar, after education at Ealing School, near London, with the same opinions dominant in his mind. Yet, as Dr. Newman is himself careful to point out, he was, to a certain extent, eclectic in his acceptance of the theology set before him; he denied and abjured the doctrine of predestination to eternal death, nor had that of final perseverance any tendency to lead him to be careless about pleasing God. It had some influence, he tells us, "in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my distrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator." In this we may indeed see the boy of fifteen father of the man, for there is no single strain of teaching which so runs through all Dr. Newman's works as that of the direct relation of the human soul to God, its isolation from all else, however it may seem involved with others, "the everlasting face to face with God." And, even at that early date, a guiding fact was fixed as well as a guiding dogma. A deep imagination took hold of him that it would be the will of God that he should lead a single life. This expectation, which coalesced by degrees with personal decision, had a great effect in fitting him to be the guide and friend of many men. For the religious adviser in his ideal state must be celibate, free from other absorbing ties. Such an one is also able to contract friendships which are personal to himself alone, and not involved in the tastes and needs of others. Dr. Newman's friendships have been singularly firm and strong. The affectionate epithet "*carissime*" is applied to more than one in his published letters, and the love thus given has been returned in as full measure as has been compatible with other calls on the heart. He was surely in some measure describing himself, also, when he spoke of St. Paul, "who had a thousand friends and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths

when he must quit them." But in friendship as in love the feeling is perhaps always stronger on one side than the other; there can be no exact reciprocity.

Dr. Newman's residence at Oxford introduced him to wholly new ideas. The vigorous mind of Whately, the cautious shrewdness of Dr. Hawkins, the free speculations of Blanco White, whose tendency was not then as yet recognized, were among the personal influences which surrounded him, while the study of "Butler's Analogy" was "an era in his religious opinions." A time of change had begun for the university as well as for its new and distinguished student, who passed from his Trinity scholarship to a fellowship at Oriel. The old high-church tradition had never died out at Oxford; the daily chapel, so often a formal observance, still had its effect on many minds, and the whole spirit of the English Prayer-book was realized with a vividness unknown in the country at large. There were elderly men linked by tradition to the days of Wesley, whose influence at Oxford was all in the direction of Catholic observance —men who walked out week by week to Godstowe on each Friday, that they might dine off fish, who discontinued their darling indulgence of snuff through Lent, did reverence to the altar on entering church, and turned to the east at the Creeds. The bones had become very dry, but they were the bones of Catholic doctrines and observances, and the wind of change breathed on them—the same wind whose influence had already been shown in Scott and Wordsworth in the fields of literature. It is true, men did not know it. The same persons, or those most closely allied to them, were they whom Dr. Newman calls unintellectual and "most fond of port," —one of whom, when Dr. Pusey first showed acquaintance with continental literature, wished "that German theology and German philosophy were both at the bottom of the German ocean." Many of them opposed the innovators who fully restored their own imperfect tradition, but they yet made it possible that the new revival should for a time remain, as Wesley had remained, within the boundaries of Oxford and the English Church.

In 1828, Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. Though the nave is used as the university church, and in it are preached the majority of sermons delivered to the university as such, St. Mary's is really the church of a very small parish, the area of which is covered by Oriel and St. Mary's Hall, together with a few houses in the High street and Oriel Lane. To it was attached the then small hamlet of Littlemore, on rising ground about three miles from Oxford—a spot which was to become famous, and, when Mr. Newman had left the English Church, almost a place of pilgrimage for enthusiastic young Oxford men who loved his memory. He says himself: "It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years." This influence was gained, first, by his sermons; secondly, by the boundless sympathy which he showed to those who, recognizing from his pulpit-teaching his great knowledge of the human heart, came to lay bare before him their troubles and ask his advice. As his view of the dignity and power of his office deepened, his ministrations assumed more and more a sacerdotal character. Private confession had perhaps never become wholly extinct in the Church of England, but it had certainly been confined to extremely rare occasions. Mr. Newman and his friends were the first, for many years, to make it habitual; and independent of its theological character, this close intercourse between themselves and younger men became one of the modes of breaking down the fence which had so long divided the don from the undergraduate. That moral, social, and intellectual sympathy which has of late years characterized the relations of tutor and pupil has been manifested in various forms. It passed in its early stages into the relation of priest and penitent, and in some instances the confessional was the way in which it began.

We have evidence of the power of Newman's preaching, not only in those ten eloquent volumes which all may read for themselves, but from his own description and from the unwilling testimony of his enemies. When, many years later than the time of which we are now speaking, he preached at Littlemore his sermon on the "Parting of Friends," the speaker and the hearers alike knowing that it was his farewell to them and to the English Church, he used the following words:

"And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

Mr. J. A. Froude, a younger brother of one of Newman's dearest friends, himself in a measure and for a time his disciple, wrote in

the once widely known romance, now forgotten, "The Nemesis of Faith," of "that voice so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm gray eye; those features, so stern and yet so gentle!"

Mr. Kingsley, though of the sister university, knew well the sway that was exercised over men of his own age at Oxford when he, too, characterized that wonderful preaching in terms at once of strong condemnation and unwilling admiration; and neither of these descriptions is in any degree overstrained. The reader may begin by thinking the sermons cold; so, in some cases, did their hearers, for there is little attempt at rhetoric: profound thoughts and logical conclusions are stated in the simplest and most direct words. By degrees, only, did the hearer or does the reader find himself, by accepting simple premises, implicated in the web of a relentless logic, and fused in the fire of the preacher's intense conviction. Now and then, indeed, as if unconsciously, the words rise to a lofty strain almost unequaled in the language, though even then the style is severe and simple, stripped of all those ornaments which men usually regard as eloquence. One such example is the passage on music in the University Sermon on "The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine":

"Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home, they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

It is no part of our intention to tell over again, save in small measure, the story of the Tractarian movement, so well told by Dr. Newman himself in the "Apologia." The masterly sketches of Pusey, Keble, Froude, and others in that work leave nothing to be desired. But though these were the leaders, the party itself was not definitely formed for five years after Mr. Newman became vicar of St. Mary's. The year before this event, the *vates sacer* had indeed appeared, "The Christian Year" having been published in 1827. For six months previous to the definite formation of the party, Mr. Newman was not in Oxford. At the end of 1832 he stood in need of rest, after the completion of the "History of the Arians," and went abroad with Archdeacon Froude and Mr. Hurrell Froude, for the health of the latter. His body was weary, his mind full of care; fortunately for us, he threw many of the thoughts of that period into verse—those short poems which afterward appeared in the "Lyra Apostolica"; the most beautiful of them all, the well-known "Lead, Kindly Light," was, as he has told us, written at sea in an orange-boat, between Palermo and Marseilles. He returned early in the following July, to find that the Liberalism he so much dreaded, and the reaction against it, had each assumed decided shape; and, on Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached his celebrated sermon on "National Apostacy," of which Mr. Newman says, "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." The first outward and visible form of the party was that of an "Association of Friends of the Church." The leaders, or, at least, the Oxford leaders, determined to put out a series of "Tracts for the Times," of which Mr. Newman was editor. They were published at varying intervals from 1833 to February, 1841, the date of "Tract XC." They were of lengths between a mere leaflet and a great theological pamphlet. They were written, some *ad clerum*, some *ad populum*. About half a dozen are, perhaps, still unforgotten; the last only, "Tract XC.," is of any real historical importance. Before that came to be written, the party, with Mr. Newman in its van, had advanced far on the Romeward road, though he was not always fully aware of it. Three things during that time had tended to weaken his reverence for the existing state of things in the English Church

and in his own Oxford, the visible embodiment of so large a portion of that church. These were the suppression of the Irish sees, which proved the church under the iron grasp of the state; the appointment of Dr. Hampden, an avowed liberal, and, as Dr. Newman and his friends thought, dangerously heretical, to the Regius Professorship of Theology; and, at the last, the establishment of an English bishopric at Jerusalem. It will be remembered that this last was brought about by the joint action of the Prussian and English Governments. By such action, two Catholic principles were violated. The Anglican Church, by acting with Lutherans, seemed to declare itself Protestant, to consider that Episcopal orders were no note of the church, but merely a convenient form of church government, while the ancient Patriarchate of Jerusalem was unchurched by the intrusion of such a bishop. It need hardly be said that against all these things the party protested, and protested in vain; yet the more they felt the unsatisfactory state of things around them, the more they desired to reform the English Church. They held almost all Catholic doctrine, but they were not prepared as yet to leave that which had been their home for so many happy years. The Articles were, of course, the great difficulty in their way. Though ritualism was not as yet, it was felt that there was nothing in the words of the services, or in the rubrics, necessarily inconsistent with the extremest developments of doctrine and ceremony; but the Articles drawn up by Puritan divines were generally held to represent a totally different phase of thought. Was the Prayer-book, then, as it has been termed, only "an Elizabethan compromise"? It has been said that Acts of Parliament are so loosely drawn that it is possible to drive a coach and four through the clauses of any one of them. Mr. Newman was about to try whether he could not drive his coach through the clause of an Act of which, on the whole, he disapproved. He tried, therefore, to discover whether within the grammatical meaning of the Articles it might not be possible to hold all Catholic doctrine; nor in this was there anything dishonest. In considering any legal document, "the legal obligation is the measure of the moral," to use the words of Mr. H. B. Wilson, at a later period. If the framers of an Act of Parliament decide, contrary to the desire of the promoters of a railway, that it shall not go through a certain valley, and it afterward be found that, through some error in the drafting, the valley is not exempted from its passage, no one can surely complain should the promoters, or their successors on the board, take their line down that valley, however much the inhabitants may regret that the Act was not more carefully framed. Mr. Newman wished to show that, in holding certain opinions, he and his friends were not what Mr. Faber, long years afterward, designated as "straying under the shadow of condemned propositions." He had not only laid down what he thought his party might legitimately hold, but he had cleared his own mind. He had rendered his own position unmistakable, and he had challenged his university and the bench of bishops. The other party was not long in taking up the gage thus flung down. The tract appeared on February 27, 1841, and on March 8th was issued a solemn protest of four of the senior tutors in Oxford. The senior tutors of the other colleges either agreed with Mr. Newman, or, at least, did not agree with his assailants. These grounded their interference on the fact that the Articles were "the text-book for tutors in their theological teaching." They alleged that the tract had "a tendency to mitigate beyond what charity requires * * * the very serious differences which separate the Church of Rome from" that of England. They admitted "the necessity of allowing liberty in interpreting the formularies of the church," but demurred to the extent to which that liberty had here been carried, and, although the editorship of the whole series and the authorship of this tract was an open secret, it was yet necessary to call upon the editor that "some person, other than the printer and publisher of the tract, should acknowledge himself responsible for its contents." The letter was signed by T. T. Churton, tutor of Brasenose; H. B. Wilson, tutor of St. John's; John Griffiths, tutor of Wadham; and A. C. Tait, tutor of Balliol. Of these, only two were afterward found to be men of real weight. Mr. Churton accepted a college living, and died a year or two since. Mr. Griffiths has lately retired, full of years and honored by all, from the wardenship of Wadham, but neither of them had at any time a claim to be called a theologian. The same, indeed, may be said of Dr. Tait, an energetic tutor, an excellent head master, and who, both as Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, has done so much to uphold the dignity, honor, and firmness of the English bench. But we suppose that many even of those who have the interest of the Church of England at heart would think it, on the whole, well that her chief representative should be commonplace. The fourth, Mr. Wilson, was a man of very different stamp, a theologian, and as a writer of graceful English inferior to few. His Bampton

Lectures, published not long after Mr. Newman's secession, were the nearest approach to a theological treatise, constructed on other than Catholic lines, that has been known in England for many years. His aim, as laid down in these Lectures, was to build up a Zwinglian school within the church, and a further development of his opinions was put forth in his article in the "Essays and Reviews," the ablest contribution made to that volume. Had his health lasted, he was the one man who could have given a cohesion and a headship to the broad-church party, which neither the mystical piety of Mr. Maurice nor the poetic enthusiasm of Dean Stanley has been able to furnish. That river of thought has almost ceased to run within the church, or dribbles away in the little stream of followers of Mr. Llewellyn Davies and a few writers in the "Spectator," while he who might have been a leader is stricken down by paralysis and weakness of brain.

We do not know whether Mr. Newman would have recognized that the tutors had any right to call him to account, but on March 15th a more weighty appeal was made to him by an authority which he was bound to respect. The Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the vice-chancellor, the heads of houses, and the proctors, resolved "that the modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the said tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object and are inconsistent with the due observance of the above mentioned statutes." On this appeal, Mr. Newman at once informed the vice-chancellor that he was "the author, and had the sole responsibility of the tract"; and on an appeal from his bishop he discontinued the series. It was the second time that he had entirely submitted himself to the bishop's judgment, but on the former occasion the cessation of the tracts had not been required.

The "Lives of the Saints" is another publication with which Mr. Newman's name is connected about the same time. Although the tone of the "Lives" would now be recognized by most persons as Roman, it was undertaken in the same inclusive spirit as "Tract XC." Mr. Newman started it with the idea that "it would be useful, as employing the minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact; again, as giving them an interest in the English soil and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome as she is: and further, as tending to promote the spread of right views."

But no sooner was the "Life of Saint Stephen Harding" written than persons of great weight decided that it could not proceed even from an Anglican publisher, and, therefore, after the issue of two numbers, Dr. Newman ceased to be editor. But men still persisted in associating him in their minds with the scheme; some blamed the series because they thought of him; others wrote in it because the idea had been his, and if any were disloyal in carrying out the work which had been given them to do, their disloyalty was unfaith to him. Considered as literature, the "Lives" are of singular beauty and grace. It can scarcely have been anticipated, even by their writers, that they could ever be taken as serious history. There is little attempt at original research. Legend and admitted facts are mixed inextricably with one another.

One writer alone avowedly drew on his imagination. His conduct in so doing has always been regarded by those who knew the circumstances as an act of singular unfaithfulness to the dear friend of his dead brother. The "Life of Saint Bettelin" was intrusted to Mr. James Anthony Froude, and the following is the peroration of this very graceful work of fiction: "And this is all that is known, and more than all,—yet nothing to what the angels know,—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven." Mr. Froude has not alluded to it in his recent account of the Tractarian movement at Oxford; but the matter is not without interest, and may perhaps throw some light on his whole method of writing history and biography.

On September 18, 1843, Dr. Newman resigned the living of St. Mary's. He says himself that the ostensible, direct, and sufficient reason for his doing so was the persevering attack of the bishops on "Tract XC."; the immediate cause was the secession to Rome of a young friend under his spiritual care. And so his work was over, and he withdrew still more completely into his seclusion at Littlemore, where for some time past he and a band of religious-minded men had been endeavoring to lead a life more simple and more by rule than was possible in the ordinary social distractions of collegiate life. Here, thrown in on his own thoughts, which had been moving so long in one direction, it soon became visible to himself whither they must bear him; but he had not attained certainty; until that certainty came, he felt that he could take no further voluntary step. In 1845, he began his "History of the Develop-

ment of Doctrine," an expansion of his last university sermon, preached February 2, 1843, and this landed him with certainty in Rome. The book remains a fragment, but it is sufficient to sum up what he had taught, and to show whither all his teaching tended. The argument is flawless. Given the premises from which he starts, his conclusions follow by simple rules of logic, unless it be held that an absolutely sufficient doctrine and teaching are to be gained from the very letter of the Bible; and few but unlearned and unhistorical persons would be found to maintain this. If it be admitted that any one body of men has authority to bring out explicitly and infallibly what is implicit in simple statements and imperfect observances, the Catholic Church is that body, and the Roman is the true Church Catholic. The only escape from his conclusions is illogical, such as that adopted by one who, when pushed into a corner on a philosophical question, said, "I admit your premises, I see the conclusion, but I decline to draw it"; or there is the bolder but more scientific method of denying the premises. But in such a case knowledge, certainty, and a great deal of faith are destroyed; while all that remains is a hazy speculation and a hazardous hope.

Meantime Oxford was, as we have already said, still full of the spirit of him whose bodily presence was secluded at Littlemore. The tracts had ceased, but "Tract XC." was still alive and at work. In 1844 Mr. Ward, fellow of Balliol, published his "Ideal of a Christian Church," and as men gazed at the stately fabric raised before their imagination it was plain that the church so described—if it ever had found realization at all—had found it nowhere but on the Seven Hills. In this work was to be found contravention of the Articles still more alarming than that of "Tract XC.," because it was the language of an assailant, not of one who would fain find terms of peace. The party so long opposed to the movement endeavored to procure Mr. Ward's degradation from his degrees, and they joined to the censure intended to be pronounced upon him a condemnation of Mr. Newman. The number of pamphlets, addresses, memoranda, etc., which this produced was so vast that even a collection of some of the more striking fills many thick volumes, and there is no need to speak of more than two or three. One is remarkable as bearing out all and more than all that we have said of the love felt for Mr. Newman by his friends. Mr. Rogers, fellow of Oriel, now Lord Blachford, wrote a short appeal to members of Convocation upon the proposed censure of No. XC., from which we may quote the following passage:

"Those who have been ever honored by Mr. Newman's friendship must feel it dangerous to allow themselves thus to speak. And yet they must speak, for no one else can appreciate it as truly as they do. When they see the person whom they have been accustomed to revere as few men are revered—whose labors, whose greatness, whose tenderness, whose singleness and holiness of purpose they have been permitted to know intimately—not allowed even the poor privilege of satisfying, by silence and retirement, by the relinquishment of preferment, position, and influence, the persevering hostility of persons whom they cannot help comparing with him,—not permitted even to submit in peace to these irregular censures to which he seems to have been even morbidly alive, but dragged forth to suffer an oblique and tardy condemnation; called again to account for matters now long ago accounted for, on which a judgment has been pronounced, which, whatever others may think of it, he at least has accepted as conclusive;—when they contrast his merits, his submission, his treatment which they see or know, with the merits, the bearing, and the fortunes of those who are doggedly pursuing him, it does become very difficult to speak without sullying what it is a kind of pleasure to feel is *his* cause by using hard words, or betraying it by not using them."

But the most interesting now of all these papers is a little leaflet bearing only the signature "Nemesis," and written by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then fellow of University College. It is as follows:

"OXFORD, February 10, 1845.

"1. In 1836, Dr. Hampden was censured by Convocation on an undefined charge of want of confidence. In 1845, Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are to be censured by the same body.

"2. In 1836, the country was panic-stricken with a fear of Liberalism. In 1845, the country is panic-stricken with a fear of Popery.

"3. 474 was the majority that condemned Dr. Hampden. 474 is the number of requisitionists that induced the censure on Mr. Newman.

"4. The censure on Dr. Hampden was brought forward at ten days' notice. The censure on Mr. Newman was brought forward at ten days' notice.

"5. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Dr. Hampden, filled the proctor's office in 1836. Two proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Mr. Newman, fill the proctor's office in 1845.

"6. The 'Standard' newspaper headed the attack on Dr. Hampden. The 'Standard' newspaper heads the attack on Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"7. The 'Globe and Morning Chronicle' defended Dr. Hampden. The 'Globe and Morning Chronicle' defends Mr. Ward.

"8. The Thirty-nine Articles were elaborately contrasted with the writings of Dr. Hampden as the ground of his condemnation. The Thirty-nine Articles are made the ground of the condemnation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

"9. The Bampton Lectures were preached four years before they were censured. The 90th 'Tract for the Times' was written four years before it is now proposed to be censured.

"10. Two eminent lawyers pronounced the censure on Dr. Hampden illegal. Two eminent lawyers have pronounced the degradation of Mr. Ward illegal.

"11. The 'Edinburgh Review' denounced the mockery of a judgment by Convocation then. The 'English Churchman' denounces it now.

"12. And if on the one hand the degradation of Mr.

Ward is more severe than the exemptions of Dr. Hampden, on the other hand, the extracts from Mr. Ward give a truer notion of the Ideal than the extracts from Dr. Hampden of the Bampton Lectures."

"'The wheel then is come full circle.' The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victors of 1845 are the victims of 1836. The assailants are assailed, the assailed are the assailants. The condemners are condemned, the condemned are the condemners.

"'The wheel is come full circle.' Voters of the 13th, take this in its true spirit—not as an idle note of triumph, nor as a merely striking coincidence, but as a solemn warning to all who were concerned then, to all who are concerned now,—as a sign that there are principles of justice equally applicable to opposite cases, and that sooner or later their violation recoils on the heads of those who violated them.

"'The wheel is come full circle.' How soon may it come round again? Voters of the 13th, deal now to your opponents that justice which perhaps you may not expect to receive from them; remembering that the surest hope of obtaining mercy and justice then is by showing mercy and justice now. Judge, therefore, by 1836, what should be your conduct in 1845; and by your conduct in 1845, what should be your opponent's conduct in 1856, when Puseyism may be as triumphant as it is now depressed; when none can with any face cry for toleration then who have refused toleration now; or protest against a mob tribunal then, if they have used it now; or deprecate the madness of a popular clamor then, if they have kindled or yielded to it now."

Making full allowance for the fact that the points in dispute concern controversy in an insular church, and that civilization and culture have softened manners, there was much to remind us of the Councils of Sardis and Soissons in the existing state of Oxford when this question came before Convocation. The proceedings were brought to a summary and dramatic close by the proctors Mr. Guillemard, fellow of Trinity, and Mr. Church, of Oriel, the present dean of St. Paul's, who exercised the power they possessed of interposing their own veto on the condemnation which would have been passed. It required no little courage to make this stand against an angry and excited majority, and thus to save the university from an unjust and dishonorable action—unjust because a charge which had been virtually condoned was revived; dishonorable because the blow was aimed at Mr. Newman through a second work, with which he had nothing whatever to do. How little, indeed, he considered Mr. Ward as the exponent of his own views is seen in the curious fact that, in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Mr. Ward's name is not even mentioned. When the late dean of Westminster used to speak of these times, in which he, too, began to play a not inconspicuous part, he was wont to attribute the collapse of the Oxford movement to Mr. Ward's marriage, and to say, "*Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*" There was, however, no real inconsistency in the fact that Mr. Ward, vehemently as he upheld the necessity of clerical celibacy, should have married so soon as he had convinced himself that Anglican orders were naught, and when about to join a church in which he would be no priest; but the event had its comic side, and might perhaps be styled the collapse, for the time, of Ward, though not the collapse of the Oxford movement. This really came from the secession of Mr. Newman. In that was gathered up and brought to an end the strife of many anxious years. It, and nothing else, made men who had followed him so long almost unquestioningly, ask themselves, "Am I prepared also to go?" and in the "No" of many there was not only the unavoidable pause, but a resistance to further advance. Those so long carried forward by the current were now stranded and became fixed. The tide ebbed away and left them there. It gathered strength again and came on in its new phase of ritualism, but, opposed by them in some instances, has passed it, but not changed or moved them. Their convictions were fixed when Newman left; they have felt no further duty, as certainly they have had no inclination, to ask themselves again the questions of that time. It is not, however, unnatural that Dean Stanley should have taken the view he did. He was always a little inclined to minimize the Oxford movement. Great as was his tolerance when he looked at anything from the side of the affections, he was yet intellectually somewhat intolerant; with all his courteous allowance there was ever mingled a something of scorn for that which he did not wholly understand.

And so the end had come. The foremost man in the English Church was content to send for the humble Italian monk, Father Dominic, the Passionist, and, falling at his feet, to ask reception into the Roman Church. At the call of conscience he had already resigned preferment and leadership; he now abandoned home and nearly all his friends; for ease he accepted comparative poverty; for rule over others he took on him obedience; "*et exiit nesciens quo iret.*"

II.

For a while after his reception, Mr. Newman proposed to devote himself to some secular calling, but Cardinal Wiseman, in whose hands he had placed himself, decided otherwise; and, indeed, it must have been obvious to all the leading members of the church which now had gained him that so great gifts of preaching, such deep theological

learning, so keen a power of analyzing the workings of the human heart, should be available for the service of the priesthood. In the intervals of the close study at Rome which the change of belief required, he relaxed his mind by writing the extremely interesting story, "Loss and Gain." A friend, also a convert, related not long since how, in the winter of 1847, he was a very constant visitor to Dr. Newman, and was puzzled at finding him so frequently laughing to himself over the manuscript on which he was then engaged, till he said: "You do not know what I have been doing. Poor Burns" (the late high-church publisher), "a convert like ourselves, has got into difficulties owing to his change of faith, and I am going to give him this manuscript to see if it may not help him a little out of them."

Of course, Dr. Newman is to be believed implicitly when he tells us that none of the characters in this little romance of Oxford life are drawn from nature; real persons were, he says, far from his thoughts. Free use was made, however, of sayings and doings which were characteristic of the time and place in which the scene was laid, and he admits that "it is impossible that, when a general truth or fact is exhibited in individual specimens of it, an ideal representation should not more or less coincide, in spite of the author's endeavor, or even without his recognition, with its existing instances or champions." And so it came to pass that, whether intended or not, the book was a presentation, on the somewhat lighter side, of not only the conflicting opinions, but of the men who had held them, in Oxford during the late years. It exhibits the author's good-humored and more playful sarcasm. We shall see presently what he could do in this strain when he thought the time was fitting for its still more vigorous use.

The history of his religious opinions, we are told, ended with his conversion; and though this is strictly true, since he who accepts the Roman system accepts it in faith and as an unchangeable whole, yet that development which Dr. Newman claimed for doctrine in the church takes place also in the life of the individual. Each dogma which he held implicitly, some, perhaps, unconsciously, had to be brought out and formularized in his Roman retirement. Each that at first was only a faith had to be grasped afterward by the reason, and put into its proper relation with other tenets. Again, since his reception into the Roman Church, certain great doctrines, hitherto undefined, have been dogmatically fixed, and until they were so, he, with other divines, was free to take either side of the controversy concerning them. Before the definition of any dogma, it is in the very nature of things that the matter shall be weighed, discussed, arguments for and against heard. Hence it is quite possible that in regard to these Cardinal Newman's attitude of mind may not be precisely that which it was in the early days of his conversion; but this is not to say that there has been any change in his religious opinions. What he accepted, he accepted once for all. His mind has been at rest. He has possibly not always seen the same aspect of divine truth; the doctrines have developed in his mind as the whole system of Catholic doctrine has developed in the church at large. But all his mental progress must have seemed to him like stepping from firm to ever firmer ground, or, at least, to the increasing assurance that under his feet was solid rock. For the Church of England, in so far as it had been possible to hold in it Catholic truth, and in so far as its offices had fostered devotion, he has been full of affectionate memories. In so far as it has been regarded by him as a Protestant establishment, he has had nothing but scorn. Two short passages will give his attitude of mind as he regarded his past from those two stand-points.

"Why should I deny to your memory what is so pleasant in mine? Cannot I, too, look back on many years past and many events in which I myself experienced what is now your confidence? Can I forget the happy life I have led all my days, with no cares, no anxieties worth remembering—without desolateness, or fever of thought, or gloom of mind, or doubt of God's love to me, and Providence over me? Can I forget—I never can forget—the day when, in my youth, I first bound myself to the ministry of God in that old church of St. Frideswide, the patroness of Oxford?—nor how I wept most abundant and most sweet tears when I thought what I then had become, though I looked on ordination as no sacramental rite, nor even to baptism ascribed any supernatural virtue? Can I wipe out from my memory, or wish to wipe out, those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite in my own church of St. Mary's, and, in the pleasantness and joy of it, heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls? When, too, shall I not feel the soothing recollection of those dear years which I spent in retirement, in preparation for my deliverance from Egypt, asking for light, and by degrees gaining it, with less of temptation in my heart and sin on my conscience than ever before?"

But, on the other hand, he says:

"We see in the English Church, I will not merely say no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of Government, or a function or operation of the state,—without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings

of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction than so commonplace a framework or mechanism. We regard it neither with anger, nor with aversion, nor with contempt, any more than with respect or interest. It is but one aspect of the state, or mode of civil governance; it is responsible for nothing; it can appropriate neither praise nor blame; but whatever feeling it raises is to be referred on, by the nature of the case, to the Supreme Power whom it represents, and whose will is its breath. And hence it has no real identity of existence in distinct periods, unless the present Legislature or the present Court can affect to be the offspring and disciple of its predecessor. Nor can it in consequence be said to have any antecedents, or any future; or to live, except in the passing moment. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds, and what it does not; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master, or love of its place, may be so called. Its fruits, as far as they are good, are to be made much of, as long as they last, for they are transient, and without succession; its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now; they died, and there was no reason why they should be reproduced. Bishop is not like bishop, more than king is like king, or ministry like ministry; its Prayer-book is an Act of Parliament of two centuries ago, and its cathedrals and its chapter-houses are the spoils of Catholicism."

While it was still uncertain in what special post Dr. Newman's great powers could be used in England, he was attracted by the elasticity, beauty, and usefulness of the Oratorian congregation in Rome, and, with the full consent of the Pope, he was the first to introduce the Oratorians into England. The congregation of the Oratory had gradually grown up around St. Philip Neri toward the middle of the sixteenth century, and was formally approved in 1575. The Oratorians "are secular priests without vows, bound together by the simple tie of charity. Their aim is the conversion and sanctification of souls by means of prayer, daily preaching, and frequentation of sacraments." St. Philip made few rules, but would have these perfectly kept. The character of the Oratorians at this present day is as at their foundation; each congregation is independent of the others; each priest is free to go when he will; but the simple life that they live together is very beautiful, and the various works of preaching, education, and the like most efficiently and admirably performed. It is an interesting fact that Dr. Newman himself gives, as the remote cause of his attraction to the Oratory, Ranke's sketch of St. Philip (Bk. IV., Sec. 10, "On the Roman Curia"). It had struck him while still in the Anglican Church. This was a curious place in which to find the germ of a vocation.

While he was working at Birmingham, in 1851, occurred the first event which brought Dr. Newman again prominently before the world, from which he had to so large an extent retired. He gave a course of lectures on "The Position of Catholics in England," addressed to the brethren of the Oratory, exposing in a lively manner some of the vast number of misconceptions which have attached themselves to Catholics in England. In words at once indignant and pathetic, he explained how a number of gentlemen who had devoted themselves to live a religious life, and who would build a house for their own accommodation, were exposed to the most malignant insinuations from persons "who peeped into the under-ground brickwork and were curious about the drains," to discover cells of imprisonment, or even places of murder, which must, they thought, necessarily exist in every Catholic establishment; and he was not unnaturally indignant that the religious world of Birmingham should consider that these malignant insinuations gained some color from the words of those who, profligate in life and false in tongue, had left the Roman Church, not because they were no longer able to agree with its dogmas intellectually, but because moral rules were disagreeable to them, and because denouncing an unpopular religion was easier than leading a virtuous and cleanly life. Foremost among these persons was a certain Father Achilli, an Italian, an ex-Dominican monk, who had been lecturing at the Birmingham town-hall against the church he had left, and to which he had been a disgrace. "It is, indeed, our great confusion," said Dr. Newman, "that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him." What more he said need not be quoted; though necessary at the time, it is not now edifying to lay bare the scandals of an evil life, exposed as they were by a master of indignant eloquence. Every word of his burning accusation was true, and even less than the truth, but it was actionable according to our singular English law of libel. Dr. Newman was prosecuted, and by the Court of Queen's Bench condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds; but Father Achilli was disposed of once for all. The price was a cheap one to pay for having finally routed such a rascal, while with his exposure fell a large part of the hinted accusations against the Birmingham Oratorians. It is recognized by all fair-minded men and women that, in England at least, Catholics are much like other people, and that they do not, because they happen to hold certain opinions about the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and about the supernatural in this world and the next, necessarily secrete horns and grow a tail.

In the same lectures Dr. Newman incidentally refuted one very common statement, which had been made in regard to his position as a Catholic in England. It was the fashion to say that a man of his intellect must have accepted the Roman faith with reservations; that it was impossible he could believe all the church taught; that he was a Protestant among Catholics, holding only what his reason could accept, and leaving all the rest on one side; but the fact was far otherwise. Here are his own words in contradiction:

"The Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south, is, according to our conceptions, hung with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic, virtue of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris; the holy coat is shown at Trèves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a Nail of the Cross; and another Nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escurial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and Madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquefies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders even in our unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata; blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded; sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favors gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvelous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? These phenomena are sometimes reported of Saints in their life-time, as well as after death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre; the axe-man was unable to sever St. Cecilia's head from her body, and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailor's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens; and St. Frances saw her guardian Angel. I need not continue the catalogue; here, what one party urges, the other admits; they join issue over a fact; that fact is the claim of miracles on the part of the Catholic Church; it is the Protestants' charge, and it is our glory."

I must give one specimen, also, of how in these most telling lectures his pathos passes into sarcasm, his sarcasm into impassioned argument, when he endeavors to explain the manner in which the Church of Rome uses images; and in a passage of great humor he shows that the Protestant practice is not so different as it is the fashion to represent it:

"A Protestant blames Catholics for showing honour to images; yet he does it himself. And first, he sees no difficulty in a mode of treating them quite as repugnant to his own ideas of what is rational as the practice he abominates; and that is, the offering insult and mockery to them. Where is the good sense of showing dishonour, if it be stupid and brutish to show honour? Approbation and criticism, praise and blame go together. I do not mean, of course, that you dishonour what you honour; but that the two ideas of honour and dishonour so go together, that where you *can* apply (rightly or wrongly, but still)—where it is *possible* to apply to one, it is possible to apply the other. Tell me, then, what is meant by burning bishops, or cardinals, or popes, in *effigy?* has it no meaning? is it not plainly intended for an insult? Would any one who was burned in effigy feel it no insult? Well, then, how is it *not* absurd to feel pain at being dishonoured in effigy, *yet* absurd to feel pleasure at being honoured in effigy? How is it childish to honour an image, if it is not childish to dishonour it? This only can a Protestant say in defence of the act which he allows and practices, that he is used to it, whereas to the other he is not used. Honour is a new idea—it comes strange to him; and, wonderful to say, he does not see that he has admitted it in principle already, in admitting dishonour; and after preaching against the Catholic who crowns an image of the Madonna, he complacently goes his way, and sets light to a straw effigy of Guy Fawkes.

"But this is not all; Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honour without any misgiving. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William on College Green, Dublin; and, though I cannot make any reference in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised, some years ago, when the figure was unhorsed. Some profane person one night applied gunpowder, and blew the king right out of his saddle; and he was found by those who took interest in him, like Dagon, on the ground. You might have thought the poor, senseless block had life, to see the way people took on about it, and how they spoke of his face, his arms, and his legs; yet those same Protestants, I say, would at the same time be horrified had I used 'he' and 'him' of a crucifix, and would call me one of the monsters described in the Apocalypse did I but honour my living Lord as they their dead king."

In 1852 Dr. Newman, who had, both in Oxford and at Birmingham, shown the deep interest he took in education, and his ability as a teacher, was called from his post at Birmingham to be rector for a time of the Catholic University in Dublin. We need not deal with this episode in his life further than to say that his residence in Dublin drew from him one of his most interesting books—his nine lectures on "The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated," in which his recollections of what Oxford was at its best, and his former dreams of what it might become, were happily blended with a larger vision of some greater Oxford in a once more Catholic land. But after this short episode was over he returned again to his quiet work at Birmingham, content to be obscure and unknown, except to his spiritual children. Once more, however, by no means through his own seeking, he came forward in controversy, and was able to put before his countrymen a statement and an explanation of his life and his religious opin-

ions. It seemed good to Mr. Kingsley, an eager controversialist, when anxious to maintain that truth for its own sake was not esteemed a virtue by Roman ecclesiastics, to put Dr. Newman's name forward as an example of what he was saying. It is probable that he at first used Dr. Newman's name only as a concrete way of expressing the Roman priesthood. It was the mightiest English name, but he could not have lighted on a more unlucky instance. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua" was the answer to what its author says "was the impression of large classes of men, the impression twenty years ago, and the impression now."

"There has been a general feeling that I was for years where I had no right to be; that I was a 'Romanist' in Protestant livery and service; that I was doing the work of a hostile Church in the bosom of the English Establishment, and knew it, or ought to have known it. There was no need of arguing about particular passages in my writings when the fact was so patent, as men thought it to be."

But the English mind, if suspicious, is not on the whole unfair, and it is quick to recognize the ring of truth. When, therefore, Dr. Newman at last spoke out, men saw directly that here was very fact. A life was laid before them bare to its inmost cell. Although the writer had for years felt "*secretum meum mihi*," he at last spoke out all that he had to say, and his countrymen believed him. However they may differ, however some of them may abhor the opinions which he holds, however dangerous to the well-being of society at large and to many individuals they may think them, they have recognized that here at least is one who holds the opinions he does, because he honestly believes they are the best guides and safeguards to wandering men, because they tend to produce holy, happy, and consistent lives. There are few more touching dedications to any man or company of men than that in which Dr. Newman inscribes his "History of My Religious Opinions" work to his brethren of the Oratory. I must quote the closing words:

"In you" (that is, in those to whom he dedicates his book) "I gather up and bear in memory those familiar, affectionate companions and counsellors who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who were once so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

And so, having nobly vindicated himself, he was again silent, publishing only from time to time collections of his former works, and as a new contribution to literature "The Grammar of Assent," in which he put forward arguments satisfactory to his own mind for theism, for Christianity, and for the Catholic religion. Every intelligent Catholic would be ready to admit that, though in the Church faith is one, the schools of thought and shades of feeling are more than one; that the late Pope did not perhaps belong to the same school as the present, certainly had not always the same feeling and tone; or that it was unlikely that one called to the highest eminence in the church under the present pontiff should have been selected by Pio Nono. It is said, however, by one likely to be well informed on this subject, that had the late Pope known, or been allowed to know, about Dr. Newman all that his successor knew, he would have probably bestowed the same honor. In his residence at Gaeta, in 1849, Pio Nono spoke of Dr. Newman in terms of high, even enthusiastic, admiration. But another school of thought was preponderant in his councils, and the Pope in Italy may not always have been conversant with English thought. None can fairly blame a dominant party for promoting its own men,—but the party was narrow and provincial. As Dr. Newman has himself said: "The rock of St. Peter enjoys at its summit a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is" (was then especially) "a great deal of Roman malaria at the foot of it." By the present Pope, Dr. Newman's long services have been rewarded by the highest dignity in his power to bestow. And he added to his gift by dispensing Dr. Newman from all those duties and services which might have been burdensome to him at his great age, and to one who for so long had lived apart from the stir of the world in his peaceful home at Edgbaston.

It will not be to trespass unduly on his privacy if we give those who have not seen it some glimpse of what that home is, and what is the life within it. Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring, at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within

a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses, and preaching. In the house the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the superior alone, clad like the rest save the red lines of his *biretta*, which mark his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the church. At a table near him may perhaps be a guest, and at others the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take this office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence is otherwise unbroken save for the words needful in serving the meal. Toward the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed), whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose, instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well-chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer that, while he, no doubt, recognized that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there, and the dignified unbending for a while from serious thought.

As might be inferred from the passage on music quoted above, which none but a musician could have written, Dr. Newman once took great delight in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labor, in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St. Philip, "thy deep simplicity."

The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translation of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honored not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

May he long remain in the possession of bodily ease and intellectual vigor! Long may it be before any life of him has to be written! Till that day comes, when his loving friends shall gather such private letters and memoranda as he may have desired should be given to the world, he who would speak of Cardinal Newman is bound, whatever his sources of information, to trench but little on any but published matter. One paper, however, may be given which has not yet seen the light. The following memorandum was written in answer to an inquirer, who wished to know the Catholic view on certain subjects, not in themselves the most important, but which were at the time of interest to him, and each of which answered incidentally several other questions of the same sort. With these few words of explanation the following paper explains itself:

"Very little has been formally determined by the church on the subject of the authority of Scripture further than this, that it is one of the two channels given to us by which the *salutaris veritas* and the *morum disciplina* (in the words of the Council of Trent), which our Lord and his apostles taught, are carried down from age to age to the end of the world. In this sense Scripture is the 'word of God,' *i. e.*, the written word.

"There has been no formal definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired.

"It is defined that Almighty God is *auctor utriusque Testamenti*. I do not know of any definition that he is *auctor omnium librorum* which belong to each Testament.

"But it is not to be supposed that, because there is no definition on the part of the church that Scripture

is inspired, therefore we are at liberty at once to deny it.

"1. First, St. Paul's words cannot be passed over *omnis scriptura divinitus inspirata.*

"2. Next, the very strong opinion on the subject of the early fathers must be taken into account.

"3. Thirdly, the universal feeling, or φρόνημα, of the Church in every age down to the present time.

"4. The consent of all divines, which, whatever their differences on the subject in detail, is clear so far as this, viz., that Scripture is true. This, when analyzed, I consider to signify this, viz., 'Truth in the sense in which the inspired writer, or, at least, the Holy Ghost, meant it, and means to convey it to us.'

"Thus, though it be not proposed to us by the church *de fide* that we should accept the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, only that we must accept all the church teaches us to be in Scripture and teaches us out of Scripture, yet it is a matter of duty, for the first reasons I have given, not to encourage, to spread, or to defend doubts about its inspiration.

"As to the extent of its inspiration, I do not see that the Council of Trent speaks of it as the authoritative channel of doctrine in other matters than faith and morals; but here, besides the four considerations above set down, I would observe that it is often a most hazardous process to attempt to enunciate faith and morals out of the sacred text which contains them. It is not a work for individuals. At last it has been felt and understood that faith and morals are not involved in a doctrine which Scripture seems to teach, that the earth is fixed and the sun moves over it. The time was necessary to ascertain the fact, viz., that the earth *does* move, and therefore that the divine spirit did not dictate these expressions of Scripture which imply that it does not, rather that He did not mean to convey that notion by these expressions.

"As to the questions you put to me, I do not see anything in the text of Scripture which obliges us, or even leads us, to consider the six days of Genesis i. to be literal days.

"The literal accuracy of the history of Jonah, or that of Elisha, rests upon a different principle, viz., whether miracles are possible, and to be expected. I see no difficulty in believing that iron, on a particular occasion, had the lightness of wood, if it is the will of God in any case to work miracles, *i. e.*, to do something contrary to general experience. And while I say the same of Jonah and the whale, I feel the additional grave and awful hazard how to attempt to deny the history without irreverence toward the express teaching of the incarnate God."

It would ill become me to dare to pronounce a critical judgment on Dr. Newman, except so far as such judgment is involved in any account of the man and his works. The scales of comparison at the disposal of the writer are too small to weigh and judge so great an intellect, such deep learning, such subtle literary skill, as is possessed by Cardinal Newman. I can only say that, during the last few months, I have re-read a very large part of what he has written, always with fresh admiration and even wonder.

One word, however, may be permitted of Cardinal Newman, considered as a poet, in addition to what comes out incidentally in the foregoing sketch. If I have said nothing hitherto of his poetry, it is not that I am unmindful of it. Who can forget that the lyric "Lead, Kindly Light" has found its way into almost every hymnal? Who can ignore the wonderful "Dream of Gerontius," in which the peaceful and beautiful side of the doctrine of purgatory is presented to all who can receive it? His poetry, however, is to be found chiefly in the beautiful thoughts scattered through his prose rather than in the form of verses. These have been the lighter flowers of his literature, and, graceful as they are, are not those by which he is to be judged.

We suspect, however, that few who know the gravity and greatness of such a mind would have been prepared for the flower of religious fancy which broke forth in his "Valentine to a Little Girl":

"Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Woulds't thou have a Valentine?

"Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled:
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear:
'Valentine! the name is good;
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family:
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood,—and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.
Valentine! I know the name;
Many martyrs bear the same,
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,—
Who before and for them bled,—
With their robes of ruby red
And their swords with cherub flame.'

"Yes! there is plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear,—
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more,
Guerdon gained and warfare o'er
By that sea without a surge.

"And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love."

But it is time to draw these words to an end. The readers of THE CENTURY will have had enough of the interpreter, who trusts that he has not said so much as to weary them, but that he may have succeeded in imparting something of his own reverence and affection to some who knew only as a name this man, so old with the weight of honored years, but, in ecclesiastical dignity, the youngest English cardinal.

C. Kegan Paul.

THE DANGER OF AN OFFICE-HOLDING ARISTOCRACY.

THERE is probably no objection to permanent tenure in office, or to tenure during good behavior, which has a stronger hold on that portion of the public which has no direct interest in the spoils system—that is, which does not seek office as the reward of political services—than the objection that it would convert the officers into a sort of aristocracy, whose manners toward those with whom they had to transact business would be haughty and overbearing. I can hardly describe this objection better than in the words of a Western friend of the movement, in a private letter written nearly two years ago. He said:

> "The people mean by this [an aristocracy of office-holders] that a continuance in office of the same set of men creates in the mind of the office-holder the idea that he owns the office, and instead of being a public servant, he becomes a master, haughty toward those whom he ought to serve. Is it not quite a general experience with office-holders of long standing that they are apt to become somewhat overbearing? I am inclined to think that they view it in that light, and my experience is based upon conversation with men of ordinary position in society, who make our majorities for us, who must be educated to whatever of good there is in the reform idea, and must be consulted as to its adoption, if the reform ever becomes permanently ingrafted upon our Government and administration."

If Americans had had any such experience as this of the effect of permanence in office on the manners of office-holders, I admit freely that it would be very difficult for civil-service reformers to make head against it. In politics no *a priori* argument can stand for a moment with the mass of mankind against actual observation There would be no use, for instance, in our saying that the effect of appointment through competitive examination upon the character of office-holders would be so improving that they would be sure to be polite and considerate in their intercourse with the people, if the people had found that permanent officers, selected by any method whatever, were haughty, overbearing, and acted as if the offices were their private property. Nothing is more difficult to eradicate than the remembrance of insulting treatment at the hands of an aristocracy of any kind. If the American people had suffered in mind even, through not in body or estate, from such a class at any time since the Revolution, and that class happened to be a permanent office-holding class, we should, in short, be forced to admit that, great as might be the abuses of the present system, it was certainly the one best adapted to the conditions of American society, and that we must make the best of it, just as we make the best of the drawbacks on universal suffrage.

Curiously enough, however, no trace of any such experience appears in the history of the American civil service. Down to 1820, office-holders practically held during good behavior. It was considered at first doubtful whether the President had the discretionary power of removal at all. It was settled in 1789 that he had it, but its exercise was long viewed with great disfavor. It was, said Webster, speaking in 1835, "regarded as a suspected and odious power. Public opinion would not always tolerate it, and still less frequently did it approve it. Something of character, something of the respect of the intelligent and patriotic part of the community, was lost by every instance of its unnecessary exercise." And it was very sparingly exercised. During Washington's administration only nine persons were removed from office; during John Adams's, ten; during Jefferson's, thirty-nine; during Madison's, five; during John Quincy Adams's, only two. In 1820, the first change in this tenure was made by the passage of an act which fixed at four years the term of all those called accounting officers—that is, officers who had the handling of considerable sums of public money. Now, if this act was due, in part even, to the popular perception of the growth among the office-holders of pride of station and of a sense of proprietorship in the office, it would undoubtedly have found expression in the discussions which preceded or attended its passage. But there is no trace of any such motive in the reports or chronicles of the day. Nothing of the kind appears to have been alleged by the promoters of the measure. In fact, it does not appear to have occurred to any one as an argument likely to help its passage. The bill was due to the fact that there had been many defalcations and irregularities among this class of officers, owing to want of proper supervision, and to the belief that if the tenure were limited to four years, and they were thus compelled to account periodically by mere operation of law, they would be more careful and strict in the discharge of their duties in the meantime.

In 1830, a resolution was introduced in the Senate, calling on the President for the reason of his removing certain officers; and in the

debate which followed, Mr. Barton, of Missouri, stated very clearly and succinctly the motives which animated those who brought about the legislation of 1820. He said:

"The legislator in 1820 naturally asked himself what term and tenure of office would attain the desired public security? To hold for life would be too irresponsible. To fix his tenure during good behavior would not remedy the evils of the old law. There must be a process at law to convict him of the cause before the removing power could be exerted. To make him removable at the will of the President alone, as in the case of 1789, would make the President too absolute; and hence the provision for a term of years, provided he so long behaved faithfully, removable at the pleasure of the appointing power during his term, if he gave cause."

Now, what were these "evils of the old law" to which he refers? He thus describes them, and his description was not gainsaid by anybody:

"By the old law there was no summary power except the disputed one of taking care that the laws be faithfully executed, to arrest the career of official delinquency; and the process was doubtful and dilatory by which the cause of removal was to be established, whether by impeachment, indictment, or by civil suit. The evil of the old law was that, while the Government was plodding through some tedious process of law, amidst its delays and proverbial uncertainties, the defaulter could embezzle our funds and ruin our affairs so far as they lay within his control, and escape to Texas, etc., before the process had ascertained whether there was lawful cause for removal or not."

In short, the act of 1820 was intended to provide a safeguard against peculation. The safeguard, it is true, was a clumsy one, but nobody appears to have thought of it as a safeguard also against the growth of bureaucratic pride and insolence. Webster spoke on the same subject five years later, in a debate on a bill repealing the act of 1820. He was opposed to this act, but he confessed that some good had resulted from it. "I agree," he said, "that it has in some instances secured promptitude, diligence, and a sense of responsibility. These were the benefits which those who passed the law expected from it, and these benefits have in some measure been realized." He goes on to say, however, that the benefits wrought by the change have been accompanied by a far more than equivalent amount of evil—an opinion which, if he were alive today, he would probably express in a still stronger and more unqualified form. But neither he nor any of his contemporaries appears to have thought of the act as an act for the abolition of an official aristocracy, nor for reminding office-holders that they were the servants, not the masters, of the people. It made them prompter and more diligent than they had been in writing up their books, and in collecting and arranging their vouchers, and in having their balances properly adjusted at the expiration of their term; but nowhere is there any indication that it was intended to reach the evil which we now hear spoken of as the very probable result of a tenure during good behavior, and as the greatest objection to a recurrence in our time to the old system. Webster defended the repealing bill, on the ground that the act of 1820 had given the President too much power, by creating vacancies for him to fill which he would not have ventured to create for himself, and which the Constitution, in his (Webster's) view, did not intend that he should have the power of creating, and the creation of which demoralized the service. He advocated the retention of the old tenure during good behavior, leaving the offenses committed by officers to be punished by some legal process, instead of having the tenure of office settled on the theory that every officer would commit offenses if left undisturbed in his place more than four years. In fact, he advocated it on precisely the grounds on which the friends of civil-service reform now advocate it. "I think," said he, "it will make the men more dependent on their own good conduct, and less dependent on the will of others. I believe it will cause them to regard their country more, their duty more, and the favor of individuals less. I think it will contribute to official respectability, to freedom of opinion, to independence of character; and I think it will tend in no small degree to prevent the mixture of selfish and personal motives with the exercise of political duties." But it evidently did not occur to him that it was necessary to show that it would not create a haughty bureaucracy.

The spoils system, as we now know it, was introduced by Jackson. The removals, which only amounted to two altogether under John Quincy Adams, suddenly rose in Jackson's first year to nine hundred and ninety. This sudden change in the way of looking at places in the Federal service of course provoked a great deal of discussion and denunciation. Jackson's use of his power was fiercely assailed and fiercely defended during his two terms, both in and out of Congress. But we may search the debates and the newspapers between 1830 and 1840 in vain for an assertion that the revolution had been called for, or was justified by the effect of security on the manners of office-holders, or by the growth of a feeling among office-holders that their tenure of their places made them a class apart from and superior to the rest of the community. There was, instead, a great deal of assertion in Jackson's defense that, if tenure during

good behavior had lasted, this feeling would have sprung up, just as there is now much prediction that, if this tenure were to be restored, the feeling would spring up. But no one alleged that it had sprung up, and had constituted a reason for beginning the practice of frequent removals, to which the absurd name of "rotation" was afterward given. In other words, no attempt was made to justify Jackson's introduction of the *régime* under which we are now living by pointing out that particular effect of the old *régime* on the office-holding mind, which is now alleged as the chief obstacle to its restoration. In short, the American people really knows nothing from its own experience, however much it may know in other ways, of the tendency of permanent tenure to create and perpetuate a caste.

The belief that this tendency exists must, therefore, be a deduction from the experience of foreign nations, or from general principles of human nature. It must rest, in other words, on the assumption that what happens in England or on the European continent is sure to happen here, and that it is his security of tenure which gives the foreign official that sense of his own superiority for the display of which he has long been famous. Nothing is older in story than the "insolence of office." We can go back to no time, in the annals of the Old World, when the man "dressed in a little brief authority" was not an object of popular odium. See, it is said, what the manners of the German and Russian, and even the French and English, officials are; such will the manners of our officials be should we ever permit them to hold their places, as these foreigners do, during good behavior, and fail to remind them by frequent or periodical dismissals without cause (which is really what is meant by short fixed terms) of how little consequence they are to the community which they serve. The answer to this is that the argument rests on the assumption that greater security of tenure constitutes the only difference between the condition of the American and that of the European office-holder, whereas there are numerous other differences. Nothing has so much to do with a man's manners as the manners of the society in which he lives. No one can wholly, or even in great part, withdraw himself from this influence without partial or complete isolation, such as that in which soldiers live in barracks or camp, or monks in their monastery. In order to make any body of men really peculiar, either mentally or physically, we have to take possession of their whole lives and impose great restrictions on their intercourse with the community at large, and effect a considerable, if not complete, severance between their interests and the general interest. No modern state, however, subjects its civil functionaries to any such treatment. They all, out of office hours, live as they please. They marry and are given in marriage, and spend their salaries in precisely the same manner as other salaried people. Their society is the society of persons of like tastes and like manners. They are, in short, an integral part of the community, getting their livelihood by a kind of labor in which a large body of their fellow-citizens are engaged. A clerk in the post-office, or custom-house, or treasury is occupied in very much the same way as a clerk in a banking-house or store. If, therefore, the manners of the Government officials be marked by any peculiarity not visible in those of *employés* of private firms, it must be due to something else than the kind of work they do, and the manner in which they spend their salaries. It is due, in fact, to the place held by the governing class in the social and political organization.

If this governing class be a social aristocracy, the office-holders, as the machine through which power is exercised, will naturally and, indeed, almost inevitably, contract the habit of looking on themselves as a part of it. In a society made up of distinctly marked grades, the Government officials almost inevitably form a grade, and copy everybody else in looking down on the grades below them. The English or German official gives himself airs and thinks himself an aristocrat because, as a matter of fact, his official superiors are aristocrats, and the government is administered in all the higher branches by an aristocracy. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a servant of the Crown to avoid arrogating to himself a share of the Crown's dignity. In any country in which politics is largely managed by an aristocracy, the aristocratic view of life is sure to permeate the civil as well as the military service, be the terms long or short. In such a country, a great deal of the pleasure of life is derived from the reflection that one has "inferiors." The nobleman takes comfort in his superiority to the commoner; the gentleman in his superiority to the man in trade; the barrister in his superiority to the attorney; the merchant in his superiority to the shopkeeper. It would be impossible for any system of appointment or any tenure of office to cut off the Government officers, any more than any other class, from this source of happiness. The social position the place gives them is one of the rewards of their services, and they would be more than human if they did not reveal their appreciation of it. The state

official really shows his sense of his own importance no more than, if so much as, any other man who has an assured income and considers his position "gentlemanly." The manners of the Government clerk in England very much resemble those of the successful barrister's clerk, or the clerk in the great banking-house; they are neither better nor worse.

If the English and German officials were all appointed and held office under the spoils system, and had their "heads cut off" every time there was a change in the ministry, or a new man got the King's ear, there is every reason for believing that they would be much more insolent or overbearing than they are now, as they would share in the excitement of the political strife, and in the pride of victory, and in the contempt for the vanquished which form so marked a feature in official life here. They would, too, fall rapidly into the habit, which is so strong among our office-holders, of treating non-official criticism of their manner of performing their duties as simply a weapon in the hands of some one who wants their places, and not as a help toward the improvement of the public service.

In the United States, on the other hand, not only are the traditions of the Government democratic, but the social organization is democratic. What is of still more importance for our present purpose, the popular view of the social value of different callings is thoroughly democratic. There is little or no conventional dignity attached to any profession or occupation. As there is hardly anything honest which a man may not do for hire without damage to his social position, so there is hardly anything he can do for hire which will raise the value of his social position. In every country in the world the office-holder, like everybody else, bases his own opinion of himself and his office on the opinion of them entertained by the public. He thinks highly of them because his neighbors do. The Prussian or English civil or military officer bristles with the pride of station, largely because the public considers his station something to be proud of. So, also, in America, the office-holder does not bristle with pride of station, because nobody thinks his station anything to be proud of. He is not kept humble by the insecurity of his tenure, but by the absence of popular reverence for his place. The custom-house or post-office clerk as a matter of fact knows very well that nobody thinks any more of his place than it thinks of the place of a bank clerk or commercial traveler. One of the very odd things in the popular dread of an office-holding aristocracy is that it arises out of the belief that an aristocracy can build itself up on self-esteem simply. But no aristocracy has ever been formed in any such way. It grows upon popular admission of its superiority, and not simply on its own estimate of itself. The attempts which have been occasionally made to create an aristocracy in new countries, or in countries in which the respect for station has died out, have always failed miserably for this reason.

Moreover, association with the Government and the exercise of a portion of its authority do less, and must always do less, for an office-holder in this than in other countries, because there is here absolutely no mystery about government. Its origin is not veiled from the popular gaze by antiquity, or tradition, or immemorial custom. Nowhere else in the world does sovereignty present itself in such naked, unadorned simplicity to those who have to live under it. Nowhere else is so little importance attached to permanence either in Government office or any other office. In America, it brings a man no particular credit to remain long in the same position doing the same thing. In fact, with the bulk of the population it brings him some discredit, as indicating a deficiency of the great national attribute of energy. Outside the farming class, the American who passes his life in the position in which he began it, without any extension or change of his business, or without in some manner improving his condition by a display of enterprise or activity, is distinctly held to have failed, or, rather, not to have succeeded. There is probably no country in the world in which the popular imagination is so little touched by a contented and tranquil life in a modest station, or by prolonged fidelity in the discharge of humble duties. Public opinion, indeed, almost exacts of every man the display of a restless and ambitious activity. The popular hero is not the contemplative scholar, or the cautious dealer who relies on small but sure profits for a provision for his old age. It is the bold speculator, who takes great risks, and is in constant pursuit of fresh markets to conquer and new demands to supply. It is not "the poor boy," who stays poor and happy, around whom the popular fancy plays admiringly, but the poor boy who becomes a great manufacturer, or the president of a bank or railroad company, or the master of large herds, or the owner of rich mines. The very familiar personage of European counting-houses and banks, the gray-headed clerk or book-keeper, is almost unknown here. In fact, employers would think but little of the young book-keeper or clerk who made no effort to improve his condition,

and did not look forward to a change of pursuits before he reached middle life. It may be said, indeed, without exaggeration, that the security of tenure which contributes so much to the value of a position in Europe counts for but little in popular estimate of it in America. Places which "lead to nothing" are not made any more attractive among us by the circumstance that they are easy to keep if one wishes. Indeed, such places are rather avoided by young men whose self-esteem is high, when they are entering on life, and those who accept them are apt to be set down as having, in a certain sense, withdrawn from the race.

In Europe, on the other hand, security or fixity of tenure, owing to the very much smaller number of chances offered there than here by social and commercial conditions to the enterprising and energetic man, adds very greatly to the value of an office of any kind, and not only to its value, but to its dignity. The person who has it, even if the salary be very small, is considered by the public to have drawn one of the prizes of life, and excites envy, rather than commiseration, even among the young. The prodigious eagerness for Government office in France is due, in a very large degree, to the fact that Government offices are permanent—a quality which more than makes up for the extreme smallness of the salaries. In England, commerce competes formidably in the labor market with the Crown, and the spirit of the people is much more adventurous; but the certainty of a small income has even there attractions for the young which are unknown in this country. This certainty always has a powerful influence in exalting the social position of the man who has managed to lay hold of it, in places in which recovery from failure or miscarriage is difficult, and in which mistakes in the choice of a calling are not easily rectified. The whole spirit of American society is, however, hostile to the idea that permanence is a thing which a young man will do well to seek. This feeling will, beyond question, operate in one way, if we ever come back to tenure in office during good behavior, to lower rather than raise the office-holding class, as a class, in the popular estimation. Far from converting it into an aristocracy, it will probably put a certain stamp of business inferiority on it in the eyes of "the live men," the pushing, active, busy, adventurous multitude, who after all make the standards of social value which are in commonest use.

At present, office-holding as a business really gets a kind of credit from its extreme precariousness and uncertainty. It is felt that anybody who gets into it must be in some sense "practical." He may have failed in trade, or in some profession, or have, through some moral defect, lost all chance with private employers, but then he must have, if he has got a Government office, made himself useful to "an influence" through some kind of "work." Successful electioneering, for instance, may not require a high order of talent, or very much character, but anybody who achieves it must have push and energy and some knowledge of men, and these are, of course, no mean qualifications for success in life. Any one who possesses them, though he may make a wretched custom-house or post-office clerk, will be sure of a certain amount of consideration from the busy world, which would not be accorded to the modest, easily contented man who, in choosing his calling, seeks only mental peace. In truth, to sum up, there is no country in which it would be so hard for an aristocracy of any kind to be built up as this, and probably no class seeking to make itself an aristocracy would, in the United States, have a smaller chance of success than a body composed of unambitious, quiet-minded, unadventurous Government officers, doing routine work on small salaries, and with but little chance or desire of ever passing from the employed into the employing class. One might nearly as well try to make an aristocracy out of the college professors or public-school teachers.

There is no society which at present makes so little provision for this class as ours. We do nothing to turn them to account. They are a class eminently fitted for Government service, or any service of which tenure during good behavior is one of the conditions, and in which fidelity rather than initiative is a leading requirement. At present they furnish a very large share of the business failures, and contribute powerfully to produce our panics by being forced into the commercial arena without the kind of judgment or nerve which the commercial struggle calls for. If we tried to economize labor, and put the right men in the right places in our national administrative machine, we should undoubtedly offer this class, which has just the kind of talent and character we need for Government work, the thing which most attracts them, by offering them positions which no commercial crisis could put in peril, and which they could hold as long as they did their work well.

Even if it were established, however, that the selection by competitive examination and tenure during good behavior would make the office-holder feel himself the master of the people, and express his sense of his superiority in his behavior, the question whether

the present system establishes a satisfactory relation between the people and the civil servants of the Government would still have to be answered. It may be that the thing we propose would be no improvement on the thing that is, but the fact that the existing system has the very defect which it is contended that the new system would have, and which is offered as a fatal objection to the introduction of the new system, is one which the friends of "rotation" cannot expect us to pass over unnoticed.

It may be laid down as one of the maxims of the administrative art, that no public officer can ever take the right view of his office, or of his relation to the people whom he serves, who feels that he has owed his appointment to any qualification but his fitness, or holds it by any tenure but that of faithful performance. No code of rules can take the place of this feeling. No shortening of the term can take its place. The act of 1820 was simply a very rude, clumsy plan of getting rid of the duty of careful supervision and good discipline. Turning out all the officers every four years, in order to make sure that they keep their accounts well, instead of turning out as soon as possible those who do not keep their accounts well, and retaining as long as possible those who do keep their accounts well, reminds one of the old woman who whipped all her children every night on a general presumption of blameworthiness. A suggestion of such a scheme of precaution in a bank would excite merriment. A man's best service is given to those on whose good opinion he is dependent for the retention of his place. Under the spoils system, places are filled without any reference to the good opinion of the public; in fact, very often in defiance of the public. They are given as rewards to men of whom the public knows nothing, for services of which the public has never heard, and which have generally been rendered to individuals. An officer who owes his appointment to a party manager for aid given him in politics, cannot but feel that his main concern in discharging the duties of his place must be the continued favor of the person to whom he owes it, and not the favor of the public which has had nothing to do with it. It is, consequently, impossible to expect such an officer to feel that the public is his master, or to show in his manner that he is in any way dependent on its good opinion. He feels that the boss or Senator who got him his place is his master, and that his mode of discharging his duty must be such as to merit his approbation. He does not fancy that he himself owns the office, but he fancies that another man does, and as long as he considers it the property of any one man, it makes little difference to the public which man.

The only way in which the proprietorship of the public can ever be brought home to office-holders is through a system which, whatever its *modus operandi*, makes capacity the one reason for appointment, and efficiency the one safeguard against dismissal. No such system now exists here. Those who say that the plan of the civil-service reformers would not produce it may be right, but it is not open to them to make in support of their opposition a charge which is notoriously true of the system they are upholding. Whether the proposed change, therefore, be the best one or not, some change, it must be admitted, is imperatively necessary. In fighting against any change, we are trying to avoid that adaptation of our administrative system to the vast social and commercial changes of the past half-century, from which no civilized people can now escape, and which all the leading nations of Europe have effected or are effecting. Any one who takes the trouble to examine the reforms which have been carried out since 1815, in France, or England, or Germany, which in all these countries have amounted to a social transformation, will be surprised to find how much of them consists simply in improvements in administration, or, rather, how fruitless the best legislative changes would have been without improved administrative machinery for their execution. We cannot very much longer postpone the work which other nations have accomplished, and neither can we avoid it by plans—like Mr. Pendleton's constitutional amendment—for getting rid of responsibility by making mere executive offices elective. This, like the act of 1820, is simply a makeshift. Nobody pretends that elected postmasters would be any better than, or as good as, properly appointed postmasters. All that can be said for them is that they would save the President a good deal of trouble under the present spoils system. But the remedy for one absurdity is not to be found in another absurdity. When a thing is being done by a wrong method, we do not mend matters by trying another wrong method. The true cure for the defects in the present system of transacting public business is the adoption of the methods which are found successful in private business. These are well known. They are as old as civilization. They are gradually taking possession of government business all over the world. Our turn will come next, and, in spite of "politics," will probably come soon.

E. L. Godkin.

THE COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE.

COLONIZATION eastward, like all efforts to turn back the hands of time, is likely to meet with little success. Even when prophecy and the religious instinct of the Hebrew race favor the return of the Jews, progress toward the Holy Land is slow-paced, and those who have gone there to reside within the last hundred years number less than the aggregate of emigrants arriving at the port of New York in a single month. From the time of the Crusades feeble efforts, of a semi-religious character, have been made to recover and occupy the country about Jerusalem, but always with barren results. Nearly all the elements of successful colonization are wanting there. The colonist may plant, but the harvest is pretty sure to leave little enough for seed after the predatory Arab and the organized Turk have taken their tithes from the field. Nor is commerce more attractive. The ports are inaccessible in bad weather and are unprotected at all seasons. The climate is unfavorable for the foreigner, and is often fatal to the tourist. The graves of modern travelers and explorers may be seen from Dan to Beersheba, and from Jerusalem to Damascus. Notwithstanding previous failures, there is, and always has been, a mysterious, indefinable attraction drawing the imagination of men toward Jerusalem, and new schemes for colonizing Palestine are still presented to the public, under auspices which command increased attention. The last and most important, as well as the most practical, is that advocated by Mr. Laurence Olyphant, whose project for a grand international joint-stock company, for the purchase or lease and occupation of the territory lying east of the Jordan, has received favorable consideration from members of the Royal Family and prominent statesmen in England and at Constantinople. The details and groundwork of his scheme, as set forth in his recent book, "The Land of Gilead," were, it appears, acceptable to many of the Sultan's advisers, but failed, last year, to receive his official sanction. His Highness was evidently pleased with the proposed relief which the plan offered to the Turkish treasury, but was naturally deterred from authorizing the establishment of an *imperium in imperio* within his already jeopardized territory. The contest for the control of the holy places produced the Crimean War, and the establishment of a million or two of European Jews upon as many acres, within a day's march of the Sepulcher, would inevitably lead to European complications and another religious war.

In July, 1866, the *Nellie Chapin*, an American ship, sailed from the coast of Maine, freighted with about one hundred and sixty souls—men, women, and children. They had sold their goods and chattels, the slow accumulation of a toilsome life, and embarked with the proceeds for the port of Jaffa, Palestine. The motives which induced these people to turn their backs upon the land of their birth were of no ordinary kind. With them were the aged and infirm who could not reasonably expect to return, and there were infants whose destiny was thus being strangely influenced. Religious services were held on board with regularity. Their leader was their preacher and prophet, and the combined financial resources of these colonists were placed in the hands of this man, who by his preaching among the villages in Maine had founded a new church, "The Church of the Messiah," whose creed and doctrines were proclaimed in his church journal, known as "The Sword of Truth and the Harbinger of Peace": Published by G. J. Adams, editor and proprietor, South Lebanon, Maine. The first number of this publication was issued September 15, 1862, and it soon found friends in the villages of Indian River and Jonesport, the homes of the principal members of the colony. From an examination of this "Harbinger" it would appear that Adams aspired to become a religious leader and the founder of a church, and to succeed in this he sought to lead his people where they would be more dependent upon him. He seemed to have before his mind the example of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims and the history of Brigham Young. Like him, Adams possessed much personal magnetism and great power of vituperative denunciation, so that he was able to maintain his influence over his followers as much through fear as by the gentler arts of persuasion.

The writer of this paper had frequent interviews with Adams and his people during the two years of their oriental career, and after hearing his Sunday discourses and seeing their effect upon his people, I could understand something of his power over illiterate men and women, and at the same time discover that it must of necessity grow smaller as their experience with the world about them increased. This ambitious apostle of a new

faith appealed to three motives in calling upon his people to establish a colony in Palestine. To the pious and devout, he proclaimed the speedy coming of the Messiah for the purpose of establishing a temporal kingdom, and he invited them to stand ready with him to rally around the standard of the Redeemer when He should re-appear upon the Mount of Olives. The Saviour would then, he argued, be in need of friends, and those who were faithful would meet with rich reward. To the shrewd and calculating Yankee skipper and small trader who made up in part the male portion of his company, Adams had told of the return of the Jews, who, under divine command, would soon proceed from the four quarters of the globe, and take up the land of their forefathers, and become permanent residents in Palestine. And his discourses were rich in suggestion that a rise in values would be sure to follow, and that it would be a good thing to secure the corner-lots a little in advance, and derive the legitimate profits arising from a "corner" in real estate. To the farmer and the market-gardener, he spoke much of "milk and honey," the richness of the soil, and the certainty of three crops a year.

The *Nellie Chapin* landed her cargo of colonists in September, upon the sands of Jaffa, outside the city walls. They had brought their houses with them, in sections, but it required much time to land all the material and transport it to the locality designated for their future homes. The custom-house and heavy seas were not friendly to their enterprise, and delays were fatal, for while they were waiting in their tents upon the shore the heat was fearful, the water bad, and the food inappropriate. The aged and the infants died, and a score or more were buried before the families were housed, amid the orange-groves, about a mile from the town. And now they were confronted with a question of international importance. They had established a colony on Turkish soil without the consent of the Turkish authorities, and although they had paid a round price for the land, as aliens they could not obtain a good title.

The Ottoman Government, always jealous of foreign influence, avoids with care every pretext for foreign interference. At that time, foreigners were not permitted to take up land in their own names, and were obliged to hold it by some fiction, as in the name of a Turkish subject or of a female, women not being regarded as subjects of any government. This question of title became a source of much trouble among men who wished to own in fee simple the title to their individual hearthstones. And from this time the strife and bickerings which had broken out on ship-board took a wider scope, until the boldest of them charged Adams with dishonesty in his financial dealings, and with the purpose of introducing polygamy as a new element in their creed.

Soon two camps were formed, the seceders feeling strong enough to call for an accounting and to set up for themselves, even at the cost of excommunication. None of them could speak the language of the people, and their intercourse with the natives, from whom they might have taken counsel, was of the most formal and unsatisfactory character. The worldly minded colonists who expected to derive advantage from the prospective rise in real estate soon found themselves without occupation. The Jews were slow in returning, and came singly and without capital. Real estate was not desirable if they could not obtain good titles, and they were not long in discovering that there was no activity in lands.

The agricultural members of the colony were even more unfortunate. They arrived at the wrong season for sowing, and having put all their money into land, had none left for current expenses. Failing in their expectations to obtain three crops, they would have been much consoled had they succeeded in reaping one, but their want of familiarity with the times and seasons, the necessity and modes of irrigation, and the nature of the crops worked sadly against them.

The dissensions in the colony became serious. Consular officers were called in to adjudicate between them, both at Jaffa and Jerusalem. General Beauboucher, who had lost a leg in the United States army during the rebellion, filled the office of consul, and he was frequently obliged to ride down to the coast to mediate between the belligerents and to dispense justice. This French gentleman was not fully master of the idioms spoken by the colonists, and they demurred to the military style in which the consular court is sometimes of necessity conducted in the East. Mr. Adams therefore appealed to the Department of State, requesting the removal of the consul from office, and offering to discharge its duties himself. The rebellious colonists sent counter statements, and their complaints against their chief, made to their friends at home, became widely known through the publication of their private letters. About this time (spring of 1867), items appeared in European journals describing the colonists as paupers, begging in the streets from tourists of every nationality. The publicity and scandal attending this phase of the colonial enterprise attracted the attention of the Department of State at Washington, and at the request of

Mr. Seward the late Rev. W. H. Bidwell, of New York, then about to travel in the East, accepted the office of special commissioner to make inquiry and report the true state of facts. Dr. Bidwell visited the colony and was pleasantly entertained by Mr. Adams, who succeeded in making a favorable impression and in securing a favorable report. But the troubles broke out afresh, and the colonists were obliged, in some cases, to sell all their furniture for food. Complaints against Mr. Adams and against the consul were multiplied, and great distress soon became manifest. At this point the writer, then United States consul-general at Beirût, was requested by Mr. Seward to proceed to Jaffa and examine into the nature of the complaints against General Beaubouchér and his agent. It was found that the consular officers had earnestly endeavored to perform their duty—a rather difficult task in view of the ill-concealed hostility of the local authorities, the jealousy of the natives, and their mutual misunderstandings and dissensions. The colonists did not understand their relations to their consul under our treaty with a non-Christian country, and the military training of the consul was not adapted to a conciliatory work among people with whose extraordinary schemes he had little sympathy. After the inquiry as to the consular officials was concluded, I went from house to house among the colonists and offered them a passage home to America, as the only solution of the troublesome question. Harmony was impossible. As day-laborers they could not earn more than twenty cents a day, and on that they could not support their families.

Eighteen of the seceders accepted the proposal, under the leadership of Elder Wass, and were forwarded at once to Liverpool by way of Alexandria. But in some cases I met with reproaches, especially from the women, for offering them what they called bribes to desert their church and their leader. They declared their intention never to desert their standard. However, within the next twelve months the remaining colonists accepted the offer of a passage home, and were glad of the opportunity—with only two exceptions. One woman remained, even after Adams abandoned the enterprise, and she is still on the ground, having married a Turkish subject. One man, who adopted the career of guide, also remained.

Less than a score of frame houses now stand, the sole souvenir of the American colony at Jaffa. They teach little of architecture to the natives, for their own limestone houses and flat roofs are better adapted to the climate.

An effort on a smaller scale, with even more disastrous results, was made in 1858. During the previous year an American family of the name of Dixon established themselves in the outskirts of Jaffa, and lived after the manner of peasants, in the most simple and economical manner. They mingled freely with the town and country people, and the *fellahin* of the vicinity had free access to the premises in the purchase and sale of milk, eggs, and vegetables. Intercourse with the natives was encouraged, with a view to religious influence. This family was a branch of a Sabbatarian mission, whose religious services were held on Saturday, and whose aim was to reach the Hebrews whose Sabbatarian usages might bring them into sympathy. The daughters of the family mingled as freely with their neighbors as they were accustomed to do in their American home, and the honest freedom of their manners was so much in contrast with the usages of the East, which insists upon the seclusion of women, that they were cruelly misunderstood, and were exposed to the greatest dangers. A night attack was made upon their house by five Arab ruffians, and though gallantly defended by Mr. Dixon and his son-in-law, a Prussian, the latter was soon killed, and the old man shot down in the presence of his wife and children. The survivors returned to America as soon as they were able to travel. A money indemnity was obtained for the property stolen and destroyed, and three of the savages were caught and brought to trial. These confessed their crime, but agreed in charging the murder upon a negro companion, who had fled to the desert on the night of the murder. These three were condemned to imprisonment for life, in chains, in the castle at St. Jean d'Acre, but the mission was broken up, and further effort toward missionary colonization was abandoned.

Model farms have been established near Jaffa and Jerusalem by converted Jews, under the auspices of English societies, but no considerable success has attended their efforts. In case of any wholesale attempt at colonization, however, they may serve as valuable nuclei around which the ignorant and the indigent may gather for instruction.

The German Jews at Caipha, with their American associates, under an organization known as The Temple, have adopted a different course, and have met with better success. Their leaders, who are established near Mount Carmel, and their home committees in Germany and the United States, arrange in advance for the shipment of small detachments of colonists, from year to year, but only to such an extent as to comply with the prudential requirements of the governing elders. Mechanics, farm-hands, laborers, and domestics are sent for only when employment has

been duly provided, and thus each colonist becomes self-supporting from the hour of his arrival, and is soon able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language of the people to coöperate in promoting the general aims of the colony. Numbering in all about eight hundred, including branches and offshoots in other parts of Palestine, and having about a thousand acres under cultivation, they seem to have avoided the mistakes of the Jaffa colonists, and to have established friendly relations with the people and the local authorities. Should they continue to show the same tact and discretion they may prosper until, by the recurrence of periodical outbreaks of Moslem fury, they are swept away, as the river Kishon, which flows through their farms, sweeps away all accumulations of labor upon its banks when its swollen torrents rush to the sea.

It is doubtful if any effort by Christians toward the colonization of Palestine will succeed in the face of climatic and political complications. Hebrews may find more in the language and customs of the country to harmonize with their history and traditions, yet it is to be doubted if they can achieve any greater success. A pilgrimage to El Khuds is pleasing in anticipation, enjoyable in execution, and charming in retrospect; but a residence and a life career where commerce and traffic is inconsiderable, and where daily bread will depend on daily labor in the open field, is not to the taste of the fiscal and commercial Hebrew of modern times. While investigating the Jaffa colony, I met at the Jewish hotel a French gentleman who was largely interested in grape-culture and the wines of Bordeaux. In discussing with him the feasibility of a Jewish colony and matters relating to the "return of the Jews," as prophesied in the Old Testament Scriptures, I learned that he was a Hebrew and had given some thought to the subject. He seemed a practical man, and I asked his view of the matter. His reply was emphatic.

"It will be impossible," said he, "to bring Jews of different nationalities together and make them live in harmony. As a matter of fact, a French Jew has his prejudices, and will not affiliate with Englishmen and Germans of the same creed: their national antagonisms are too strong! In my judgment, it will require a greater miracle to bring all the Jews together than was required for their dispersion, and a greater miracle still, each day, to prevent their eager departure to the countries of their birth."

The success of colonies must of necessity depend on the climate and the products of the territory, and history teaches that successful colonies have never been established upon the sites of decayed empires, or upon ground exhausted by the civilizations of the past.

J. Augustus Johnson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PURITY of heart, directness and simplicity of expression, a fine musical instinct, an extraordinary felicity in the use of images and similes, and a severe artistic conscientiousness characterize the verse of Longfellow, from the earliest beginning down to his latest poem. In his poetry, as in his genial, benevolent life and conversation, there was nothing violent, nothing electric, as in the poetry of Shelley, Browning, or Emerson. He did not crowd a new thought into every line, like the Concord poet. Though more evenly sustained, perhaps, than Bryant, his best poetry does not reach the imaginative height and intensity of those few passages where Bryant is intensely imaginative. His charm is serene and pervasive. Though so simple in structure, many imitators during the last fifty years have found the poetry of Longfellow essentially inimitable. For if he used plain and simple speech, it was not because he despised his audience, but because it was his disposition and habit to express his thought fully and with the utmost clearness. This tendency would, of course, have landed him oftener in sheer commonplace had it not been for the poet's sense of fitness and of beauty, cultivated by a life-time devoted to the study of the highest models in every language.

There never was a better proof than Longfellow of the truism that a poet's individuality does not rest upon eccentricity, nor even upon marked peculiarity of style,—that in order to be one's self it is not necessary to be strange. He had a manner, but very little mannerism; and though this manner consisted largely in a very simple use of language, still it was almost as easy to detect an unsigned poem by Longfellow as by any other poet. We were staying once in a little English village; near the ivy-covered inn was a public fountain, and over the fountain an unsigned poetic inscription of a few lines—trite and commonplace in thought, yet expressed with such clearness and propriety that we thought at once of Longfellow, and were not surprised when afterward we were told that he had written it "for the occasion." Propriety,—taste in the choice of subject, taste in the choice of meter, taste in the choice of words,—a rounded and restful

completeness in telling the story, in expressing the idea: this is a characteristic of the lyrical writings of Longfellow. It is this sense of propriety, joined to imaginative insight, that gives us, in one of Longfellow's most vivid and characteristic poems, such perfect and exquisite lines as these:

"Lo! in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls." *

It is this sense of propriety, allied to the qualities which we have mentioned, which has given to the world so many lines, stanzas, and lyrics that have become actually household words. Other poets of our generation have stirred us more profoundly: from but one other has the English-speaking world accepted, and absorbed into current thought and speech, so many poetic phrases. No other poet of our time has struck out so many pieces which have gone at once, and as a whole, into general intellectual circulation.

Longfellow, we have said, did not "originate ideas" to any great extent. Indeed, we have known a reward to be offered, in heated literary argument, to any one who could discover a single strong, imaginative thought in Longfellow which was not obviously quoted from some other writer. This was a rash wager, but it is evident that, even if he did not often invent ideas, he was a most prolific and felicitous inventor and adapter of images. We could easily cover pages of the magazine with quotations to prove the assertion, but the memory of every reader will supply him at once with a sufficient number of examples. As has recently been said, everything was to him an image of something else; he seemed to think "double, swan and shadow."

The poetry of Longfellow—to read it with care might almost be called a "liberal education," from so many sources of history, of literature, of life, and of nature is its inspiration drawn. We fear there is no one man who can fairly be called a typical American, but Longfellow was a type, certainly, of many Americans—a type of a large part of "the national mind." While loving best, and having the utmost faith in and hope for his own new world, he had the national love and hunger for the picturesque life, the art, and the traditions of the old world. It was long ago pointed out that he scarcely ever wrote a page that did not have in it the words "old," "olden," "ancient," or equivalent expressions. But this, we should say, might be rather a sign of his American nationality than a proof of his being a foreigner at heart. It is true that America was made for Europeans, but it may be said with equal truth that Europe was made for Americans.

The stream of Longfellow's poetry, beautiful from the first, grew broader and deeper to its end. In all his prime he wrote nothing more spirited and vigorous than "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," "A Ballad of the French Fleet," and "The Leap of Roushan Beg"; among his latest poems nothing more pathetic than "The Chamber over the Gate." It was in his old age that his harp gave forth those deep tones which move us in "Morituri Salutamus," and the sonnets entitled "Three Friends of Mine." From the latter series we quote the fourth, the one on Charles Sumner—a sonnet which will come home now with a new and more poignant meaning, not only to those of our elders who were his personal companions, but to many others who never saw the poet's face, yet to whom he has always been a living, revered, and beloved presence:

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good-night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

* "Santa Filomena."

Practical Education in the Common Schools.

THE perennial demand for "practical" education in the public schools is just now exceptionally strenuous. At a recent conference of teachers and school committees, this question was discussed: "How shall we educate our pupils so as to fit them for the practical duties of life, such as farming and the various industrial pursuits?" That is a fair statement of the problem as it is urged in many quarters.

In trying to solve it, everything depends on the meaning of that short word "fit." If by "fitting" pupils for farming and other industrial pursuits is meant giving them technical instruction in agriculture and the various handicrafts, then it is doubtful whether the public schools can attempt it. It is true that, in some parts of Austria, small "school-gardens" have been established in connection with many of the public schools, in which most of the common grains and other plants of the country are cultivated, the names of which are taught to the children, thus giving them object lessons in botany, by which they become somewhat familiar with the flora of their own neighborhood and learn something, also, of the structure and habits of plants. As much as this might be done in connection with many of our suburban and country schools. But this would go but a little way toward fitting boys to be farmers. In the public schools of Boston, girls are taught sewing; and this branch of "practical" education might well be taught in other places. But it is not easy to see how our schools can undertake to give any instruction in the methods of agriculture, or of those other industrial trades by which men and women earn their livelihood.

It might be possible to establish in every considerable town a public workshop, into which boys could go out of school-hours and learn the use of various mechanical tools, under the instruction of a competent mechanic. Most school-boys in the cities and larger towns have much spare time on their hands, which might well be put to some such use. Perhaps a portion of the funds provided by taxation for public schools could be profitably expended in furnishing such schools as these. To do this would require legislation in most of the States; but it is open

to any benevolent gentleman to offer the boys of his own town such an opportunity. If it should be appreciated and improved, the public authorities might be led to adopt the same plan. Beyond some such simple provisions as these, we do not see how industrial education can be furnished to the pupils of our public schools. The handicrafts are so many, and their methods are so constantly changing, as civilization becomes more complex and the practical arts are multiplied and modified, that it would be quite out of the question to teach them all, even if skilled instructors could be obtained, which is equally out of the question.

Besides, it is hardly the function of public schools to impart any kind of special or technical education. We cannot "fit" boys to be ministers, or doctors, or lawyers, or farmers, or carpenters, or shoe-makers; we cannot train girls to be artists in pigments, or in music, or in millinery, or in cookery; all we can undertake to do in our public schools is to train the intellect and develop the character of the pupils so that they shall be intelligent, industrious, contented, and virtuous citizens. It ought to be possible to give the pupils of these schools a mental and moral discipline that shall "fit" them for any calling in life, and not more for one honest calling than for another.

The thing to be first sought, and the thing most often neglected in our public teaching, is the development of a sound character in the pupils. The State cannot teach religion, but it can require its teachers to enforce the virtues of industry, self-reliance, truthfulness, purity, honesty, justice, kindness, and courtesy; it can make the inculcation of these virtues a chief part of the teacher's work. The education that neglects or undervalues morality is worse than worthless; it "fits" the pupil to be a malefactor.

The next thing to be sought is to awaken the minds of the pupils, to stimulate their thirst for knowledge, to train them in habits of inquiry. The successful teacher is the one who makes his pupils think patiently and independently, who stirs them up to original investigation. Any pupil who has had this done for him has been "fitted," so far as his mind is concerned, for success in any calling.

As to the subjects taught in our common schools, it is plain that the old-fashioned rudiments of an English education are essential, though the amount of time given to some of them might well be reduced. Every pupil should learn to read the English language readily and intelligibly, and to speak and write it with a good degree of propriety. Some knowledge of geography is also important, though the time generally devoted to this study is fully twice as much as it is entitled to. Exactly the same thing may be said of arithmetic. In many of our graded-school systems, boys and girls are kept studying arithmetic for ten full years. Half of that time is ample for acquiring all necessary knowledge of that science. Some acquaintance with the history of our own country, and with the forms of our government, indicating the political relations and duties of citizens, is also indispensable. All these subjects must be taught in the public schools. In most of the public schools they are taught, and in the district and grammar schools, where the great majority of the children of the State finish their schooling, not much else is taught. A little music and sometimes a little drawing may be added; but this is about all that is attempted in the great majority of our common schools. The high-schools are much more ambitious, not to say pretentious, but only a very small minority of the children taught by the State ever reach the high-schools.

Now, doubtless, a teacher who knows how to teach may manage, even in this narrow curriculum, to awaken the mental faculties and broaden the horizon of his pupils; but it is evident that a little wider range of subjects would make this work much easier. For it is not only necessary to awaken the love of study, but also to direct it toward subjects that will afford the student a life-long pursuit. We want to give our boys and girls a training that shall enable them not merely to make a living, but to find contentment and enjoyment in life.

Let us suppose that a boy is to be a farmer. It is notorious that boys in these days do not take kindly to the farmer's life. What is the reason? Is it that the farmer's gains are slow or that his labor is severe? These reasons partly explain the fact, but neither of them is the strongest reason. The loneliness of the farmer's life is a weightier consideration. The girls and boys now growing up, whether in the towns or in the country, do not like the isolation and solitude of the farms. They would rather live in less comfort, and work harder for less net wages, at more disagreeable labor, in the factory villages and in the cities, because they like to be in the crowd. They depend on outside excitements. "There is nothing going on in the country." That is the uniform reason given for preferring life in the city.

The first thing to do in "fitting" a boy for the life of a farmer is, therefore, to get this notion out of his head. The reason why life is so lonely in the country is that his mental resources are so small, and his own knowledge of the objects round about him is so limited. If we could give the boys who are destined for such life as this a kind of training which would enable them to see that there is something going on in the country all the while,—something of marvelous and thrilling interest,—*that* would help greatly in fitting them to their environment, and in enabling them to find contentment and reward in their work. Would not this result be secured, at least in part, by giving a portion of the years now spent in the everlasting grind of arithmetic and geography to the study of natural history, the materials of which are under the farmer's feet, and on every side of his path, and in the air all about him? Would not some knowledge of the minerals, the plants, and the animals of his own neighborhood, and some enthusiasm in prosecuting his studies among them, wonderfully broaden the farmer's life, and dispel much of its loneliness?

It would be easy to show how the study, in some elementary way, of these and perhaps other sciences of nature would do the same service for those who are to spend their lives in other industrial pursuits, enlarging their horizon, multiplying their resources, and showing them how to extract from the world about them a higher enjoyment than is to be found in the diversions and dissipations on which the multitudes are trying to feed their cravings.

The kind of education that fits the men and women who are to live by agriculture or the various handi-

crafts to find meaning and recompense in life, would be practical education in the highest sense of the word. And it is worth inquiring whether, by reforming the courses of study in our common schools so as to make room for such subjects as have been mentioned above, this end would not in some good degree be gained.

Minister and Citizen.

THERE have been lively discussions lately, in the press and elsewhere, as to the part American clergymen may, can, or do play in public affairs. It has been intimated that a clergyman is partly deprived, in America, of those extra official opportunities of usefulness and influence which, in England, especially abound.

There is a certain correctness in such a view as this. In England, a clergyman—that is, a clergyman of the Established Church (and in England all others are designated simply as ministers)—may be, and in the country often is, a magistrate. In cities he is eligible for election as a school commissioner, as member of the local board of charities, and other similar bodies. No such usage obtains among us, or if it does it is exceptional. Nor is the reason for it obscure. In England there is an Established Church, and bishops sit in Parliament and help, as "peers spiritual," to make the laws. From such a condition of things the step is natural and easy to a usage which puts both clergymen and ministers in places, as we should say, of "political influence." But imagine Cardinal McClosky running against Mr. Conkling for the position of United States Senator, or Bishop Simpson contending with his fellow-citizen Mr. Randall for the speakership of the House of Representatives! Such a thing we say is not to be thought of. We have no state Church, though it used to look sometimes in New York, on St. Patrick's Day, as if we had an Established Church. It is undesirable that clergymen should hold, or be candidates for, positions which make them the nominees of political parties. If a clergyman is to "run" for an office, one who belongs to that class in the community which esteems ministers will be inclined to say, "Let it not be my minister, but some other minister." We do not want one whose office brings him into such tender and sacred relations with the most serious facts of our lives to subject himself to the rough usage received by a candidate in a lively political campaign.

And yet we do not want him to forget that he is a man, and a citizen, as well as a minister. The best evidence of this is to be found in the fact that ministers who have remembered this, and who have illustrated it by conspicuous and long continued services to the state and to the community, have been those ministers whom we have most of all delighted to honor. There went to his rest, not long since, an eminent citizen of New York who was not less eminent as a citizen than he was as a minister. And yet, as a minister in the communion of which he was a lifelong member he was, distinctly and undeniably, its foremost man,—not by any eminence of self-assertion or of ecclesiastical rank, for he ministered in a fellowship which knows no distinctions of ecclesiastical rank, but simply and supremely by the divine right of his noble gifts and nobler service. The pastor of a large city congregation, which, like other city congregations, expected little from its minister in the way of pastoral service, he yet made his name a proverb for pastoral fidelity. The preacher in a pulpit which demanded from him who undertook to fill it the best that his brain and heart could bring to an exacting and critical people, he never disappointed by meagerness, though he sometimes taxed severely those who listened to him by his seemingly exhaustless fullness. A thinker of genuine insight, and with a mind so open that it welcomed truth from all quarters and honored it, though disguised sometimes in strangest "motley," he kept himself abreast of the best scholarship of his time, and was as profoundly interested in his ministerial work the day he laid it down as when, more than forty years before, he took it up.

And yet this minister (we are speaking, we need hardly say, of the late Dr. Henry W. Bellows) was no less eminent as a citizen than he was as a divine. The civil war and the organization of the Sanitary Commission gave him, some may say, an opportunity to which he owed much of his subsequent usefulness and fame. But, "the gods give chances, and they who are their children seize them," the proverb runs, and it was so here. Dr. Bellows had the courage in a great national crisis to see his opportunity to serve his country, and to seize it. In his pulpit, first of all, he spoke such words as helped to decide doubtful men and to nerve timid ones; and then, when he came down out of his pulpit, he took his rare gift of organization and administration and put it to work in the service of his imperiled country.

That preëminent ministry of helpfulness and leadership was but a type of all the rest. There is no good cause that has been contended for, whether on the platform or at the polls, in which Dr. Bellows was not felt and heard. With characteristic modesty, he was wont to wait till his fellow-citizens summoned him before obtruding himself upon the public notice; but when the call came, he never shrank from obeying it. And all this (for this, after all, is the point of our little homily), without the smallest loss of his influence or dignity as a clergyman. Dr. Bellows not only *looked* his profession (unlike, in this, some modern ministers, especially of the younger generation, whose appearance is a cross between a billiard-marker's and a commercial traveler's), he honored and adorned it. He will always be thought of in connection with it. A minister in an unorthodox communion, according to prevailing standards, he yet made himself to be recognized and respected everywhere for his ministerial office as well as for his personal character. And thus he will be remembered and regretted—as an exemplary and faithful divine, and no less as a public-spirited and influential citizen. This, we venture to submit, any minister may be in any American community, in his measure and according to his gifts. His people will not begrudge him the time he gives to public interests, though they may never wish to see him elected to office; and the community will not disesteem him as a minister because he chooses to remember that he also is a citizen and a man.

The Free Library Movement.

NEW ENGLAND has long had a habit of providing for the culture of her people by the free lending of books. A sort of obligation is put upon rich men in the old territory of Puritanism to do something for the public, and especially for the native city or village. The story of the Boston man whose will was contested because he had not left anything to Harvard University, is but a burlesque of a real New England feeling that one who has made a fortune is under obligations to do something for the land that made him a man by pinching his boyhood. When we see such foundations as that in St. Johnsbury, Vermont,—one example of many,—we count that country happy whose sons are grateful, filial, and enlightened. It is from Boston that this spirit has radiated through the hill-country, once considered so forbidding, now rendered so home-like and habitable by domestic virtue and public spirit.

But the *direct* influence of New England on the country at large is not very great, and is growing less. With all its culture, New England is rather provincial. Her early isolation and Puritan sense of divine election seem to have got into her blood. The country at large is only remotely known at Boston, which has never taken the nation fully into its sympathies, and this limitation of view on the part of home-staying New-Englanders makes their metropolis seem half-foreign to the rest of the country. It is only after a New England idea has undergone a transplanting to the metropolis that it becomes national in its influence. Slow as our great mart has been to receive or conceive new ideas beyond the sphere of commerce, it is the real and only center of diffusion. The art movement, the literary movement, the philanthropic movement of this generation have their capital where once the Dutch trade in wampum, beaver-skins, and match-coats had its center, to wit: on Manhattan Island. So that a liberal movement for popular education by free libraries, set afoot in New York and Brooklyn, will produce, perhaps, a wide-spread awakening on the same subject in the towns and villages of the country. The old reproach, that we teach our children how to read in free schools but do not teach them the love of reading, will be in fair way for removal whenever literature shall be as free to the poor in New York as it is in Boston.

As long ago as the colonial time, the complaint was current that literary institutions did not flourish in New York. No doubt the motley origin of the people of the old city had much to do with it. From the very beginning of New Amsterdam, the French Huguenots divided the town with the Dutch, and there were also people of other nations. "English carpenters from Stamford" built the first Dutch church, and when the little village at the lower end of Manhattan was a quarter of a century old, there were eighteen languages spoken within its narrow walls. When, in 1664, an English population and the tyranny of royal governors was overlaid on the Dutch and French background, one cannot wonder that the community was divided into cliques by national prejudices. Public spirit grows with difficulty among people who speak different tongues, go to different churches, and have different traditions. What does grow in such a place, however, is the metropolitan spirit: national and sectarian prejudices in New York were early blunted by mutual attrition, and that wide and tolerant sympathy so characteristic of the metropolis of to-day came out of the multifarious origins of her early trading population.

We have not wanted for libraries, though they have had other purposes than those proposed in a free library. It is foolish to blame the Astor Library, as many do, for not doing a work for which it was not intended. The Astor is primarily for scholarly people. The student is the people's proxy, the nation's eyes. No library in America, perhaps, offers such conveniences to special students as the Astor. He whose researches are not very extensive can there consult any works he may ask for, without cost or ceremony of introduction. The scholar pursuing a given line of study, and bringing proper credentials, may gain admittance to classified alcoves, where he can have the invaluable privilege of seeing and examining all that the library affords on his theme; and some of our writers have come to have a sentimental home attachment to the quiet alcoves of the Astor. Even the British Museum Library, a sort of paradise for scholars, where everybody is incredibly obliging and polite, has no such arrangement as that by which the Astor permits the accredited scholar to range at will among its treasures. This privilege we possibly owe to Washington Irving, who had much to do with the early plans of the library, and who knew a scholar's wants; and though the privilege has no doubt been abused by impostors, it is to be hoped that it will never be taken away. To the gentlemen of the Astor family we owe this substantial gift, and it would be ungrateful to find fault that they have not made a popular library out of what was meant to serve another purpose. It is a pity that a building holding such treasures is not quite fireproof, and that the light in the old halls is not better. The most valuable eyes in America are injured by its dusky twilight on dark days. And it is to be hoped that the liberality of some wealthy men may enable it to complete its collections, particularly in the important department of American history, since the Astor is the main source of information to scholars in New York City. It is to be regretted that the fine collection on American history made by the State Library at Albany could not be located where it would be more accessible to students. Neither Albany high-school pupils nor members of the State Legislature, who are its most numerous clients, seem quite capable of using to advantage its rare treasures, which are hardly known to many special students.

There are, besides the Astor Library, other public libraries, such as the Mercantile, with its vast membership, the Society Library,—a joint stock association,—with an ancient history, high prices, and an aristocratic patronage. The Lenox is not to be accounted among public libraries in any other sense than that it is exempt from taxation. It is open neither to the public nor to scholars engaged in special research, nor does there seem to be any warrant for believing that it ever will be opened as a working library. A library founded and managed in this exclusive spirit works injury to scholarship; it makes the rare and expensive books needed by scholars and authors more rare and expensive, by retiring a large

number of them from use. Private collectors, who buy books only as curiosities, render a similar disservice to letters. Nor can the libraries of learned associations, such as the Historical Society, be fairly accounted public, since their books are for the use of members and the acquaintances of members. For practical purposes, this great metropolis has but two or three public libraries: the Mercantile, which is a lending library, charging a rate that is not high, but out of the reach of the poor; the free reading-room of the Cooper Institute, whose books are to be used only in the rooms; and the Astor Library, which is accessible to all, but only in hours which practically confine its benefits to students, since its books are never loaned to be carried out of the building.

Brooklyn seems to be in a fair way to realize the project of a free lending library through Mr. Seney's liberality, and Baltimore has been tendered a munificent gift for the same purpose by Mr. Pratt. New York's free library is yet in the brain of projectors, not having up to this time touched the pockets of givers. But the great merchants—the burgher princes of the metropolis—have never failed in these later years to sustain any movement having reasonable prospect of serving the city and the world, and we do not doubt of the ultimate success of the Free Library, now that it is fairly propounded and advocated by influential men. It is to be hoped that the proposition to distribute books through the police-stations will not be accepted. A free library ought to guard itself carefully against all appearance of shabbiness; and to the poor the station-house seems a sort of porter's lodge to perdition. The distribution through the public schools would be less objectionable, but the tendency of this might be to lower the standard of books purchased and the public estimation of the library. We think that means can easily be devised for distributing over the wide territorial extent of New York without calling in the aid of other institutions. It is important that a strict censorship be kept upon the books of such a library, that it may not become a fountain of corruption instead of a source of enlightenment.

But why should the movement for free libraries be confined to great cities? A library is of more use in an educational way than a high-school. The taste for good reading is the true door to culture, and if the taste for good reading be once established in a young person, there is an absolute certainty of the attainment of a degree of culture which persevering years in school cannot give. It is not enough to have free schools. A wide-spread movement for libraries, which shall be either wholly free or exceeding cheap, would be a most wholesome one. The abolition of the low-priced pirated productions, which we hope to see brought about by copyright, would leave the field free for libraries, and libraries would render American as well as English literature of easy access to the humblest.

A Third Offer of Prizes for Wood-engraving.

By reference to page 230 of the present number, the reader will find the report of the Committee of Award setting forth the results of the second annual competition for the prizes for wood-engraving offered by this magazine in April, 1881. These results are of so successful and promising a nature that, in making a third offer, we are induced to add an additional prize to competitors of the first and second year. The demand for first-rate engravers continues to keep pace with the rapid growth in public favor of the best American work, and the reasons urged by us, a year ago, for the establishment of instruction in the art in technical and art schools have gained rather than lost in cogency. In Philadelphia, by the efforts of Miss Emily Sartain, a class in wood-engraving has been organized in connection with the Academy of Design, and, we are told, is fully justifying the faith of those who united in its establishment. The number of those from Boston who have already competed for these prizes is so large that we shall not be surprised to hear that a similar experiment is to be set on foot in that city.

In Cincinnati, a city of most liberal investments in art,—investments which have already produced a large return of good designers and artists,—the project has been favorably considered, but, we believe, has been dropped for want of funds. The past year has seen, as every succeeding year is likely to see, such improvement of individual engravers, that it is safe to regard as confirmed that the present high state of the art in America is not accidental, but is in the constitution of the national mind and hand. So long as there are good paintings, there will be a popular demand for their reproduction by the wood-cut, and with the spread of a taste for the former will come an increased demand that the latter shall always be as good as the best. With this desire in view, we announce herewith the

TERMS OF THE THIRD COMPETITION.

I. To the engravers of the first, second, and third best blocks to be made during the current year by persons who, before June 1st, 1882, have never engraved for pay or taken part in former competitions—the proofs to be submitted to us by Dec. 1st, 1882—we will pay respectively..... $100, $75, and $50

II. For the best block engraved during the year by any one who has taken part in former competitions, except prize winners..... $50

III. For the best block to be done during the year by any prize winner in former competitions..... $50

IV. Competing blocks must be accompanied by two fine press-proofs and by the original.

V. No subject must be chosen by an engraver until he has secured permission from the owner of the original, or, if copyrighted in America or Europe, from the holder of the copyright, to publish the engraving in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE without cost to the magazine.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Whittier's Poem of "Mogg Megone."

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, January 18, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: Some time ago you published in your magazine an article, from the pen of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, on the life and poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier, who, next to Longfellow, is the best known American poet in Australia. In that article reference was made to "Mogg Megone," which is an Indian story based on the early history of the State of Maine. Mr. Stoddard mentioned as two of the principal characters in the poem John Bonython and his daughter Ruth. These were real personages. The former, I may explain, was the son of Captain Richard Bonython, one of the original landed proprietors of the colony, and a member of the first council appointed to administer its affairs, as well as "a most efficient and able magistrate." Being a descendant of the old Cornish family of which Richard Bonython was a member, I lately wrote to Mr. Whittier, asking as to the sources of his information respecting John Bonython, and expressing a strong doubt as to whether he was at all an outlaw of the kind described in "Mogg Megone," although he was unquestionably outlawed for setting at defiance the general court of Massachusetts. But it should be remembered that the poem carries the reader back to the old Puritan days, when the records show that a woman was ordered "to be publicly whipped for abusing Captain Bonython," and that a fine was inflicted for the serious offense of saying "that Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog." I suggested to Mr. Whittier that if he shared my opinion as to there being no sufficient historical foundation for the John Bonython of "Mogg Megone," the fact might be more distinctly stated in a note to future editions of his poems. Mr. Whittier promptly replied to my inquiries in the generous and characteristic letter which I inclose.

Yours, faithfully,

JOHN LANGDON BONYTHON.

The following is Mr. Whittier's letter:

"AMESBURY, MASS., U. S., 9th mo. 15, 1881.

"JOHN LANGDON BONYTHON, ESQ'RE.

"DEAR FRIEND: Thy letter has just reached me. The poem referred to was written in my boyish days, when I knew little of colonial history or anything else, and was included in my collected writings by my publishers against my wishes. I think thou art right in regard to John Bonython. I knew nothing of him save what I found in the 'History of Saco,' and supposed the name and race extinct, as I never heard of the name on this side of the water. If possible, I shall have the entire poem omitted; if not, I will cheerfully add the note suggested. I thank thee for calling my attention to the matter, as I would not knowingly do injustice to any one, living or dead.

"I am very truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

More about the Pitcairn Islanders.

WE are courteously permitted to print the following letter from Miss Rosalind Young, whom our readers will remember as the author of the curious article on the "Mutineers of the *Bounty*," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for May, 1881:

"PITCAIRN ISLAND, Aug. 26, 1881.

"DEAR FRIEND: Your letter, bearing date May 22d, reached me safely on the 19th ultimo, and I was really pleased with it. * * *

"Now I am going to reply to your various questions. In the first place, as regards our quiet life, we are in general quite contented with living in this little world by itself, although at times there is a desire to go and see the outside world.

"Three of our young men left this island, in the early part of this year, in three several ships, bound for Liverpool, so on their return we shall doubtless have plenty to ask and hear about. Amongst the older portion of our community there is, as you think, a deep-seated love for this little island.

"When your letter reached me there was a shipwrecked crew with us, and it amused me not a little that one of them, a young Englishman, should tell us that we seemed to be living in an antediluvian period, as our ways are so primitive and we are so far behind the rest of the world.

"The only photographer that has penetrated to this obscure spot was the captain of a British man-of-war, who was here two years ago and took several photographs, three of which only reached us, and as one of them happened to be mine I will send you one. * * *

"As regards music, the present young generation were taught vocal music by my dear father, who received his own very limited musical education from a passing stranger, a music-teacher, thirty-one years ago, who came ashore on a visit. * * * The result of his six days' teaching gave him much satisfaction, and the people, who are naturally music-loving, have tried to educate themselves to the best of their ability ever since. The knowledge we have of instrumental music is certainly small. We first taught ourselves by the ear and then play over some simple pieces by sight, and in that way manage to gain a little day by day. * * *

"Your next question is how the speech has been kept pure. I do not think any difficulty has ever been experienced in communicating with vessels that happened to call in here, even from the very first, for we read in Mr. Murray's 'History of Pitcairn' how surprised were the first people that came here to receive a greeting in hearty English from the two young men who went on board. * * * Still we do have a dialect of our own, which strangers who visit us can scarcely understand. It is made up of the unsuccessful attempts to speak English which our maternal ancestors made, intermingled with a few half Tahitian words still retained amongst us.

"Money is an article that can well be dispensed with here, as we grow our own food, and then to obtain clothing we trade off the produce of the island, and get its worth in what we require—from whaleships mostly. * * * Every woman here is her own dress-maker. We fashion our dresses from patterns that are sent ashore from time to time by ladies, both English and American, who call in here on their way to and from San Francisco.

"We manufacture our own hats, made into different shapes, from the leaf of a kind of palm-tree. To make straw, the leaves are cut from the tree when young, and then laid out in the sun to dry. Each leaf is about two or three inches broad. As I write, one of my sisters is trimming one for our married sister. I wish it were possible to do so, then I would send you one just for you to see.

"For reading matter we have enough to last a lifetime. As I do a great deal of correspondence, I am sometimes in want of paper and envelopes; if you can, send me some, please. We all smiled at that paragraph in your letter which says you feel as if writing to another world.

"The time your letter took to get here was scarcely two months, and should this soon have an opportunity of being sent, it will probably reach you in less time than that. Letters sent to us often miscarry, and when a mail does reach us it is a time of great pleasure. Messrs. Hanley & Snow, 126 California street, San Francisco, always kindly forward our letters to us. When you write me again, please inclose your photograph.

"I hope you will like my letter as well as I do yours. I know I can learn to love you, because your name is Lucy, my favorite name.

"Yours most sincerely,

"ROSALIND YOUNG."

LITERATURE.

Nordenskiöld's "Voyage of the Vega."*

THE recent disaster to the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*—a disaster which seems likely to result in a greater loss of life than has ever before attended an American polar expedition—will, in all probability, revive again the old questions, "Of what use is Arctic discovery?" "What has ever been gained by Arctic exploration which is at all commensurate with its cost in money, suffering, and lives?" The questions are not very hard to answer, at least to the satisfaction of science; but as the popular mind does not fully appreciate the value of scientific knowledge until such knowledge is shown to have some bearing upon everyday life, and as the scientific and practical results of the great Arctic expeditions, even of the last twenty-five years, are already half forgotten, it may perhaps be regarded as a fortunate circumstance that Baron Nordenskiöld's history of the successful voyage of the *Vega* comes just in time to break the discouraging force of the bad news from the *Jeannette*, and to furnish the advocates of Arctic exploration with new answers to the questions and objections of its opponents.

It would be hard to point to a book of travel or exploration written within the last quarter of a century which has added more to the world's stock of accurate and valuable knowledge than this history of the voyage of the *Vega* around the northern coasts of Europe and Asia. It is not merely a narrative of Arctic exploration, or a series of sketches of Arctic life. It is an exhaustive historical and scientific study of the whole Arctic region lying along the North-Asiatic coast. The material which it contains might be divided into at least four separate and independent books, as follows: first, "A History of the Attempts to Discover a North-east Passage"; second, "The Narrative of the Voyage of the *Vega*"; third, "The Physical Geography and Natural History of the North-Siberian coast"; and, fourth, "A Study of the Siberian Chookchees." Each of these books would contain from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred octavo pages, each would be complete in itself and almost exhaustive of its subject, and any one of the last three might fairly be regarded, not only as an adequate return for the money invested in the expedition, but as a complete and satisfactory answer to the question, "Of what use is Arctic exploration?"

If full and accurate knowledge of the world in which we live, and of the people who inhabit it, is valuable and desirable for its own sake, then Arctic exploration may stand justified by its results as set forth in Baron Nordenskiöld's book. But even if this be not admitted, and if Arctic exploration be tried by the severer test of immediate practical utility, the voyage of the *Vega* must still be regarded as a great and important achievement, since it has demonstrated the possibility of opening communication by water with the whole interior of Northern Asia, and of thus developing and making available the vast mineral and agricultural resources of Southern Siberia.

The salient features of the voyage of the *Vega* are familiar to all readers of periodical literature, and it is hardly necessary in the present review to do more than briefly refer to them. The cruise of the Swedes along the Asiatic coast from the frontier of Europe to Bering Strait was comparatively an uneventful one, and does not seem to have been attended with any great difficulty or danger. In fact, Baron Nordenskiöld himself says (p. 451) that "it may be accomplished again in most, perhaps in all, years, in the course of a few weeks." The *Vega* followed everywhere the narrow lane of open water between the Siberian coast and the main pack, rarely venturing out of sight of land, and never dashing hastily or imprudently into the fields of ice which at times seemed to bar further progress. The commander of the expedition was apparently guided throughout in the management of his ship by the rule which he states on page 222 of his book, that "the polar navigator ought above everything to avoid being beset." When the pack drifted in against the coast and temporarily closed the narrow channel which he was following, he did not attempt to force his way through, at the risk of having his ship imprisoned and carried helplessly northward in the ice, as were the *Tegetthoff* and the *Jeannette*, but waited patiently until the ice barrier had been broken up or removed by a change of wind. It was this prudent management, combined with thorough and accurate foreknowledge of all the conditions of Arctic

* The Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe, with a historical review of previous journeys along the north coast of the Old World. By A. E. Nordenskiöld. Translated by Alexander Leslie. With five steel portraits, numerous maps, and illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

navigation, which enabled Nordenskiöld to take the *Vega*, in a little more than two months, from Tromsoe through the Arctic Ocean to a point distant only one hundred and twenty miles from Bering Strait; to winter there in perfect safety; and, in the following year, to complete the north-east passage by sailing through Bering Strait into the Pacific.

In preparing the present record of the *Vega's* voyage and its results, Baron Nordenskiöld has worked on a far more comprehensive plan than that usually adopted by Arctic narrators. He has not contented himself with a mere statement of the *Vega's* fortunes and achievements, and of the personal experience, work, and impressions of her officers. The narrative of every stage of her progress eastward is preceded by an exhaustive historical review of all previous explorations in the same field, and is enriched by a multitude of facts, comparisons, and conclusions, drawn from the author's wide experience as an explorer in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and other parts of the Arctic regions. This method of treatment, although it breaks the continuity of the narrative, throws a flood of illustrative light upon the facts narrated, by bringing each one into its proper place in the existing body of Arctic knowledge, and thus showing its comparative importance or significance. Nearly half of Baron Nordenskiöld's bulky volume is taken up by information which is not a direct result of the work of the *Vega's* officers and naturalists, but which is indispensable to a proper understanding of that work and its value.

It is, of course, impossible within the narrow limits of a review to give more than the barest outline of the contents of a closely printed volume of eight hundred octavo pages. Attention can be called only to particular subjects here and there which are made prominent by unusual fullness of treatment, or which open new and interesting fields of investigation. Among such are the history, customs, and present condition of the Samoyades; the animal world of Novaya Zemlya; the topography, climate, and material resources of Siberia; the fossil remains of extinct animals found in the frozen soil of Northern Asia; the flora of the North-Siberian coast; the submarine fauna of the Asiatic Arctic Ocean; and the history, mode of life, customs and characteristics of the Siberian Chookchees.

Among original investigations of great scientific interest made by Baron Nordenskiöld, are those with regard to the aurora, and to the fall of cosmic dust from interplanetary space upon the great Siberian plains. From observations made at the winter quarters of the *Vega* in 1878-9, Baron Nordenskiöld draws the conclusions that the aurora of the high north is a permanent natural phenomenon; that our globe is adorned with an almost constant single, double, or multiple luminous crown, whose inner edge is situated at a height of about one hundred and twenty-five miles above the surface of the earth, and whose center—the aurora pole—lies somewhat under the surface and a little north of the magnetic pole. This luminous crown, which the author calls "the aurora glory," is permanent, or nearly so, and bears the same relation to the irregular ray and drapery-auroras of more southerly latitudes that the steady trade and monsoon winds of the south bear to the irregular storms and hurricanes of the north. The observations upon which these conclusions rest have been made the subject of a special paper, which is printed in the official record of the scientific work of the *Vega* expedition.

The fall of "cosmic dust," or meteoric matter in the form of an invisible and impalpable powder, is another subject of great scientific interest to which the author has devoted particular attention. From careful observations, made originally in Spitzbergen and repeated with the same results in Greenland and at the mouth of the Yenesay, Baron Nordenskiöld is convinced that there is falling upon the earth, from interplanetary space, a steady although imperceptible rain of meteoric particles, which when collected and analyzed are found to consist of the same elements which occur in aerolites. The author says "it may appear to many that it is beneath the dignity of science to concern itself with so trifling an affair as the fall of a small quantity of dust"; but he gives facts which go to show that the amount of matter which reaches the earth annually in this way from interplanetary space exceeds five hundred thousand tons, and that such an amount falling uniformly and steadily every year throughout past geologic ages must have profoundly affected the constitution of the globe. Baron Nordenskiöld will doubtless be gratified to know that, since his return to Europe, his observations and experiments have been repeated by Russian scientists in the interior of Siberia, with the result of fully confirming his conclusions. On the 31st of last October, M. Marks, a Russian meteorologist, collected at Yenesayisk, in Central Siberia, a considerable quantity of the same dust which Baron Nordenskiöld discovered in Spitzbergen, in Greenland, and on the Arctic coast of Northern Asia, and found it, upon analysis, to consist of the elements which are distinctively characteristic of meteors, viz., cobalt, nickel, and iron.

The chapters of Baron Nordenskiöld's book which will perhaps interest the largest number of readers are those relating to the Siberian Chookchees. The picture which he gives us of this small but interesting Arctic tribe is a peculiar and, in some respects, an anomalous one. Here are a few thousand people, living in the extreme north-eastern part of Asia in a state of savagery, or at most on a low level of barbarism, without any form of government, without any kind of social restraint except public opinion, without any religion except a vague fetichism, and without any hope or expectation of a future life. Such a state of society we should naturally call the most complete anarchy; and yet in this social state are found among the Chookchees peace, a certain degree of comfort, perfect security for life and property, unbounded hospitality, and a strong feeling of mutual sympathy and good-will. If it be thought that this picture of Chookchee life is too favorably drawn, let the reader compare it with the statements made by Baron Nordenskiöld on pages 501 to 508. The women, he says, are invariably well treated, are consulted by the men with regard to matters of business, and may hold property in their own right. "Within the family, the most remarkable unanimity prevails, so that we never heard a hard word exchanged either between man and wife, parents and children, or between the married pair who own the tent, and the unmarried who occasionally live in it. The children are neither chastised nor scolded, and yet they are the best behaved I have ever seen.

Their behavior in the tent is equal to that of the best brought-up European children in the parlor." The men are honest, good humored, and obliging, and "criminal statistics of the tribe are impossible for want of crimes." Judged by the highest European and American standards, this is clearly the ideal society in a realized form. The question naturally arises, what is the secret of the general amiability which seems to prevail throughout the Chookchee nation. The author does not tell us to what he attributes it, but leaves us to infer that the Chookchees are happy, honest, cheerful, and harmonious because they have no system of theology and are not overgoverned. We are surprised, however, to learn that, in Baron Nordenskiöld's opinion, the virtues and amiable characteristics of this Arctic tribe are so many evidences of a change in the direction of decadence; that, in other words, as soon as a savage stops beating his wife, abusing his children, and robbing his neighbors, he is degenerating in character, and is on the way to speedy extinction. This is certainly a blow at the root of all heathen reform societies and missionary enterprises, if not at the root of Christian civilization itself.

In summarizing the general characteristics of Baron Nordenskiöld's book, it must be frankly said that, while it is a perfect treasury of scientific information, it cannot be compared, as far as dramatic interest and descriptive power are concerned, with such a book as that of Payer. This is due, in part, to the fact that the voyage of the *Vega* was not diversified by any stirring incidents or relieved by any picturesque circumstances, and partly to the fact that all the grace and descriptive force of Baron Nordenskiöld's style have been eliminated by the English translator. The translation is not only hard to read, on account of the frequent recurrence of non-English idioms and bad syntax, but it is often absolutely unintelligible. The following sentence, which will be found on page 348, is a fair specimen of the translator's English style:

"These accounts show that I indeed might have reason to be uneasy at my ill-luck, in again losing some days at a place at whose bare coast, exposed to the winds of the Polar Sea, there was little of scientific interest to employ ourselves with, little, at least, in comparison with what one could do in a few days, for instance, at the islands in Behring Straits or in St. Lawrence Bay, lying as it does south of the easternmost promontory of Asia, and therefore sheltered from the winds of the Arctic Ocean, but that there were no grounds for fearing that it would be necessary to winter there."

When to such syntax as this are added such obsolete, technical, or provincial words as "terrain," "druse," "fairway," "gazon," "louvre-case," and "leister," and such compounds as "self-dead," "self-colored," "ice-casts," "fowl-fell," "strand-bank," "train-drenched," and "stomach-cold," the English reader can hardly be charged with lack of intelligence if he fails to understand the author's meaning. It is furthermore very irritating to find the words "exceedingly inconsiderable" used everywhere for "small," and "not inconsiderable" for "large." The translator seems for some reason to have taken a violent prejudice against monosyllabic English adjectives, and systematically avoids using them. Instead of "high," he always writes "lofty" or "stately," as "lofty ice-casts" (high hummocks) and a "stately cairn." Many of the errors which occur most frequently, and are most annoying,—such as the failures of verbs to agree with their nouns, the use of adjectives to modify verbs, the reference to "soup" as "them," and to "work" as "these,"—should and would have been corrected by an intelligent proof-reader; but of intelligent proof-reading there is not the slightest evidence.

The spelling of proper names throughout the book is as irregular and inconsistent as it well could be. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that a translator who is not familiar with the Russian language will adopt and follow a definite and coherent system of spelling Russian names; but he might at least spell or transliterate with uniformity. Almost every proper name in this entire volume is spelled in two, three, and sometimes four different ways. There are, for instance, four variations of Yakootsk: viz., "Yakutsk," "Yakoutsk," "Yakootsk," and "Jakoutsk"; three variations of Kamchatka: viz., "Kamchatka," "Kamschatka," and "Kamtschatska"; and three variations of Chookchee: viz., "Chukch," "Chukchi," and "Chukche." Zemlya is spelled on the same page "Zemlya" and "Semlja"; Chaoon appears as "Chaun" and "Tschaun"; and Pyasina masquerades in the forms "Pjaesina," "Pjasina," and "Pjaisna." Even common and well-known names such as Tartar, Lütke, Erman, and Quatrefages are given in their correct forms, and also in the forms "Tatar," "Litke," "Ermann," and "Quatrefage." This varying orthography of foreign names can be attributed only to carelessness, and it is to be regretted that a defect so easily remedied should have been permitted to mar the general accuracy and trustworthiness of a volume which is otherwise so creditable to author and publishers. The book is well printed and tastefully bound, and is beautifully illustrated with more than three hundred engravings and maps.

Warner's "Washington Irving" and Scudder's "Noah Webster" ("American Men of Letters" Series).*

THE "American Men of Letters" series opens pleasantly with its editor's life of Irving; a somewhat sketchy little volume, expanded from the introductory essay that Mr. Warner supplied to a recent edition of Irving, and swelled to the required dimensions by citations from the latter's writings which take up a third of the book. There remains, indeed, very little that is new to say about Irving. His biography has been written in full, and readers have come to an agreement about the quality of his genius. It is significant of the distance to which the literary intellect has drifted from that placid Addisonian tradition of which Irving was the American heir, that Mr. Warner finds it necessary to adopt the tone of apologist. The greater depth and stress of our post-Knickerbocker literature has perhaps made us forgetful how enduring a quality there is, after all, in Irving's gentle and cordial charm. The effect of Mr. Warner's sympathetic criticism will be to recall this once more to the recollection of many who, having cried or

* Washington Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. Noah Webster. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

laughed in boyhood over the "Sketch-Book" and the "History of New York," have since allowed those immortal works to grow dusty on their book-shelves.

The biographer recognizes in his subject a congenial nature. He finds that humor and sentiment are his prominent traits, and yet he vindicates his title to imagination—a quality that has sometimes been denied him. "It seems to me," he says, "that the transmutation of the crude and therefore unpoetical materials which he found in the New World, into what is as absolute a creation as exists in literature, was a distinct work of the imagination. Its humorous quality does not interfere with its largeness of outline, nor with its essential poetic coloring." "The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy. * * * New York is the Knickerbocker city; its whole social life remains colored by his fiction; and the romantic background it owes to him, in some measure lends to it what great age has given to European cities."

We are glad, too, to see Mr. Warner resenting the slighting estimate which the Philistine puts on "light literature," as he densely calls all writings whose aim is to move rather than to instruct. Irving's biographer claims for the "Sketch-Book" and the "History of New York" a solider claim to importance than books like his "Columbus" or his "Washington" can present, though it was the latter and not the former that gained him a D. C. L. from Oxford. "All the learning of Oxford and Cambridge together would not enable a man to draw the whimsical portrait of Ichabod Crane, or to outline the fascinating legend of Rip Van Winkle; while Europe was full of scholars of more learning than Irving, and writers of equal skill in narrative, who might have told the story of Columbus as well as he told it, and perhaps better." In other words, it is the characteristic thing about a man that is important: the thing that he can do and no one else can.

The summary of Irving's character as man and author, in Mr. Warner's closing chapter, is appreciative and modest, though it gives no new insights. The preliminary sketch of the condition of American literature before Irving is interesting but meager. Room might well have been made for more of such, even at the sacrifice of the hundred pages of "filling" in chapter eight.

Noah Webster doubtless comes under the definition of a "man of letters" in his own dictionary; but he was not a man of letters at all in the sense in which Irving was, or in the common meaning of the term. He had no grace of style, no literary taste, not even that sense of the niceties of language which might be looked for in an eminent philologist. No man endowed with a really literary gift could have suggested such verbal changes as he made in his revision of the Bible. He was a school-master and a dictionary maker, with a strong business side to him, rather than a man of literature, or of elegant scholarship even. Nevertheless, we have found Mr. Scudder's life of Webster unexpectedly juicy, considering the dryness of his subject. For one thing, he breaks fresh ground, no life of the great lexicographer having yet appeared except the memoir by Chauncey Goodrich prefixed to "The Unabridged." Mr. Scudder, moreover, has had the skill to abandon the formal biographic method, and to make Webster the text of an essay on the condition of American society and literature in his generation. It was the day of few books, scant population, and small colleges. The biographer begins with an air of amusement, as he quotes from the diary of President Stiles of Yale College, how "the students disputed forensically this day a twofold question: whether the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and the ignorance of the Middle Ages, caused by the inundation of the Goths and the Vandals, were events unfortunate to literature. They disputed inimitably well, particularly Barlow, Swift, and Webster." But as he goes on, he seems to conceive a real respect for the admirable qualities of his subject, and his tone becomes more earnest. The portrait of Webster gradually takes shape under his hands as that of the typical Connecticut Yankee—a quite different species from the Massachusetts Yankee; more intensely practical and less prone to idealism; in many things more conservative and orthodox, yet in others more given to innovation; restless, and readily inclined to wander away to the South, the West, or even to Europe, and adapt himself to new habits. Joel Barlow was another typical Connecticut Yankee of Webster's generation—indeed, a classmate of Webster's at college—who had the same adventurous, adaptive spirit. It was just a hundred years ago, and at Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., that Webster, then a young school-teacher, compiled the first part of his "Grammatical Institute," better known as the famous "Webster's Spelling Book," which has instructed many millions of school children, of which indeed some sixty millions of copies have been issued up to date. The innovations which Webster proposed, and in part carried out in his "American Dictionary of the English Language" (begun in 1806 and published in 1828), were highly characteristic of the man and of the race to which he belonged. He took the mechanical view of language; it was an invention, a machine, and might be improved like any other machine. With his Yankee instinct for the useful and the simple, he accordingly set to work to reduce our chaotic spelling to regularity. The outcry raised against what now seem the very moderate changes proposed by Webster, and the battle of the dictionaries that followed on the publication of Worcester's Dictionary, are matters of general note, and Mr. Scudder wisely declines to discuss the points at issue. The victory at one time certainly seemed to be with the Worcesterians, and in the latest editions of Webster the conservative spellings have been silently restored. But lately the combat has re-opened with bigger artillery. The etymological stronghold of the Worcesterians has been stormed, and Dr. Holmes, who once made brilliant fun of *center* and *meter*, sees himself compelled to "hedge" in a printed letter—the professor of English at his own university having come out in favor of a spelling reform which would have seemed radical even to Noah Webster.

Webster's restless activity found vent in other directions than lexicography. He started the "American Magazine" in New York; contributed political articles—on the Federal side, of course—to the Hartford "Courant"; procured the printing of Winthrop's valuable "Journal"; and issued, himself, a current

volume of common-sense reflections on popular proverbs, entitled "The Prompter." Mr. Scudder draws a comparison between Webster and Franklin. "He had Franklin's common sense and homeliness, by which he gained a hearing from plain men and women; but he had not Franklin's crystal style, his instinct for the fewest and best words, his happy use of a language which seemed made for his thoughts." Another of Webster's practical achievements was his pushing through copyright laws, first in the legislatures of the several colonies, and afterward in the Congress of the United States. In pursuit of this object, which he undertook to protect his spelling-book, he displayed his usual energy and shrewdness, traveling many miles, memorializing legislatures, and interviewing Congressmen till the law was passed.

In his dictionary enterprise, as in all his writing and thinking, Mr. Scudder discovers as a prominent trait in Webster a bumptious and somewhat provincial Americanism. In this he was a true representative of his generation. Having proclaimed independence of Great Britain politically, we were to be independent in everything else. Had not Joel Barlow written a great American epic? Was there not Roman eloquence in the orations of Hancock, Warren, Livingston, etc.? Why should we not have an American spelling, an American pronunciation—nay, an American language—distinct from that of the mother country? This kind of patriotism has become a thing of the past; but it may be questioned whether the cosmopolitanism which has taken its place can quite afford to laugh at it.

Altogether, Mr. Scudder has made out of rather jejune materials a clever and instructive study, and one not wanting in original remarks, as where he says of the Puritan Sabbath: "Never, perhaps, has there been a religion which succeeded so completely in investing time with the sacredness which elsewhere had been appropriated by place."

Froude's "Carlyle." *

THE long review of Carlyle's "Reminiscences," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for May, 1881, renders needless any extended notice of this more formal biography. What Mr. Froude has done is to fill up the interstices between the "Reminiscences" from the abundant material in his possession, and to supply an orderly narrative as a setting to the extracts from Carlyle's journals and correspondence. The history is brought down to the year 1835, when its subject had settled down for life in London, and begun the writing of his "French Revolution," the work which first clearly established his reputation. The letters of Mrs. Carlyle—which Mr. Froude promises at an early day—will continue the story to the time of her death, and the editor of the "Reminiscences" will then add his own recollections of Carlyle during his last years, thus completing what will be, if not a methodical biography, at least most ample material for that future biographer who will only appear when the evidence is all in; that is to say, when the last person who knew the great Scotchman, and has anything to say about him publicly, shall have spoken and passed away.

Meanwhile, Mr. Froude's history deepens and confirms the impression of Carlyle's personal character produced by the "Reminiscences"—an impression, we need hardly say, not so favorable as the admirers of his writings might have hoped to receive, when the circumstances of his life should finally be made known. The feeling is more than ever borne in upon us, as we read, that here was a nature in essentials sound, but in its outward aspects frightfully marred by intolerance, arrogance, impatience of suffering or contradiction, and even—what seems at first sight incredible—by vanity. For it becomes sadly evident to the reader of these volumes that Carlyle's attitude toward individuals of his acquaintance depended not so much on "the eternal verities" as on *their* attitude toward *him*—as it does in the case of ordinary mortals. His disparaging estimate of Scott seems due in part to a personal slight which he conceived himself to have received from the latter. Carlyle had been made the medium of a communication and a little present from Goethe to Scott, and had accompanied the delivery of these with a letter of his own, which Sir Walter had left unnoticed. "To me," writes Carlyle, "he is and has been an object of very minor interest for many, many years. The novelwright of his time, its favorite child, and *therefore* an almost worthless one." De Quincey had reviewed unfavorably his translation of "Wilhelm Meister," and accordingly he says of him—with ludicrous exaggeration, for the little opium-eater was the gentlest of souls—"He carries a laudanum bottle in his pocket and the venom of a wasp in his heart." The anecdote about Lamb and Carlyle ("Perhaps you are a p-p-poulterer") which has been going the rounds of the press may not be authentic, and can scarcely account for the savage grudge which the philosopher bore the harmless Elia, but the passage about Lamb in this history looks on the face of it even more vindictive than the one in the "Reminiscences":

"A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know. * * * He is now a confirmed, shameless drunkard; *asks* vehemently for gin and water in strangers' houses, tipples till he is utterly mad, and is only not thrown out of doors because he is too much despised for taking such trouble with him. Poor Lamb! Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius!"

The only reason why "poor Hunt" got any better treatment from Carlyle than "poor Lamb" and "poor De Quincey," would seem to be that Hunt liked Carlyle, and showed his liking; the others perhaps not.

A little drama hinted at in the "Reminiscences" is here more distinctly brought out. Mrs. Carlyle, we now learn for a certainty, had been passionately in love with Edward Irving before she had ever met her future husband. The feeling was returned, but Irving had already engaged himself to another woman, who declined to release him. The custom of Scotland made betrothal only less binding than wedlock. The lovers accordingly took the only honorable course and renounced each other, with consequences to both that may without exaggeration be called tragic. Had Irving married Jane Welsh, her clear, penetrating sense and mocking wit would have kept him free from the mis-

* Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of his Life. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

erable delusions and fanaticisms that overtook the close of his career. She said herself that if Irving had married her "the tongues" would never have been heard of. On the other hand, it is Mr. Froude's deliberately expressed opinion that her marriage with Carlyle was a misfortune, certainly for her, perhaps for both. Toward the end of her life she said: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable." She had given Carlyle to understand, when he sought her hand, that though she loved him, she was not *in love* with him. They were neither of them under any romantic illusion as to the state of the other's feelings. She became his brave, uncomplaining helpmate through years of self-denial and household drudgery. His intellectual companion, in the sense that she had hoped, she never became. The devil that possessed him was a solitary fiend, and his work had to be done—as probably all creative work has to be done—apart from all companionship. That Carlyle loved his wife and came after her death to worship her memory no reader of his "Reminiscences" and his letters can doubt. But he was, as his mother described him, "gey ill to live wi"; and in his plucky fight against poverty and dyspepsia, he dragged his wife along over smooth and rough, an unflinching sacrifice to the egotism of genius. The suspicion excited by the "Reminiscences" and strengthened by Miss Jewsbury's recollections is confirmed by this history: the suspicion, viz., that the repeated and almost exaggerated expressions of love and grief which Carlyle uttered after the death of his wife were in great part the effect of remorse. He saw too late that he had been self-absorbed, inconsiderate, and often irritable. But she who had suffered that he might become great had passed beyond the reach of his atonement.

Socially, the best side of Carlyle was his strong family affections. All that part of his correspondence which displays his filial love and fraternal helpfulness is very beautiful. Here there is nothing but forbearance, unselfishness, and simplicity. One cannot help wondering why he did not turn toward the world a little of that "sweet reasonableness" which he kept for his somewhat feckless brothers John and Alick, who were a sore burden to him in his poverty.

Carlyle's journals, which were rather intermittent, bear no such important relation to his books as Hawthorne's note-books do to his. Yet there are some seed thoughts in them here and there, interesting to note. And both in the journals and the correspondence are passages now of deep tenderness and awe, and now of sharp, humorous observation. "I am often very calm and quiet. I delight to see these old mountains lying in the calm sleep of twilight, stirless as death, pure as disembodied spirits, or floating like cerulean islands, while the white vapours of the morning have hidden all the lower earth." This from Craigenputtoch. The following, of a different kind, is a sketch of two fellow passengers on the boat from Leith to London. Sir David Innes "had a large, long head like a sepulchral urn. His face, pock-pitted, hirsute and bristly, was at once vast and hatchet-shaped. He stood for many hours together with his left hand laid upon the boat on the middle of the deck and the thumb of his right hand stuck firmly with its point on the hip joint; his large blue and rheumy eyes gazing on vacancy, the very image of thick-lipped misery. Captain Smith was of quite an opposite species, brisk, lean, whisking, smart of speech and quick in bowing; but, if possible, still more inane than dullness. * * * These two, dullness and inanity, contrived to tell me in the course of the voyage nearly all the truisms which natural and moral science have yet enriched the world withal. They demonstrated to me that sea-sickness was painful, that sea-captains ought to be expert, that London was a great city, that the Turks eat opium, that the Irish were discontented, that brandy would intoxicate."

Here is that exaggeration of the characteristic which produces caricature—a gift Carlyle had in common with Dickens, and which explains his admiration for Dickens.

In general, this biographical fragment exhibits the philosopher as he is already known, burning no clear flame (*Terar ut prosim* the motto of him), but rolling up volumes of red volcanic fire mixed with pitchy smoke. A phenomenon rather than an illumination; a spirit of destruction and negation quite as much as of "the eternal Yea."

"Dorothy."*

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BRAWN.

THIS is not simply an idyl, but a sermon preached on the ironical text of Hobbes in Clough's "Bothie":

"Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and artistical handling,
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated."

The author has a two-fold mission: first, to preach the beauty of hard hands and red arms; secondly, to denounce the Bill to Regulate Female Employment—of which piece of legislation Colonel St. Quentin, the villain of the story—if he merits so strong a title—is, significantly enough, the great promoter. The heroine is a farm-servant at White Rose Farm, the natural and unacknowledged child of the Colonel by a milk-maid employed at the farm, who dies on giving birth to her. Dorothy, or "Dolly," is reared upon the farm; she does the coarsest out-door and in-door work, and has the "strong, coarse frame of a farm wench":

"Rough were her broad brown hands, and within, ah me! they were horny:
Rough were her thick ruddy arms, shapely and round as they were:
Rough too her glowing cheeks; and her sunburnt face and forehead
Browner than cairngorm seemed, set in her amber-bright hair."

Her employments are described with a defiant minuteness. The fastidious reader who wishes to be shocked shall be shocked to the top of his bent. Nothing shall be withheld, however homely or seemingly unpoetic. If Dorothy is sweaty or greasy at her work; if her handsome face has a smudge on it; if she absorbs a substantial quantity of bacon and beer, the reader shall know it. It shall be thrust down his throat by repetition and emphasis, until he has no lingering illusion on the matter. She carries coal, chops wood, blackens the grates and her master's boots, harnesses the horse, cuts turnips for the

* Dorothy: A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London C. Kegan Paul & Co.

sheep, helps at the pig-killing, and cleans out the pig-sty afterward.

"Then she can scrub and scour, and swill with the bucket and besom,
Flinging her pailfuls afar mightily over the yard."

She can even plow, and the process is described in a very fine passage, one of the most graphic and truthful in the poem:

"Ah, what a joy for her, at early morn, in the spring-time,
Driving from hedge to hedge furrows as straight as a line!
Seeing the crisp brown earth, like waves at the bow of a vessel,
Rise, curl over, and fall, under the thrust of the share;
Orderly falling and still, its edges all creamy and crumbling,
But, on the sloping side, polished and purple as steel; * * *
And, ere the ridges were done, there was gossamer woven above them,
Gossamer dewy and white, shining like foam on the sea."

This is good poetry, written "with the eye upon the object," and there is plenty more of it in the book. Dorothy's accomplishments and good qualities win her the love of a desirable *parti*, Master Robert, the head game-keeper at the castle, and the story of the courtship and marriage is simply and sweetly told.

But from the doctrine of the poem and, in consequence, from a large part of its execution, we must dissent. One has not to read far to discover that the poet is not content to let his poetry rest on its naturally poetic qualities. He must be preaching: he is eager to make proselytes to his view that the coarsest manual labor is in and of itself a lovely thing. He might have profited by reading what Hawthorne said of his experience at pitching manure in the farm-yard of Brook Farm. Or he might have taken to heart the wise caution with which the tutor in Clough's "Bothie" checks the youthful Chartist who chants the praises of *his* ideal Dorothy:

"Washing, cooking, scouring,
Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden, uprooting potatoes."

To which "the grave man, Adam," answers:

"Education and manners, accomplishments and refinements,
Waltz peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and drawing,
All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious."

This, we take it, is the moral of Clough's poem—if any moral there be; and it is identical with that deep saying of Shakspere's, who makes *Prince Florizel* reply to *Perdita's* dislike of garden-flowers as being the artificial creations of the gardener's art:

"Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean."

Our complaint is that the author of Dorothy has too narrow a conception of nature. In particular he insists with a snappish tenacity on the hardness of his heroine's hand, its gray palm and rugged edges. Let it be that the hand was hard. We will agree to waive that objection; but why should the poet make a merit of it? In Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," to which this poem has a manifest likeness in verse, name, and narrative, the heroine's hand was doubtless equally hard, but Goethe makes no fuss over it. His method is the simpler and more truly natural. But our author in a somewhat truculent appendix again challenges our admiration for hard hands. He gives a sort of historical sketch of the horny hand in literature, and unconsciously condemns himself when he says naïvely of Wordsworth, "Wordsworth, whose rustic women and girls are so many, was concerned rather with their moral character and atmosphere than with their physical frame." Of course, and so was Goethe, and so was Clough, and so is every poet who has a right sense of proportion and of the proper business of poetry. In "Dorothy," on the other hand, the elevation of this petty detail into a matter of prime importance becomes ludicrous. We cannot see the heroine by reason of her hand. That inoffensive member gradually swells and broadens till it becomes a gigantic screen covering heaven and earth, just as in reality one's hand held up before his eyes shuts out the whole landscape. In particular it is made a sort of touch-stone. All the good characters in the poem admire it; all the wicked ones are afraid of it. The lover wins the heroine's love by fondling her crooked fingers and kissing her "cold, gray palm, cooling his lips with the horn"! On the other hand, a wicked young gentleman, who is bothering Dolly with his attentions, has his real baseness exposed by a sudden application of the test.

"The touch of her hands cured him completely of love."

For white hands, for "soft pink palms," and their owners, male or female, the poet has nothing but contempt and distrust.

If it is weak to feel repelled by a healthy physical coarseness in a woman, it is yet no sign of strength to insist on coarseness as a charm. The latter state of mind is an artificial reaction against the artificial. The common-sense view we take to be the natural one, viz., that delicacy and grace are physically necessary to the highest womanly charm; and that wholesome, handsome farm wenches, like Dorothy, please in spite of their lack of delicacy, not in consequence of it. Moreover, we refuse to accept the heroine of this poem as a type of character. It will be found that coarseness of sentiment usually accompanies coarse bodies and coarse employments. "The *hand* of less employment hath the daintier sense."

Milner's "Country Pleasures."*

WHEN one remembers that the Englishman is first and last essentially a countryman, that his tastes and pleasures are thoroughly bucolic, that in England the class of greatest leisure and culture is rooted like the oaks to the soil, that the English landscape is more mellow and bosky and more redolent of human qualities than any other in the world, it is singular that English literature contains so few good books expressive of the national taste and temperament in this respect—books that are the outcome of simple country content and delight in the presence of rural nature; few, we should say, outside of the works of her poets. The muse of English poetry, from Chaucer down, has reveled in country scenes and pleasures as that of no other nation has; but the muse of English prose, when it turned to nature, has, for the most part, looked to distant lands, to Africa, America, Asia, and been subservient to the instinct of the sportsman and traveler.

* Country Pleasures. The chronicle of a year, chiefly in a garden. By George Milner. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Gilbert White's "Selborne" is the first prose work of note that is the fruit of this native contentment and love. Then a hundred years elapses before another prose work is produced, of conspicuous merit, informed with essentially the same spirit. Mr. Jefferies' recent books, "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life," and "Round About a Great Estate," etc., are the product of the same quiet contemplation and familiar intercourse with the ripe, half-domestic English nature as the work of the Selborne naturalist.

The work before us, Mr. George Milner's "Country Pleasures," while it hardly deserves to be mentioned in the same list with the above named works, is yet a fair expression of that unostentatious love of country life—the pleasure in trees, fields, flowers, birds, lanes, paths, frost, rain, the clouds, etc.—so characteristic of the English mind. A very good idea or picture of the procession of the seasons in the mother country may be had from its pages.

The bird and the flower are given, not so much from the point of view of the naturalist as from the point of view of the casual country sojourner. The record is tame and uneventful, and to the readers of such a writer as Henry Thoreau will seem positively flat and tasteless. Mr. Milner does not look at Nature with an intense and absorbing gaze, but he sees with good, appreciative, wholesome eyes. He never offends one, is not patronizing nor gushing, but writes down his observations and impressions in a genial and sympathetic, if not in an ardent and poetic, frame of mind. His volume is richly fraught with quotations from the poets, and it is in these two hundred gems gathered from the whole field of English song that, to our thinking, the chief value of the book consists.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

HOUSE CONSTRUCTION. II.

Sanitary Arrangements.

THE art of house-building is, perhaps, the oldest of the arts, dating from before Tubal Cain, yet, judging from the average structure in most civilized communities, it seems to be, like Milton's "great first cause," least understood, and is apparently becoming another of the "lost arts." A modern dwelling should be a tight, solid, durable structure, located upon a site free from damp, sheltered from inclement winds, yet with an abundance of sunlight and pure air, the interior spacious and comfortably warm, but not over-heated, and the whole absolutely free from all objectionable odors, whether from plumbing fixtures, the kitchen, laundry, cellar, or other sources. All of these requisites may be had with due care and moderate outlay. That they are not more common in the community is largely due to ignorance, false economy, or neglect.

The first consideration before preparing to build a house is the choice of a suitable site. Too much care cannot be taken to secure a healthful location, and to make sure that there are no hidden drawbacks to be discovered when it is too late to correct them. Bacon said: "He who builds a fair house upon an ill-seat, committeth himself to prison." All retentive soils contain more or less water in their interstitial spaces. To insure salubrity there should always be a deep crust of open, dry soil between the foundation of a house and the subterranean water level below. While it is desirable to avoid a site which is naturally wet or polluted, even such a site may be made dry and wholesome by proper precautions. Yet even upon a dry, porous soil, danger is incurred by carelessness in allowing water to soak into the ground adjacent to houses, from waste-pipes, leaching cesspools, and from dripping roofs. In consequence, such dwellings become filled with "dry rot" and unfit for human habitation, while the soil is thoroughly polluted. The risks to health from these causes are greater where there is a public water supply, and insufficient or no sewerage. The abundance of water encourages its lavish use, and the soil soon becomes saturated with the fluid waste.

Sunlight is another essential. There are hundreds of dwellings which are as deficient in sunlight as an average tenement house. Scores of families of ample means and refinement seem content to live in rooms which have no outlook beyond a blank wall or the rear windows of their neighbors. Human beings, like plants, need an abundance of light.

The reason why modern houses are so ill constructed is not far to seek. The blame rests partly upon the builder and the various mechanics employed by him; but a large share properly belongs to the owner's ignorance of what is essential to a perfect house, or to his unwillingness to pay for it when pointed out by others. While the architect has a recognized superiority in matters of taste and design, he is also better fitted to direct the great variety of artisans employed about a house than any one of their own number. It is a common, but mistaken, custom to give this direction to a contractor or builder, who is usually a mason or carpenter, and who is not thorough in his own trade, while lamentably ignorant of the details of other men's work which he has to superintend. The sole interest of such a man is to get through each job as soon as possible, and with the least trouble and outlay. He is the plumber's worst friend, when he winks at the latter's failure to do justice to the owner's interest, while, as he has no comprehension of the importance of good plumbing, he takes no pains to secure it. The practice of subletting plumbing to such men, or to any "lump contractor," is very objectionable, and all sanitary details should have the personal supervision of the owner or architect. The same reasoning will apply in the case of other departments of house construction, and proves the necessity of competent superintendence.

Again, the owner should not be in too great haste either to begin a building, or, when begun, to get

through with it. In English professional phrase such impatience is called being in a "jackass hurry." In one case in my experience, a gentleman asked a plumber in Newark to make a bid for the work in a ten-thousand dollar house in *half an hour's time*, which he very properly refused to do. Before undertaking any building or other like work, it is always best to draw up a detailed specification, with plans, to insure against errors or misunderstandings, which create disputes in settling accounts, and to thus make it clear just what it is proposed to do, and what are the duties and obligations of all parties concerned. Detailed sketches and working-plans will be found useful, especially for explaining designs to persons not familiar with building operations. A building specification should be concise and clear; nothing should be stated in general terms, as "the work to be done in a proper manner," or, "proper material to be provided," but the terms should be specific, particularly those relating to plumbing and drainage; the kind and character of each article of the material named should be defined, so as to prevent the substitution of an inferior article; and the weight of pipes, etc., should be stated. Care should be taken to have a distinct understanding in regard to "extras," so that in case of an advance or decline in the rates of labor or materials, there need be no question as to the price. In contracting for plumbing, it should be understood that the plumber's estimate does not include the carpenter's or laborer's work unless specially stipulated. And here it should be said that it is always safest and cheapest in the end to specify the best materials, especially for plumbing work. The difference in first cost, for example, between medium and heavy water, supply, or waste pipe, or between light and heavy lining for tanks or baths, is slight compared to the durability and safety of the better material. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and the quality of the material has a far more important bearing in plumbing than in other work. This is a matter of great importance, and one in which owners and even architects are liable to be deceived. It is a common thing for unscrupulous plumbers to substitute light weight pipe, full of sand-holes, where sound material was specified; and as there are no official tests for such material, only great watchfulness will guard against frauds of this kind. A few years ago, whole car-loads of condemned soil-pipes of this description were bought by "jerry" builders in New York and shipped to Boston, where they may be found in some of the finest residences in the Back Bay region—with what results the reader may easily imagine. In this connection, the rules of the New York Board of Health regarding the weight and quality of plumbing materials to be used in new houses may be consulted with advantage. In making contracts for plumbing, it should be remembered that the lowest bidder may be the most expensive man in the end. No bid should be accepted at so low a rate that the mechanic who takes the contract must either suffer loss or "scamp" the job, and therefore be tempted to cheat at every step. Let the owner inquire about the cost of materials and labor, and make sure for his own protection that there is a living profit left for the contractor, for the latter will "get even with him" in some way.

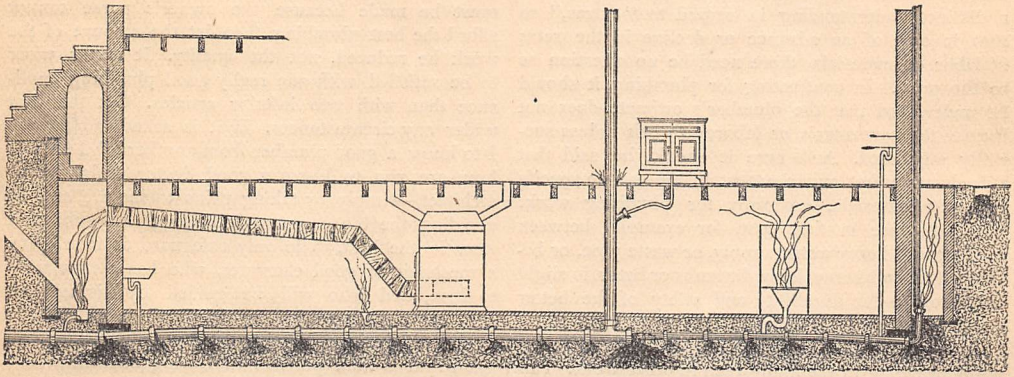
Two facts should be specially borne in mind by property owners. First, that a great saving can be made by having sanitary arrangements made right in the first place, instead of correcting them afterward; and, secondly, that a house in first-class sanitary condition will bring a much higher price than another which has only ordinary drainage arrangements. To illustrate the first point: The expense of putting in a proper drain when a house is constructed would be about half what it would cost to tear up a concreted floor, take out a defective drain and substitute another. The same ratio would occur in the case of carrying a soil-pipe to the roof for ventilation. When the house is building, it is easy to run pipes in any direction, but when plastering must be torn down and replaced, double expense is incurred. It is estimated that the difference between good plumbing and the average work of this kind does not exceed twenty-five per cent. of the original outlay. An average city house can be piped scientifically, with the best materials and in the best way, for about twelve hundred dollars, while the house could not be plumbed at all, provided the same plan were followed, for less than nine hundred dollars. If a compromise must be made because the owner's purse cannot afford the best plumbing, then let the amount of the work be reduced, not the quality. It is far wiser to be satisfied with one really good plumbing appliance than with two inferior articles. Get the best under any circumstances. If it is asked, "How am I to know a good plumber from another?" I answer how are you to know a good doctor or lawyer or architect,—simply by taking pains to inquire, and by avoiding the too common delusion that the cheapest man is the best. The only safeguard is to employ a mechanic of good character, who has a reputation to lose, and who will be guided by his interest and his probity to do only first-class work. If the public will insist on having good plumbing, they will get it. If a man persists in buying sour bread or diseased meat, no one pities him—why then should we condole with one who engages the first plumber who comes along, without taking the least pains to learn his capacity or honesty, and who in consequence gets cheated?

Prime sources of soil pollution are defective cess-pools, or, rather, we may say, the ordinary cess-pools, as they are universally bad in design and worse in execution. A proper cess-pool should be cemented tight, so as not to contaminate the soil in the vicinity; it should be well ventilated, and disconnected from any dwelling or building; it should be regularly cleaned out and disinfected, and not overflow into streams where its contents may cause a nuisance; it should not be within a hundred feet of any well, unless absolutely water-tight, nor near a house. But how many cess-pools fulfill these conditions? They are constantly found under houses and close to windows. They are built of brick or stone, with loose joints, so that their fluid contents leach into the ground about foundations, poison the air, penetrate through the soil to distant wells or water-courses, and breed infection on all sides. They are not ventilated, except by the waste-pipes, which carry the gases of decomposition directly into the living rooms; they are rarely large enough to retain any amount of

material, and hence must of necessity overflow somewhere, while they are seldom cleaned. At Princeton College three years elapsed without a cleaning, and they are usually forgotten until they force themselves on the attention. Householders trust to the permeability of the soil around their cess-pools to convey away their fluid contents, without a thought of what becomes of the material, or what evil influence it may exert on other people's premises. A physician traced a case of typhoid fever to the pollution of a well by a cess-pool one hundred feet distant. In another case the salt used in packing an ice-cream freezer, which was thrown on the ground after the ice had melted, penetrated to a well two hundred feet away. At Princeton a gentleman, suspecting that his well was too near a cess-pool, ordered another to be dug at what seemed to be a point far enough away; but before the excavation was completed the fluid sewage began to flow through a rift in the under-ground rock, and the site had to be abandoned. Where a cess-pool is constantly leaching into the ground, the soil becomes so saturated that the organic matter cannot get oxidized. All authorities agree that it is necessary to absolutely forbid all leaching cess-pools. Colonel Waring says, better run the house waste into street gutters than into "unventilated and leaky caverns called cess-pools."

A dry, tight, well-ventilated cellar is a prime necessity to a healthful house, yet Professor Chandler declares, with all the weight of his experience as a chemist and as president of the New York Board of Health, that "not one house in a hundred has a properly constructed cellar"; and the experience of every one who has opportunities of forming a judgment in the matter will sustain this statement. From my own experience in examining houses in both large and small communities, I do not hesitate to say that the risk to health in most modern dwellings is far greater from bad cellars than from sewer gas and all other unsanitary conditions.

A photographic sketch of the ordinary city cellar would astonish most householders. Let me set down some of its leading features. It is dark—a prime defect. It has little, if any, ventilation, and hence smells musty and damp. Even if floored with concrete it is not dry, for it is liable to be flooded during heavy storms. A supply of coal giving off noxious gases fills one side of the cellar. Barrels crammed with ashes, and too often with garbage, are found in another place. The cold-air box of the furnace is of unseasoned wood and full of cracks, through which the cellar air, laden with coal-dust, ashes, and damp, readily finds entrance. It is just the place for rats or cats to nest. The cold-air box ends at the front or rear area on a level with the surface of the ground, so that the air that enters it is liable to be saturated with soil moisture and surrounding impurities. If a wire netting is placed over the opening it usually becomes choked with dirt. In hundreds of cases these visible defects are enhanced by the hidden evils of broken drains under-ground, or open joints through which sewer-gas finds its way and pollutes the air. It is very probable that the cellar itself has a drain, either without a trap or with no means to keep the trap fed with water, if it exists. A favorite fashion is to carry this drain to the depression around the furnace, and thus create a strong suction from the furnace to draw sewer air into the house. The refrigerator, also, commonly has a waste-pipe connecting with the sewer. A sharp eye will usually discover openings in the walls or ceiling leading up through the house, by which the cellar air may enter the living rooms. Where these are missing the dumb-waiter supplies a ready substitute. If, in addition, the gas-meter leaks, and there is a foul water-closet for the use of the domestics, the cellar may be pronounced a model of neglect and bad arrangement.



AN UNSANITARY CELLAR.

All of these defects can be easily remedied. The cellar can be made and kept dry. The tile-drain can be replaced by an iron drain carried along the side wall in full view, so that any leaks will at once be visible. All surface-drains can be trapped securely, and the traps kept full of water. The walls and ceiling can be whitewashed, and, if kept scrupulously clean and well-ventilated, the cellar will be pure and sweet. The cold-air box to the furnace should be carried up several feet above the ground level, and the box made of galvanized iron instead of wood, or, if of wood, with tongued and grooved joints. Refrigerator wastes can be disconnected from the sewer, and a vast improvement thus effected.

Are modern improvements safe? The ravages of

disease, ascribed by physicians to the influence of sewer-gas in dwellings, has created wide-spread alarm. There is general distrust of plumbing arrangements, and undoubtedly there is much ground for this. But it should not lead to wholesale denunciation of, or total abolition of, what is undoubtedly a great domestic convenience and health preservative. A solution of the whole problem may be found by answering the simple question, Why is it that sewer gas is a comparatively new evil, whose bad effects have only recently attracted attention? Twenty years ago, the average dwelling was much better built than at present. The masonry was more substantial, the interior fittings better constructed, and the plumbing, though less in amount, was more thoroughly executed than is the rule now. The cause of the change which has since taken place is the development of the "speculative" builder, who has built most of the leased houses in New York, as in all our other large cities, and has found a ready market for them. Like Peter Pindar's razors, they have been constructed "to sell," and not for permanent occupation. Cheap, showy, and flimsy, their miserable deficiencies are known to every householder. Leaky roofs, flaking-off plaster, damp cellars, cracked walls, and unseasoned wood-work are a few of their ear-marks. But worst of all is the plumbing, which, being hidden behind partitions and below floors, is easily "scamped," and made to appear elegant and elaborate on the surface, while it is criminally deficient beneath. Marble basins and silver-plated faucets are poor equivalents for trapless and unjointed pipes, often with leaks from which sewer-gas pours with insidious flow, and for the countless other defects common in ordinary houses.

The blame for such unsanitary conditions should not be charged alone upon the underpaid and unappreciated plumber, who has no voice usually in regulating the quality of his work, but upon the unscrupulous contractor who employed him. A share of the blame also rests upon the householder, who rents or buys houses of this class without guarantees of their healthfulness. But the presence of sewer-gas and disease from the bad plumbing in contract-built houses is no argument against having good plumbing in other dwellings. Modern improvements are popular because they *are* "improvements." A copious supply of water is vital to health and essential to every household. The serious proposal to abandon these common features of modern civilization and return to the primitive and offensive sanitary practices of our forefathers is simply absurd. As well abolish stoves, the telegraph, the newspaper, and the use of steam, because each have their drawbacks. The present reaction regarding these matters is inconsistent and inexcusable. Progress is the order of the age, and so long as it is possible to make plumbing absolutely safe and wholesome it is folly to give it up. A properly plumbed house is the safest place to live in, and it is paradoxical to deny it. It must also be borne in mind that modern plumbing practice is not mere theory, nor the result of the whim or interested invention of the plumbing craft, but is the product of the experience of hundreds of keen and watchful observers, many of them with scientific training, and including not only plumbers and builders, but architects, engineers, and physicians.

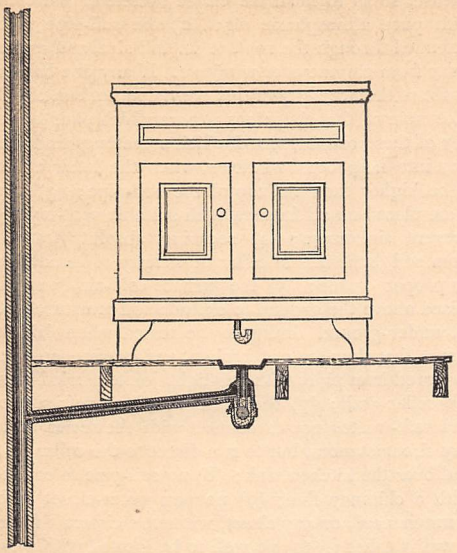
The following general recommendations are suitable for plumbing most modern dwellings: (1) A trap on the main drain, between the house and sewer or cess-pool, with an air inlet open where it will not cause offense, so as to flush the entire system of plumbing with pure atmospheric air; (2) the soil-pipe to be extended through the roof, at its full size, and ending away from chimneys or windows. If any one has any doubt of the necessity of this provision, let him simply take note of the obnoxious vapors which pour out of any of these openings, and which sometimes find their way into neighbors' windows, when the latter chance to be higher than the top of the soil-pipe; (3) traps to be placed on all fixtures, with suitable vent-pipes to prevent siphonage; (4) securing absolute freedom from soil dampness in cellar or vicinity of foundations by proper drains; (5) the furnace cold-air box to be raised above the ground to exclude soil moisture; (6) all under-ground drains to be tested when laid, to insure that they are not broken, and preference given to tarred iron pipe, with gas-tight joints carried along the cellar wall; (7) the tank overflow, refrigerator, and safe-wastes not to connect with the sewer under any circumstances, but to run direct to the cellar or to end over the kitchen sink; (8) no soil-pipe to connect with a chimney flue; (9) no pan water-closet to be countenanced, or any closet, without a cistern to keep it well flushed; (10) no well to be located within two hundred feet of a cess-pool; (11) no garbage or vegetables to be stored in a damp or unventilated cellar; (12) all cess-pools to be ventilated by two openings.

Sewer-gas has been frequently analyzed, and its chemical constituents are well known. Where a sewer is clean, ventilated, and well flushed with water it does not create hurtful gases. If the sewer is laid without a proper grade, so that its contents stagnate and do not flow off easily, or if it gets choked, then it becomes merely an "elongated cess-pool," and foul gases are thrown off in great volume. Decomposition is promoted by the hot water and waste steam from houses and factories which mingle with the sewage. The germs of human diseases that find their way into the sewers are light and almost infinitesimal in size, so that they may be borne with the impalpable and expansive sewer-gas through the house-drain connections along the line of the sewer and into living rooms. It is these germs of disease, of which the sewer-gas is the vehicle or carrier, that are so often the source of sickness.

Hence it is the duty of the authorities to ventilate the sewers by perforated man-holes, and it is the duty of the householder to bar the entrance of the sewer-gases into his house by a trap, and to ventilate his own plumbing as well.

How far disease can be traced to sewer-gas is yet an unsettled question. Men employed in the sewer department state that they can spend days and weeks in the sewers without ill effects. Again, some plumbers assert that they experience no discomfort from working near open connections and the sewer. Others state just the contrary, and I have heard repeatedly of instances of nausea, headache, and other like effects caused by inhaling the air from an open joint or disconnected pipe. In regard to the first statement, it should be borne in mind that it is made by men of vigorous constitution, leading out-door lives, who are actively engaged when in the sewer. The same

influences acting upon persons of less vitality, and engaged in sedentary pursuits, might produce very different results. It is just this class, particularly women and children, who suffer most from such



PROPER FORM OF REFRIGERATOR WASTE-PIPE.

causes, especially while sleeping at night in the average close, unventilated, American bed-rooms with adjacent and defective plumbing fixtures.

Sewer-gas may be created in the waste-pipes of a wash-basin or sink, by the decomposition of the soapy slime which forms the lining of these pipes, just as readily as in the sewer. Hence it is very important to place traps upon these pipes to prevent the gases getting into the rooms, and to ventilate them.

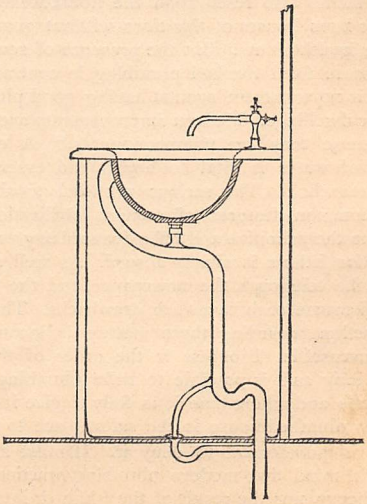
To avoid the chance of their contents being contaminated by foul gases, refrigerators should never be connected directly with any drain or cess-pool. Most food, and particularly milk and meat, is easily tainted if exposed to such influences, and, in repeated instances, cases of sickness have been traced to this cause. The proper method is to allow the refrigerator waste-pipe, with the end turned up, to discharge over an open pan, and this can have its own drain, with a trap to prevent any foul odors returning. Such odors have been created merely from the slime of melted ice adhering to the sides of the waste-pipe.

A sanitary water-closet should be durable, compact, with gas and water tight joints, free from all odors, well-flushed, cleanly, simple in action, with no hidden receiver to store up and decompose filth. The valves ought not to leak or fail to provide a sufficient scour of the bowl; there should be no pan to wear loose or corrode with gases so as not to retain water; there should be no putty-joints to dry and crumble or be gnawed by rats, nor half-made fastenings to rack and break; and, finally, it should be ventilated in every part, and if the compartment where it stands can be ventilated and isolated as well, so much the better. In many English cities, the location and arrangement of water-closets is strictly regulated. In some places they are not permitted under an occupied room, while they must also adjoin an outer wall so as to be readily ventilated. The too common American custom of having the bath-room in the center of the dwelling, with a light-shaft conveniently arranged to ventilate it *into* living rooms above, would not be countenanced by any English sanitarian. Wherever practicable, water-closets should be shut off from the rest of the house by double doors, and have plenty of sunlight and air. The English official requirement that all closets shall be supplied from a cistern and not direct from the main, might advantageously be enforced everywhere.

Even in the best houses water-closets need constant care. All parts should be accessible to the housemaid's scrubbing-brush and soap and hot water. The most absurd extravagance will sometimes be shown in the surroundings of water-closets when more essential matters may be neglected. I have found cheap pan-closets in bath-rooms superbly fitted with marble tiles and other luxuries. The warning about making the outside of the platter clean while the interior is vile should be commended to persons who wish to indulge in luxuriousness in sanitary arrangements.

Nothing is more objectionable, both on the score of neatness and of healthfulness, than the universal plan of boxing in all water-closets with wood-work, which is never taken down except when repairs are necessary, and which becomes, in nine cases out of ten, a receptacle for drip from joints, damp, rust, etc.

With Hopper closets, where the cost is not an obstacle, it is best to line the sides and floor about the closet with enameled tiles, and to remove all the wood-work except a hinged seat, which can be raised. Every water-closet should have a safe made of sheet lead, with the sides turned up and soldered to catch any moisture from leaks or dripping. Where there is risk of ceilings being damaged in case of a break, it is usual to have a small pipe to drain the safe. This is often connected directly with the waste-pipe by means



COMMON ARRANGEMENT OF BASINS.

of a trap supplied by a small pipe connecting with the valve of the closet, so that it is supposed to be filled every time the handle is raised. These feed-pipes, which are the size of a lead-pencil, are apt to clog with

sediment, or fail to act from some other cause, and then the water-seal of the trap on the safe-waste dries up, and there is nothing to prevent sewer-gas passing through it. This little trap may also be siphoned by the discharge of the closet or other fixture, when the same ill results will follow. In good plumbing work, therefore, it is the rule to carry the safe-wastes down to the cellar, or to empty them over a sink where they can do no harm.

Care should be taken to prevent rats nesting about plumbing fixtures, as they will gnaw the pipes if impelled by thirst, and sometimes they will eat into vent-pipes and thus leave openings for sewer-gas, which will not show themselves, as in ordinary cases, by leaks. It is also important to see that the openings in the floor below a water-closet to admit the plumber's pipes are closed at the top, as they may admit cellar air, and also increase the risk of freezing the supply-pipes.

Servants' water-closets are difficult to keep in order, both from their poor quality and the want of care in looking after them. Being out of sight, they are easily out of the mistress's mind. It is rare to find them cleanly or in good repair, but it seems to be thought that anything is good enough for servants. They should never be placed in a cellar unless the latter is well lighted and warmed. Any appliance that is to receive hard usage should be of the best construction and material; hence the servants' water-closets should be of the best make instead of the reverse, and located where the comfort of the domestics will be considered as far as possible. Much might be said regarding the sanitary provisions for domestics. Householders should reflect that their own and their children's welfare is involved in the health of their servants. More than one serious outbreak of sickness in families has been traced to the failure to care for the health of servants.

Charles F. Wingate.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Protection for Workmen.

We have already referred to mica masks for the protection of workmen exposed to great heat.* Among the new devices for economizing the cost of labor by making the laborer more comfortable, or in guarding him from injury, is a water shield for furnaces. It consists of an apron of sheet-iron, suspended before the furnace, over which a film of cold water is allowed to flow continuously. The apron may be of any size or shape desired, and may be hinged at one side, or suspended on rollers, so that it can be pushed out of the way when it is necessary to open the furnace doors. The upper edge of the apron is bent slightly back, and just above the receding portion is placed a pipe pierced with holes along the lower side. This pipe is joined by means of a piece of hose to the water supply of the place. The lower edge of the apron is bent upward so as to form a trough, and this is connected at one end with a hose for carrying off the waste water. When the shield is in place before the furnace, water is let on through the hose, and escaping from the pipe it flows in a film down the outside of the shield, absorbing the heat of the furnace, cooling the air in front of the furnace, and catching much of the dust that may be in the air. The waste water from the trough may be used for cooling tools used in the furnace, or for any other purpose, or it may be run into a reservoir, and after cooling may be used again. The cost of the shield is very slight. Among appliances for protecting workmen while placing belts over driving pulleys while in motion, is a piece of sheet-iron formed in the shape of a spiral flange, fastened to the edge of the pulley for half its circumference. At one end it is as wide as the face of the pulley and at the other end it narrows to a point. It thus makes a supplemental face for half the circumference of the pulley, and having a spiral edge. On directing the belt, by means of a rod carrying an arm at the top, over the pulley, it meets this attachment, and is, as it were, screwed into place. If it fails to catch the first time it may be taken at the next revolution, and is then easily pressed over upon the face of the pulley. The device has been examined by experts, and is highly recommended as a cheap and ready means of preventing the accidents that so often arise in placing large belts in position. It does not appear to be patented. In lubricating appliances for engines or reciprocating machinery in motion, an automatic oiler, sometimes used in marine engines, deserves notice. It consists of an oil-cup of any convenient shape, having a hollow tube or pipe extending through the bottom, and reaching nearly to the top or cover. A wick, regulated by a screw, is passed through this pipe, and, dipping in the oil by being bent over the top of the pipe, hangs down below the cup. By capillary action the oil gathers at the lower end of the wick, the flow being regulated by the screw. The cup is intended to be suspended over a crank for lubricating the pin, or over any moving machinery, where the occasional delivery of a drop of oil is required. The flexible wick touches the crank-pin, cross-head, or other part of the machinery as it passes it, and thus all the dangers that attend oiling by hand are avoided. The wick in some forms of cups is replaced by a flexible metal strip, or spring, down which the oil flows. The end of the spring just touches the moving machinery, as it passes under it, and the oil is dashed or knocked off upon the place where it is needed. The wick would seem to be the safer and more economical plan, as it will yield most readily to any irregularity in the motion of the machinery. No patent appears to have been

* See "The World's Work" for February, 1882.

taken out on this form of oil-cup. A safety shield for circular saws has also been invented, that deserves commendation. It consists of a hood or shield, designed to fit over the upper part of the saw that projects above the table. The hood is pivoted upon an arm over the saw, and is kept in place by a weight when the saw is not in use. The end of the hood in front of the saw has a lip or projection, designed to slip over the log or other piece of wood that is to be cut by the saw. The log, as it advances toward the saw, thus lifts the shield, and passes under it, supporting it till the cut has been made, when the shield falls back over the saw. The shield is so arranged that it will fit over any size of saw, and can be adjusted to fit the saw as it is worn away.

Novel Application of Photography.

LANTERN slides are now made directly from photographic negatives by the use of a special kind of dry plate (quarter size), which is laid upon the negative in a printing frame and exposed for a few seconds to the light of an oil lamp. The plate may then be developed with ferros-oxalate in the usual manner. By a new application of this process, lantern slides of many natural objects may be made directly from nature, without the use of a camera. Anything that is more or less transparent or translucent, and that may be pressed quite thin, such as the leaves of plants, sections of wood or other organic formations, sections of minerals, metals, fossils, or the thin parts of insects, wings, etc., may be copied directly. In the experiments made, young leaves from a rose bush were laid upon a sheet of clear glass in a printing frame. The dry plate was laid face down over the leaves and the printing frame was closed. On exposure for three seconds to the light of an oil lamp, the dry plate was developed strongly to get great intensity in the film. The result was a lantern slide having the rose leaves as a positive image sharply defined. The light also passed through the leaves, and every rib and vein in the tissue of the leaves was accurately copied in the minutest detail. In a lantern the slide gave a greatly magnified picture of the leaf, showing the minute views that were not visible to the eye in the leaves. This offers a cheap and ready means of copying natural objects for study or for illustration of lectures, and by projecting the picture upon a screen a large number of people may examine enlarged copies of small natural objects. Negative prints can also be taken on ferro-prussiate paper or on silver paper, as in printing ordinary photographs. In this case, the leaves would appear black on a white ground, while in a lantern they would be white on a black ground. Further experiments are being made in this direction.

Improved Elevators.

A NUMBER of patents have been taken out in this country on appliances for closing elevator shafts above and below the elevator, as it moves up and down. The most recent of these inventions employs a series of movable floors or covers in the shaft that are controlled by the movement of the elevator car. Half of these, corresponding to the number of floors in the building, are above the car and half below. If the car is at the bottom of the shaft, all the covers above are in place, each one resting securely on ledges or projections at the corners or sides of the shaft. The other set of covers are at the same time laid in a heap on the floor of the shaft, under the car. At the four corners of the shaft, both at the top and bottom, are pulleys, or grooved wheels, and over each pair, above and below, is carried a small wire rope. One end is fastened to the top of the car and the other end is fastened to the bottom of the car. By this arrangement, each rope becomes an endless band, moving easily up and down with the car. These ropes pass through holes in the corners of the platforms or covers, and do not affect them in any way till required. Just above the top of the car is a knot in each rope, and when the car rises from the bottom of the shaft the ropes pass through the holes in all the covers above till the knots meet the covers on the second floor. As the knot cannot pass, the cover is raised and is supported by the ropes. At each floor, in turn, this cover takes up each of the covers till all are raised, and the car is at the top floor. All the covers above now rest above the car, and in descending each in turn is left behind in its proper place, resting on the supports fitted for it, these supports being arranged to support only the cover intended for that place. The covers below are also provided with holes at the corners, through which the ropes pass. On the ropes are fixed balls or knots of different sizes, and as the car rises, dragging the ropes after it, all the floors are raised, and each is supported by its proper set of knots on a level with the floors of the building.

New Exploder for Firing Blasts.

A SIMPLE mechanical device for firing explosives of all kinds has been introduced, that is designed to prevent all danger that might arise from firing blasts by means of a fuse or fire in any form. It consists of a small metal cylinder containing a piston or hammer, designed to strike an anvil or nipple at the end of the cylinder. This hammer is moved by a spring, and, to prevent the hammer from striking on the anvil, it is securely soldered to the other end of the cylinder. When ready for use, a fulminating cap is placed on the anvil, and the other end of the cylinder is closed by a cap containing a small quantity of quicksilver. The solder used to fasten the hammer is composed of materials that are readily decomposed by quicksilver. When the exploder is to be fired, the quicksilver is brought in contact with the solder, either by turning the cylinder upside down, or by any other simple arrangement of the parts; the solder is softened and the spring released. The spring then drives the hammer upon the anvil, striking the cap and firing the explosive. The apparatus has the merit of getting rid of fire in such exploders and making it possible to regulate the time of firing.

Novel Application of the Expansion of Metals.

THE fact that different metals expand differently under the influence of heat has recently and, it is believed for the first time, been made of use in the arts.

For instance, gun metal exposed to a certain temperature will expand a certain amount. Steel exposed to the same temperature will expand less. This difference of expansion between two materials has been made of use in a new oil-cup for lubricating machinery. The oil-cup is of gun metal, and has double walls and double cover, etc., as in other forms of cups. The novel feature of the apparatus is a hole in the bottom of the cup, through which the oil is to pass when required. This opening is closed by a steel plug, that fits tightly into the hole so long as the cup is cold and not in use. On admitting hot steam to the under side of the cup the two metals are heated and expand, but as the ratio of expansion of the gun metal is the greater, the hole becomes larger than the steel plug. The plug has expanded, but in a lesser degree, and this difference of expansion leaves an annular opening between the plug and the hole or its seat. Through this opening the oil escapes. When the engine stops and the oil is no longer needed, the steam is withdrawn. The oil-cup then contracts, and the plug again fits tightly upon its seat and cuts off the flow of oil. The apparatus gets rid of all wicks or other movable parts liable to wear out, and has the merit of being self-acting. It would seem that this application of the unequal expansion of different metals might prove of use in many other ways. Hot liquids could in the same manner be used to open escape or relief valves for their own passage, by arranging the valves in such a way that the heat of the liquids would operate on metals of different degrees of expansion.

Controlling the Waves at Dock Gates.

OIL spread upon the surface of the water tends to prevent the cresting or breaking of the waves in storms, and thus, in a measure, renders the waves less dangerous to vessels. Oil-springs under the sea have in the same way caused "slicks," or spots of comparatively still water, to appear on the sea over the springs. This familiar fact has never been made of any use, except in isolated cases of shipwreck, until recently. Many artificial ports or small harbors of refuge have very narrow entrances, and these are often exposed to heavy seas, which make the passage of vessels trying to enter the port very dangerous. For the experiment we are about to describe, the narrow entrance of such a port was selected and pipes were laid into the water from the beach, the pipes resting on the bottom and being left open at a point under the entrance where the waves were generally most dangerous. A small hand-pump was connected with the land end of the pipes, and a supply of cheap oil provided. On the appearance of a storm the apparatus was got ready, and when the waves were breaking badly at the entrance of the port, oil was pumped into the sea through the pipes. In a short time, the oil began to rise and spread in a film over the water, preventing the wind from breaking or feathering the waves. The billows were made sufficiently smooth to render the water perfectly safe for the smallest boats. The experiment was regarded as entirely satisfactory, and it is suggested that oil-pipes be laid under water at all dock and port entrances where the waves are a source of danger. One hundred gallons of oil were used in the experiment, but this would be a very small expense in case of an emergency when the fate of a ship and crew might depend on the character of the seas to be met in seeking the port in a storm.

New Milling Appliances.

THE most radical changes that have been made within the last few years in the art of grinding or milling appear to be toward some substitute for millstones. Disintegrating machines, attrition and atomizing apparatus have been introduced, with the view of performing the work of grinding without the aid of burr-stones. Among the more recent of these attrition mills is an invention in which the material to be ground is broken against itself instead of being broken against stones, as in the old methods, or against revolving paddles or arms, as in some forms of disintegrators. The new apparatus consists essentially of a revolving chamber, some simple form of air-exhaust for removing the fine dust or flour as fast as it is ground, and a settling chamber where the flour may be separated from the finer dust. The mill consists of a cylinder of metal, supported at one side by a horizontal shaft which causes it to revolve. There is an opening at the opposite side, through which the material to be ground is put in the mill or drawn out when floured. Through this opening may also be inserted a curved arm, or plow, which reaches nearly to the sides of the cylinder. When the apparatus is started, the material to be ground is allowed to run into the cylinder while it is revolving rapidly. By centrifugal action, the material is quickly gathered in a ring clinging to the outer sides of the cylinder. In position, no action of any kind takes place. The curved arm is then moved into the cylinder, where it nearly touches the sides, the ring of material moving round with the cylinder passing under it untouched. More material is then added, and, as it increases the thickness of the ring, a part is caught in front of the arm. The arm now acts as a plow, stirring up the material moving in the cylinder. The heap that gathers in front of it is brought into violent attrition with the material that passes under the plow, and in this way it is ground against itself. Neither the sides of the cylinder nor the plow are much worn, for the grinding action appears to be between the belt of material clinging to the sides of the cylinder and the mass in front of the plow. As fast as the material is reduced enough to cause it to float in the air, it is drawn out by the exhaust and is conveyed through pipes to the settling-chamber. Any excess of flour or finer dust is carried on to a still larger settling-room, where it may be collected. The details of the invention, as applied to the work of grinding phosphates, etc., appear to be well worked out.

Recording Music.

A GREAT deal of time and money have been spent by different inventors in the effort to make some kind of a machine that would record the action of keyed musical instruments. None of these experiments has hitherto proved of any practical value to the musician.

The action of the keys has been mechanically recorded upon a strip of paper, but the marks do not appear to represent the music produced by the movements of the keys in anything like an intelligible manner. The most recent experiments in this direction have combined the use of electricity and a novel application of the automatic musical instruments invented in this country a few years since. These musical instruments (already described in this department) depend on the use of a perforated band of paper and a set of reeds or pipes. The paper band is drawn over openings that admit air to the reeds, each of the perforations admitting air and causing the reed to sound. In the new apparatus, the movement of an organ key makes or breaks an electric circuit. On depressing the key, the circuit is closed in a wire leading to the recording machine. This consists essentially of a series of knives and a band of paper that is arranged to pass by means of rollers over the knives. The closing of the electrical circuit brings one knife into action, and a perforation is cut in the paper corresponding to the length of the note in the music. As each key has its own electric circuit and knife, a number of perforations may be made at the same time, and thus several notes may be recorded at once. The perforated band may then be placed in an automatic instrument and used to reproduce the music played on the organ. The perforations may also be translated into ordinary musical characters. It may be suggested that, while this apparatus is reported to be a practical success, it is much too complicated. If the keys of a piano or organ can be used to close an electrical circuit, it would appear a much better plan to cause the electricity to record a mark by staining a band of chemically prepared paper, as in the familiar chemical systems of telegraphy. By previously making the band of prepared paper in parallel lines corresponding to the musical staff, the reading of the stains on the paper would be comparatively simple. To secure the marking of the time a separate circuit might be closed by a pedal, a touch of the pedal by the foot marking the accent or beginning of each measure by a distinct and separate stain on the paper. This suggestion is made in the hope that the idea will be made the subject of experiment. A cheap and trustworthy recorder of music, that will give a report that can be played at sight, as from ordinary music, would, no doubt, prove of great scientific interest, and perhaps of some commercial value.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Longfellow's Inscription on the Shanklin Fountain.

THE following quotation from a private letter, dated Shanklin, Isle of Wight, Oct. 1st, 1879, will explain an allusion in the editorial on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in "Topics of the Time":

"Just look at this group of thatched cottages! The one on the right is a library where we go for books. In the middle is the Crab Inn. Do you see what looks like a pile of stones to the right of it? That is a fountain for the use of the public. I read some verses painted there on a piece of tin, and said to myself: 'That must be from Longfellow.' I found afterward that they were written by him, by request, when he was here, some years ago:

'O traveller, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same.
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in His name.'"

Parson Murray, of James City, in Virginia.

HEAD peruked and shaven face,
Stately step, and air of grace,
Suit severe of somber black,—
Smiles across his lips go fleeting
While he gives My Lady greeting,
With a swift bend of his back.

"Dine on Thursday. What could be
More delightful? Then, D. V.,
I shall be here on that day;"
And a lowlier bow then made he,
Kissed his gloved hand to My Lady,
Mounted steed and rode away.

Parson Murray. Past the road
Where the fallow fields lie broad,
In the grove of trees up there
Parson's house-lights faintly glimmer,
As the evening light grows dimmer,
And more cool the evening air.

Never voice of scolding wife
Maketh sad the parson's life,
Never voice of crying child.
And the winter evenings closing
Find him dreaming, reading, dozing—
Drinking knowledge undefiled.

Slippers for the parson's feet
(Which, in sooth, are slim and neat)
Soft white hands have made a score;
And the bright eyes on him glancing
Sometimes set his heart a-dancing;
This they do—but nothing more.

All the men the country 'round
Fear his small-sword's lightest wound;
In a fox-hunt no one's horn
Is so lusty in its warning,
On the fine November morning,
Just before the sun is born.

At the ball where all the girls—
White arms bare and shining curls,
Sparkling teeth, and heavenly eyes—
Set the young bucks' hearts a-tremble,
Where the county's best assemble,
Parson carries off the prize.

To the gay young gallants there,
Buckled pumps and powdered hair,
Parson Murray yields no whit
In the stately dance, whose measure
Is the cadenced throb of pleasure—
Grand old dance, the minuet.

Never any yeoman wight
Stripped more gladly to a fight
  Than he to the boxing-glove;
And a brooklet's voice at vesper
Is not sweeter than his whisper
  When a lady lists his love.

In the dining-room, My Lord,
Standing by the huge side-board,
  Watches with admiring eyes
How the parson brews the toddy,
Saying it is very odd *he*
  Cannot make it in such wise!

Tithe and cummin, anise, mint,
Hath the parson without stint,
  Hath, as well, the people's trust.
Many, in his years spent there,
Hath he christened, and with prayer
  Many given back to dust.

Not a kindlier heart than his
Ever stirred a breast, I wis;
  Never smiled a sweeter face;
And his pure, unselfish nature
Works delight for every creature—
  Beast, and bird, and human race.

Well he knoweth hymn and psalm;
When the Sabbath's holy calm
  Spreads its benison o'er earth,
Well he reads "Good Lord, deliver!"
Well for life's gifts thanks life's Giver,
  Praises God for death and birth.

Many years have passed away
Since, in old colonial day,
  Knelt the people at his word.
In the county of James City—
(On his tombstone: "Christ, have pity!")—
  Sleeps the parson with the Lord.

A. C. Gordon.

Song of the Spring.

De spring-time is on us an' de March wind squallin',
De lorg-rollin' comin' an' de dead tree's fallin';
De lan' is dryin' an' de new groun's callin',
  Callin' mighty strong!

De red-head peckerwood's beatin' an' a-drummin',
De butterflies swarmin' an' de bumble-bee bummin';
De apple-trees buddin' an' de peach-blossoms comin',
  Comin' right erlong!

De breeze keep a-blowin' an' de pine-trees rockin',
De sap-sucker peckin' an' de yaller-hammer knockin';
De bull-frog's jumpin' an' de black-bird's flockin',
  Flockin' up de tree!

Don't you hear de music dat the spring-time bringin'?
De fiel's gittin' green an' de bushes keep a-ringin',
De sparrer-hawk is sailin' an' de morkin'-bird singin',
  Singin' mighty free!

Oh! wake up, wake up, 'arly in de mornin',
De time is a-comin' for to git dat corn in;
Go, hitch dem mules while de daylight dawnin',
  Dawnin' in de sky;

Go, git dem colters when de teams done drinkin',
Start dat plantin' while de jew-draps' blinkin';
An' wuk till de ebenin' sun go to sinkin',
  Sinkin' bimeby!

J. A. Macon.

Love's Inquisition.

"How often have I been in love?"
  What an exhaustive query!
To count the stars that shine above
  Not more my mind would weary.

"You blush for me!"—I see you do:
  Your blushes are becoming!
"You want to hear the whole list through!"
  Well, I'll attempt the summing.

My first love!—Oh, those cunning curls,
  The wind blew all about so!
My rose of roses! Pearl of pearls!—
  I wish you wouldn't pout so!

"I'm not a stoic!"—She is fair:
  Not tall, but very stately;
She's sweet and kind beyond compare:
  She's—Yes, I've seen her lately.

"My second?"—This is like charades.
  Well, she at first was icy,
As I was warm; but like all maids:
  Time made things *versâ-vice*.

"I ought to be ashamed?"—I'm not!
  I didn't start the question!
You asked me to describe the lot!—
  "You're sure 'twas my suggestion!"

Well, I'll—"Go on!"—Of course I will:
  Let's see: The third was impish—
As bright as steel and never still;
  Her hair inclined to crimpish.

She used to dote on me, I know;
  At least, she said so often.
A heart as hard as rock, to dough
  Her sunny smile would soften!

I loved the rustle of her dress!
  I loved the—"Don't be silly!"
All right: I wont! But don't distress
  Yourself, to be so chilly!

"Don't be sarcastic, but proceed
  To number four!"—With pleasure!
She was the sort of girl you read
  About! A perfect treasure!

Her eyes would thrill me through and through:
  And—shade of General Harrison!—
When she first kissed me, honey-dew
  Was acid by comparison!

I loved that girl with all my heart!
  I'll love her to my dying
Day!—"You and I had better part!"
  "You hate me!"—Why, you're crying!

Don't, dear! The list that I repeat
  I only mean in fun, love!
Fair, icy, impish, sunny-sweet,—
  You're all of them in one, love!

You are my first love and my last!
  I never loved another!
Kiss me, and say the storm is past!
  —Confound it! Here's your mother!

J. Cheever Goodwin.

Tableaux.

THE sun of Austerlitz had set
Behind the pantry door;
Napoleon sheathed his gleaming blade
And laid it on the floor;
The Iron Mask took off his wig—
It hurt his ear, he said;
And Queen Elizabeth removed
Three-quarters of her head.

The next thing was Iniquitous,
Which seemed to please them all;
And then we played The Prodigal,
And then tableau'd The Fall;
But Snipes, who took The Serpent's part,
Got hungry probably;
At least he ate The Apple up
And quarreled with The Tree.

A larky spirit was abroad
Which spoiled the serious things,
And led the girls to giggle at
Apollyon's awful wings;
And when the final scene was set
Of Mary Stuart's death,
Poor Mary was in such a gale
She couldn't catch her breath.

A gloomy court, a headsman's block
All hung with weeds of woe,
An Executioner in black,
And tapers burning low;
A weird, funereal, solemn scene,
Impressive, gloomy, dark;
With all the tragic retinue
Just bursting for a lark.

Too bad! but Mary looked so sweet,
And had such pretty hair,
The headsman leaned upon his ax
And kissed her plump and square;
Then Perky Jones, the cowlèd monk,
So grim, and stern, and slow,
Turned somersaults across the block
And spoiled the whole tableau.

Then buzz of talk, and change of seats,
And laughter's merry peal,
Broke up the show, and all the boys
Took partners for a reel.
And we at Jones's Corners think
That trying to be jolly
Is better, thirteen months a year,
Than limp, æsthetic folly.

David L. Proudfit.

Afterglow.

TO ONE abstruse conundrum much serious thought I give—
Why is it that the good men die, and all the bad ones live?
Or why is it we never know our neighbor's rare perfections
Till his last will and testament is read to his connections?

Ah, then the daily papers spread his virtues all abroad:
They say he was "an honest man—the noblest work of God";
How good he was, how wise he was, how honest in his dealing;
What tenderness of heart he had, and what a depth of feeling!

Perhaps the man was one of those—ah, would that they were fewer!—
Who all his life ground hard and close the faces of the poor;
Who drove his debtors to despair by premature foreclosure,
Then paid his pew-rent in advance, with infinite composure.

Perhaps he was the lordly "head" of some unhappy place
Called "home" by use and courtesy, but lacking all its grace,
Who held his children criminals for every trifling error,
Who pinched his household half to death, and kept his wife in terror.

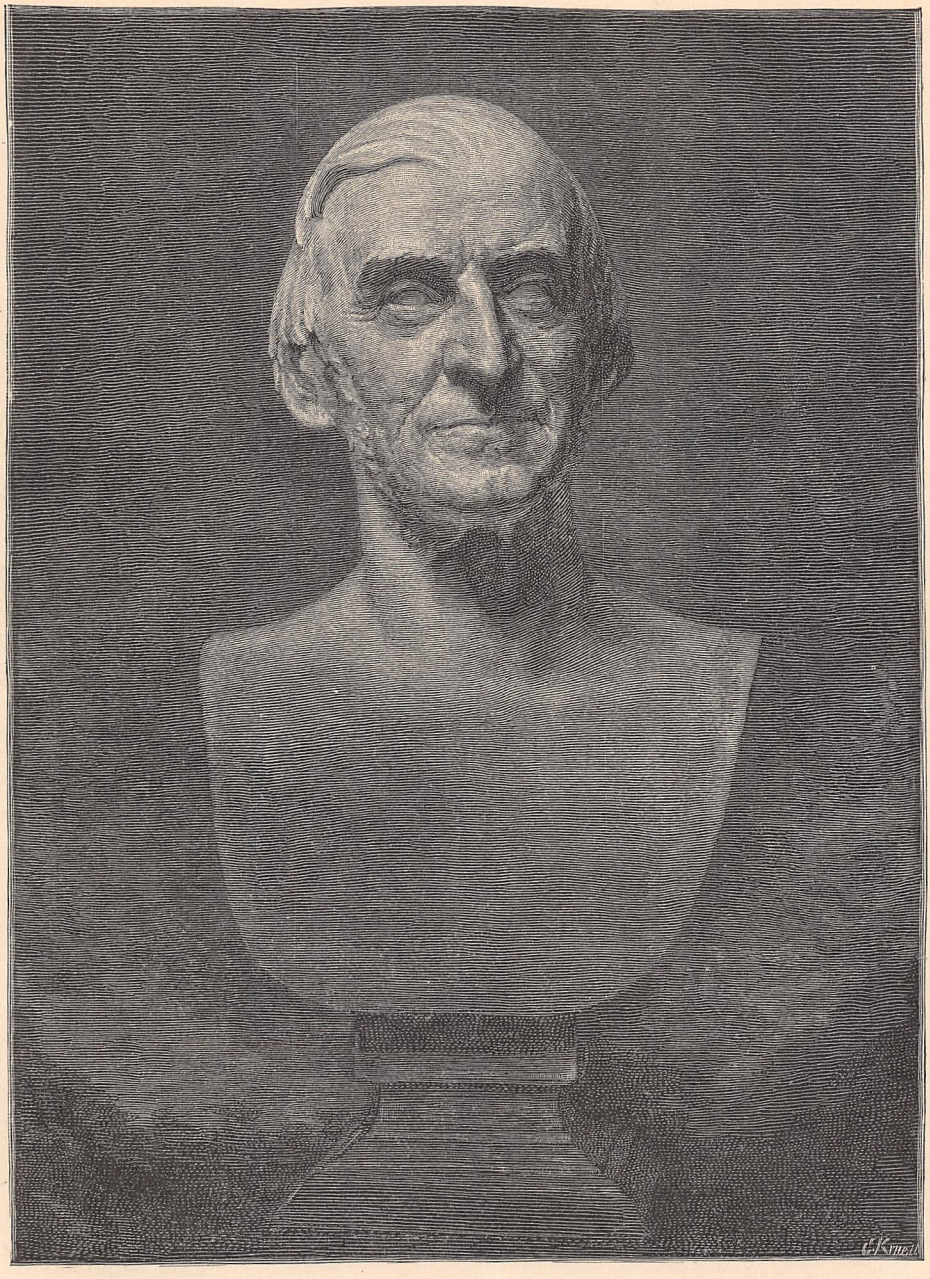
Perhaps he was a lawyer deep, whose quibbling tricks and words
Helped base executors to rob poor widows of their thirds;
Perhaps a thrifty grocer-man, whose wheedling, false palaver
Sold toughest steak for porter-house, and chicory for Java.

Any of these he might have been—the types are nowise rare—
But when he dies, behold, we passed an angel unaware!
Since type and tongue proclaim his worth, what cynic shall dispute them?
"Many there be who meet the gods," we read, "but few salute them!"

Why don't the papers say fine things of men *before* they die,
And indicate these saintly souls ere yet they soar on high?
Then we might recognize them ere grim death and "cold obstruction"
Have made it quite impossible to get an introduction.

Ah, well—perhaps when I at last beneath my burden faint,
I, too, shall win the title of a paragon and saint,
And be, when death's cold breath has blown aside life's dust and soiling,
A grain of that superior salt which keeps the world from spoiling!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.



Ralph Waldo Emerson

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AMONG THE THLINKITS IN ALASKA.

WE set forth in April, 1877, from Portland, Oregon, in the steamer *California*, and steamed northward till we entered the Straits of Fuca. Our purpose was to climb Mount St. Elias, the highest peak in the world above the snow-line, to explore the Mount St. Elias alps, and to acquire information about the unknown districts lying nearest the coast, with a view to future explorations. For less is known to-day of Central Alaska than of Central Africa. From Cape Flattery to Fort Wrangell—nearly a thousand miles—the passage is entirely inland, excepting short runs across the Gulf of Georgia and Queen Charlotte's Sound. The shores are forest-covered mountains, between which the steamer passed as between the lofty banks of a river. One of these channels, Grenville Strait, is forty-five miles long, perfectly straight, and, in some places, only four hundred yards wide. Cliffs and snow-capped mountains wall it in. Avalanches have mowed bare swaths through the fir-trees from the summits to the water's edge, and the mountain lakes, lying a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the spectator, pour their waters in foaming cataracts into the sea. Twelve hundred miles from the Columbia River bar we touched at Fort Wrangell, a filthy little town at the mouth of the Stickeen, where the miners from the gold-diggings up the Stickeen River spend the winter in squalor and drunkenness. A native village lies, between high tide and the forest, to the east of the town, along a sweep of the rocky beach. Behind the huts may be seen the graves of some Shamáns, or "medicine-men." Their functions, however, are more spiritual than medicinal, for these savages attribute death and disease to the workings of evil spirits. It is the part of the Shamán to exorcise the evil spirits or to call up the good. His remedies are almost exclusively incantations and frenzied pantomime, accompanied with the wild hubbub of his rattles and drum. The Shamáns alone have tombs. All the other dead are burned on funeral pyres. At Wrangell we first saw the tall ancestral columns, which are carved from the trunks of huge trees, and sometimes are eighty and one hundred feet high. Their colossal symbolic carvings represent the totemic genealogy of the cabin-dweller before whose door they stand. They serve the double purpose of frightening away evil spirits and satisfying family pride. A few sick or bankrupt miners were hanging about the American town. One ragamuffin, almost picturesque in tatters and dirt, was seated on the shoe-box steps of the "Miners' Palace Home and Restrent," playing an asthmatic accordion to an audience of half-naked Indians, wearing yellow headkerchiefs and cotton drawers.

After a few hours' stay at Wrangell, we sailed for Sitka by the outside passage around Cape Ommaney and Baranoff Island, as the inside passage is much longer.

As we entered the harbor of Sitka from the sea the general appearance of the place was tropical.* The snowy cone of Edgecumbe first appeared, then the sharp peak of Vostovia—a triangular patch of white against the sky. Everywhere below the snow-line the mountains were green with luxuriant growth. The harbor was protected against the sea by a curved line of reefs, on which grew firs and pines and cedars, with bare trunks and tufts of branches, making them look not unlike palms. The warm, moist atmosphere curtained all the middle distance with a film of

* Observations at Sitka during fourteen years give as mean summer temperature, 54.2 Fahr. Mean winter temperature, 31.9; average temperature, 42.80.

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blue, and, in the foreground, a fleet of very graceful canoes, filled with naked or half-naked Indians, completed the illusion. A line of surf seemed to bar every approach to the town, but suddenly a narrow channel opened. The ship swung sharply to the right and glided into a long, narrow harbor. The Indian village is built upon the beach, and at evening it was covered by the shadow of the adjoining forest. The green spire on the belfry of the Greek church reached up above everything except the former Russian governor's "castle," a huge log structure perched upon a pinnacle of rock near the sea. The church on the lower ground was surrounded by the rambling, dilapidated houses and hovels of the Russian inhabitants, who then numbered about four hundred, their neighbors being two hundred mixed whites and about twelve hundred Sitka Indians. Sitka was abandoned as a military station shortly after our arrival, since which time several efforts have been made to induce Congress to organize some sort of government there.

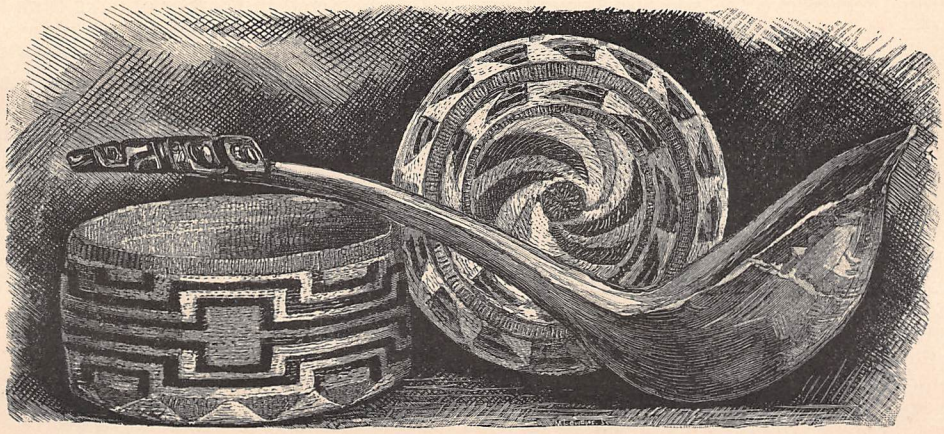
When we landed at Sitka we forced our way through a crowd of Indians, Russians, half-breeds, Jews, and soldiers, to whom this monthly arrival is life itself, and went directly to the trading-store and post-office. Mr. C. H. Taylor, of Chicago, who supported the expedition, had written to engage Phillips's fur-trading schooner to take us to Yakutat, where we were to begin our exploration. This schooner was the only craft available for rough work in the ice-drifts, so it was with much anxiety that we asked:

"Where is your schooner?"

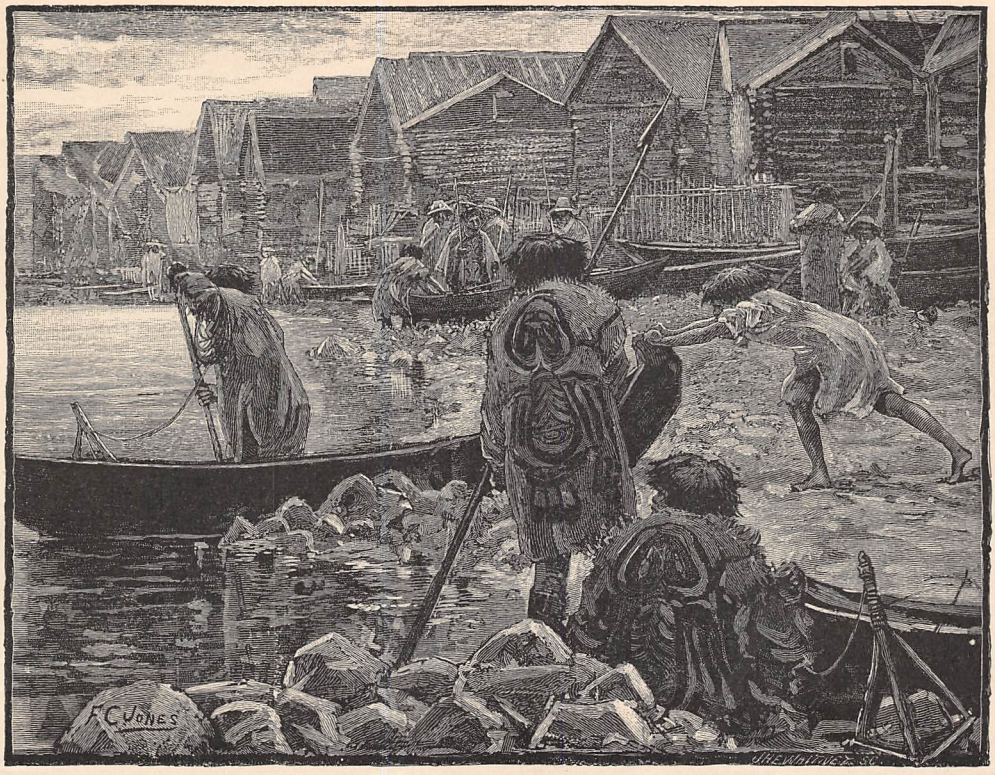
"Gone to Behring's Bay for a load of furs," was the disappointing answer.

After fruitless efforts to obtain something better, we decided to risk ourselves in one of the large Indian canoes. The Alaskans, having a superfluity of time on their hands, devote long periods to the most trifling transactions, and, in important bargains, it takes days, and sometimes weeks, to reach an agreement. We found them grasping, shrewd, and unscrupulous.

It was April 16th when we first asked for a large war canoe, or *yahk* (a word which would seem to be related to the yacht of the Germanic tongue), with crew. We negotiated with several of the chiefs, sub-chiefs, and principal men who owned the canoes and slaves to man them. But after wearing ourselves out chaffering with them, we found we could save time by taking the experienced Phillips's advice to "let'm alone." By and by, these aboriginal land-sharks began to offer terms. The winter and spring drizzle set in, and we joined the group of loungers around the trader's stove. We visited "Sitka Jack," an arrant old scoundrel, but one of the wealthiest men of the Sitka tribe. Of course his house stood among the largest, at the fashionable end of the town. These houses were built of planks, three or four inches thick, each one having been hewed from a log, with an adze formed by lashing a metal blade to the short prong of a forked stick. In constructing the native cabin, the planks are set on edge and so nicely fitted that they need no chinking. The shape of the house is square; a bark roof is laid on, with a central aperture for chimney. The door is a circular opening about two feet in diameter. It is closed with a sheet of bark or a bear-skin or seal-skin. On arriving at Sitka Jack's hut we crawled through the door, and found ourselves in the presence of Jack's wives, children, and slaves, who were lounging on robes and blankets laid on a board flooring which extended along



THLINKIT COVERED BASKET AND SPOON. (CHILKÁHT KWÁHN.)



GOING FISHING.

each side of the room. A dirt floor about seven feet square was left in the center, and on this the fire burned and the pot of halibut boiled merrily. Our arrival was hailed with stolid indifference. The family circle reclined and squatted as usual, and went on with the apparently enjoyable occupation of scooping up handfuls of raw herring-roe, which they munched with great gusto. Sitka Jack was absent on a trading expedition to the Chilkáht kwáhn or tribe. One of his brothers-in-law was chief of this tribe, and being a one-eyed despot of sanguinary principles not only held his tribe under absolute control, but inspired his relatives and connections with wholesome awe. His sister, Mrs. "Sitka Jack," was, therefore, a person of great consequence, and her influence surpassed even the usual wonderful authority of the Alaskan women. Evidently she was the head of the house, and as such she received us haughtily. She weighed at least two hundred pounds. She gave us her terms, pointed coldly at the slaves she would send with us, and told us she was the sister of the terrible Chilkáht chief. As we still hesitated, she threw her weight into the scale, and said she would go with us and protect us. We could not get one of the great canoes holding from sixty to eighty warriors, but finally closed a bargain with Tah-ah-nah-klékh for his canoe, of about four tons burden. He was to act as pilot and steersman. We hired Nah-sach, Klen, and Jack as crew. Jack, our interpreter, was a Sitka Indian who had a smattering of mongrel Russian and English. Myers went with us as prospector and miner.

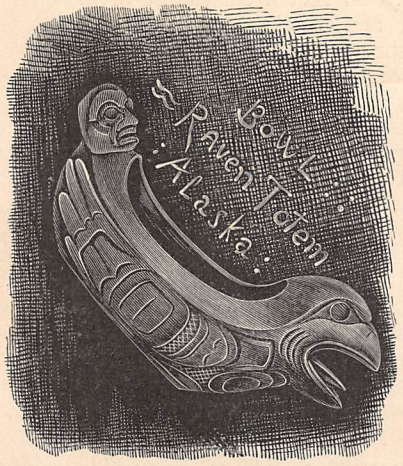
We had accumulated a cargo that looked fully twice the size of the canoe, which, like all of her kind, was as buoyant as a bladder, as graceful as a gull, and very capacious, so that by skillful stowage we loaded in the entire cargo and left room for ourselves; that is, we could swing our paddles, but we could not change our seats. Jack, or Sam as we had newly named him, was fond of "Hoochinoo." This is a native distilled liquor, colorless and vilely odorous. The stills are large tin oil-cans, and the coils are giant kelp. The Sitkans never set forth on an expedition of unusual importance without first getting beastly drunk. Sam had evidently gauged the importance of this expedition as immense. We loaded him in as cargo, and waited for the last man, Myers, who presently appeared, dragging at the end of a rope a half-grown black dog. Myers took his place, his canine friend was put



THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT SITKA.

in the bow, and amid the cheers of idle Sitka we paddled rapidly toward the north. The dog gazed wistfully at the retreating crowd, then suddenly sprang into the water and swam ashore.

For a time we were in mortal terror, lest we should capsize the shell by our awkwardness; an anxiety on our part that was epitomized, at our first landing, in Myers's fervent exclamation:



DOMESTIC BOWL FOR SEAL-OIL. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

"Thank Heaven, I kin shift my foot!"

One drowsy evening we saw the peak of Edgecumbe for the last time. The great truncated cone caught the hues of the sunset, and we could note the gloom gathering deeper and deeper in the hollow of the crater. Our Indians were stolidly smoking the tobacco we had given them, and were resting after the labors of the day with bovine contentment. Tah-ah-nah-klékh related to us the Thlinkit legend of Edgecumbe:

"A long time ago the earth sank beneath the water, and the water rose and covered the highest places so that no man could live. It rained so hard that it was as if the sea fell from the sky. All was black, and it became so dark that no man knew another. Then a few people ran here and there and made a raft of cedar logs, but nothing could stand against the white waves, and the raft was broken in two.

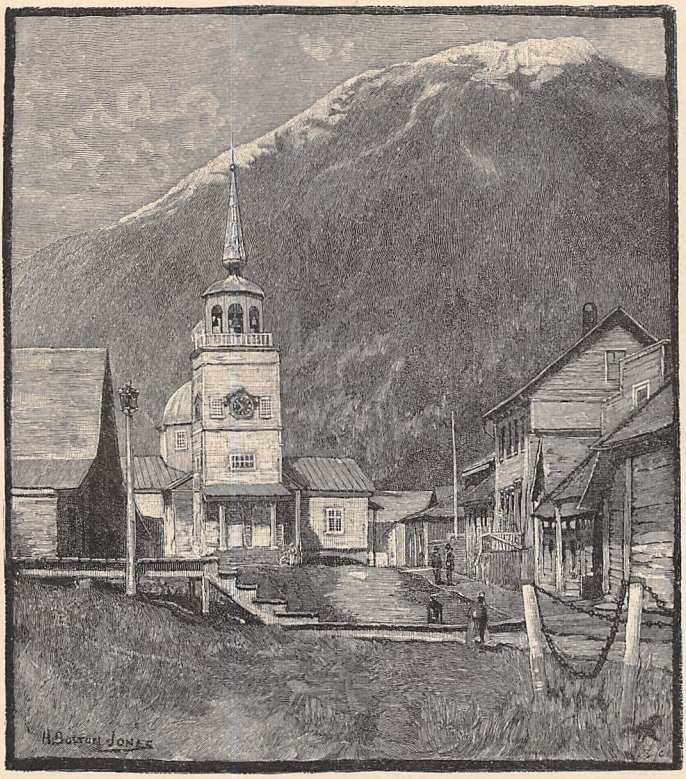
"On one part floated the ancestors of the Thlinkits, on the other the parents of all other nations. The waters tore them apart, and they never saw each other again. Now their children are all different, and do not understand each other. In the black tempest Chethl was torn from his sister Ah-gish-áhn-akhon ['The-woman-who-supports-the-earth']. Chethl [symbolized in the osprey] called aloud to her, 'You will never see me again, but you will hear my voice forever!' Then he became an enormous bird, and flew to south-west till no eye could follow him. Ah-gish-áhn-akhon climbed above the waters and reached the summit of Edgecumbe. The mountain

opened and received her into the bosom of the earth. That hole [the crater] is where she went down. Ever since that time she has held the earth above the water. The earth is shaped like the back of a turtle and rests on a pillar; Ah-gish-áhn-akhon holds the pillar. Evil spirits that wish to destroy mankind seek to overthrow her or drive her away. The terrible battles are long and fierce in the lower darkness. Often the pillar rocks and sways in the struggle, and the earth trembles and seems like to fall, but Ah-gish-áhn-akhon is good and strong, so the earth is safe. Chethl lives in the bird Kunna-káht-eth. His nest is in the top of the mountain, in the hole through which his sister disappeared.

"He carries whales in his claws to this eyrie, and there devours them. He swoops from his hiding-place and rides on the edge of the coming storm. The roaring of the tempest is his voice calling to his sister. He claps his wings in the peals of thunder, and its rumbling is the rustling of his pinions. The lightning is the flashing of his eyes." *

* Bishop Veniaminoff, Wrangell, and Dall have given versions of this legend.

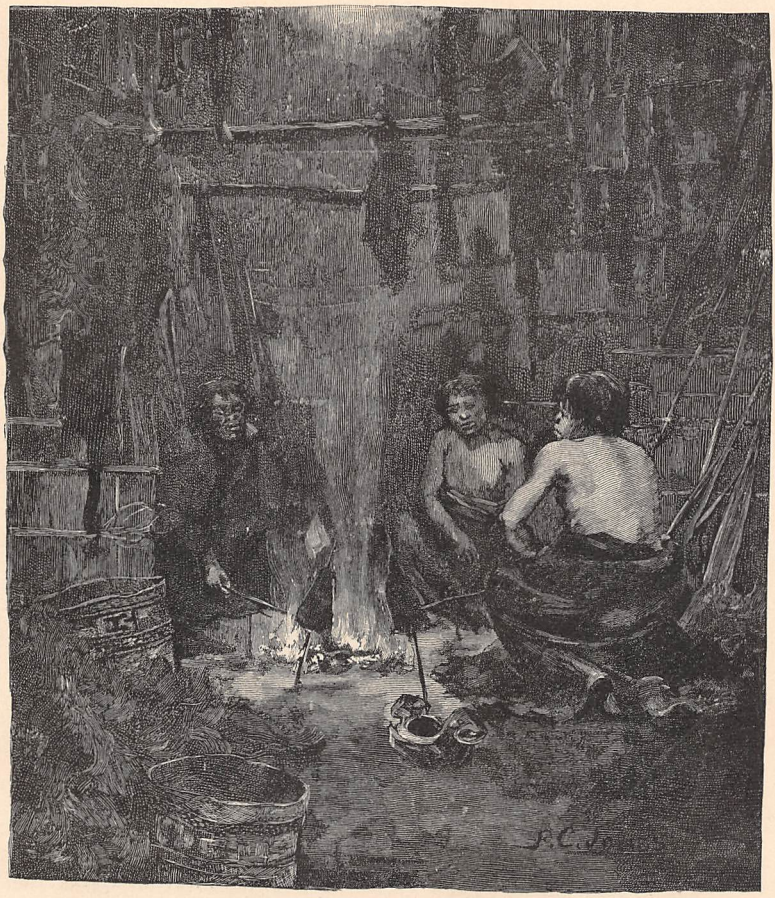
We passed a succession of evergreen islands with steep, rocky shores, and in the distance we could see the jagged alps of the main-land. The trees were principally fir, hemlock, and cedar. The evergreen underbrush was so dense and so matted with ferns and moss as to be almost impenetrable. The accumulation of moss was frequently ten or fifteen feet deep. Peat-bogs and coal-fields were common features of the islands, but the coal was found to be sulphurous and bituminous. Clams were abundant and good. The smallest, when opened, were about the size of an orange. The largest shells were used as soup-plates by the natives. The waters of the archipelago at all seasons are alive with halibut. They are caught with a peculiar hook, fastened to a thick line made of twisted cedar-root fiber. Our bill of fare in Alaska included clams, mussels, herring, herring-roe, codfish, salmon, porpoise, seal, ducks, geese, and halibut—eternally halibut. Venison and wild goat and bear's flesh were to be had only occasionally, and the craving for good warm-blooded meats was incessant with us whites. Another intense craving was for sweets. We devoured our



THE MAIN STREET OF SITKA.

supply of sugar, and when it was exhausted we consumed much seal-oil, and chewed the sweet inner bark of a species of cedar, of which bark the Indians dry great quantities for the winter.

On the 27th we sighted the mouth of the Chilkáht. Professor Davidson of the Coast Survey has been up this river a little beyond the upper village. The two villages are governed by the Chilkáht chief before alluded to as "Sitka Jack's" brother-in-law. He is a despot and mostly captives from the tribes of the interior, or from hostile coast tribes. So little distinction is made between the bond and the free that at first a stranger finds it difficult to detect the slaves. They sit around the fire and eat from the same dish with their owners, who joke with them, and place them on a footing of perfect social equality. But the slaves hew the wood and carry the water and paddle the canoe. They cannot marry without the consent of their master, and they are unpleasantly liable to be offered as sacrifices on their master's grave.



AN ALASKAN INTERIOR.

does not encourage explorations of his river, though recently he has become so envious of the gold mines on the Stickeen, that it is said he will help gold prospectors to ascend his river. This one-eyed chief is very savage and vindictive, but as he holds a monopoly of the fur trade up and down his river he is very wealthy and influential, and can be of great assistance to any expedition.* He owns many slaves,

* A good plan of exploration would be by two parties coöperating: one to go up the Yukon, the other up the Chilkáht, to meet at a depot of supply previously located on the upper Yukon.

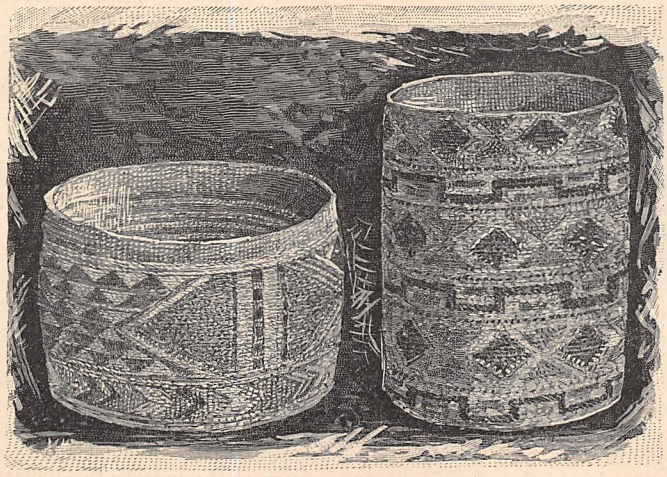
From Chatham Strait we paddled against head winds into Cross Sound. In a sudden turn the whole vast sound opened to us, and the Mount St. Elias alps appeared like a shadowy host of snowy domes and pinnacles. Chief among them were the twin peaks Fairweather and Crillon. About this time we met a canoe-load of Hoonáhs, who had come ninety miles to dig their spring potatoes. On a sunny slope, sheltered by surrounding forests



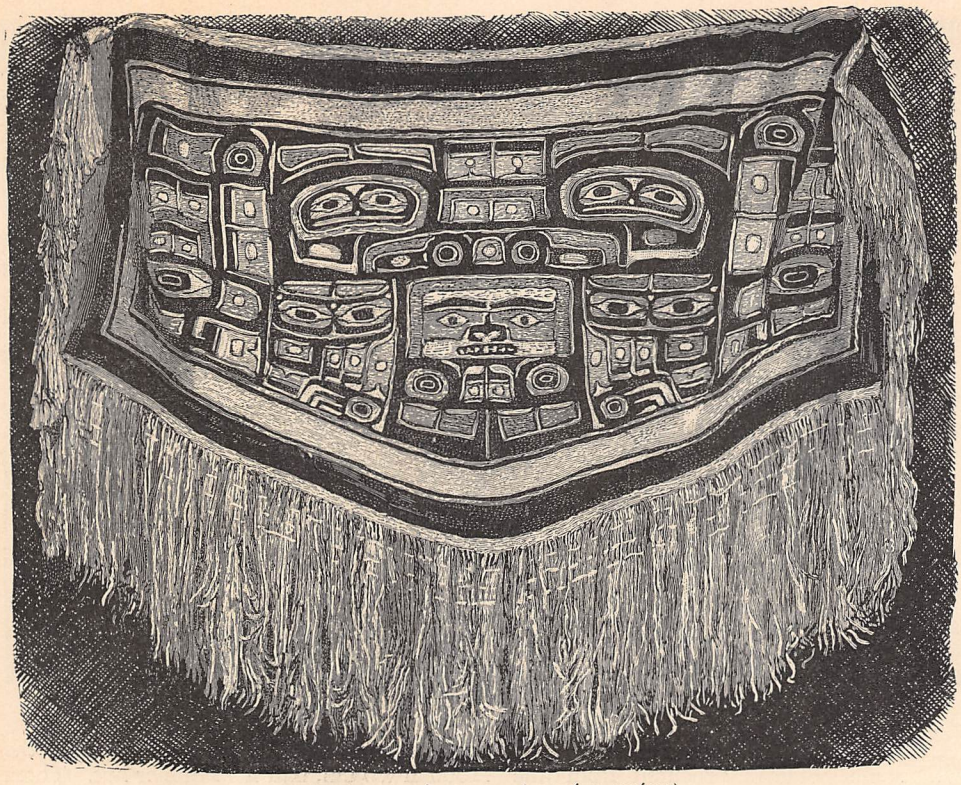
THLINKIT WAR CANOE. (HAIDÁH KWÁHN.)

and sentinel peaks, these people had long ago planted some potatoes procured from the Russians at Sitka, and every year they come to dig last year's crop, and sow the ground for the following spring. The tubers were about the size of large marbles. In the gardens of Sitka are grown excellent potatoes, beets, turnips, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, and such hardy vegetables. The soil is not suitable for cereals, neither is the season long enough.

Near Cape Spencer we camped on a little island, where Tsa-tate, a young man of the Hoonáh kwáhn, had his summer hut. Three families lived here with Tsa-tate; and, though he was much younger than the other men of the family, he was the head of his clan. Tsa-tate's cabin was like all the other wooden huts we had seen. The cross poles and rafters were hung with fish and snow-shoes and nets. The sides were covered with traps, bows, spears, paddles, and skins of bear, sable, and silver-fox. The women sat around the fire, weaving baskets of different shapes and colors



THLINKIT BASKET WORK. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)



THLINKIT CHIEF'S CLOAK. (CHILKÁHT KWÁHN.)

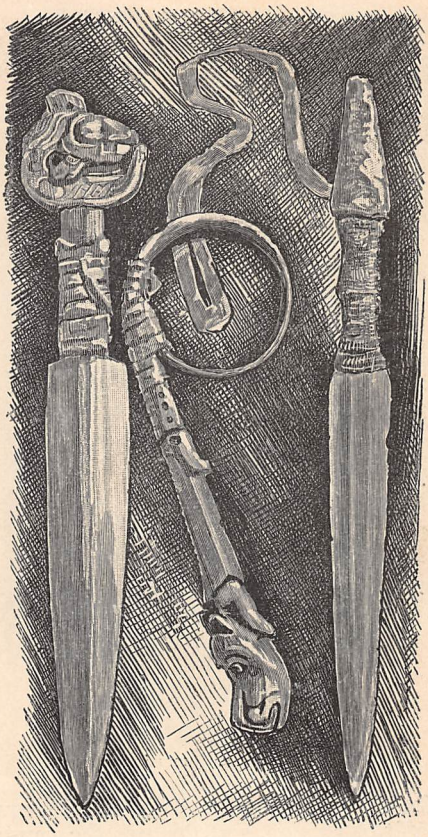
from the fiber of a long, fine root, which they soaked in water and split into threads. One old woman was chewing the seams of a pair



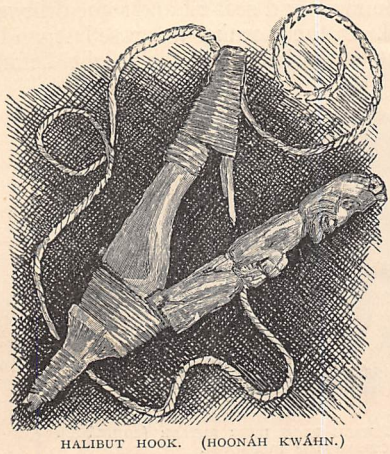
WOMAN'S WOODEN COMB. (CHILKÁHT.)

of seal-skin boots so as to soften them, and another was pounding some tobacco leaves into snuff. A man with a fiery red head was carving a pipe in which to smoke the tobacco we had given him, and a sick baby, tenderly watched by its mother, lay in a corner, with its mouth and nostrils stuffed full of some chewed-up weed. As darkness came on and the halibut fishermen returned from the sea, we all gathered about the central fire in Tsa-tate's hut, and Mrs. Tsa-tate lighted the pitch-wood candles, and with down and resin dressed an ugly gash in the sole of her husband's foot. The children slept or poked the fire with an immunity from scolding that would have cheered the heart of every civilized five-year-old. A young girl sat demurely in a corner. Until they are of marriageable age, and entitled to wear the silver ornament through the lower lip, the maidens are carefully watched by the elder women of the family. An old woman stirred and skimmed the boiling pot of porpoise flesh. Tsa-tate, reclining comfortably on a divan of bear-skins, answered our questions and repeated tribal legends. He pointed to his son, a boy about five years old, who, he said, would be his successor, as head of the clan. It was difficult to ascertain the exact law of succession among the Thlinkits, but the chiefship seems to follow the direct line, though, as in all other savage nations, this is scarcely a rule, for the lineal heir may be set aside in favor of a more acceptable man. In the inheritance of personal property the collateral is preferred

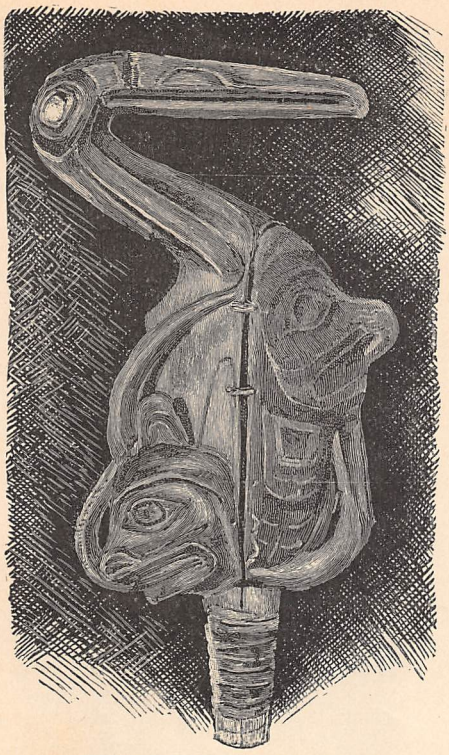
to the lineal relationship. The wives, or more properly the widows, being personal property, pass to the collateral next of kin of their husband's totem, for the marriage of two people of the same totem is considered a kind of incest. The widow, in any event, takes with her such possessions as have always been peculiarly her own. She also takes her own infant children; naturally, then, she would take to her new husband the children's inheritance, which may account for the habit of regarding the male collaterally next of kin as proper heir. If there be no male survivor competent to receive the widow, or if he purchases freedom with goods, she then passes into the open matrimonial market, with her pecuniary attractions. Sometimes the heir rebels and refuses to accept his former sister-in-law, cousin, aunt, or whatever she may be. Then her totemic or family relatives wage war on the insulter and such of his totem as he can rally around him, the object being either to enforce her right or extort a proper recompense. Among the Asónques, further to the north and west, I saw a young fellow of about eighteen years of age who had just fallen heir to his uncle's widow. As I looked upon her mummy-like proportions I thought that here was reasonable cause for war. Sometimes a husband already liberally provided for will come into a misfortune in the shape of one or more widows. The only escape is by purchasing freedom. In fact, there seems to be no hurt to a Thlinkit's honor that money or goods will not heal. The scorning of a widow, the betrayal of a maiden, and murder, all demand blood or pecuniary compensation. If in a feud all negotiations fail, and Kanúkh (symbolized in the wolf), the God of War, be unpropitious, and send private war, then the principal antagonists, with their totemic adherents, don their helmets and coats of paint, and stand facing each other in two lines, each line holding to a rope with the left hand, and wielding heavy knives with the right. They advance, and hack and hew, with more yells than bloodshed, until one side or the other cries the Thlinkit for *peccavi*. In this duel, any warrior violates the code who lets go the rope with the left hand, unless he be wounded, or torn from it; when he has let go, he is then out of the fight and must retire. If the strife be inter-tribal, or public war, the plan of combat is surprise and sudden capture. The villages, from necessity as well as from choice, are placed always at the edge of high tide. The forces of the aggressive tribe embark in a fleet of war canoes, and by a swift and stealthy voyage strike the village from the sea and endeavor to take it by storm. If they are resisted they generally retire at once. The Chilkáht kwáhn came down suddenly upon the main village of the Sitka kwáhn while I was near by, but succeeded in getting possession of only half the houses, so the opposing forces divided the village between them and kept up a lively but rather harmless combat for three days, at the end of which the invaders were bought off with some loads of furs. A member of the



SHAMÁN'S DRUMSTICK AND WAR KNIVES. 1. CHILKÁHT. 2. HOONÁH KWÁHN.



HALIBUT HOOK. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)



SHAMÁN'S RATTLE. (HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

Sitka kwáhn had murdered his Chilkáht squaw in a fit of passion, and this was the cause of the conflict. The goods paid over as recompense went principally to the relatives of the murdered woman. In these tribal conflicts the captured are enslaved, the dead are scalped, and all property taken is held as booty. Hostages and participants in rope duels do not take food from the right hand for several days, because, figuratively (and literally), it is unclean. A head powdered with down is a sign of truce.

We were now within five days' journey of Yakutat, which is near Icy Bay, at which place one of the Mount St. Elias glaciers ends in the sea. Threats and bribes were alike useless. Pay or no pay, our crew would not put to sea. Tah-ah-nah-klékh pointed to the mountain, and said:

"One mountain is as good as another. There is a very big one. Go climb that if you want to."

Thus perished our hope of climbing Mount St. Elias. We turned our course directly to the main-land, about thirty miles away, and landed a little below Cape Spencer. A sea-wind filled the coast-waters with icebergs, and we had great difficulty in picking our way through them. I noticed that, when journeying through the floating ice in good weather, our Indians would carefully avoid striking pieces of ice, lest they should offend the Ice Spirit. But when the Ice Spirit beset us with peril, they did not hesitate to retaliate by banging his subjects. After picking our way through the ice for three days, we came upon a small temporary camp of Hoonáhs, who were seal-hunting. We found little camps of a family or two scattered along both shores. One of the largest glaciers from Fairweather comes into the bay, and thus keeps its waters filled with the largest icebergs, even in the summer season, for which reason the bay is a favorite place for seal-hunting. The seal is the natives' meat, drink (the oil is like melted butter), and clothing. I went seal-hunting to learn the art, which requires care and patience. The hunter, whether on an ice floe or in a canoe, never moves when the seal is aroused. When the animal is asleep, or has dived, the hunter darts forward. The spear has a barbed detachable head, fastened to the shaft by a plaited line made from sinew. The line has attached to it a marking buoy, which is merely an inflated seal's bladder. The young seals are the victims of the Thlinkit boys, who kill them with bow and arrow. These seal-hunters used a little moss and seal-oil and some driftwood for fuel. In the morning we arose late, and found that our friends of the night before had



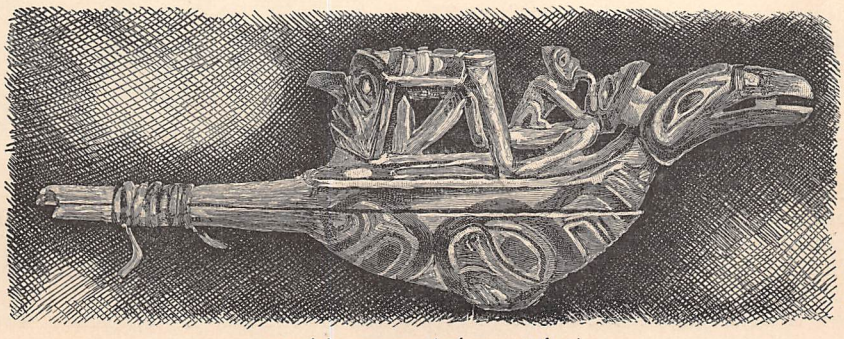
1. BROWN WOOD PIPE-BOWL (HOONÁH). 2. PIPE-BOWL MADE FROM DEER ANTLER (CHILKÁHT). 3. WOOD PIPE-BOWL WITH NATIVE COPPER TOP (ASÓNQUE).

silently stolen away, taking with them much of our firewood.

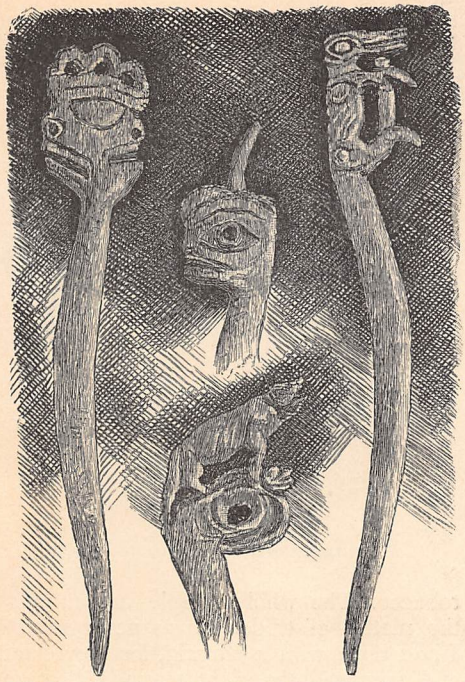
Mr. Taylor decided to return home, and we accompanied him to Sitka. There I reëngaged Sam and Myers, and, obtaining a new crew, returned at once to a bay about twenty miles south-east of Mount Fairweather. My purpose was to explore the bay, cross the coast range, and strike the upper waters of Chilkáht. On the shores of the bay we found hospitality with a band of Hoonáhs. Leaving the crew with our large canoe under the charge of Myers at this place, I took a smaller one and went with Cocheen, the chief of the band, north-westerly up the bay. After about forty miles' travel we came to a small village of Asónques. They received us with great hospitality, and as our canoe had been too small to carry any shelter, the head man gave me a bed in his own cabin. He had a great many wives, who busied themselves making me comfortable. The buckskin reënforcement of my riding trowsers excited childish wonder. I drew pictures of horses and men separate, and then of men mounted on horses. Their astonishment over the wonderful animal was greater than their delight at comprehending the utility of the trowsers. The Alaskan women are childish and pleasant, yet quick-witted and capable of heartless vindictiveness. Their authority in all matters is unquestioned. No bargain is made, no expedition set on foot, without first consulting the women. Their veto is never disregarded. I bought a silver-fox skin from Tsa-tate, but his wife made him return the articles of trade and recover the skin. In the same way I was perpetually being annoyed by having to undo bargains because "his wife said *clekh*," that is, "no." I hired a fellow to take me about thirty miles in his canoe, when my own crew was tired. He agreed. I paid him the tobacco, and we were about to start when his wife came to the beach and stopped him. He quietly unloaded the canoe and handed me back the tobacco. The whole people are curious in the matter of trade. I was never sure that I had done with a bargain, for they claimed and exercised the right to undo a contract at any time, provided they could return the consideration received. This is their code among themselves. For example: I met at the mouth of the Chilkáht a native trader who had been to Fort Simpson, about six hundred miles away, and failing to get as much as he gave in the interior of Alaska for the skins, was now returning to the interior to find the first vender and revoke the whole transaction. Among themselves their currency is a species of wampum, worth about twenty dollars a string, beaver-skins worth about a dollar a skin, and sable or marten worth about two dollars a skin. From the whites they get blankets worth four dollars apiece, and silver dollars; gold they will not touch (except around Sitka and Wrangell), but they accept copper and silver. They are a laughing, good-natured people,



THLINKIT WOMAN. (SITKA KWÁHN.)



SHAMÁN'S RATTLE. (ASÓNQUE KWÁHN.)

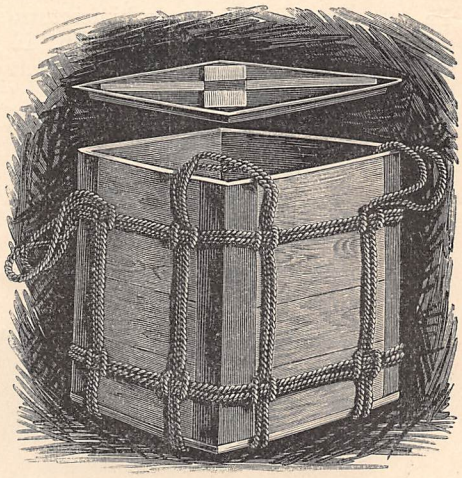


BONE STAKES FOR MARTEN TRAP. (INTERIOR OF ALASKA.)

ordinarily very quiet. Even their large meetings are subdued and orderly. They are undemonstrative. The mothers do not fondle nor play with their children much, but a stranger can win their hearts by kindness to their little ones. They consider corporeal punishment a disgrace, and I did not see a child struck during the time I was among them. A rebuke, a sharp tone, or exclusion from the cabin seemed to be the only punishments. Even the dogs are curiously exempt from punishment and abuse, and a more wolfish, starved, mangy lot of curs it would be hard to find. Good bear-dogs they will not sell at any price. With all their gentleness of voice and manner, and their absolute respect for the rights of the smallest and youngest of the family, their love and affection seemed of the coolest sort. Etiquette required only about forty days of ostensible mourning. The loss of children seemed to cause the greatest grief. They have a curious habit of blacking the face with a mixture of seal-oil and lamp-black, or burnt pitch, but I believe this custom, whatever its origin, is now merely a kind of toilet, to be used according to the whim of the individual.

From this Asónque village I went, with a party of mountain goat-hunters, up into the Mount St. Elias alps back of Mount Fairweather—that is, to the north-east of that mountain. For this trip our party made elaborate preparations. We donned belted shirts made of squirrel skins, fur head-dresses (generally conical), seal-skin bootees fitting very closely, and laced half-way to the knee. We carried spears for alpenstocks, bows and arrows, rawhide ropes, and one or two old Hudson Bay rifles. The climbing was very laborious work. The mountains, where not covered with ice or snow, were either of a crumbling schistose character or ice-worn limestone, and sometimes granite. The sides were terribly rugged; some of the face walls were about eight hundred feet sheer, with a foot slope of shell-rock or *débris* of two hundred or three hundred feet more. Ptarmigan were seen on the lower levels where the ground was bare, but I saw nothing on which they could feed. The goats kept well up toward the summit, amid the snow-fields, and fed on the grass which sprouted along the edges of melting drifts. They were the wariest, keenest animals I ever hunted. The animal is like a large white goat, with long, coarse hair and a heavy coat of silky underfleece. The horns, out of which the natives carve spoons, are short, sharp, and black.

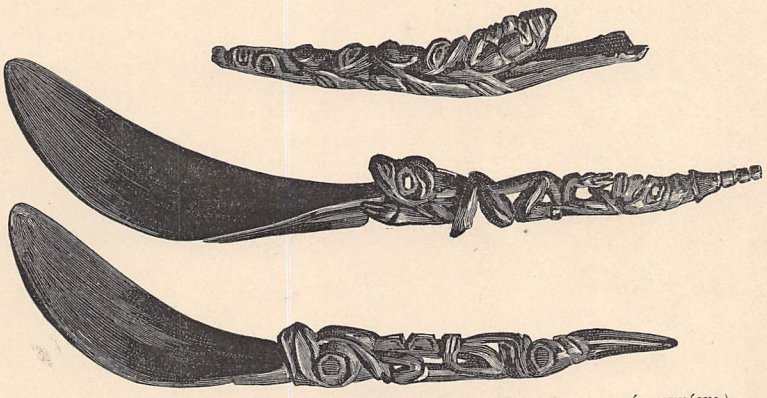
After crossing this coast range the country seemed much the same—rugged, bleak, and impassable. The Indians with me, so far as I could understand them, said it was an exceedingly rough country all the way over, and that the Chilkáht River had its rise among just such alps as those around us, only it was warmer in the Chilkáht mountains, and there was more grass and plenty of wild goats,



THLINKIT TRAVELING CHEST.

sheep, and bears. We found a bear that, so far as I know, is peculiar to this country. It is a beautiful bluish under color, with the tips of the long hairs silvery white. The traders call it "St. Elias's silver bear." The skins are not common.

Being unable to go further overland I returned to the Asónque camp. There we fitted ice-guards to a small canoe, and with ice-hooks pulled our way through, and carried our canoe over the floes and among the icebergs, to the extreme limit of so-called open water in that direction. The ice-guards were merely wooden false sides hung to a false prow. From this point, also, I found the interior impenetrable, and went to a temporary



THLINKIT ANCESTRAL SPOONS. (FROM HORNS OF MOUNTAIN GOAT. HOONÁH KWÁHN.)

camp of seal and goat hunters, who were camped on a ledge of rocks above the crunching and grinding icebergs. The head man of this camp was a young fellow of about thirty, who was both Shamán ("medicine-man") and hereditary chief. He was the most thoughtful and entertaining Thlinkit I had met. He told me that within his own lifetime this place where we now were had been solid ice. He would listen with breathless attention whenever I spoke, and then reply in low, musical intonations, almost like chanting. His narration of the traditions of his people was pathetic in its solemn earnestness. He said:

"You are the only white man that has ever been here, but I have heard of your people. Before I was born—a long time ago—a ship came to the mouth of this bay, and gave the Thlinkits iron to make knives like this one. Before that they had made knives from copper or from stone, like this."

Then he would pause, fix his eyes on me, and hold up the knife. When he saw I had absorbed his words, he would give a graceful wave of the hand and continue:

"Then the Thlinkits had many furs,—foxes, and bear, and sable,—all the people were warm, all were happy, and lived as Yéhl had set them to live [or after Yéhl's example, I don't know which]. There was plenty to eat, and plenty to wear. Now, sometimes we are hungry and wear ragged robes."

Here he paused again, picked up the corner of his squirrel robe and raised it with a sweeping forward gesture, which he maintained till his words had produced their full effect, when the sing-song intonation would begin again.

Coon-nah-nah-thklé, for that was his name, showed me his sorcerer's kit. There was an immense drum of stretched seal-skin or goat-skin, made to accompany him in his incantations, and to terrify the wicked spirits preying upon the life of the sick person. The drum had formerly belonged to a celebrated Shamán, and his spirit was either in the drum itself or had passed into the possessor of the drum, I could not determine which. I found it to be a common belief that anything that had belonged to a dead wizard possessed some inherent virtue. For this reason it was almost impossible to secure Shamán instruments. These Shamáns claim to be able to see the "life" or soul leaving the body or being dragged from it by spirits, and it is their business to seize the soul with the mouth and breathe or force it back into the body. The dress they wear depends upon what malign spirits they determine are at work. I only saw one Shamán exorcising, and I do not believe he would have continued had he known I was observing him. He kneaded, pounded, yelled, chanted, frothed, swayed to and fro, played tunes all up and down the suffering patient, blew in his mouth and nostrils, and literally worried the life out of him. In general practice the Shamán continues this performance till the wretched patient declares he is better or well. If he cures, the Shamán gets large pay. If he kills, he restores the goods he has previously received on account. If any one who is not a regular Shamán does anything for a patient who dies, the self-constituted doctor is held responsible, and must pay forfeit in life or goods. If the patient is obdurate and will not declare



BODY OF CHIEF "SHAKES" LYING IN STATE, PREPARATORY TO CREMATION.

that the spirits have left him, the Shamán makes that statement for him. The hair is generally worn long by the Alaskan women; always short by the men, except the Shamáns, who never cut or comb the hair, nor are the matted locks benefited any by the habit of powdering and greasing for occasions of ceremony. The hair is kept tied up, except when the Shamán is exercising his peculiar functions. Then it is shaken out in long, snaky ropes, which dance over the shoulders. Some take these ropes of hair and stick them all over with flat scales of pitch, increasing thereby the Medusa-like appearance of the head. I made for myself a fair reputation for sorcery while in Coon-nah-nah-thklé's camp by a judicious use of my repeating-rifle and revolver. The chief and I shot at a mark, and I am afraid he was the better shot. He gave me a little amulet (whale totem), which he said would bring me good luck if I would hang it on my rifle. Then he took the weapon and passed his hands over it, and blew on it, which he said would prevent its ever hurting him.

The spirits of the Thlinkit mythology are classified as Ki-yékh, spirits of the air; Tah-ki-yékh, spirits of the earth; Te-ki-yékh, spirits of the water; and Yékh, subordinate or minor spirits. The spirits of those killed in war become Ki-yékh, and the aurora is the flashing of their lights when they are dancing their war dances. Hence, an auroral display is a sign of war. The chief deity of the Thlinkits, the Bramah, the Creator, is Yehl. One would suppose that he would be the deity of the Tinneh, or interior Indians. Yet among the Thlinkits the raven is held peculiarly sacred for his sake, and the early writers (Veniaminoff and Wrangell) declare the raven to be a foul and ill-omened bird among the Tinneh. Yehl is symbolized in the raven for the reason that one of his chief exploits, the bringing of fresh water to the Thlinkits, was done under the guise of a raven. The sum of Thlinkit philosophy is, "Live as Yehl lived." Their great totem is Yehl's totem or the raven totem, the raven being the symbol. Another scarcely inferior totem is the Kanúkh (wolf), the wolf being the symbol. The third (and, so far as I know, the last) totem is Tset'kh (the whale). Who Tset'kh was before he was a whale and what he did I could not learn.

Their totemic system is the most curious one that ever came to my notice. The totemic relationship is stronger than that of blood. The child follows the totem of the mother, and in family quarrels the opponents must array themselves with their totems; hence, half-brothers are often called on to fight each other. I used to be surprised at having my vagabonds tell me perfect strangers were their "brothers" or "sisters," until I found it meant brother or sister

in the totem. The Kanúkh (wolf) totem is the warrior caste. Men of this caste are the soldiers of the whole people, and are led in war only by chiefs of their own caste. Kanúkh is either the older brother of Yehl or an older deity—I don't know which. He is now the god of war and patron saint of the "wolves," but the myths tell of a celebrated encounter between him and Yehl. It is difficult to arrive at the religion of the Thlinkits from the stories of these deities. In my short visit I certainly could not, and Veniaminoff, who lived among them, has left little information on the subject.

A very wise old raven was pointed out to me as the embodied spirit of a defunct Shamán. Suicides are very frequent, because the tired person wishes to enter upon a happier existence; this and the superstition as to the aurora points to a belief in a spirit life. Then again all bodies are cremated (except Shamáns), and whatever may have been the origin of the pyre, the reason given now is that the spirit may not be cold on the journey to the Spirit Land. A Thlinkit, in answer to my questionings, replied:

"Doctors wont burn."

"But why don't you try?" I persisted.

"Because we know they will not burn."

I once saw a body ready for the funeral pyre. It was lying behind the cabin in a crouching attitude, with a native blanket from the wool of mountain goats thrown over it, and its robes and possessions near by. A hole had been cut through the rear wall of the cabin, for if the corpse had been carried through the entrance, it would have left the dread mystery of death upon the threshold, and the living could not enter. The Shamán attends to the burning. One day a little boy of the Sitká Kwáhn was pointed out to me as a Shamán. He wore the unouched long hair. I asked how they knew so soon that he was to be a Shamán.

"Oh," they answered, "he was alive a long time ago as a Shamán." At the proper time, this boy must take his degree in the college of Shamánism by fasting in solitude in the wilderness. No one must approach him, and his food must be the roots of the earth. When he has become sufficiently spiritualized, the Great Shamán will send to him the otter, to impart the secrets of his order. The novice will meet the animal. They will salute three times. He will fall upon the otter and tear out its tongue and take off its skin. Then in a frenzy he will rush back to his tribe and madly bite whatever comes in his way. These bites are often dangerous, but are sought for as wounds of honor. This frenzy fit among the Haidáhs is called becoming "Taamish." If the otter is not forthcoming in due time there are various artifices to compel his presence, such as getting the tooth or finger of a dead Shamán and holding it in the mouth. After the Nawloks, or evil spirits, have thus wrestled with him, the Shamán ever after has his own attendant retinue of Nawloks and Yekhs, or even of higher spirits, whom he summons to his aid. In supernatural matters, therefore, his word is law.

At Coon-nah-nah-thklé's, I found the people using stone-axes, knives, and other implements, some of which I brought away with me. They were made of hypo-chlorite and slate, tempered in oil. The children there were greatly frightened at me, and would not let me approach them. On my return I encountered another Shamán, and purchased from him a finely carved medicine rattle. But a skinny hag snatched it from my hand, just as I had concluded the bargain, and compelled the "Doctor" to return me my tobacco. She said the rattle had been the favorite one of her dead husband, a Shamán, who had left her and his rattles to this nephew, the "Doctor," who certainly did not seem too happy over it. By judicious coaxing and tobacco I succeeded in pacifying her, and renewed my trade with the nephew. The rattle is carved with crane's, owl's, and raven's heads, and has queer long-tongued demons turning back somersaults over it.

From Cocheen's I turned southward and homeward. I had applied for a year's leave with the purpose of exploring the interior of Alaska, and now was anxious to return to Sitka for the reply. In Chatham Strait, near Cross Sound, the old head chief of the Hoonáhs, came and begged me to go to his island to doctor his boy who was very sick. I went but was loath to do any doctoring; for the Thlinkit custom of killing the doctor in case his patient dies, is discouraging to a beginner. The boy was feverish and had a complication of troubles, so I gave him hot-water baths followed with a seidlitz powder. The effervescing of the powder put me at once at the head of the Shamáns. During my stay I built up an extensive practice. I made for the chief some camphorated soap liniment. Eye troubles are common among the Thlinkits, and are due to the glitter of snow and ice and the irritation caused by the smoke in the huts. One feeble old man to whom I had ministered was surely dying, and I was anxious to be off before that event. I visited all my patients preparatory to departing. I gave to some dried onions stewed in sugar, to others cod-liver oil, and diluted alcohol to the feeble old man to keep him up until I could get away. From the father

of the sick boy, then nearly well, I took a fee of some finely carved spoons made from horns of the mountain goat.

At this camp I found traces of a custom which prevails to some extent in Central Africa and is said to obtain throughout the interior of Alaska. When a stranger of rank visits a chief, the latter presents his guest with a wife from among the women of his household. In morals the Alaskans are much inferior to most Indian tribes of the plains. Avarice is their ruling passion. They are the most knavish and cunning of traders. Theft, if successful, brings no disgrace. The detected thief is laughed at and ridiculed. I saw old Cocheen look with fond admiration on Kastase-Kúch, his son, when the latter drew from under his robe some articles he had purloined from the village where we had lodged for the night. Their gratitude seemed small and they have no expression for "I thank you." Flaws in gifts were always carefully examined and critically pointed out to the giver. An Alaskan who shot at some decoy ducks near Sitka, went to the owner of the decoys and demanded the return of his wasted amunition. Two Alaskans were driven to sea in a canoe. A schooner picked them up, but would not or could not take their canoe as it was still blowing a gale. The rescued demanded payment for the lost craft. Another fellow came to the doctor of the post at Sitka and begged for medicine for his brother and then asked the doctor to pay him for carrying it to the brother. I lent Tah-ah-nah-klékh a goat-skin robe of mine and at the end of our voyage asked him to clean it. He did so and demanded full payment. We did not lose much by theft, because our crew knew very well the value would be deducted from their wages. Thlinkit virtues are hospitality, good-nature, peaceableness, filial obedience, and, after their own code, a respect for solemn contracts or engagements. Even when very angry they only sulk. They are demonstrative only in the expression of surprise. My host, the old Hoonáh chief, was disinterested kindness itself. At his bountiful board I had a seat between his youngest and prettiest wives. They prepared seal-flipper for me with a celery-like dressing of some plant. We lived in ease and luxury and a little necessary grease and dirt. When the fire was stirred, and the spears and paddles were put away for the evening, my host smoked his pipe and told tales of the land of the Tinneh, where all the best furs were and where the mountains were bleak and merciless. His youngest son, a sturdy little fellow of five, shared the pipe with his father, and they passed it from one to the other with amusing solemnity. I told of a wonderland where the *yahks* were as large as islands and moved against the wind without the help of hands; of great horned animals giving milk; of other great animals on which men rode; of thousands of great stone-houses; of the vast multitude of white people. The Thlinkits received my stories, as they do every statement, with courteous deference. When I rose to go to my own camp the chief selected the handsomest bear-skin from a pile of them, and bade his youngest wife present it to me. When next he came to my camp I gave him, among other things, a fine woollen blanket. He folded it about him and said he would not use it as a hunting blanket. When he went away he would leave it at home, and when he died it should not go with his other effects to his wives and children, but he would be burned in it and it would go with him to the Unknown. A niece of the Chilkáht chief, one of the comeliest of her race, who had married a hideously ugly, but very rich old Hoonáh, the second man in the village, mended my clothes and my sealskin boots, and sang songs or chants for my entertainment that were quite wonderful, I thought, for their flowing measure and rhythm. This is one which I learned to understand the best, called "The Song of the Salmon Fishing":

Why is the young man sorrowful?
Oh why is the young man sad?
Ah-ka. His maiden has left him.
The long suns have come,
The ice now is melting;
Now comes the salmon
He leaps in the river,
In the moon's gentle twilight
He throws up a bow—
A bow of bright silver.
Lusty and strong he darts through the water,
He sports with his mate;
He springs from the water.
All the dark season
He has lain hidden.
Now he comes rushing,
And ripples the river.
Purple and gold, and red and bright silver
Shine on his sides and flash in his sporting,
How he thrashes the net!
How he wrenches the spear!
But the red of his sides
Is stained with a redder;
The maid of the young man leans o'er the salmon
White laugh her teeth,
Clear rings her laughter;
Which passes canoes all busy and happy,
Which outstrips the noise of the many mixed voices
And pierces the heart of her sorrowful lover.
She has forgot him,
She joys with another.
All for another she chases the salmon,
Ah-ka. Your sweetheart has left you.
So do they jeer him,
Ah-ka—your sweetheart is here at the fishing!
Ah-ka—how like you this gay salmon season?

The crabs I saw at this village were wonderful for their size. Two crabs were brought

to me, the largest of which measured a little more than six feet on a line joining the extremities of its outstretched mandibles. The body was eighteen inches long. When broken in pieces one crab filled a camp kettle, and four men made a hearty meal off it, and it was all very good. The boy archers of the village who brought me the crabs held their bows horizontally, and strained the bow against the front of the thumb and back of the little fingers, the arrow passing between the fore and middle fingers, a mode of archery peculiar to the Alaskans. Many of the men and boys of the village were making boxes and firkins, and shaping bows and paddles. They used dried dog-fish skin for sand-paper.

In this village were many little bee-hive huts, temporarily constructed of mats or bark, which were due to one of the most universal superstitions, and especially cruel, as influencing these people. These huts were the temporary shelter to which women were driven at certain times when they most needed comfort and attention, that is, at the periods of childbirth, etc.

When a maiden reaches a marriageable age her lover demands his bride from her parents, and if they answer favorably he sends the purchase-money or goods, and on the appointed day seats himself outside her hut with his back to the door. If they are willing to accept him he is invited in. The maiden sits modestly in a corner. The relatives form a circle round the fire and sing and dance. The wedding gifts are displayed and critically examined. They are laid upon the floor, and the girl walks over them to her lover. According to the Russian priest, Veniaminoff and Wrangell, the marriage ceremony is not complete until bride and groom have fasted four days, and lived away from each other for a month. They then live together as man and wife. I had no opportunity of confirming the accuracy of these statements.

A man frequently takes the name of his son, but, before doing so, he gives a festival and announces his intention. He does not give up his former name or names, but assumes a new one as the father of his son; or he takes the name of a dead ancestor, but first gives a festival in honor of that departed progenitor. They call such a ceremony "elevating" (or reverencing) the dead. Another festival is of a political character. It is to gain popularity and influence. To this end the ambitious person will save for years till he has an accumulation of this world's goods. Then he makes a feast of unlimited eating and drinking, and all this store of wealth is distributed to the guests present. Festivals also celebrate the arrival of distinguished guests.

In the gray dawn, as we were about to push from shore, the old chief came to us accompanied by two of his wives. My blanket was wrapped round him. He said I had a good heart. I was a young chief now, but some day I would be a great one. Among the Thlinkits, he said, when a friend was leaving on a long journey, they watched him out of sight, for he might never return. I was his friend. I was going away to my own land. He would never see me again. Therefore he had come to watch me out of sight. He then motioned to his elder wife, who handed me a beautiful sable skin, and he continued: "Wherever you go among Thlinkits, show them this and tell them I gave it to you."

The breeze was freshening. I wrapped my capote about me and stepped aboard. We paddled rapidly out to sea, and it was not long before the three figures were lost to view. We were about three hundred and fifty miles from Sitka. In three days we reached Koutzenóo, a large village opposite the entrance to Peril Strait, where most of the native distilled liquor is made. Here we witnessed a drunken revel of indescribable abandon, during which naked and half-naked men and women dragged themselves about the place.

With a comparatively mild climate throughout the Archipelago, with most valuable ship-building timber covering the islands, with a cedar that now sells at one hundred and fifty dollars a thousand feet in Sitka, with splendid harbors, with inexhaustible fisheries, with an abundance of coal, and the probability that veins of copper, lead, silver, and gold await the prospector, with the possibility of raising sufficient garden vegetables, and with wild cranberry swamps on nearly every island; with all these advantages it is surprising that an industrious, amphibious, ship-building, fishing colony from New England, or other States, has not established itself in Alaska. One drawback is that Congress has not yet organized a territorial government, but when this region shall have been opened up to individual enterprise and settlement, it will then be discovered that Alaska is a valuable possession. There is lacking neither the wealth nor the will to contradict this, but to those who are really interested I will say what the opposition does not say:—Go and see! The round trip from New York will cost you about six hundred dollars, which does not include hotel expenses.

C. E. S. Wood.

CHRISTIANA'S WEDDING-DRESS.

Deacon Joel Emmett drove old Suke, his fat and lazy black mare, home from meeting one mild September night, with his mind full of thoughts, perhaps I should say a thought, that had been blindly growing there ever since he had first read in his newspaper about the Michigan fires, but which,—he being a slow man,—had not fairly struggled to the birth until that night when Mr. Owen, the minister, had made an appeal from the pulpit in behalf of the sufferers.

Deacon Joel kept up his thinking and Suke kept up a sort of sham trot, which amounted to little more than a walk, until she had passed the North Road that led around the pond and up by the parsonage; then, suddenly, she stopped. It was a way she had.

"Whoa!" said the Deacon promptly, rousing from his abstraction. When she stopped the Deacon always said, "whoa." They understood each other perfectly, still they always kept up this pleasant little farce between them. When the Deacon said "whoa" he always looked around, partly to see if any one was looking and partly to discover Suke's reasons for stopping, which were, of course, his reasons for stopping her.

He never would allow that Suke balked; he said she always had reasons. He was wont to tell with great zest how once he went into the village and forgot to stop at the store and get some red flannel that "Mis' Eben," his housekeeper, wanted for her winter shirts.

"I hadn't got forty rod by the store," he used to say, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "before Suke stopped, and she wouldn't budge an inch, all I could do, till I remembered Mis' Eben's flannel. The creetur knew if I hadn't ha' found it out till I got home I'd ha' druv way back again before I'd ha' faced Mis' Eben without it!"

Probably no one will appreciate this story as Deacon Joel's townspeople did, for they knew "Mis' Eben," and they knew that nobody in Middleport but Deacon Joel could live in the same house with her.

"The Deacon wont stand Mis' Eben more'n a week," Middleport had said when she went to keep house for him after his widowed sister, who had lived with him since the death of her husband, died and left him alone. But eight years had gone and there she was still.

"Mis' Eben, now," he was wont to say reflectively, "well, now, Mis' Eben a'n't so hard to get along with as some folks seem to think, if you only know how. When she gets a-steppin' purty high all you've got to do is to let her have the house to herself and go it as hard as she's a min' to."

But to return to Suke: as I said before, she trotted by the pond that mild September night and then stopped.

"Whoa!" said the Deacon, and looked around.

"Well, well, Sukey," he said, unable to find her reasons for stopping in any outward circumstances, "have you stopped to wait for me to make up my mind? I dunno as I'd advise you to wait for that," he continued with quaint humor, "for I a'n't very fast about makin' up my mind, and you might get tired."

Suke tossed her obstinate head and stood still, and Deacon Joel fell away into thought again.

"That was a good letter Mr. Owen read from Uncle Siny's granddaughter," he said to himself. "It made you see how things was out there so plain. I've read the papers, but I a'n't half realized how things was before. Jest as purty a letter as I want to hear, that was." Then, rousing himself from his abstraction,—"Come, come, Sukey! will you stay here all night if I don't make up my mind? Well, I guess it's about made up—I think I'll do it. Come, come, Sukey gal, geddup!" and Suke started off.

"Settin' up for me, eh?" said he, when he went into the house, after making Suke comfortable for the night.

Mrs. Eben White, widow, looked up from the book she was reading, "Memoirs of Seven Religious Men Renowned for their Piety," and shut it with a decided movement.

"There was a tramp around yesterday; I wa'n't a-goin' to leave no doors unlocked for tramps," she said, shortly.

Deacon Joel stooped to stroke a Maltese tabby-cat that had come rubbing around his legs as soon as he came in.

"'Pears to me Mr. Owen's a-growin' uncommon lengthy," said Mis' Eben, holding a twisted paper in the blaze of the lamp, "I ought 'o gone to bed an hou ago. I've got to stir around early in the mornin' to get the washin' and ironin' both out the way to-morrow, so 's I can get dinner for the thrashers Tuesday."

"I dunno," said the Deacon, mildly. "Mebbe the service was a leetle bit lengthy. But Suke took her time comin' home; you can't hurry her any, you know."

Mis' Eben gave a grunt as she lit her candle.

"I'd hurry her once if I got behind her with a good apple-tree stick. Spare the gad, an' spoil the nag, *I* say. But, laws! you wouldn't gad her no sooner'n you'd drown a kitten, an' land knows I've had to drown every blessed batch that hussy of a Tab there's brought to town myself, or they wouldn't ha' been drownded!"

"That's true, every word of it, a'n't it, Tab?" said Deacon Joel, when the door was shut behind Mis' Eben.

"She a'n't ever left you the satisfaction of one little kit, has she? Not even one little kit, poor Tab!"

He sat still a few minutes, absently stroking the cat, and then, as if suddenly thinking of something else, he got up, and, lighting a small lamp, took it into an adjoining room, and set it upon a large old-fashioned chest of drawers.

"I b'lieve I'll look at the things right away," he said. "I've got a box out in the shop that 'll just about hold 'em, and I can pack it to-night, and take it out there without Mis' Eben's knowin' anything about it. I can take it down any time I happen to be goin' to the Port."

So saying, he took a key from his vest pocket, unlocked the drawers, and took out their contents with clumsy, but careful hands. They had been untouched since the same hands had placed them there the day after his sister's funeral, eight years ago, despite all Mis' Eben's hints as to "moth" and "airin'."

There were three comfortable dresses, a good supply of neat, whole under-clothing, and warm flannels, and in the top drawer some small garments, yellow with age, and old-fashioned, that had belonged to "Christiany's little girl," who had died before her mother.

"There a'n't so very many of 'em," he said, as he laid them out upon the bed; "she never was no hand to make up a stock o' things, and lay 'em away idle in a bureau drawer. She was allus givin' away things. There's three nice warm dresses that'll mebbe be a god-send to some Michigan woman. This one," he went on slowly, taking up a soft, blue merino, "I'm half a mind to put back in the drawer. No, I wont," he said, more decidedly, "not when I know there's poor creeturs out there with hardly more'n a rag to their backs. She wouldn't want me to—Christiany wouldn't."

He shook out the folds of the blue dress, his gentle heart vibrating to tender memories. It had been "Christiany's" wedding-dress.

"S'pose *she'd* ever come to such need as Uncle Siny's granddaughter spoke of in that letter," he said; "to have to hide away 'cause she hadn't clothes to cover her poor cold body! I s'pose many another Christiany may be sufferin' there."

He stopped and thought a minute, and then he did a thing born of his soft-heartedness, and the memories which the breath and the touch of the clothes had brought to him; he wrote this on a little slip of paper, and put it in the pocket of the dress:

"*If there is any woman named Christiana among the sufferers where this box happens to go, please give this dress to her. The woman who wore it was named Christiana. She is dead. It was her wedding-dress.*"

That week the Middleport committee, at work in an empty room over the village store, were surprised by Deacon Joel Emmett's coming in with a small box all packed and nailed, and asking them to send it with theirs, and to let him know what was the expense of transportation.

The busy fingers of the relief committee at Wecumseh, Michigan, were unpacking a newly arrived lot of boxes. Here and there some of the sufferers who had not entirely succumbed to the shock of their misfortunes, were lending what assistance they could.

"A lot of stout, whole underclothing," said a woman who was bending over a box somewhat smaller than the rest; "some little clothes, dreadfully yellow and old-fashioned, but neat and whole, and three warm dresses."

"Chrissy Bronson!" she called out to a small energetic woman of about thirty-four, whose short black curls hung in diagonal rows across her cheeks, as she bent over her unpacking. "Here's a dress that looks as if it was made for you; it will fit you to a T."

Chrissy Bronson looked up with a quick movement of the head that set all the little curls pendent from a round rubber-comb to dancing.

"Me?" she said with a cheery laugh. "Give it to some one that needs it. I saved a pair of shoes, a flannel petticoat, and a calico dress—I a'n't one of the sufferers!"

The woman, who was forewoman of the committee, shook out the folds of the neat blue merino dress in a business-like way.

"You are going to your folks on Long Island in a day or two, aren't you?" she said; "what are you going to wear?"

"My shoes, my flannel petticoat, and my calico dress," responded Chrissy, promptly.

"If you've got a pair of stockings and some underclothes to spare I'll take 'em, but let her that has two dresses give to her that has nothing but a night-gown, the Bible would read if it was bein' made now and here."

"It'll fit you better than any one else I know of," said the woman, reflectively; "you can take two breadths out of the skirt and make it over beautifully. You won't have to alter the waist one mite. It's a plain, round waist, made before the days of basques; and look at the tiny stitches! The woman that made that dress had never used a sewing machine, I'll warrant." She broke off abruptly. "Here's a note in the pocket," she said, taking it out and reading it.

"Chrissy Bronson!" she ejaculated, after a moment, holding out the note. "Read that! That dress is yours by a special indication of Providence."

Chrissy's energetic face wore a softened look as she read the little slip. She read it twice and handed it back to the woman, who put it absently in the pocket of the dress again. "How kind people have been to us," she said. "The woman who sent that dress loved it for the sake of the one that used to wear it. I wonder where that box came from?"

"This lot's all marked Middleport, L. I.," answered the forewoman. "Why,"—suddenly—"that's the place where your folks live, a'n't it? I never thought of it when I read the name at first."

"Yes," answered Chrissy, musingly. "Christiana! I remember most everybody in Middleport, but I can't seem to think who could ha' sent that dress. But I'll find her out."

Deacon Joel's handwriting was so small and close, that they had taken it for a woman's.

"Well, you see Providence clearly means this dress for you," said the other, refolding and handing it to Chrissy.

"I will take it," said Chrissy quietly, "but if everybody else a'n't as well supplied as I am, I shall give away the one I've got on when I go away."

Chrissy Bronson had laid violent hands on many a dress before to remodel it; she had been feminine Wecumseh's main-stay in matters of dress-making for years. Since her father died her busy fingers had supported her mother, until, one day, the last thing they could do for her was to make her shroud and lay her in it. I say she had laid violent hands on many a dress before, but when she took her scissors to the marvelous stitches in that blue dress, her quick, capable hand hesitated.

"I declare," she said to herself, "it seems almost wicked to cut one of those beautiful little stitches. Chrissy Bronson, I do believe you're a great goose! You can't wear it as it is—you've got to cut into it, and you might as well begin first as last."

But before she began she took the slip of paper from the pocket and read it again; then she put it back. She did not say in so many words that she should leave it there as long as she wore the dress, but there was a tacit understanding to that effect between Chrissy Bronson and herself. She was a woman of quick instincts and clear-sightedness, and that simple-hearted, child-like note had touched her.

"When it's all told 't a'n't all been loss to me, this fire business," she said, going at her snipping in earnest. "I don't know but I was growin' to think folks was mostly a selfish lot, always skimpin' you in the cloth, givin' you sixteen yards where you ought to have twenty, and expectin' you to get flounces, an' pleatin's, an' paniers, and every other earthly thing a woman puts on her back out of it. But I shall always remember now how kind the folks all over the country have been to the folks here in Michigan."

Many times since she had left her dead mother there had the thought of going to Middleport to live arisen in Chrissy's mind; but there had been a little property and the surety of plenty of work in Wecumseh to keep her there. After her little property had been burned to ashes the thought grew to a purpose.

"There was an old man I've heard my mother tell of, down in Middleport, that used to say, 'Blessed be nothin', for you a'n't got no taxes to pay!'" she said, with a laugh, when the first shock of her loss was over. "There a'n't anything to hold me to Wecumseh any longer. Everybody that belongs to me is at Middleport, and I'm goin' there. I a'n't afraid but what I can get a livin' anywhere."

And so it fell that one week from the day she put her scissors for the first time into Deacon Joel's sister's wedding-dress, Deacon Joel himself, down at the depot with old Suke and a load of barreled cauliflower, saw a vision; it was Chrissy Bronson in her blue dress, stepping out upon the platform with her brisk, independent step.

Apparently she was looking for no one to meet her, for she immediately walked down the platform, at the end of which Deacon Joel stood, transferring his cauliflower from the wagon to the freight-house.

The Deacon had recognized both her and her blue dress, for Chrissy's deft fingers had contrived to modernize the dress with little alteration. As she came toward him he let the barrel he was handling fall, and it went

rolling away down the narrow platform, giving Chrissy scarcely room to turn out.

"I beg your pardon," said Deacon Joel, following helplessly after it.

Chrissy laughed brightly.

"That was nothing," she said, holding out her hand. "How do you do, Deacon Emmett? Don't you remember me?"

She herself never forgot any one she ever saw. She knew everybody in Middleport that had been there six years ago.

Deacon Emmett shook hands with her in a dazed sort of way, answering at random a question or two concerning her grandfather, "Uncle Siny," and then she went on, crossing the track and stepping out into the village road.

The Deacon finished unloading his wagon, got in, chirruped to old Suke and drove off. Less than a quarter of a mile down the road he passed Chrissy, walking with a quick, firm step that set the short curls under her walking hat to dancing softly.

When old Suke had trotted a few yards beyond Chrissy she suddenly stopped.

"Whoa!" said the Deacon, and then he looked around. Suke's reason for stopping was easily found this morning; hearing Deacon Emmett say whoa, and seeing him look around toward her, naturally Chrissy looked up inquiringly when she neared him.

"Hadn't you better ride?" suggested he with clumsy grace. "It's a good mile and a half to Uncle Siny's, and I'm goin' right by there."

"I don't mind walkin' one mite," responded she, in a matter-of-fact way, "but if you have plenty of room, and are going right by there, I may as well ride, and thank you."

So saying she handed up the small bundle that was her only baggage, and climbed nimbly to the spring-seat of Deacon Joel's box-wagon.

"Come, Sukey, geddup!" said the Deacon, with a little fear and trembling at his heart lest she should not obey, but, as I live, that animal gave a little contented whisk of her tail and started off as good as a kitten.

"I guess Uncle Siny's folks wa'n't expectin' you to-day," said the Deacon, by way of conversation, after a little, "or he'd be'n down to the train to meet you."

"No; I didn't write what day I'd come," said Chrissy, "for I don't mind walkin', and I didn't want to make 'em any trouble. He's gettin' to be an old man."

"They tell me you've lost all your property out in Wecumseh, and you're goin' to make it your home here in Middleport," said Deacon Joel.

"'T wasn't much to call property," said Chrissy, "only a little house and a little interest in a store there. Yes, I lost it, and there wasn't anything to keep me in Wecumseh any longer. All the folks that belong to me are here in Middleport, and everything I've got in the world is on my back and in this bundle."

"It seems kind o' hard for a woman that's alone in the world to lose everything," said the Deacon, with a sympathetic quaver.

"I don't know," Chrissy replied, with a laugh that had a bit of a tremble in it. "It a'n't so hard for old maids like me as it is for them that's got families to look out for. It would make your heart ache to see some folks that have raked and scraped for years to get a bit of land cleared, and a house made and paid for, lose everything, and have to commence all over again with a lot of half-clad little children around 'em."

The thought of half-clad little children touched a tender spot in Deacon Joel's heart, for the sake of "Christiany's little girl."

"Cluck, cluck! geddup, Sukey!" he said, huskily.

"As for me," said Chrissy, energetically, after a pause, "it's done me good. The letters and things we got from all over the country warmed my heart to folks as it never was warmed before. The boxes you Middleport folks sent came to Wecumseh,"—the Deacon gave a little inward start, not of surprise, but of fear at what she might be going to say,—"and I'm going to tell folks here what was done with their things, and how glad they made some destitute ones. Why," she went on, "the very dress I've got on came from here."

"Geddup, Sukey! geddup!" said Deacon Joel uneasily.

"And I mean to find the dear old lady that sent it before I've been in Middleport many days."

The Deacon breathed freely again, but there was an odd look at the corners of his mouth, that Chrissy noticed, wonderingly.

There was a short pause, then a sudden thought struck her.

"Perhaps you can tell me who she is. Do you know any old lady in Middleport who had a daughter Christiana that died?"

You see Chrissy, in her positive way, had jumped at her conclusions.

"N-no; I don't think I do," said the Deacon, doubtfully.

"She wrote a note," said Chrissy, explaining, "and slipped it into the pocket—it's there now," she added, in a softened parenthesis—"asking to have the dress given to somebody named Christiana, and that's how I got it. There!" she said, breaking off abruptly.

"That's the house! It a'n't changed one mite. Don't get out, I can step down perfectly well. I am very much obliged to you, Deacon Emmett," and with a nod and a smile she scrambled down, and went in at the door where Uncle Siny's folks stood in astonishment, and Suke and Deacon Joel went thoughtfully on and through their own gateway, a short distance beyond.

"She'll find us out," he said to Suke as he took off her blinders. "She's that kind. She'll find out about what she's a min' to. I sh'd feel like a goose if 'twas some folks, but I dunno as I care—for her!" he concluded, ambiguously.

"I'm glad Deacon Emmett happened down at the train to give you a ride up," said John's wife, when the first greetings were over.

"I don't know," laughed Chrissy. "I can't vouch for it, but I do believe I could ha' walked as fast as that animal of his trotted. Why, it give me the fidgets to see her poke along. And all he did was to hitch at the reins and cluck at her. I don't believe he had a whip in the wagon!"

"Whip? Quaddy!" said Uncle Siny, using his pet ejaculation. "I dunno as Suke ever felt the tickle of a whip-lash in her life. Deacon Joel's father was jest so with his animals, but his grandfather now—his grandfather was different. I've hearn my father tell how 't folks from all the country round 'd bring in their colts for old Squire Emmett to break for 'em. Quaddy! I guess there wouldn't nobody want Deacon Joel to break a colt for 'em, if Suke's the best he can do. His father was jest so. Nice men, nice men, both on 'em, but wonderful easy."

"I should think so," said Chrissy. "Deacon Emmett's as gentle-spoken as a baby; but it struck me that he was kind o' queer,"—tapping her forehead significantly and looking inquiringly at John's wife—"why he looked as if he hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when I was tellin' about the fires!"

"Mercy, no!" laughed John's wife. "There a'n't anything like that the matter with Deacon Joel. Why, bless you! he's one of our solid men here—one of the pillars of the church. He 'most always has a laughin' look on his face, and I s'pose he did feel kind o' like cryin' when you told him about things out there; that must ha' been it."

There were long stories for Chrissy to tell to eager listeners that night.

"And your boxes from Middleport came to Wecumseh," she said, as she ended a long recital of the losses and hardships of the sufferers. "This dress was in one of 'em; it was sent by an old lady who wanted it given to somebody named 'Christiana.' She said it was the name of the woman who used to wear it and she was dead. I thought I remembered 'most everybody in Middleport, but I couldn't seem to think who it could be. I s'pose you can tell, though."

Uncle Siny stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Le's see!" he said. "There was Anson Wilbur's wife, she was a Christiany. Her father was old Parson Rackett. He was a master hand at tellin' of a story. Quaddy! he never'd spile a good story 'cause he was in the pulpit; I've hearn him tell some purty tough yarns for a parson right in the pulpit. But she must ha' been dead nigh twenty-five year by this time. There a'n't never been many o' the name o' Christiany here. I allus thought your mother named you for old Miss Christiany Petty. She use to think a sight o' your mother when she was a little gal. I never took Em'ly there in the world but Miss Petty use to fetch out some sweet-flag or some cruller babies or somethin' or other she'd laid by for her. But she went to Boston 'fore your mother was married and I a'n't never hearn what become of her."

"When you get father to goin' on geneologies," laughed John's wife, "he dunno where to stop. I've been a thinkin', and I can't think of any one around here but Deacon Emmett's sister,—her name was Christiany."

"I didn't know Deacon Emmett ever had a sister," said Chrissy, a vague fear growing within her.

"Le' me see, she must ha' been dead when you was here—six years ago?" said John's wife. "Oh, yes; it must be as much as eight year since she died! But it couldn't ha' been her, for her mother's dead, too. You said it was the mother that wrote the note. I can't see who it can be."

But Chrissy saw, although she did not see fit to enlighten John's wife. As rapidly as she had jumped at the wrong conclusion, did she now jump at the right one: and when she got to bed, she lay and laughed, with a mixture of tenderness and humor, at the ridiculousness of the thing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was not long, however, before John's wife, too, saw, for Chrissy suddenly dropped all inquiry about "Christiana," and if anything was said about her dress hastened to change the subject. And by and by the Deacon began to drop in in a neighborly way—bringing a basket of juicy Newtown pippins that he had smuggled up from the cellar when "Mis' Eben's" vigilant eye was turned, or making some awkward excuse at first, but soon dropping all excuses and

coming quite as though it was the natural thing to do. John's wife was a shrewd woman, and she began to put two and two together, and one day the answer to her problem was unexpectedly proved for her. She was in at a neighbor's who had been one of Middleport's relief committee, and they were speaking of the boxes sent from Middleport, when the neighbor casually spoke of the box Deacon Emmett had brought down all packed and nailed.

"I expect they was Christiany's things, likely," said the woman.

And John's wife restrained the exclamation that rose to her lips, and only said quietly:

"I shouldn't wonder at all."

But if John hadn't been in his grave these eight years, he would have been buttonholed that night and have had a secret that was hard to keep poured into his ears.

It seemed quite the natural thing, too, as Uncle Siny's folks didn't hitch up to go down to church twice a day Sunday, and as Chrissy, being active and energetic, did "hitch up 'Zekiel's horses" (as she said with a laugh, pulling on her warm leggins and overshoes) and start off, that Deacon Joel, passing her, alone in his schooner-wagon, should insist upon her riding, and very soon start a little earlier, and call for her of a Sunday evening, quite as a neighborly kindness.

Uncle Siny took all the Deacon's visits to himself, to the inward enjoyment of John's wife, who, being a shrewd woman, as I said before, kept her own counsel.

"Why, Deacon," he said one night, in a burst of neighborliness, "it's real good to have you run in and be neighborly! I use' to say to John's wife, says I, 'we don't have many neighbors, we're so scattered in this part o' the Port, but I wisht what we had 'ud run in and be more sociable,' says I."

"I've allus been a sort o' stay-to-home man," said the Deacon, a little awkwardly, "but, I dunno why, it's seemed kind o' lonesome this fall."

Chrissy bent lower over the stocking she was knitting to send to Michigan, feeling like laughing and crying together at the simple-heartedness of the man.

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Siny, sympathetically. "Quaddy! I sh'd think it would be wus'n lonesome to live with Mis' Eben in the house. "She's a beater for growlin', now, a'nt she? If a woman'll come out with a good rousin' clap o' thunder, and then clear up, I can stan' it, but Mis' Eben, now, she hangs around in the no'th-east, and rumbles away all day. Le' me see! how long is it she's been a-keepin' house for you? Why, it must be goin' on nine years since your sister died."

A sudden thought struck the forgetful and garrulous old soul.

"Why, Deacon," he said, "she was named Christiany, wa'n't she? We've been a-tryin' to think up all the Christianies around here lately. You see, when Chrissy there was out in Michigan ——"

Down went Chrissy's ball of yarn, and down went the deacon after it.

"Father," said John's wife, "don't you think the stove needs rattlin'? That new coal seems to have the most clinker in it I ever saw. Do you like the red-ash coal better than white-ash, Deacon Emmett?"

"I a'n't got a coal-stove in the house. Mis' Eben she likes wood the best, and I've got more swamp wood up at West Farm than I can burn."

"'Ta'n't fit to burn, coal a'n't," growled Uncle Siny, taking up the poker. "Gi' me a well-seasoned hickory log, and I do' want no better fire!"

That night, when Chrissy went upstairs, she laughed to herself in a shy way as she pulled out pins, and unhooked hooks, and unbuttoned buttons; and when she had blown out the light, and lay alone in the dark, she whispered to herself:

"Chrissy Bronson, I do believe you're a goose—a great, soft-hearted goose!"

And so matters progressed until the new year came. Chrissy had found plenty of work in Middleport. People who do their work well seldom have to complain of a lack of work. The Deacon used to think sometimes that she was too smart and capable to take a fancy to so slow, unbusiness-like a man as himself. Still the magnet drew him to Uncle Siny's, and still he took Chrissy down to church of a Sunday evening.

The sky was gray and the air was chilly when the schooner-wagon and old Suke stopped at Uncle Siny's gate, New Year's night.

"You better wrap up warm and take my waterproof. I shouldn't wonder if it snowed when you come home," said John's wife, in a motherly way.

"I hope it will. I like to be out in a snow-storm," said Chrissy, with an exultant little quaver in her voice. "Out in anything with him!" she added, to herself, pulling on her warm mittens and stepping lightly up the horse-block.

That Sunday had been a lovely day to her. It was Communion Sunday at the little church at Middleport. That morning the service had been so sweet and solemn, she had felt it as never before. While Mr. Owen talked in a low voice as he broke the bread, she had felt her eyes growing dimmer and

dimmer in her struggle to keep back the tears; but when Deacon Emmett came down the aisle bearing the bread, a tender tremulousness about his mouth, his whole saintly soul shining through his homely face, she had known that the struggle was over, and that they stood thick and blinding in her eyes. She could not have described to herself the rush of feeling that had come over her, but she had felt that it was sweet and heavenly, and that, if there was aught of earthly love in it, that, too, was but a part of the heavenly.

They did not say much as they drove old Suke down to church that evening. A hush of expectancy seemed to have fallen upon them, like the hush in the air about them as it waited for the snow.

Chrissy had always gone right into Uncle Siny's pew Sunday evenings, and when Deacon Joel had come in, later, from blanketing Suke, he had gone into his own, which was three or four seats back of Uncle Siny's; but to-night, when Chrissy heard his step in the aisle—she did not have to turn to know it—it did not stop at his own pew, but came on to where she was sitting with a beating heart, conscious that she and the Deacon had changed places, and he was the cool, self-possessed one now, while she was trembling in every nerve.

"It's snowin' quite fast," said the Deacon, turning up his overcoat collar as they stood in the church entry after the service. "'Ta'n't deep yet; it's only a step or two to the shed, and if you don't mind comin' out there with me, I can take more time to fix the blankets under shelter than I could out in the snow. But you better step in by the fire again a minute, for I guess I'll bring Mr. Owen's horse around for him. It allus gives him the rheumatics to be out in the snow."

"Just like him! Thinks of everybody!" thought Chrissy, proudly, as she put her toes up on the stove-hearth.

There had been but few people out that evening, and what few wagons had been in the shed were gone when the Deacon and Chrissy went to theirs. He helped her up into the high-seated schooner-wagon, and she sat there, her waterproof drawn close around her, waiting, while he untied Sukey, with a happy little shiver at her heart that grew into a thrill as he got in and tucked the buffalo-robe carefully around her, wrapping her up to the chin.

"I'm 'fraid you'll be cold, ridin' face to the wind," said he.

Cold! Chrissy felt as if she had warmth enough at her heart to keep her warm in an iceberg!

"Now, Sukey gal! Brace up, for you've got to go out in the storm," he said to the mare, taking the reins in his mittened hands, backing her out from under the shed, and starting her out into the falling snow.

For a time they were silent, listening to the soft, even fall of Sukey's hoofs, and the crunching of the wagon-wheels on the snow.

"Did you mind my comin' up and settin' in the seat with you to-night?" the Deacon asked after a while, with a little hesitation.

"No," said Chrissy, with a slight catching of her breath.

"I dunno what made me," he went on, musingly. "I didn't mean to, but before I knew it I was there! I guess 'twas because I allus feel as if I must be where you are."

Perhaps I ought not to write what Chrissy did then, for I know her behavior was highly improper, and I can offer no excuse for it; but at those simple, slow-spoken words all that had been in her heart that day, and all she had seen in his ever since she first came to Middleport, swept over her, making the thrill of happiness within her uncontainable, and she bent her face to Deacon Joel's coat-sleeve and kissed it four times! Then she gave a little gasp.

"I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to do it!" she said, unconsciously using his own words.

It was well for all concerned that old Suke was the steady, self-poised animal she was, for that minute the Deacon forgot all about her. He pulled his mitten off his good right hand, and groping under Chrissy's waterproof for hers took it in a strong clasp in which throbbed all unspeakable things.

"Don't ask my pardon for makin' me so happy!" he said, huskily. "I a'n't got much to offer you—nothin' but the homestead and West Farm and old Suke here"—with a quaint humor—"but I've wanted to offer what there is ever since you came to Middleport."

"You—you've offered me a fortune, Deacon Emmett!" said Chrissy, and then she gave a shy, trembling little laugh and hid her face again in the Deacon's coat-sleeve.

On jogged old Suke as steadily as though she were not driving herself, lazily whisking the snow from her mane and tail once in a while and keeping up her even pace. On she went by the dark little pond that was greedily swallowing the snow-flakes, and up the North Road where Parson Owen had driven a few minutes before. Had the Deacon known what she was about he would have said with a laugh that she had her reasons for choosing the longest way home in the storm. That she had her reasons, and that they were of far more importance than even the Deacon would have supposed, I do not

doubt, for when she got opposite the parsonage she stopped!

"Whoa!" said Deacon Joel promptly, coming out of the buffalo-robe; "I declare if the animal a'n't up on the North Road and opposite the parsonage!"

Marvelous things were happening to Deacon Joel that night, and now another happened,—a sudden thought struck him.

"I declare!" he said slowly, "I never thought of it before, but why shouldn't we go in — and be married now—to-night! I dunno what Mis' Eben *would* say!" he finished, with a happy little chuckle.

"And I never thought of it before," said Chrissy (who had regained her normal self under the genial influences of the hour), with a laugh, "but I declare I don't see anything to hinder! I a'n't got any money to spend on weddin' fixin's, and if I had I'd rather be married in the dress I've got on than any other in the world — it's the one that brought us together. We can stop and tell the folks, and I'll give you the best corn-bread you ever ate for breakfast to-morrow mornin'."

And she did.

"Well, well!" said Uncle Siny, when the thing was made quite clear to his belated comprehension. "Seems to me the Deacon a'n't done much courtin'. There was his father, now, Deacon Elim, he courted his wife nigh onto eight year, and, if folks spoke the truth, like to not got spunk enough to speak out then. She wa'n't a bit like the Deacon; he was soft-spoken, and she was kind o' high strung; it allus beat me to see why she hadn't ha' made him speak up before. She was a Slater — Luke Slater's daughter — 'Doctor Luke' we allus use' to call him, 'cause he was the seventh son. Well, well, I s'pose it's all right, but 'pears to me the Deacon a'n't done much courtin'."

"I've gen'ally noticed that when old bachelors once get started they do things up in a hurry," remarked John's wife, sententiously.

Mrs. Schuyler B. Horton.

A COLORADO CAVERN.

SINCE describing in THE CENTURY* the remarkable series of caverns at Luray, Page County, West Virginia, I have visited some recently discovered caves in Colorado, which bear some resemblance to those at Luray. They are near Manitou, half a dozen miles from Colorado Springs, and penetrate one of the foot-hills of Pike's Peak, being known locally by the name of the central one—the Cave of the Winds—which is an absurd name, and should be changed to something with a meaning before being fixed in the nomenclature of the region.

The manner of the discovery closely recalls the history of Luray. In both cases there was a cavern near by already known, but little valued. In the spring of 1880 the Rev. R. T. Cross, formerly principal of the preparatory department at Oberlin College, Ohio, was pastor of a church at Colorado Springs. To interest the boys of his congregation in recreation of an instructive character, he organized an "Exploring Society" among them. The first expedition was in June, 1880, to a cave in Williams' cañon, just above Manitou, about which little was known. The owner of the land, however, seems to have put so many obstacles in the way of their entering the cave that their leader said: "Very well, boys, we'll go and find a cave of our own!" An hour later the merry young crew had crawled far enough into this new crevice to satisfy themselves that they had distanced the other hole in the ground.

The way to the cave is a pleasant walk up one of the prettiest of the many charming ravines that seam the rugged base of Pike's Peak. The walls of the ravine are limestone rock, stained bright red and Indian yellow, standing lofty, vertical and broken into a multitude of bastions, towers, pinnacles, and sweeping curved façades, whose rugged crests often tower hundreds of feet overhead against the violet sky. These upright walls face each other at their bases so closely that much of the way there is not room between them for one wagon to pass another, and the track lies nearly always in the bed of the shallow, sparkling brook. Half a mile up the cañon a trail climbs, by frequent turnings, up the precipitous sides of the ravine, to where about three hundred feet above the brook the sheer cliff begins. Here a rough stairway, running underneath an archway of native rock, leads to a great chimney, and a niche which serves as ante-room for the cave, which is a labyrinth of narrow passages, occasionally opening out into low-roofed chambers of irregular size, into which protrude ledges and points of rock from the stratified walls, greatly

* For January, 1882.

limiting the space in which it is possible to move about. These passages are often so contracted that you are called upon to stoop in passing through, and if you insist upon going to the end of the route, you must squirm along on all fours for several rods at a time.

The passages and chambers are not upon the same level, but run under and over one another—mainly in three general levels—and show numerous slender fox-holes, which the guide tells you lead to some Stygian retreat you have already visited, or are about to enter. Boston Avenue is one such passage, partly artificial, between Canopy Hall and another large chamber, originally separated at that point by a thin wall of clay. Chicago Avenue is another side-squeezing, but very pretty channel, which forms part of the regular four-hours' walk through the caves; for if one is to "do" the whole of the nearly one hundred chambers already discovered it will take him fully that length of time. Often the end of one of these tortuous underground crevices, or passage-ways, is found in a round sink, like one of the great "pot-holes" sometimes found in a river-bottom, and the like of which I have never seen in any other cave. Many of the protruding ledges, especially in Canopy Hall, are thus perforated, and the guide will tell you that they were ground out by revolving pebbles, but it is easy to show the error of this, and demonstrate that the slow action of water, and the atmospheric agents that have cut the rest of the cavern, are responsible for these "pot-holes" also. Instead of them there will sometimes yawn at your feet, in a way likely to startle you, a squarish chasm, or the path will end in the side of a vertical chimney, seeming endless as you attempt to make your candle-beams penetrate the thick darkness which fills the shaft above and below.

Through several such chimneys, or shafts, you follow your guide in climbing long ladders (ultimately to be replaced by stairways) up to a higher or down to a lower level. Clinging to the spidery supports with only a little halo of light about you, both ends of the ladder or the slender bridge hidden from view, and apparently unsupported, you thrill with a sense of romantic peril, and take extraordinary interest in what the guide is telling of his first explorations of this subterranean maze, when there was no route to be followed, nor even a ladder to assist his getting about. You wonder more and more, not only how such a labyrinth ever was explored, but how its passages can be remembered even with daily practice. I can best picture the tortuous complexity of underground shafts and tunnels, cracks and crannies, by asking you to imagine the atmosphere a solid, and yourself some pigmy following the tangled and criss-crossed interior of the thickly branching twigs of a tree. However, in remote portions of the cave, not yet accessible to the general public, there exist very large rooms. One of these is two hundred and fifty feet long, and of varying width. Another would be large were it not incumbered by fallen masses and by drip-stone pillars, which are vertically ribbed, as though made of boards set on end with rounded edges outward. A third room, the biggest of all, measures four hundred and fifty feet in length, and is wide at each end, but narrows hour-glass fashion in the middle. The ceiling of this chamber is so high that no candle flame or even magnesium light has ever been strong enough to bring it into view, and the echoes are remarkable. In the greater part of the cave, however, one must continually stoop and dodge to avoid contact with the side-walls or the ceiling.

It is to the ornamentation, however, that I wish particularly to call attention. This exactly resembles that at Luray, except that it is upon a very much smaller scale. The largest drip-formed pillars in the Colorado cave are said to be not more than twenty feet in height and few in number, and the great majority of the stalactites and stalagmites I saw were small, and hung in rows from overhanging ledges like the icicles on eaves in winter. There were also few stalagmites, showing that generally the dripping had been sufficiently slow to allow of the evaporation of all the water before it accumulated in too heavy a drop on the tip of the pendant that its burden of lime was building out. This varied greatly, however, in different parts of the cave, and some rooms, for example, those near the entrance, are almost utterly bare, or adorned only with little fungoid tufts of pure clay, which are left after their solid matrix has disappeared. On the other hand, so profuse has been the discharge of water over several ledges, that the native rock is wholly concealed under a great "frozen cascade" of deposited material—alabaster-white, crystalline, sparkling,—which well simulates ice. Elsewhere there is abundant proof that the water dripped rapidly and spattered, producing those curious botryoidal, cauliflower-like masses called "vegetable gardens." This was like Luray, as, also, was the tendency observed everywhere—though rarely well carried out,—toward the curtain or ribbon-like "drapery" form of stalactite, whose gracefully pendant corners make the Virginia cavern-scenery so strangely attractive. There is much less wall-rock and ceiling hidden under

these water-formed accretions here, however, than at Luray, showing, probably, that at no time was there so large an amount of water present in the rocks as found its way through the Virginia catacombs. The relatively smaller size of all the excavations at Manitou would confirm this explanation of a condition which might be expected in this dryer climate and superior altitude.

The floors of many rooms are laid several inches deep with incrustations of limework, which is embroidered with raised ridges of exquisite carving. These cross one another in every direction, making a series of small, shallow compartments, generally half-filled with the finest of clay; and several strata of this thin floor-rock will often be found superimposed upon one another, and, as a whole, easily detachable from the real bed-rock floor.

Again, where water has been caught in depressions, these basins have been lined with a plush of minute lime-crystals—tufts like small cushions of yellow and white moss. Such depressed patches are very abundant. Moreover, the rapid evaporation of such pools in confined spaces has so surcharged the air with carbonated moisture, that particles of lime have been deposited on the walls of the pocket in a thousand dainty and delicate forms of tiny stalactites and bunches of stone twigs, until you can fancy the most airy of coral-work transferred to these recesses. Here, often, the air still seems foggy as your lamp-rays strike it, and the growing filagree work gleams alabaster-white under the spray which is feeding its strange, exquisite growth. In this minute and frost-like ornamentation, to which the most skillful workmanship of the silversmith would bear no comparison, and where the flowers of the hot-house or the brilliantly tentacled dwellers in some sunny tide-cove would find their delicate beauty surpassed, this Colorado cavern can show far more than its larger rival in the Alleghanies.

The most profusely ornamented part of the cave is that included in Music Hall, Alabaster Hall, and Grotto, the Bridal Chamber and the Dining-Room, which is central to the rest. Music Hall, which is a chamber fifty feet long, with a level floor, even sides, and a high-arched ceiling, takes its name from the musical tones produced by gently striking the resonant, vibratory stalactites. In their varying length and thickness one can easily find the octaves and so hammer out a tune, which if it be of no great compass, will contain much melody. Quaint imitative devices occur in the abundant excrescences here,—a prairie dog, the sleeping bird, and a score of others which the guides have learned to point out for our amusement, while one end of the hall is a perfect little jungle of stalactites and stalagmites. Many of the specimens here do not taper, but, having grown from their interiors by the water which trickled through, leaving successive rings at the mouth of the slender pendent tube, are of exactly the same diameter throughout; and, having grown rapidly, have not had time to waste into the clay-stained condition of the older formations, but remain beautifully translucent, as you may see by holding your yellow candle-flame behind them. Alabaster Hall and the Grotto are treasure-nooks lavishly ornamented in every pattern of cave-art.

I have said enough to show, I think, that in the Pike's Peak cave, which seems to belong to the same geological age (the Silurian) as its eastern type, the conditions of excavation were substantially the same as in the Virginian "wonder," and that consequently the same kind of spaces in the limestone rock are found in both, and the same sort of interior decoration; with this important difference, however, that the far greater supply of water in one has carved out vastly greater rooms and furnished the transportation for an immensely greater mass of material into the secondary formations of both pendent and piled up drip-rock.

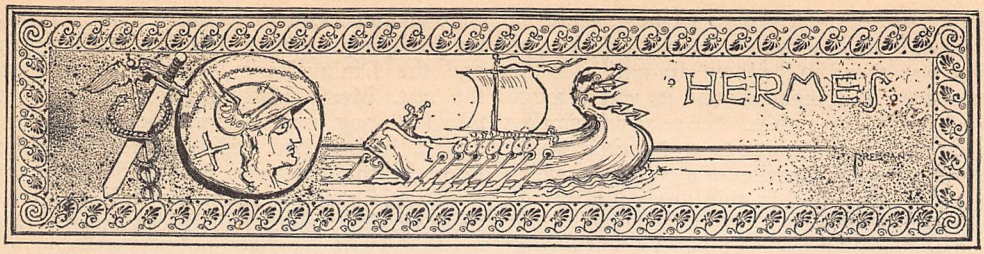
Ernest Ingersoll.

THE PUNISHMENT.

Two haggard shades, in robes of mist,
  For longer years than each could tell,
Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,
  Have roamed the courts of hell.

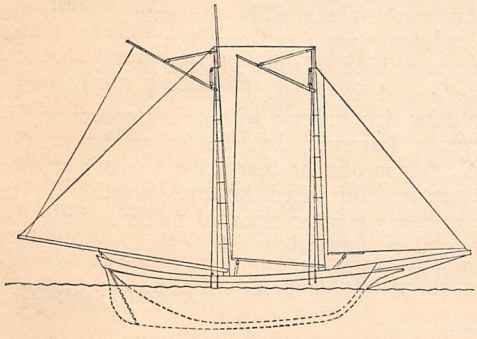
Their blank eyes know each other not;
  Their cold hearts hate this union drear. . . .
Yet one poor ghost was Lancelot
  And one was Guinevere!

Edgar Fawcett.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN YACHT.

It is an interesting circumstance that what was probably the first distinctively American craft may still be seen occasionally. The pink or pinkie was so-called from the Dutch, probably at a remote period, for Spenser uses the term in his "Faerie Queene." The model was perhaps suggested by the quaint hookers of the Scheldt, although it is far more graceful; and it is a noteworthy fact that a very large proportion of the marine terms employed in the English language are from the Dutch. The American pink was invented for the cod-fisheries; it was at first pointed at both ends, and was from five to ten tons burden, and rigged with two fore-and-aft sails. Afterward, the pointed prow was sheered off and a bowsprit and cut-water were added. These pinkies are highly picturesque and seaworthy, but have been gradually superseded by the broad-stern fishing-schooners of Gloucester



A PINK.

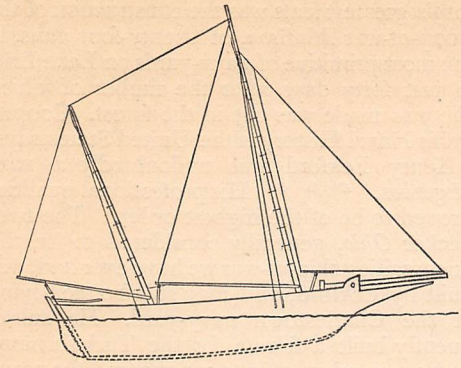
and Essex, Massachusetts. But antique examples of this curious craft are still to be seen creeping in and out about the little sleepy ports downeast or laying their rusty sides on the oozy flats left by the tide. They are most common in the waters about Eastport, especially in the herring fisheries.

The year 1713 was a great era in American naval annals. In that year, Captain Andrew Robinson built the first schooner ever seen. This was at Gloucester. As she glided into the water, a by-stander cried: "Look, how she schoons!" Catching at the word, Captain Robinson replied, "A schooner let her be!" The new rig came at once into wide acceptance. Only eight years later an old chronicler, Dr. Moses Prince, wrote of Captain Robinson: "This gentleman was first contriver of schooners, and built the first of that sort about eight years since; and the use now made of them, being so much known, has convinced the world of their convenience beyond other vessels, and shows how mankind is obliged to this gentleman for this knowledge." This is by no means the only instance of the adoption of American marine inventions by other nations. Captain Howe's patent for double top-sails, for example, is now universally employed in square-rigged vessels. The fore and aft sails of the schooner are really a division of the sails of the sloop; and the sloop-rig, if analyzed to its square root, is evolved from the lateen-sail of the Mediterranean cut into a mainsail and jib. When properly shaped these two sails present one three-cornered sail divided near the middle by the mast, exactly where the yard of a lateen-sail would hang to the traveler on the mast. Subsequent modifications naturally suggested the cutter by dividing the jib in two, and Captain Robinson, as we have seen, divided the mainsail, and added a mast, and the result was a two-masted fore-and-aft schooner. During the last twenty years the schooner's mainsail has in turn been divided, a third mast has been added, and the result has been the three-masted schooner. Each of these modifications has been suggested with the idea of facilitating the handling of the sails, while the principles involved continue the same in each. A fore-and-aft vessel sails several points nearer to the wind than a square-rigged ship, hence a decided advantage in one of the most valuable features of a ship when sails are the motive power. This, of course, is of vital importance in coasters obliged to beat up

narrow estuaries, or in yachts intended for racing.

Exactly when the schooner had square top-sails added to her rig it is difficult to ascertain, but one and two top-sail schooners were at one time much in vogue. The square sails, however, have been discarded in this rig for many years in America, while the top-sail schooner—and a very jaunty rig it is—continues to be a favorite in Europe. The *Wanderer* is the only topsail schooner-yacht now flying the American flag. After the invention of the schooner there seems to have been no essential difference between English and American ships for nearly a century. The *Constitution*, built by Humphreys in 1788, had the falling-in topsides of foreign frigates, great breadth on the load-line, a straight keel, full bow, and sometimes a raking stern-post, which were the characteristics of sea-going vessels at that time. But a new era in the modeling of vessels on this side of the Atlantic began soon after the opening of this century; to this we were indebted very largely for the successes of the war of 1812, and for the great activity of our commercial marine until the breaking out of the late civil war, and for the frequent trophies carried off by our leading yachts. Almost simultaneously, a group of master-builders appeared, whose united talents and efforts brought about this revolution in the principles of ship-construction. We think, however, it is no overstatement to say that to no one are we more indebted for this result than to Henry Eckford, who was born in 1775, the year of the Declaration of Independence. At sixteen, in the ship-yards of his uncle, Mr. John Black, at Quebec, he commenced a study of the pursuit in which he was to gain such distinction. At the early age of twenty-one, Mr. Eckford settled in New York, and by his original and scientific methods at once obtained recognition and abundant employment. His careful system of study is well described by his biographer. "Upon the return of one of his vessels from a voyage, he obtained by a series of questions from her commander an accurate estimate of her properties under all the casualties of navigation. This, connected with her form, enabled him to execute his judgment upon the next vessel to be built. In this way he proceeded, successively improving the shape of each, until those constructed by him, or after his models, firmly established the character of New York built ships over those of any other port in the Union, * * * Fashioned after his models our vessels gradually dispensed with their large and low stern frames, the details of their rigging underwent extensive changes, and in the important particulars of stability, speed, and capacity, they soon far surpassed their rivals." One of Eckford's greatest feats was the construction of the sloop-of-war *Madison*, of twenty-four guns, in the most primitive of navy-yards on Lake Erie, in just forty days after the timber of which she was made was cut in the forest. Cooper, in his Naval History of the United States, says: "Henry Eckford was undoubtedly a man of genius. * * * His professional qualities proved to be of the highest order." The two-decker *Ohio*, generally considered to be the finest sailing ship-of-war we have ever had, was built by Eckford, and may still be seen lying at the Charlestown navy-yard. He subsequently built a frigate for the Turkish navy, and accepted an offer to superintend the navy-yards of that government. But after building one line-of-battle ship at Constantinople he died there suddenly. The influence of his genius was such, however, that all the Turkish men-of-war built for years after that were after his models and rig, presenting, in that respect, a striking contrast to the fleets of other nations, with their full bows and inflected topsides.

Another important feature of this period of American naval construction was the invention and development of the famous Baltimore clipper. Already the maritime enterprise of this noted port had been distinguished by the famous voyages of such armed merchant-ships as the *Leila* and *Argyle* in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The Baltimore clipper appeared by gradual evolution in the early part of this century, and was intended originally as a model for a ship that would be advantageous in eluding the British cruisers in the West Indies, who were in the habit of boarding our vessels, and taking away such of the crew as were English citizens. Another cause for the origin of these clippers was the pirates swarming in those waters, and also, alas, the design of stimulating the importation of African slaves. Their origin seems to have been suggested in part, at least, by Commodore Daniels, who was at one time connected with the navies of the South American States, and made a name as a ship-builder. Caleb Goodwin was also one of the ship-builders who distinguished himself at that time in winning fame for the fast ships of Baltimore. These clippers were doubtless due to a study of Spanish, and especially Genoese models. The Latin races, while inferior to the English as sailors and navigators, have, until this age, shown greater skill in the scientific application of the principles involved in the designing of ships. Suggestions might also have been obtained from the small craft of the Channel and Bermuda Isles. When full fledged the Baltimore clipper was a ship with a low free-



BALTIMORE BUCKEYE.

board, broad of beam before the center, having a flaring bow above, but sharp at the water line, and with a deep draught aft, or what is called a long leg, a slightly raking stern-post, and a clean run. They were rigged as schooners and more rarely as brigs, and were heavily sparred, while the masts raked to such a degree that a line dropped plumb from the main truck would nearly or quite touch the taffrail. These lines gave at once a dry deck, stability, and sail-carrying power. When the War of 1812 broke out, the superior qualities of the Baltimore clipper at once became apparent. The Atlantic was swept by these hardy little cruisers, who contributed more to uphold the honor of the stars and stripes than any other element in the war. This fact was fully appreciated by the enemy. Said Captain Wise, of H. M. frigate *Granicus*, to Captain Coggeshall, one of our successful privateersmen, but at that time a prisoner to the English: "Coggeshall, you Americans are a singular people, as respects seamanship and enterprise. In England we cannot build such vessels as your Baltimore clippers. We have no such models, and even if we had them, they would be of no service to us, for we never could sail them as you do. We have now and then taken some of your schooners with our fast-sailing frigates. They have sometimes caught one of them under their lee in a heavy gale of wind, by out-carrying them. Then, again, we have taken a few with our boats in calm weather. We are afraid of their long masts and heavy spars, and soon cut down and reduce them to our standing. We strengthen them, put up bulkheads, etc., after which they lose their sailing qualities, and are of no further service as cruisers."

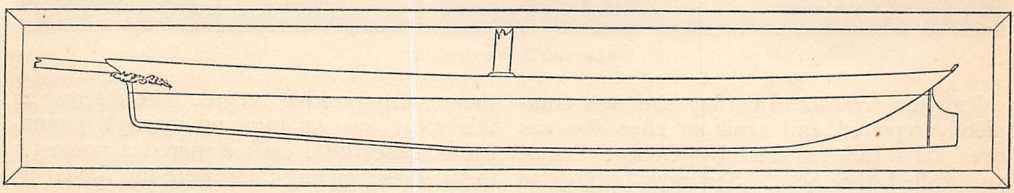
The Baltimore clipper was the parent of several types of vessels. The famous oyster pungies of the Chesapeake are allied to it, but the latest phase of this form is the Baltimore buckeye, of which we give a diagram. It is long and low, and, unlike other vessels now built in America, has a raking stern-post and the greatest beam in the fore-section, while the masts have the rake of the old-time clippers. The sails are triangular in shape. But their most remarkable feature, which seems to suggest the Genoese influences already alluded to, is the long, beak-like cut-water, flanked by broad breast-plates at the knight-heads in the bow, in which the hawse-holes look like eyes. These are, by all odds, the most foreign-looking craft in American waters, and are very good sailers, especially on a wind.

Another modification of the Baltimore clipper was developed in our pilot-boats, which, little by little, assumed the type represented by the *George Steers* and *Mary Taylor*, famous little schooners designed by George Steers in 1845,—a type which continues to be followed, with little variation, in this service even now, after a lapse of forty years. They have a keel sloping up to the fore-foot, deep draft, great dead rise on a vertically sharp floor, and a sheer both at stem and stern which makes them buoyant and dry in a sea-way.

About the year 1844 began the most important era in the history of American shipbuilding. Our Liverpool packets had already demonstrated the capabilities of our builders and mariners. The *Canada*, for example, under the command of Captain Seth G. Macy, made her trips almost with the regularity of a steamer. Fourteen to sixteen days was the average length of her voyages between the two ports. This may have been an extreme case, but the fact remains that these "liners" made a remarkable record. They carried double crews, that being before the great labor-saving invention of double top-sails. The quarter-masters or steerers had their quarters aft, and the reefs in the top-sails were shaken out whenever the wind lulled, and thus the "liner," in a gale, would often walk past ships which could not make sail or take it in fast enough. Those were the days when the Webbs, the Livingstons, the Browns and Bells, the Claghorns, the Eldridges, the Fullers, the Lawrences, and other excellent artisans of New York, Salem, Boston, or Philadelphia, were in their prime. The increasing importance of the East India trade—especially the tea trade—a few years before the general adoption of the propellor in steamships, and the rush to California after its cession to the United States and the discovery of gold, induced the construction of the famous clippers which carried the development of sailing-ships to the highest point of excellence yet reached in the history of naval architecture. Without mooting the question about the respective merits of

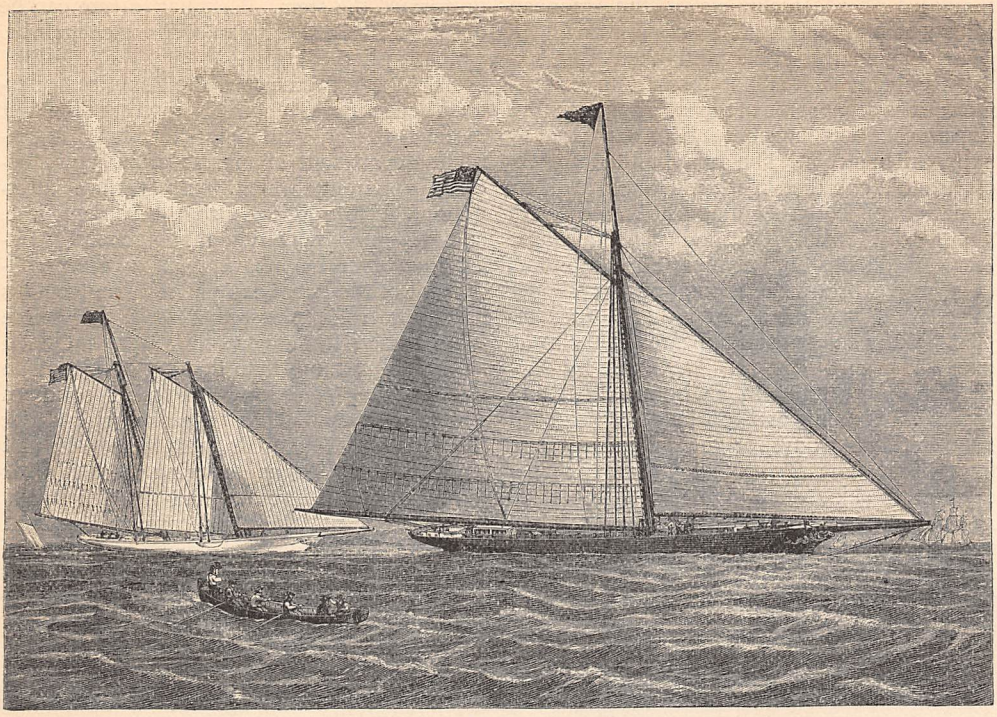
the noted Aberdeen clippers and the American ships which, during a period of perhaps fifteen years, circled the globe with their vast expanse of canvas, it is not too strong a statement to say that some of the runs made by our ships at that time have never been surpassed by either sail or steam. The great builder of packets, Isaac Webb, died in 1843. Donald McKay, a native of Nova Scotia, who removed in youth to Newburyport and made a name there and in Boston, began, at the same time, to win a world-wide reputation for clipper ships of a size and speed hitherto unexampled. Many competitors appeared at the same time. The ship *James Baines*, built by McKay, ran 420 miles in 24 hours. The ship *Red Jacket*, built at Rockland, Maine, ran 2280 miles in 7 days, or 325 miles per diem, for a week. The *Flying Cloud*, McKay's most celebrated ship, once made 374 knots, or 433 miles, in 24 hours and 25 minutes, equal to 17.17 miles an hour. To appreciate these distances, compare them with the greatest distance ever made in 24 hours by a Liverpool steamer, the new and now celebrated *Alaska*, in the fastest westward passage yet accomplished from Liverpool to New York. Her greatest run was 419 miles in twenty-four hours. This proves what all sailors know, but of which few landsmen are aware—that, with a strong and steady favoring wind, it is possible for a sailing-ship to equal the speed of an Atlantic steam-ship. The difficulty lies not in the ability of the ships, but in the fact that the wind is unsteady. These American clippers were a modification of the Baltimore clipper, with less beam, a slightly flaring bow, a long, sharp, hollow entrance, suggesting the wave line, the greatest beam about amidships on the load line, and a rising floor with an easy bilge. Although heavily sparred, their masts were generally proportionately lower than in the ships which they succeeded, and the yards were longer, giving a large but low spread of canvas. This type of ship may be said to have culminated in the *Great Republic*, built by Donald McKay in 1855. She registered 4300 tons, and carried four masts. A peculiarity of this noble ship was her rising keel, which, for a length of sixty feet, sloped up toward the stem. A similar feature can be observed in the sheer plan of the yacht *Maria*, which is printed below.

At the same time that the American merchant clipper was entering upon its brief but glorious career, evidences of activity in another department of marine architecture became apparent, which, with various alternations, have continued to the present time, and are now attracting more general interest than ever before. I refer to the development of the American yacht. The Romans had numerous pleasure vessels, but there is no reason to suppose they were intended for anything more than floating barges. The Greeks, the Venetians, and other southern people also had their pleasure ships, but the Dutch and the English were the first who are recorded as enjoying yachting for the exercise it gives to the manly virtues, making of it at once a vigorous pastime and a school for seamen. A yacht was built in 1604 for Henry, eldest son of James I. Pepys in his Diary has much to say of a Dutch sailing yacht called the *Bezan*, presented by the Dutch to King Charles I. in 1661. He had the instincts of a genuine yachtsman, for he not only enjoyed the excitement of a sail in a stiff breeze, but also the snug comfort of a cozy cabin with attractive companions and books. Further on he says: "A yacht was built to beat the *Bezan* by our virtuosos, with the help of Commissioner Pett," and succeeded in doing so in an exciting race to which Pepys briefly alludes. This is the first match race on record in the annals of yachting.



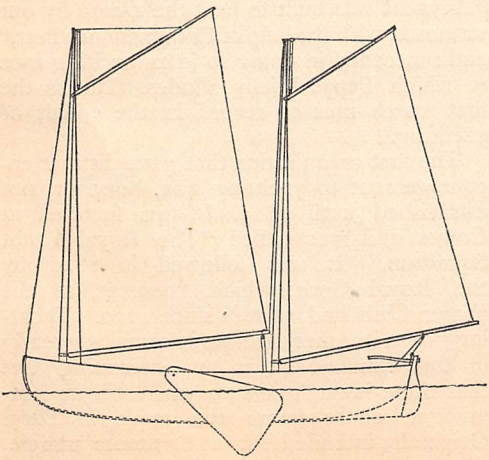
SHEER PLAN OF THE "MARIA."

The first organization that gave distinct encouragement to yachting was, however, not established until 1815. It was founded at Cowes and was called "The Royal Yacht Squadron." It was followed in 1820 by the Royal Cork, which, however, as the Water Club had existed since 1720. Yachting began in America in an informal way early in this century. It is an interesting fact that there is an American yacht still in commission, whose frame was made in 1819. Originally intended for a Baltimore pungie, she was turned into a schooner-yacht and



"AMERICA" AND "MARIA."

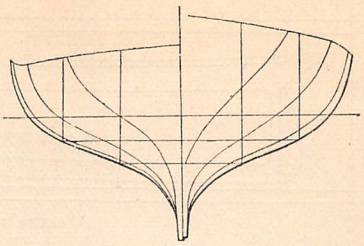
called the *Hornet*. In 1847 she was completely repaired, and again in 1850 she was overhauled and altered by George Steers, and called the *Sport*. She now belongs to the Hull Yacht Club, and possesses some excellent sailing qualities. In 1836, the *Wave* was modeled by Stevens and built by Brown & Bell. The *Sylph* schooner was the crack yacht in Boston in 1835. But she was beaten by the *Wave* in a thrash to windward off Nantucket Shoals. This seems to have been the first race of American yachts of which there is any positive record. The interest in this sport was gaining, and in 1838 a number of saucy little craft acquired a name for themselves; among them were the *Mohamet*, *Dream*, *Raven*, and *Breeze*. The latter was fast, beating to windward, and was originally an oyster-boat. But no regular yachting organization was formed until 1844, when the New York Yacht Club was founded, with a membership of nine members and nine yachts. The first regatta in America was sailed July 17, 1845; the *Cygnet* was the winner. All the yachts of that period had a strong rake to the masts. Their canvas was confined to lower sails, excepting sometimes a small jib-headed main-gaft top-sail in the schooners. The head of these sails had very little slant, being about parallel with the booms.



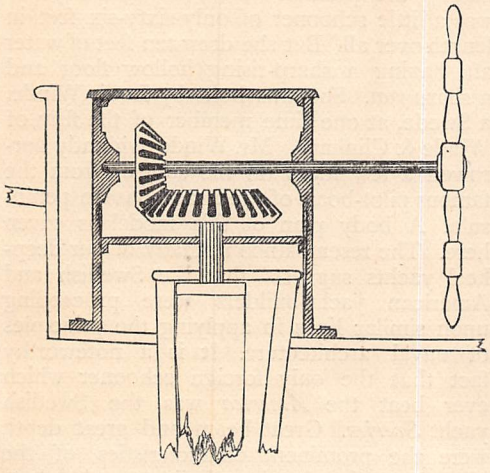
A PIROGUE WITH LEE-BOARD.

Robert Livingston Stevens was the most distinguished of a family of inventors, who are identified with the progress of ship and steam navigation in America. He was possessed of extraordinary mental activity. But for none of his inventions will he be longer remembered than as the designer of the famous sloop-yacht *Maria*, whose exploits mark an era in American ship-building and yachting. She was built at Hoboken in 1844 by Mr. Capes, after Stevens's plans. Her sheer and sail plans are well indicated in the accompanying diagram and drawing. She was one

hundred and ten feet over all, with a beam of twenty-six feet eight inches. Her draft aft was five feet three inches, decreasing forward to a minimum of six inches under the fore-foot. The main-boom was ninety-five feet long and three feet in diameter, and hollow, being constructed of doweled white-pine staves, strengthened by iron hoops and trusses of iron rods. The foot of her mainsail measured ninety-two feet, and of her jib



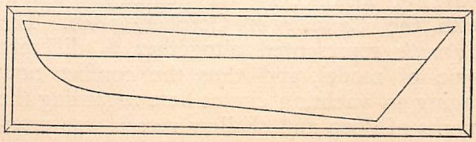
BODY PLAN OF A NORWEGIAN PILOT-BOAT.



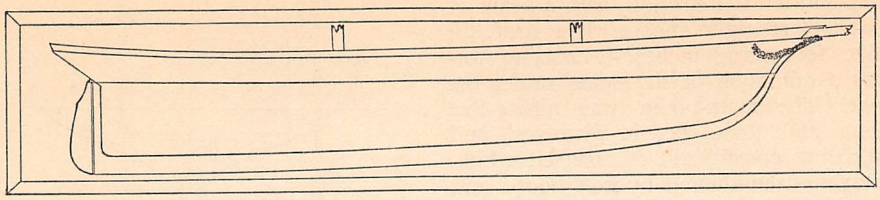
BEVEL-WHEEL FOR SMALL YACHTS. SCALE ¾ OF 1 IN.=1 FT.

seventy feet, the latter being laced to a boom. The model of the *Maria* was suggested by the low, broad, almost flat-bottomed sloops employed to steal over the shallows of the Hudson and the Sound—vessels depending on beam rather than on ballast for stability, and imitated by many of our coasters, which are so stiff that they sometimes run down the coast without either cargo or ballast. Though having a floor with only moderate dead rise, the lines of the *Maria* were much finer; she had a long, hollow bow, and was so sharp that the extreme point of the bow had to be widened where the bowsprit entered the hull. The deck plan was not unlike an elongated flat-iron, as she was very broad aft, tapering off only moderately from the greatest beam to the broad and somewhat heavy stern. The model of the *Maria* has since then been generally followed by small center-board sloops in New York waters and along the Sound, and on the Merrimac, although never to the same extreme degree. Two features gave especial significance to this extraordinary yacht. One of these was her double center-board. The principle of the center-board was not strictly new, Captain Schank of the Royal Navy having used one in Boston when the British fleet was stationed there; but its general adoption in American waters makes it practically a cis-Atlantic invention. It is an evolution from the lee-board, such as the Dutch used two centuries ago on the broad, bluff sloops which floated on the canals of Holland. The lee-board can be seen in the pictures of Vander Velde. After the Dutch settled on Manhattan Island they borrowed the rig of the down-east pinks for the boats which plied in New York Bay, and gave them a lee-board. The name of this peculiarly American craft was taken from the Caribs of the West Indies, brought thence by some hurricane-beaten freebooter, and thus we had the pirogue. It was as a barefoot lad, sailing a pirogue for a ferry-boat between Staten Island and New York, that the late Commodore Vanderbilt began his wonderful career. Pirogues without the lee-board are still used on the Lakes.

Mr. Stevens fitted the *Maria* with two center-boards. The forward one drew twenty feet of water when down, and was weighted with lead. Nicely adjusted springs enabled it to rise easily and rapidly in case it touched the ground. When housed it rose several feet above the deck, and had slots cut to fit the deck beams. The after-board was intended to aid in steering her when running free, as she griped and yawed. She was steered by a long tiller, but since that time the steering-wheel has come into general use in American yachts; even little sloops of not more than twenty-two feet length are now to be seen with a wheel. Several neat inventions are in use for this purpose; a diagram is given here of one of them, called the bevel-wheel. Another peculiarity of the *Maria* was the massive India-rubber compressor on the traveler, to break the strain of the main-boom on the sheet in jibing. This is probably the first time rubber was ever employed for this



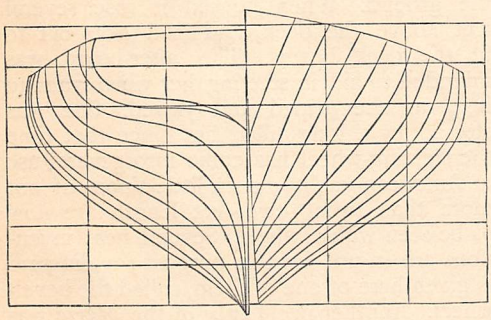
THE "SHARK."



SHEER PLAN OF THE "AMERICA."

purpose. Since then it has been used to ease the bitter end of a fishing-schooner's cable when riding in a gale, at the head of fore-topmast stays, and even for the lanyards of wire shrouds. Another feature of the *Maria* which was not sufficiently considered at the time, but is deserving of emphatic attention now in view of recent developments in English yacht construction, was the outside lead ballast she carried. Iron ballast on the keel has been not uncommon in the smaller New England yachts, but the use of outside lead ballast by the *Maria* over thirty years ago, even if differently placed than in English cutters, is a remarkable fact. Molds five inches deep were fixed outside on her bottom, carefully shaped to the lines of the floor, for a distance of twenty feet on each side of the keel. Holes were then bored through the skin, and several tons of hot lead were poured into the molds.

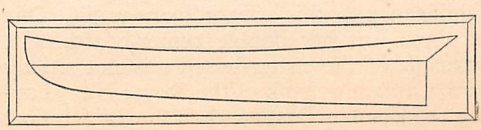
Great inventive ability had contributed to the building of the *Maria*, and her performances justified the expectations of her builder. She was known to log seventeen knots, or over twenty miles, an hour in smooth water. But that was essentially



BODY PLAN OF THE "AMERICA."

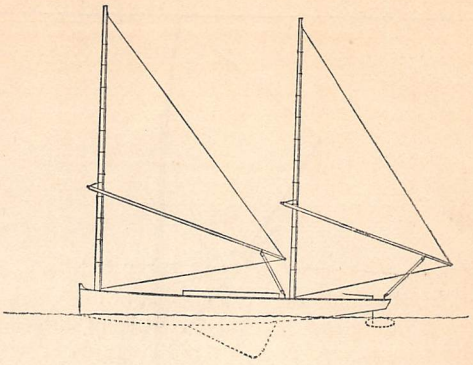
her element. Her extreme shallowness, notwithstanding the fineness of her lines, did not give her sufficient momentum in a seaway, and for once she was beaten in a match with the *Coquette* in October, 1846. The *Coquette* represented altogether a different type of model, and thus the conflict now raging in yachting circles here regarding the merits of deep and shallow vessels was practically settled before many of those now discussing the question were born. The *Coquette* was a little schooner of only sixty-six feet in length over all. But she drew ten feet of water aft, having a sharp-rising hollow floor and a sharp run. She was built by Louis Winde, a Swede, at one time member of the firm of Winde & Clinkard. Mr. Winde evidently borrowed a few ideas on the subject from the famous pilot-boats of the Scandinavian peninsula. A body plan of this model is given here. The resemblance to many of our deep-keel yachts suggests that the Swedish and American yacht-builders were proceeding upon similar lines in applying the principles of naval architecture. It is a noteworthy fact that the only foreign schooner which ever beat the *America* was the Swedish yacht *Sverige*. Great beam and great depth were the prominent characteristics of the *Coquette*, aided by iron ballast carried low. Each yacht in her own domain had outsailed everything, and it was therefore as champions hitherto without a rival that the two yachts were matched against each other for a purse of one thousand dollars. Owing to her larger dimensions, aside from her great powers, it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the *Maria* would carry off the prize. But the wind was blowing fresh from north-east, obliging the taking in of a reef or two. The boats started from a buoy in Gedney's Channel. On the outward run, going free, the *Maria* walked away from her rival; but when they came up on the wind, with a heavy chop running, the *Coquette* not only made up the distance lost, but won by four minutes and forty seconds without time allowance. The *Maria* was afterward rigged into a schooner, and foundered in the Gulf Stream, being altogether unfitted for cruising in blue water.

While these events were firing the enthusiasm of all true sailors, another great ship-builder was aiding to give prominence to American seamanship, to stimulate inter-

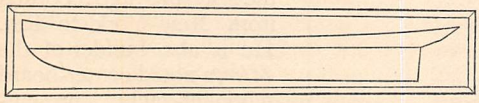


THE PILOT-BOAT "GEORGE STEERS."

est in the noble sport of yachting, and to immortalize the American yacht. This was George Steers—a name identified on both continents with the highest achievements of ship-building. He was the son of David Steers, a native of the Isle of Jersey, and, at one time, captain in the British service, and also a designer of ship-models. After he came to the United States he found employment in our navy, and was the first who had charge of the Navy Yard at Washington. We give a drawing of one of Captain Steers's vessels, the cutter *Shark*. It will be seen that she combines qualities developed in the Baltimore clippers, the early English,



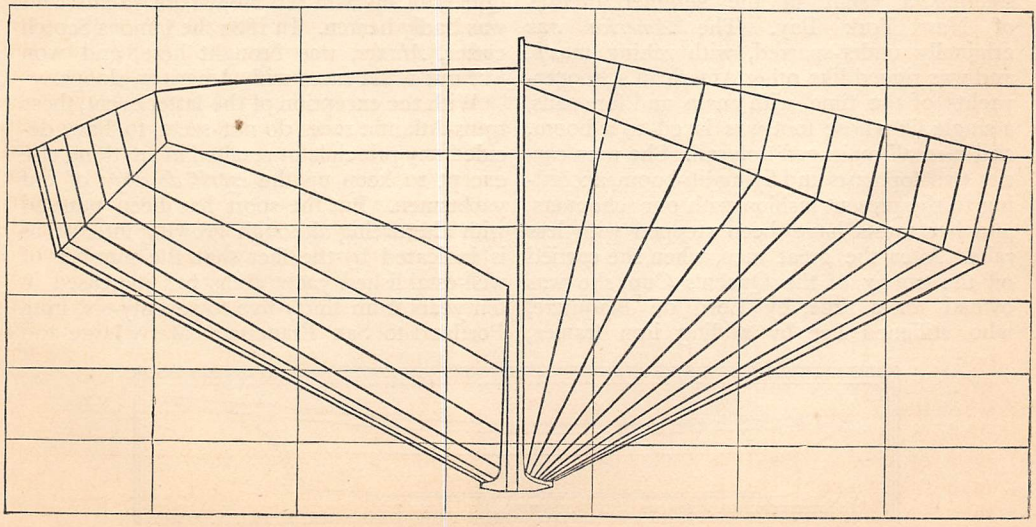
A SHARPIE.



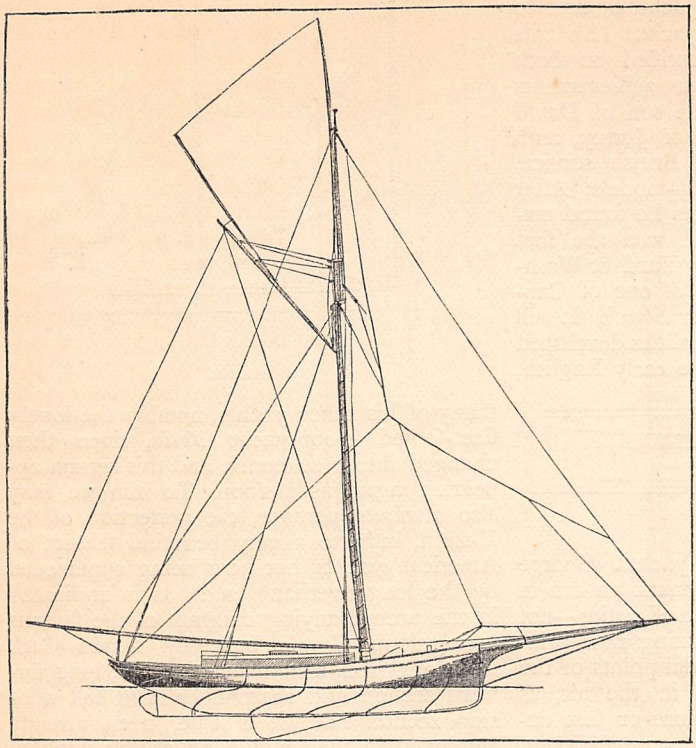
THE "IDLER."

and the present Bermuda yachts. George Steers, whose achievements mark an era in American yachting, was a man of genius—not so much, perhaps, in originating new principles, as in seizing the essential points of the various ideas then floating in the air, as it were, and suggested, in more or less degree, in the models of contemporary builders. He harmonized them in a definite and nearly perfect type, which has been followed, with slight modifications or idiosyncrasies, in most American yachts since 1852. George Steers was not so much an inventor as an organizer of principles of naval construction. The famous *America* exhibited about every principle followed by the American ship-builder, except the center-board, and that he employed in many of his other yachts, notably the lovely fleet-footed sloop-yacht *Julia*, since then changed into a schooner, and this season appearing again as a sloop. To him we may also attribute, perhaps, the perfection of the V-stern, hitherto a very beautiful feature of American yachts, but now being superseded by the long overhang, such as is indicated in the accompanying diagram of the famous racing-sloop *Gracie*, built by David Carl. The long heel, keel rising forward, long forward section and sharp floor, and full midship section had, it is true, been already employed in the prahus and other vessels of the East Indies, but this did not detract from the merit due the American builders, as they made a new and, doubtless with them original, application of these principles.

George Steers made his first hit with the cat-boat *Manhattan*. He then produced a number of very able pilot-boats, such as the *Mary Taylor* and *George Steers*. The latter was lost on the Jersey shore in a gale of



BODY PLAN OF A SKIP-JACK.



THE "REGINA," SHOWING A CENTER-BOARD CABIN SLOOP WITH DOUBLE HEAD-SAIL.

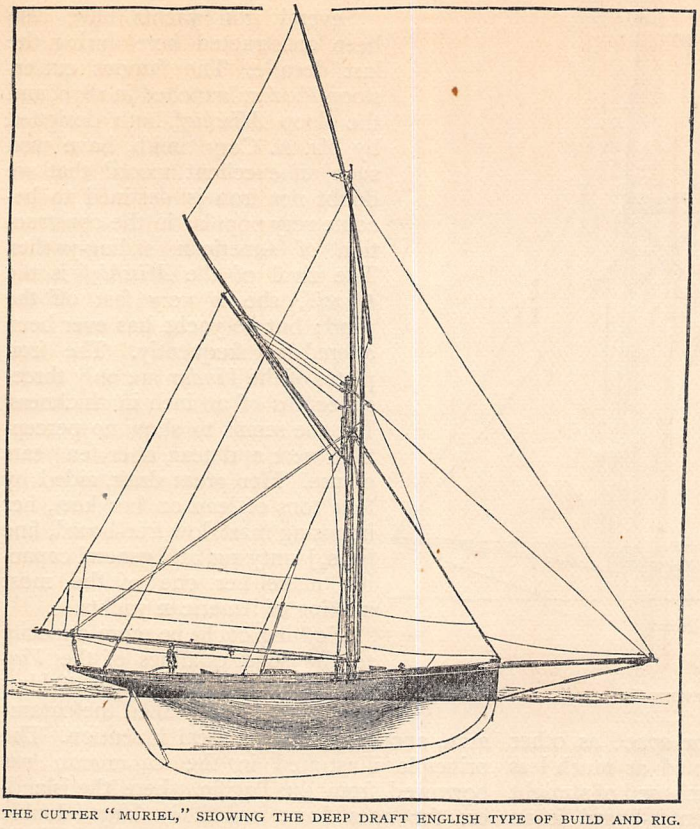
wind, with all on board. The famous *America* was built for Commodore John C. Stevens, one of the founders of the New York Yacht Club, who was always identified with the encouragement of yachting in America, and to whom it owes more than to almost any other of our yacht-sailors. Wearing a huge broad-brimmed hat, he might often be seen steering a yacht in the summer breezes of New York Bay. The *America* was originally under-sparred, with raking masts, and was rigged like other American schooner-yachts of the time, with main and fore sails, a single jib whose foot was laced to a boom, and a small main-gaff top-sail. She now carries two topmasts and flying jib-boom, according to the present fashion with our schooners, and her masts have been stepped with less rake. After the great race, when she carried off the trophy of the Queen's Cup, she was owned, for a time, by Lord de Blaquiere, who stiffened her by adding iron frames, which impaired her sailing qualities. Recently an overhanging stern has also been added. George Steers also built the steamer *Adriatic* and the screw frigate *Niagara*. It may be added here that the family ability for naval construction has been further illustrated by Henry Steers, his nephew, who designed the *Idaho*, at first a steamer, and afterward a sailing-ship. Under canvas she made the fastest voyage recorded from New York to Rio. He is also builder of the *Idler*, a noted center-board schooner-yacht presenting the rare combination of equal ability on a wind and running free, and able both in rough and smooth water, being what is called an "all-around" boat.

Since the historic race of the *America* at Cowes, occurred the ocean race of the *Fleetwing*, *Vesta*, and *Henrietta*, in 1866, for a sweepstakes of $65,000, which was won by the latter, owned by James Gordon Bennett. In 1870 the *Fleetwing*, purchased by Mr. Bennett, and altered and rechristened the *Dauntless*, was beaten by the English schooner *Cambria*, owned by Mr. Ashbury, in a race to New York. In 1871, the same gentleman brought over the *Livonia* schooner to race for the Queen's Cup with the New York yachts, and was badly beaten. In 1881 the famous Scotch cutter, *Madge*, was brought here, and won five out of six races with American sloops.

With the exception of the latter event, these trans-Atlantic races do not seem to have decided any principle or resulted in anything else except to keep up the *esprit de corps* of our yachtsmen. But the sport has been pursued with alternating although growing interest, as is indicated by the fact that the number of well-established yacht clubs has increased in ten years from thirty-five to seventy-six, from Portland to San Francisco. Many large and



MODEL OF THE CENTER-BOARD SLOOP "GRACIE."



THE CUTTER "MURIEL," SHOWING THE DEEP DRAFT ENGLISH TYPE OF BUILD AND RIG.

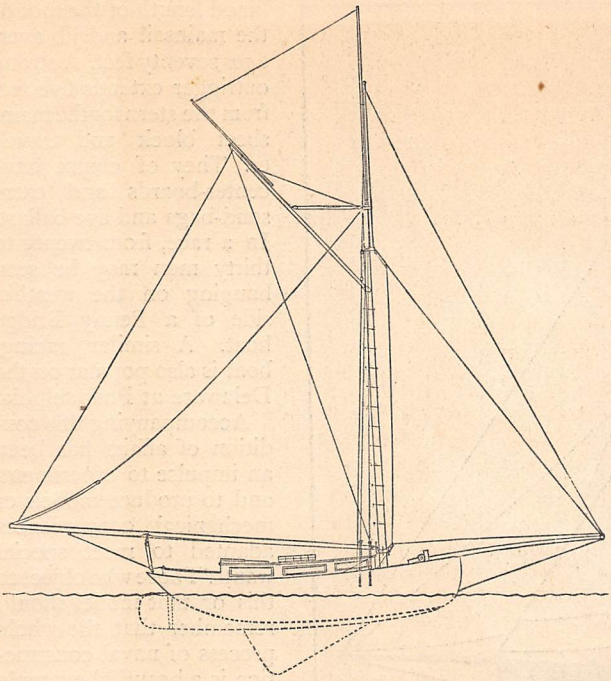
expensive yachts have also been constructed during this period, although the tendency has been rather toward the production of small and inexpensive yachts, to be sailed by amateurs or Corinthian sailors, thus placing an otherwise costly sport within reach of many who have aquatic tastes—a result which cannot be too highly commended, as it tends to incline our young men to cultivate their health and develop their energies. This may also be called emphatically the age of the cat-boat, a rig peculiarly American, and requiring for its fullest action a broad and rather full model. The cat-boats have also become very popular in England, where they are called una boats, after the famous *Una*, built by Robert Fish, of Brooklyn, and taken to England in 1852.

The Penny Bridge boat, like the cat-boat, is also a peculiarly American craft, and was at one time entirely local. Originally built at Penny Bridge, Brooklyn, by Lenox, Mumm, and other well-known builders, they are literally the flattest sailing-boats afloat. The genuine Penny Bridger is twenty-eight feet long, and about twelve feet beam and thirty inches deep. They have hardly any bilge, rising with scarcely a bend to the rail. The mast is about forty-one feet long, and the combined length of the foot of the mainsail and jib averages seventy feet. A strong outrigger extends five feet from the stern for the main-sheet block and traveler. They of course have center-boards and carry sand-bags and live ballast. In a race, from twenty to thirty men may be seen hanging on the weather side of a Penny Bridge boat. A similar racing-boat is also popular on the Delaware at Philadelphia.

Accompanying this condition of affairs has been an impulse to experiment, and to produce models or mechanical conveniences adapted to meet special wants. Those who object to this or that model should remember that the whole process of naval construction is a beautiful example of adaptation of means to ends. As in the truest architecture, or in the human form itself, so every line, whether of hull or sails, in a ship, however pleasing and harmonious to the eye, was first employed with a distinct purpose of utility.

One of the features of this period in the history of American yachting has been the invention of the sharpie. Originally intended to float among the oyster-beds in the shallows of Long Island Sound, a disposition has been shown to bring it into favor for yachting. It is really the old-fashioned punt greatly enlarged, with finer ends, fitted with center-board and cabin, an overhanging stern and a rudder attached to a spindle. The original sharpie carries one or two three-cornered sprit-sails. But they have also been rigged as sloops, schooners, and yawls. They are very fast and stiff, and are excellently adapted to the purpose for which they were designed. I have seen a schooner-rigged cabin sharpie some fifty feet in length, and drawing only one foot aft and three inches forward, which has been to the West Indies.

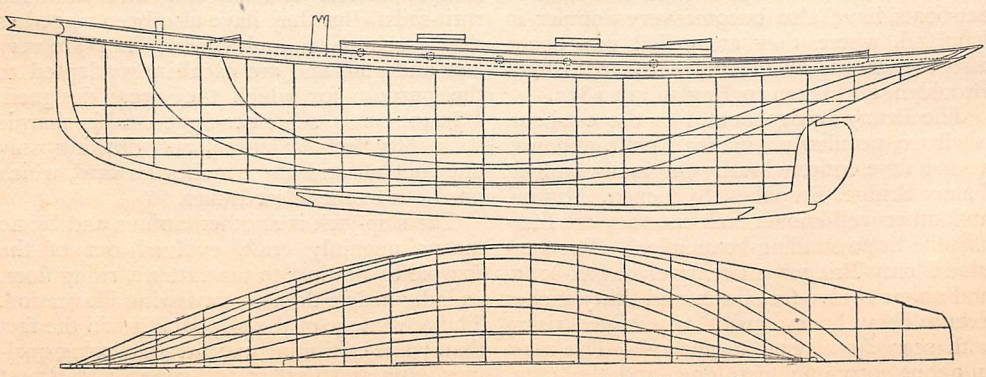
The skip-jack is another curious and by no means ungainly craft, evolved out of the sharpie by adding to the latter a rising floor, as indicated in the accompanying illustration. The advantage of the skip-jack lies in the fact that, while exhibiting excellent sea-going qualities, both as to safety and speed, and almost



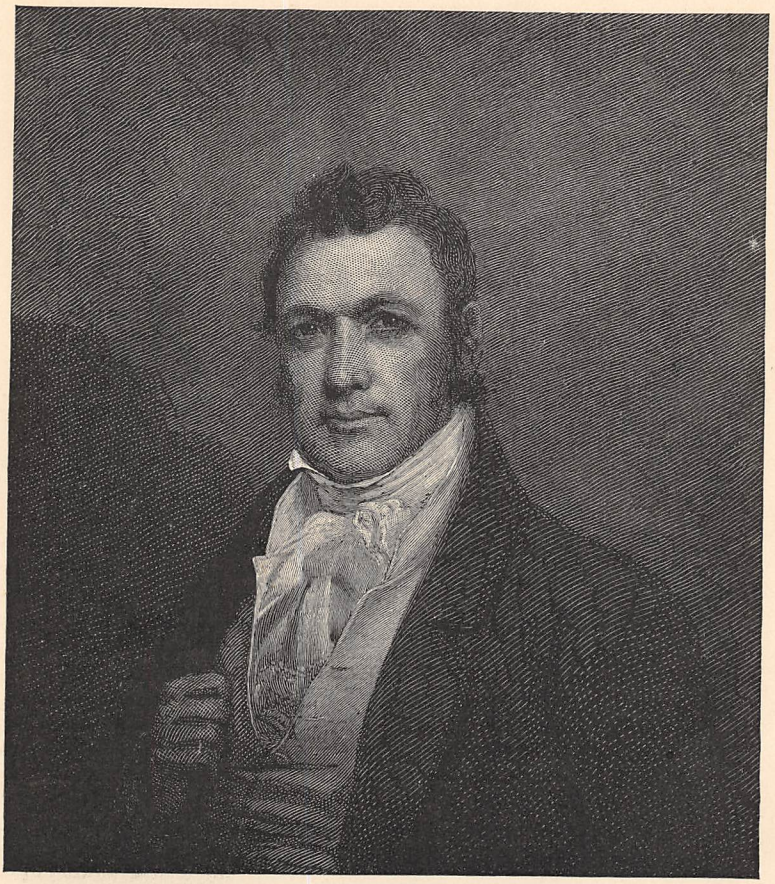
HERRESHOFF YACHT "KELPIE."

Several iron yachts have also been constructed here during the last decade. The famous cutter-sloop *Vindex*, launched in 1870, and the sloop *Mischief*, both designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, have won such an excellent record that we doubt not iron is destined to become very popular in the construction of American sailing-yachts. The rival of the *Mischief* is the *Gracie;* she is very fast off the wind; but no yacht has ever been altered so frequently. The iron plates of the *Vindex* are only three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. But she seems to show no perceptible wear and tear, after ten years of use. Her great draft, aided by four tons of lead on her keel, her imposing mast, low free-board, fine lines, jaunty rig, and general capacity, make her one of the most striking of American yachts.

Nothing could be more opposite to the solid qualities of the *Vindex* than the midge-like "skimmer of the sea" called the catamaran, another recent nautical invention. The principle illustrated in the catamaran was borrowed from the Pacific, where the islanders for ages have sailed in large double canoes, propelled by a triangular sail of matting supported on two light spars of bamboo. But Mr. John B. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, conceived the idea of adopting the double-hull principle in our waters, and first attracted general attention to the subject by the catamaran *Amaryllis*, which was exhibited at the Centennial. The turbulent waters of the Atlantic are not favorable to a craft which demands great lightness of construction, the hulls requiring to move separately. But Mr. Herreshoff has succeeded in solving the problem so far as regards inside the same amount of interior space as other yachts, she can be constructed at much less expense, her frame being composed of straight timbers. Of course, the center-board is an indispensable feature of the skip-jack model. Another peculiar craft not unfrequently seen in our harbors is the boat made without frame timbers, other than the keel, stem, and stern-posts and fashion-pieces. The planking is made of unusual thickness, and the streaks are but two to three inches in width. They are bent to the shape, and bolted together through and through so tightly that calking is unnecessary. A large ship, the *New Era*, was actually built on this plan at East Boston a few years ago, but did not seem to have strength to resist the strain of heavy freight.



SHEER PLAN AND HALF-BREADTH PLAN OF THE "VALKYR."



HENRY ECKFORD.

cruising. Each of the hulls is completely decked and has a center-board and rudder of its own. By a very ingenious contrivance the two rudders can be moved by one tiller. The hulls are joined by transverse beams and galvanized iron rods, trussed, and so nicely supported with elastic arms and links that each boat is separately swayed by the action of the water. A car, with seats, is firmly attached to the cross-bars. The sloop rig is the one adopted in these catamarans. They are generally from thirty to forty feet in length and have become very popular for smooth-water sailing. The catamaran cannot lie as close to the wind as a swift center-board sloop, and is slow in staying, but off the wind her speed exceeds that of any other vessel of her size afloat. The great stability offered by the double hull makes it impossible to capsize it. The catamaran is liable, however, to go down head foremost,or to sink through the straining of one or both hulls. If employed in smooth water, in harbors or on lakes and rivers where winds are very puffy, it is a far safer boat for lubbers to use than any single-hulled sail-boat.

To Mr. Herreshoff we are also indebted for a type of yacht which for certain qualities has not had its superior in America. He is and has been totally blind since he was thirteen years old, but few men living have equaled him for ingenuity and success in certain branches of marine architecture.

From the outset the Herreshoff sailing-yachts were marked by lines so peculiarly his own that it would be impossible to confound them with the models of other builders, although their great success and popularity has at last led the yachtsmen of New England to imitate them frequently, at least in part. They are characterized by a long and full midship section, moderate dead rise (the now famous *Shadow* has a sharper floor than most of the Herreshoff yachts), a clean run, the run and futtock timbers being invariably attached to the deadwood and keel almost at right angles, without any of the gentle, curved modeling or the hollow floor usual



GEORGE STEERS. (BY PERMISSION OF D. APPLETON & CO.)

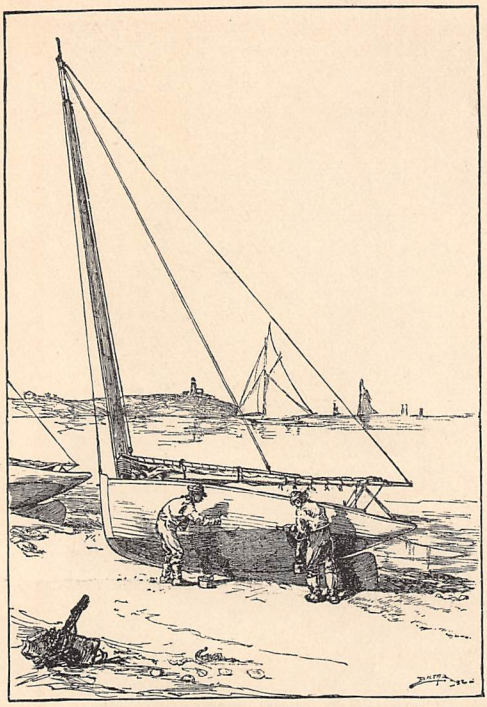
in foreign and most American vessels, and carried to the farthest limit in the English lead-keeled cutter. These yachts are further characterized by a high free-board and great sheer, both fore and aft, the forward curve, following a parabolic line, beginning about a third of the length from the stern. The blunt stem is also slightly curved, the quarters are rather heavy, the trunk and wash-board are high almost to clumsiness, and the standing-room extends so far aft that the rudder-head is inside instead of on deck, as is usual with small American yachts, and the rudder is of uncommon dimensions. These yachts have been, with but two or three exceptions, invariably furnished with center-boards, and yet have good draft and a deep, rocker keel. Their long bowsprit curves downward and they are heavily sparred, giving the impression of being top-heavy, and when one first sails in one of these yachts this impression seems to be confirmed, for they are tender-sided, and a light breeze at once carries them well over; but, like the English cutter, when they find their bearings they go no farther, and accidents to them have been exceedingly rare. Notwithstanding their full body, the Herreshoff yachts have been very successful as racers. The lightness with which they are built aids this result while unfitting them for heavy weather. In a race in Boston harbor in 1870, the prizes in each of the three classes were won by these yachts, one of them being the *Kelpie*, of which a diagram is given on page 360. Herreshoff has been most successful with small yachts, especially sloops and cat-boats. The *Shadow*, the only competing yacht which won a race from the *Madge*



COMMODORE JOHN C. STEVENS.

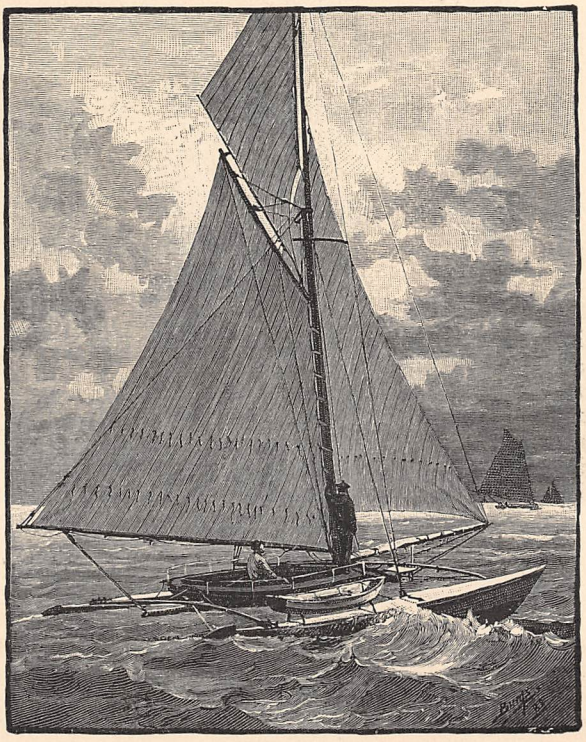
in 1881, is one of Herreshoff's crack models and one of the last he designed before taking to the building of steam-yachts. She has won no end of prizes, and, whatever may be the merits of the case, it is certain that in eating into the wind she fairly surpassed the *Madge* in the first race, when both yachts were on the port tack after rounding the buoy. On that tack the *Madge* did not feel the loss of her starboard topmast-stay, which it has been alleged was the cause of her defeat.

At present we are in the midst of a great transition movement, which has been hastened, but not originated, by the *Madge's* great success in 1881. Twelve years ago the writer predicted, in talking with Mr. Herreshoff, that a movement in favor of narrower and deeper yachts, with double head-sail, was not far off, because after going to one extreme there would follow the reaction natural to an active people like ours, unsatisfied long to remain fixed to one idea, and also because of certain advantages inherent to the deeper boat which we had not sufficiently considered while inshore yachting was most in vogue, but must regard, if long cruises were to become more general among our yachtsmen. Commodore Centre about the same time gave public expression to similar views. Not long after that the building of the *Vindex* gave emphasis to these predictions. The change has come at last, like everything in this rapid age and country, with an energetic rapidity that threatens to proceed to an extreme as ab-

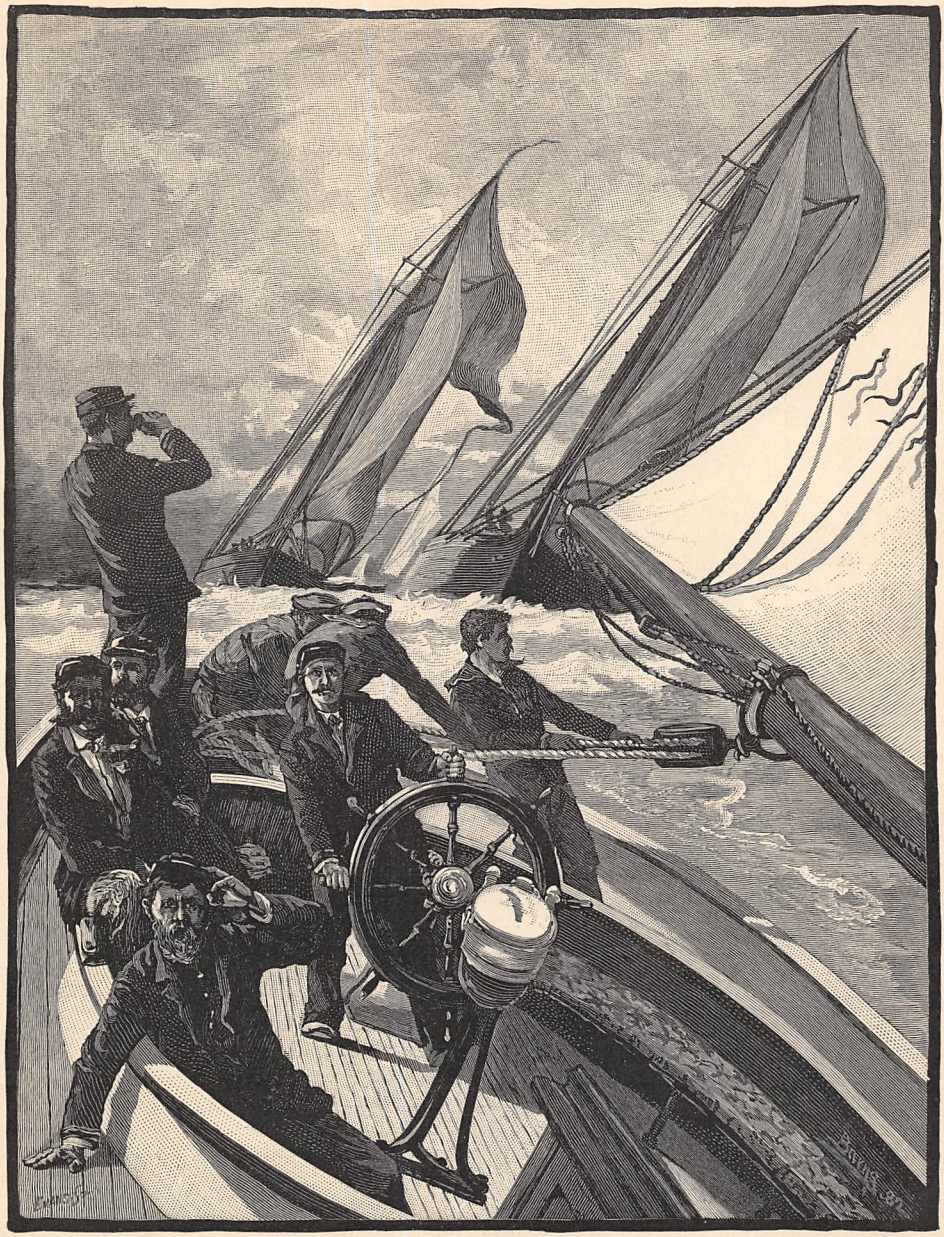


GETTING A CAT-BOAT READY FOR THE SEASON.

surd as that alleged against the advocates of the extreme "skimming-dish" type of yacht. Most of those who favor a change incline to a compromise in one or more details. While, for example, the fixed bowsprit is still retained, the large single jib is fast giving place to fore-sail and jib, called double head-sail, or split jib, as in the *Regina*. The form of the head-sail of the three types is well indicated by comparing the accompanying diagrams of the *Kelpie*, the *Regina*, and the *Muriel*. Flush decks are also coming into fashion, as in Mr. Platt's new center-board schooner *Montauk*, built by the Poillon Brothers, and designed by Mr. Ellsworth, who drafted the fine racing-sloop, *Fanita*. Double-topping lifts and other minor imitations of English rig have been adopted, while in the modeling of the hull greater draft and metal added to the keel are innovations coming rapidly into acceptance, especially in Massachusetts waters. It is curious to look at some of our genuine American sloops and schooners, whose owners have become infected by the epidemic of foreign ideas, with heavy additions of iron patched upon keels that were never intended to carry them. The introduction of the flush deck, while it adds greatly to the looks of a trim yacht, as a trunk cabin can hardly be considered ornamental, of necessity implies greater depth of model, but of course must be confined to yachts of some size, unless, indeed, many of the principles hitherto followed in American yacht-building are entirely abandoned. One of the most notable compromise yachts yet built is the *Valkyr*, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, of which we give the sheer and body plans. Although a center-board sloop, she draws six feet on a length of forty-six and seven-tenths feet on the water line. While broad amidships, her lines taper aft to a fine, narrow elliptical counter. Her bow is sharp, but wedge-shaped, and her head-rig is, like that of the *Regina*, a long, straight "horn" of a bowsprit and two jibs. Her sheer plan suggests the cutter, while her interior plan is American, and her rig is modified by English patterns. She carries seven tons of her ballast in lead on her keel. The method by which it is fixed to the keel was invented by Dr. Dawson, her owner, and is worthy of notice. The keel was first shaped and then turned over, and a groove hollowed out on the under side of it, twenty-seven feet long by sixteen inches wide amidships. The groove was filled with pigs



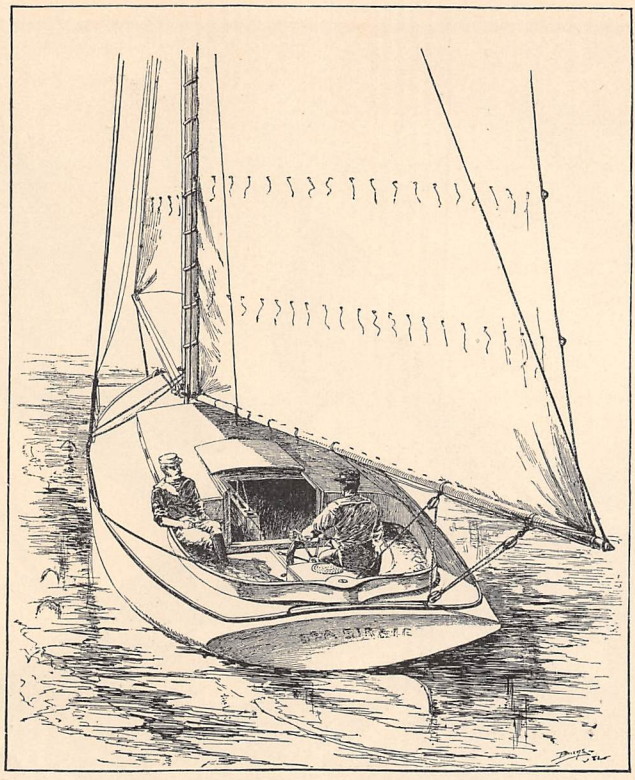
CATAMARAN.



A FRESH BREEZE.

of lead, and then, a barrier of earth and plank having been raised on each side, a quantity of boiling lead was poured into the crevices, which fused the whole into a single mass. This is altogether different from the method generally employed in fixing lead on the keel of the modern cutter. It will be seen from the diagram on page 366 that a keelson is dispensed with, the sharp floor timbers being braced by iron knees, called knee-floors. Long riveted bolts pass through these and the keel, and entirely through the lead.

Already we have such American-built cutters here as the *Muriel*, the *Yolande* or the *Oriva*, constructed by Mr. Piepgrass. Whatever be the sailing qualities of the latter, she presents one of the finest examples of ship-building skill ever constructed in this country. She is in every respect an out-and-out cutter, except that the bowsprit runs in through a gammon

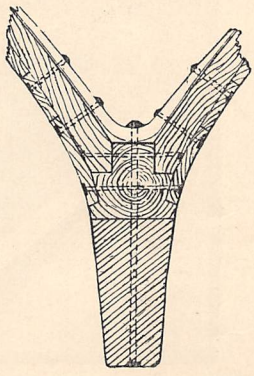


TYPE OF SMALL AMERICAN YACHT.

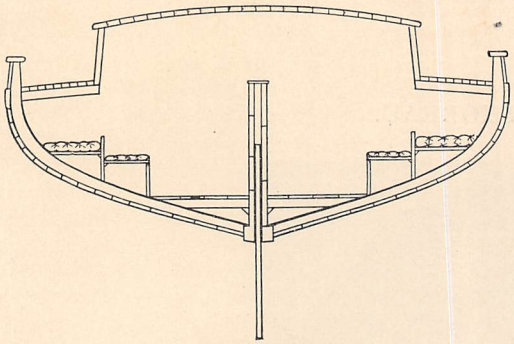
iron over the stem instead of by the side of it. The decorations of her cabin, in which great economy of room and admirable mechanical devices have been displayed, was designed by Mr. Eidlitz, the architect. Another architect, Mr. Prague, was employed to design the sumptuous cabins of the *Montauk*, an indication that the decoration of our yachts is keeping pace with the interest displayed in decorating our houses. Mahogany and cherry are the woods most affected for this purpose at present. An excellent adaptation of the latter may be seen in Mr. Lawley's small but beautiful sloop *Countess*.

With the arrival of the cutter has also come the yawl rig, first brought into prominence on the Atlantic coast by the yawl *Edith*, of the Eastern Yacht Club, but a favorite rig for some years with the bold mariners of the San Francisco Yacht Club. There the mizzen is called a driver, and is leg-of-mutton shape instead of square-headed. It is a picturesque rig, and very convenient in small yachts intended for cruising and to be sailed with an eye to economy. As such we think it is destined to supersede our class of small schooners.

What then—are we to see foreign models and rigs driving out native inventions? No, very far from this; but in answering the question we are brought face to face with problems which, with mathematics and without them, by "rule of thumb" or absolute empiricism, have been discussed almost interminably by salts, scientists, and tyros alike without reaching results acceptable to all, nor can they be ever quite settled, at least not until the question is dispassionately considered from every point of view, and with the fundamental principle of adaptation fully acknowledged. The American beamy yacht has at the outset greater initial stability than the narrow, deep-draft, heavily ballasted type, and less displacement, therefore, because carrying less weight. The beamy, shallow boat can thus spread more canvas to her length and weight, and gain in speed, other things being equal, by the greater sail-power to her weight up to an inclination of thirty degrees. It is

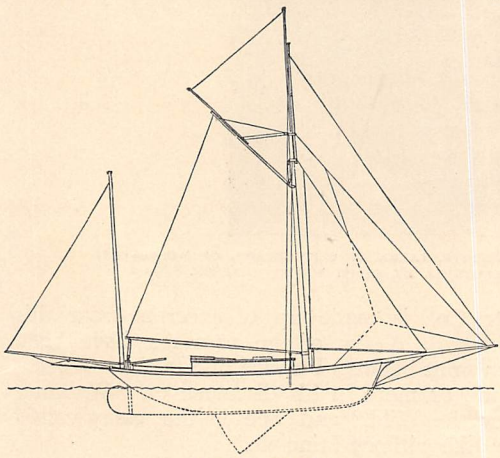


KEEL PLAN OF CUTTER, SHOWING IRON FLOORS AND LEAD ON THE KEEL.



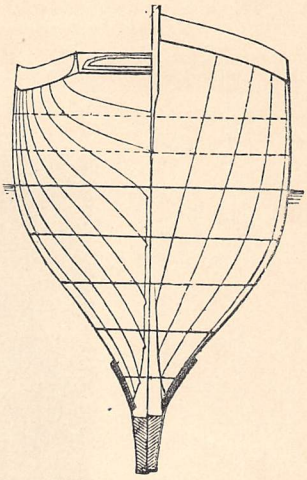
MIDSHIP SECTION OF TYPICAL CENTER-BOARD SLOOP-YACHT, 40 FEET LONG OVER ALL, 14 FEET BEAM, 3 FEET 9 INCHES DEEP, EXCLUSIVE OF TRUNK.

more difficult to carry her to that point than a narrower vessel, but when that is reached she is far more liable to capsize than the other type at an inclination of forty-five degrees, although the latter reaches that point with less lateral force of wind or waves. Each principle, therefore, has its advantages, while the merit claimed for the narrow cutter in carrying weights and canvas low can be also applied to sloops, if so desired. If the cutter is safer and easier in a sea-way, she is more uncomfortable, as she lies over so far, while by reducing beam a little and increasing



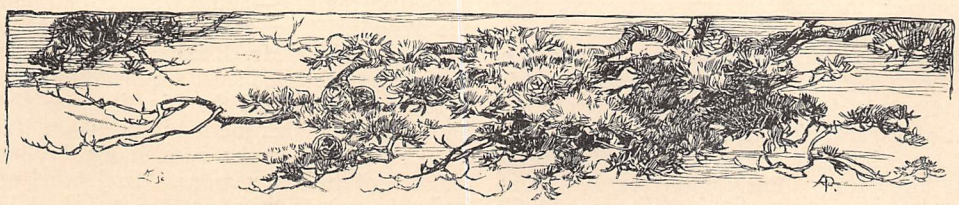
AMERICAN YAWL.

the draft a vessel can be designed that for cruising may combine the chief points of each type. We find something of this sort in our deep-sea fishing schooners of fifteen years ago. Where they cannot live no other craft of the same size can. The extremes to which each type has been carried are due mainly to the arbitrary rules of measurement adopted by racing organizations. The English clubs tax beam and tonnage, measuring length from the heel of the keel. Therefore, the English yachtsman tries to get stability out of depth, and cheats the rules by raking the stern-post. Until recently American clubs taxed length, and thus, for a given sail-power, size was obtained by beam rather than by length and depth. All rules of measurement can only be general and arbitrary, but it is by this time evident that no rule can approximate justice without also taxing the spread of canvas carried. This is actually the latest phase adopted in this knotty question, and only three cabin-yacht clubs in America still adhere to the absurd length-over-all system of yacht measurement. Were it not for these opposite rules, hitherto laid down in the interest of racing, there would now be far less divergence between English and American yachts. For the rest, the discussion of the relative merits of each would be more valuable if we would first inquire for what purpose a yacht is intended. Adaptation lies at the basis of the whole question, and it is idle to expect to invent a model that will be equally good in rough and in smooth water, for cruising and for racing, for deep water and for shallow sounds.

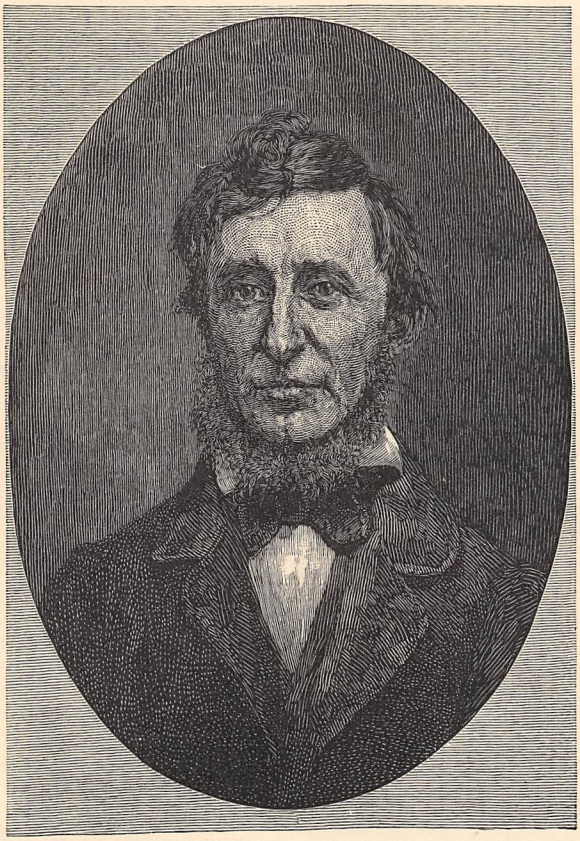


BODY PLAN OF TYPICAL ENGLISH CUTTER, 38 FEET LENGTH OVER ALL, 6 FEET BEAM, AND 6 FEET DRAFT.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



HENRY D. THOREAU.



HENRY D. THOREAU. (FROM HIS LAST PORTRAIT, A TINTYPE, TAKEN BY CRITCHERSON, OF WORCESTER, MASS., IN 1861; PRESENTED TO JOHN H. TREADWELL BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.)

IN "Walden" Thoreau enumerates, in a serio-humorous vein, his various unpaid occupations, such as inspector of storms, surveyor of forest-paths and all across-lot routes, shepherd and herder to the wild stock of the town, etc., etc. Among the rest he says: "For a long time I was reporter to a journal of no very wide circulation, whose editor has never yet seen fit to print the bulk of my contributions, and, as is too common with writers, I got only my labor for my pains. However, in this case my pains were their own reward." The journal to which Thoreau so playfully alludes, consisting of many manuscript volumes, is now the property of Mr. H. G. O. Blake, an old friend and correspondent of his, and his rejected contributions to it, after a delay of nearly twenty years, are being put into print. "Early Spring in Massachusetts," lately published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is made up of excerpts from this journal. A few of the passages have been in print before; I notice one in the "Week," one or more in his discourse on "Walking, or the Wild," and one in the essay called "Life without Principle."

Thoreau published but two volumes in his life-time,—"A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers"—which, by the way, is mainly a record of other and much longer voyages upon other and less tangible rivers than those named in the title—and "Walden, or Life in the Woods." The other six volumes of his works, including Mr. Blake's, have been collected and published since his death.

It is to be hoped that, in time, we shall have the rest of his journal in print—at least a series of year-books from it, one volume for each of the four seasons. His journal was probably written with an eye to its future

publication. It does not consist of mere scraps, hasty memoranda, and jottings-down, like Hawthorne's note-book, and like the blotter most literary men keep, but of finished work—blocks carefully quarried, and trimmed, and faced, at least with a plumb spot upon each, to be used or rejected in the construction of future works. When he wrote a book, or a lecture, or an essay, he probably went to his journal for the greater share of the material. The amount of this manuscript matter he left behind him at his death was, perhaps, equal to all the matter he had printed, and, though it had doubtless been sorted over more or less, yet a large per cent. of it seems to be quite as good as any of his work and quite as characteristic. He revised, and corrected, and supplemented his record from day to day and from year to year, till it reflects truly his life and mind. Every scrap he ever wrote carries his flavor and quality unmistakably, as much as a leaf or twig of a sassafras-tree carries its quality and flavor. He was a man so thoroughly devoted to principle and to his own aims in life that he seems never to have allowed himself one indifferent or careless moment. He was always making the highest demands upon himself and upon others.

In his private letters his bow is strung just as taut as in his printed works, and he uses arrows from the same quiver, and sends them just as high and far as he can. In his journal it is the same.

Thoreau's fame has steadily increased since his death, in 1862, as it was bound to do. It was little more than in the bud at that time, and its full leaf and flowering are not yet, perhaps not in many years yet. He improves with age; in fact, requires age to take off a little of his asperity and fully ripen him. The generation he lectured so sharply will not give the same heed to his words as will the next and the next. The first effect of the reading of his books, upon many minds, is irritation and disapproval; the perception of their beauty and wisdom comes later. He makes short work of our prejudices; he likes the wind in his teeth, and to put it in the teeth of his reader. He was a man devoid of compassion, devoid of sympathy, devoid of generosity, devoid of patriotism, as these words are usually understood, yet his life showed a devotion to principle such as one life in millions does not show; and matching this there runs through his works a vein of the purest and rarest poetry and the finest wisdom. For both these reasons time will enhance rather than lessen the value of his contributions. The world likes a good hater and refuser almost as well as it likes a good lover and acceptor, only it likes him farther off.

In writing of Thoreau, I am not conscious of having any criticism to make of him. I would fain accept him just as he was, and make the most of him, defining and discriminating him as I would a flower or a bird or any other product of nature—perhaps exaggerating some features the better to bring them out. I suppose there were greater men among his contemporaries, but I doubt if there were any more genuine and sincere, or more devoted to ideal ends. If he was not this, that, or the other great man, he was Thoreau, and he fills his own niche well, and has left a positive and distinct impression upon the literature of his country. He did his work thoroughly; he touched bottom; he made the most of his life. He was, perhaps, a little too near his friend and master, Emerson, and brought too directly under his influence. If he had lived farther from him, he would have felt his attraction less. But he was just as positive a fact as Emerson. The contour of his moral nature was just as firm and resisting. He was no more a soft-shelled egg, to be dented by every straw in the nest, than was his distinguished neighbor.

An English reviewer has summed up his estimate of Thoreau by calling him a "skulker," which is the pith of Dr. Johnson's smart epigram about Cowley, a man in whom Thoreau is distinctly foreshadowed: "If his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice." Thoreau was a skulker if it appears that he ran away from a noble part to perform an ignoble, or one less noble. The world has a right to the best there is in a man, both in word and deed: from the scholar, knowledge; from the soldier, courage; from the statesman, wisdom; from the farmer, good husbandry, etc.; and from all, virtue; but has it a right to say arbitrarily who shall be soldiers and who poets? Is there no virtue but virtue? no religion but in the creeds? no salt but what is crystallized? Who shall presume to say the world did not get the best there was in Thoreau—high and much needed service from him?—albeit there appear in the account more kicks than compliments. Would you have had him stick to his lead-pencils, or to school-teaching, and let Walden Pond and the rest go? We should have lost some of the raciest and most antiseptic books in English literature, and an example of devotion to principle that provokes and stimulates like a winter morning. I am not aware that Thoreau shirked any responsibility or dodged any duty proper to him, and he could look the world as square in the face as any man that ever lived.

The people of his native town remember at least one notable occasion on which Thoreau did not skulk, nor sulk either. I

refer to the 30th of October, 1859, when he made his plea for Captain John Brown, while the hero was on trial in Virginia. He was about the only Northern man who was not a skulker, or who did not hide behind some pretext or other. It was proposed to stop Thoreau's mouth, persuade him to keep still and lie low, but he was not to be stopped. He thought there were enough lying low—the ranks were all full there, the ground was covered; and in an address delivered in Concord he glorified the old hero in words that, at this day and in the light of subsequent events, it thrills the blood to read. This instant and unequivocal indorsement of Brown by Thoreau, in the face of the most overwhelming public opinion even among anti-slavery men, throws a flood of light upon him. It is the most significant act of his life. It clinches him; it makes the colors fast. We know he means what he says after that. It is of the same metal and has the same ring as Brown's act itself. It shows what thoughts he had fed his soul on, what school he had schooled himself in, what his devotion to the ideal meant. His hatred of slavery and injustice, and of the government that tolerated them, was pure, and it went clean through; it stopped at nothing. Iniquitous laws must be defied, and there is no previous question. "The fact that the politician falls," he says, referring to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, "is merely that there is less honor among thieves than was supposed, and not the fact that they are thieves." For the most part, Thoreau's political tracts and addresses seem a little petulant and willful, and fall just short of enlisting one's sympathies, and his carrying his opposition to the State to the point of allowing himself to be put in jail rather than pay a paltry tax, savors a little bit of the grotesque and the melodramatic. But his plea for John Brown when the whole country was disowning him, abolitionists and all, fully satisfies one's sense of the fitness of things. It does not overshoot the mark. The mark was high, and the attitude of the speaker was high and scornful, and uncompromising in the extreme. It was just the occasion required to show Thoreau's metal. "If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do. It is the best news that America has ever heard." "Think of him—of his rare qualities!—such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand; no mock hero, nor the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this benighted land. To whose making went the costliest material, the finest adamant; sent to be the redeemer of those in captivity; and the only use to which you can put him is to hang him at the end of a rope!" "Do yourselves the honor to recognize him; he needs none of your respect." It was just such radical qualities as John Brown exhibited, or their analogue and counterpart in other fields, that Thoreau coveted and pursued through life; in man, devotion to the severest ideal, friendship founded upon antagonism, or hate, as he preferred to call it; in nature the untamed and untamable, even verging on the savage and pitiless; in literature the heroic—"books, not which afford us a cowering enjoyment, but in which each thought is of unusual daring; such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by." Indeed, Thoreau was Brown's spiritual brother, the last and finer flowering of the same plant—the seed flowering; he was just as much of a zealot, was just as gritty and unflinching in his way; a man whose brow was set, whose mind was made up, and leading just as forlorn a hope, and as little quailed by the odds.

In the great army of Mammon, the great army of the fashionable, the complacent and church-going, Thoreau was a skulker, even a deserter, if you please—yea, a traitor fighting on the other side.

Emerson regrets the loss to the world of his rare powers of action, and thinks that, instead of being the captain of a huckleberry-party, he might have engineered for all America. But Thoreau, doubtless, knew himself better when he said, with his usual strength of metaphor, that he was as unfit for the coarse uses of this world as gossamer for ship-timber. A man who believes that "life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower," and actually and seriously aims to live his life so, is not a man to engineer for all America. If you want a columbiad you must have tons and tons of gross metal, and if you want an engineer for all America, leader and wielder of vast masses of men, you must have a certain breadth and coarseness of fiber in your hero; but if you want a trenchant blade like Thoreau, you must leave the pot-metal out and look for something bluer and finer.

Thoreau makes a frank confession upon this very point in his journal, written when he was but twenty-five. "I must confess I have felt mean enough when asked how I was to act on society, what errand I had to mankind. Undoubtedly I did not feel mean without a reason, and yet my loitering is not without a defense. I would fain communicate the wealth of my life to men, would really give them what is most precious in my gift. I

would secrete pearls with the shell-fish, and lay up honey with the bees for them. I will sift the sunbeams for the public good. I know no riches I would keep back." And his subsequent life made good these words. He gave the world the strongest and bravest there was in him, the pearls of his life,—not a fat oyster, not a reputation unctuous with benevolence and easy good-will, but a character crisp and pearl-like, full of hard, severe words, and stimulating taunts and demands. Thoreau was an extreme product, an extreme type of mind and character, and was naturally more or less isolated from his surroundings. He planted himself far beyond the coast-line that bounds most lives, and seems insular and solitary, but he believed he had the granite floor of principle beneath him, and without the customary intervening clay or quicksands.

Of a profile we say the outlines are strong, or they are weak and broken. The outlines of Thoreau's moral nature are strong and noble, but the direct face-to-face expression of his character is not always pleasing, not always human. He appears best in profile, when looking away from you and not toward you—when looking at Nature and not at man. He combined a remarkable strength of will with a nature singularly sensitive and delicate—the most fair and fragile of wood-flowers on an iron stem. With more freedom and flexibility of character, greater capacity for self-surrender and self-abandonment, he would have been a great poet. But his principal aim in life was moral and intellectual, rather than artistic. He was an ascetic before he was a poet, and he cuts the deepest in the direction of character and conduct. He had no caution or prudence in the ordinary sense, no worldly temporizing qualities of any kind, was impatient of the dross and alloy of life—would have it pure flame, pure purpose and aspiration; and, so far as he could make it, his life was so. He was, by nature, of the Opposition; he had a constitutional No in him that could not be tortured into Yes. He was of the stuff that saints and martyrs and devotees, or, if you please, fanatics are made of, and, no doubt, in an earlier age, would have faced the rack or the stake with perfect composure. Such a man was bound to make an impression by contrast, if not by comparison, with the men of his country and time. He is, for the most part, a figure going the other way from that of the eager, money-getting, ambitious crowd, and he questions and admonishes and ridicules the passers-by sharply. We all see him and remember him, and feel his shafts. Especially was his attitude upon all social and political questions scornful and exasperating. His devotion to principle, to the ideal, was absolute; it was like that of the Hindu to his idol. If it devoured him or crushed him—what business was that of his? There was no conceivable failure in adherence to principle.

Thoreau was, probably, the wildest civilized man this country has produced, adding to the shyness of the hermit and woodsman the wildness of the poet, and to the wildness of the poet the greater ferity and elusiveness of the mystic. An extreme product of civilization and of modern culture, he was yet as untouched by the worldly and commercial spirit of his age and country as any red man that ever haunted the shores of his native stream. He put the whole of Nature between himself and his fellows. A man of the strongest local attachments—not the least nomadic, seldom wandering beyond his native township, yet his spirit was as restless and as impatient of restraint as any nomad or Tartar that ever lived. He cultivated an extreme wildness, not only in his pursuits and tastes, but in his hopes and imaginings. He says to his friend, "Hold fast your most indefinite waking dream." Emerson says his life was an attempt to pluck the Swiss edelweiss from the all but inaccessible cliffs. The higher and the wilder, the more the fascination for him. Indeed, the loon, the moose, the beaver were but faint types and symbols of the wildness he coveted and would have re-appear in his life and books;—not the cosmical, the universal—he was not great enough for that—but simply the wild as distinguished from the domestic and the familiar, the remote and the surprising as contrasted with the hackneyed and the commonplace, arrow-heads as distinguished from whet-stones or jack-knives.

Thoreau was French on one side and Puritan on the other. It was the wild, untamable French core in him—a dash of the gray wolf that stalks through his ancestral folk-lore, as in Audubon and the Canadian *voyageurs*—that made him turn with such zest and such genius to aboriginal nature; and it was the Puritan element in him—strong, grim, uncompromising, almost heartless—that held him to such high, austere, moral and ideal ends. His genius was Saxon in its homeliness and sincerity, in its directness and scorn of rhetoric, but that wild revolutionary cry of his, and that sort of restrained ferocity and hirsuteness, are more French. He said in one of his letters, when he was but twenty-four: "I grow savager and savager every day, as if fed on raw meat, and my tameness is only the repose of untamableness." But his savageness took a mild form. He could not even eat meat; it was unclean and offended his imagination, and when he went to Maine he felt for weeks that his nature had been made the coarser because he had witnessed the killing of a moose. His boasted

savageness, the gray wolf in him, only gave a more decided grit or grain to his mental and moral nature,—made him shut his teeth the more firmly, sometimes even with an audible snap and growl, upon the poor lambs and ewes and superannuated wethers of the social, religious, political folds.

In his moral and intellectual growth and experience, Thoreau seems to have reacted strongly from a marked tendency to invalidism in his own body. He would be well in spirit at all hazards. What was this never-ending search of his for the wild but a search for health, for something tonic and antiseptic in nature? Health, health, give me health, is his cry. He went forth into nature as the boys go to the fields and woods in spring after wintergreens, black-birch, crinkle-root, and sweet-flag; he had an unappeasable hunger for the pungent, the aromatic, the bitter-sweet, for the very rind and salt of the globe. He fairly gnaws the ground and the trees in his walk, so craving is his appetite for the wild. He went to Walden to study, but it was as a deer goes to a deer-lick; the brine he was after did abound there. Any trait of wildness and freedom suddenly breaking out in any of the domestic animals, as when your cow leaped your fence like a deer and ate up your corn, or your horse forgot that he was not a mustang on the plains, and took the bit in his mouth, and left your buggy and family behind high and dry, etc., was eagerly snapped up by him. Ah, you have not tamed them, you have not broken them yet! He makes a most charming entry in his journal about a little boy he one day saw in the street, with a home-made cap on his head made of a woodchuck's skin. He seized upon it as a horse with the crib-bite seizes upon a post. It tasted good to him.

"The great gray-tipped hairs were all preserved, and stood out above the brown ones, only a little more loosely than in life. It was as if he had put his head into the belly of a woodchuck, having cut off his tail and legs, and substituted a visor for the head. The little fellow wore it innocently enough, not knowing what he had on forsooth, going about his small business pit-a-pat, and his black eyes sparkled beneath it when I remarked on its warmth, even as the woodchuck's might have done. Such should be the history of every piece of clothing that we wear."

He says how rarely are we encouraged by the sight of simple actions in the street, but when one day he saw an Irishman wheeling home from far a large, damp, and rotten pine-log for fuel, he felt encouraged. That looked like fuel; it warmed him to think of it. The piles of solid oak-wood which he saw in other yards did not interest him at all in comparison. It savored of the wild, and though water-soaked, his fancy kindled at the sight.

He loved wild men, not tame ones. Any half-wild Irishman, or fisherman, or hunter in his neighborhood he was sure to get a taste of sooner or later. He seems to have had a hankering for the Indian all his life; could eat him raw, one would think. In fact, he did try him when he went to Maine, and succeeded in extracting more nutriment out of him than any other man has done. He found him rather tough diet, and was, probably, a little disappointed in him, but he got something out of him akin to that which the red squirrel gets out of a pine-cone. In his books he casts many a longing and envious glance upon the Indian. Some old Concord sachem seems to have looked into his fount of life and left his image there. His annual spring search for arrow-heads was the visible outcropping of this aboriginal trace. How he prized these relics! One is surprised to see how much he gets out of them. They become arrow-root instead of arrow-stones. "They are sown, like a grain that is slow to germinate, broadcast over the earth. As the dragon's teeth bore a crop of soldiers, so these bear a crop of philosophers and poets, and the same seed is just as good to plant again. It is a stone-fruit. Each one yields me a thought. I come nearer to the maker of it than if I found his bones." "When I see these signs I know that the subtle spirits that made them are not far off, into whatever form transmuted." (Journal, pages 257–58.) Our poetry, he said, was white man's poetry, and he longed to hear what the Indian muse had to say. I think he liked the Indian's paint and feathers. Certainly he did his skins, and the claws and hooked beaks with which he adorned himself. He puts a threatening claw or beak into his paragraphs whenever he can, and feathers his shafts with the nicest art.

So wild a man and such a lover of the wild, and yet it does not appear that he ever sowed any wild oats. Though he somewhere exclaims impatiently: "What demon possesses me that I behave so well?" he took it all out in transcendentalism and arrow-heads. His only escapades were eloping with a mountain or coquetting with Walden Pond! His weakness was that he had no weakness—it was only unkindness. He had a deeper centerboard than most men, and he carried less sail. The passions and emotions and ambitions of his fellows, which are sails that so often need to be close-reefed and double-reefed, he was quite free from. Thoreau's isolation, his avoidance of the world, was in self-defense, no doubt. His genius would not bear the contact of rough hands any more than would butterflies' wings. He says, in "Walden": "The finest qualities of our nature, like the

bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling." This bloom, this natural innocence, Thoreau was very jealous of and sought to keep unimpaired, and, perhaps, succeeded as few men ever have. He says you cannot even know evil without being a *particeps criminis*. He did not so much regret the condition of things in this country (in 1861) as that he had ever heard of it.

Yet Thoreau creates as much consternation among the saints as among the sinners. His delicacy and fineness were saved by a kind of cross-grain there was in him—a natural twist and stubbornness of fiber. He was not easily reduced to kindling-wood. His self-indulgences were other men's crosses. His attitude was always one of resistance and urge. He hated sloth and indolence and compliance as he hated rust. He thought nothing was so much to be feared as fear, and that atheism might, comparatively, be popular with God himself. Beware even the luxury of affection, he says—"There must be some nerve and heroism in our love, as in a winter morning." He tells his correspondent to make his failure tragical by the earnestness and steadfastness of his endeavor, and then it will not differ from success. His saintliness is a rock-crystal. He says in "Walden": "Probably I should not consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it." Is this crystal a diamond? What will it not cut?

There is no grain of concession or compromise in this man. He asks no odds and he pays no boot. He will have his way, but his way is not down the stream with the current. He loves to warp up it against wind and tide, holding fast by his anchor at night. When he is chagrined or disgusted, it convinces him his health is better—that there is some vitality left. It is not compliments his friends get from him—rather taunts. The caress of the hand may be good, but the sting of its palm is good also. No is more bracing and tonic than Yes. He said: "I love to go through a patch of scrub-oaks in a bee-line—where you tear your clothes and put your eyes out." The spirit of antagonism never sleeps with Thoreau, and the love of paradox is one of his guiding stars. "The longer I have forgotten you, the more I remember you," he says to his correspondent. "My friend is cold and reserved, because his love for me is waxing and not waning," he says in his journal. The difficult and the disagreeable are in the line of his self-indulgence. Even lightning will choose the easiest way out of the house—an open window or door. Thoreau would rather go through the solid wall, or mine out through the cellar.

When he is sad, his only regret is that he is not sadder. He says if his sadness was only sadder it would make him happier. In writing to his friend, he says it is not sad to him to hear she has sad hours: "I rather rejoice in the richness of your experience." In one of his letters, he charges his correspondent to "improve every opportunity to be melancholy," and accuses himself of being too easily contented with a slight and almost animal happiness. "My happiness is a good deal like that of the woodchucks." He says that "of acute sorrow I suppose that I know comparatively little. My saddest and most genuine sorrows are apt to be but transient regrets." Yet he had not long before lost by death his brother John, with whom he made his voyage on the Concord and Merrimack. Referring to John's death, he said: "I find these things more strange than sad to me. What right have I to grieve who have not ceased to wonder?" and says in effect, afterward, that any pure grief is its own reward. John, he said, he did not wish ever to see again—not the John that was dead (O Henry! Henry!), John as he was in the flesh, but the ideal, the nobler John, of whom the real was the imperfect representative. When the son of his friend died, he wasted no human regrets. It seemed very natural and proper that he should die. "Do not the flowers die every autumn?" "His fine organization demanded it [death], and nature gently yielded its request. It would have been strange if he had lived."

Thoreau was either destitute of pity and love (in the human sense), and of many other traits that are thought to be both human and divine, or else he studiously suppressed them and thought them unworthy of him. He writes and talks a great deal about love and friendship, and often with singular beauty and appreciation, yet he always says to his friend: "Stand off—keep away! Let there be an unfathomable gulf between us—let there be a wholesome hate." Indeed, love and hatred seem inseparable in his mind, and curiously identcal. He writes in his journal that "words should pass between friends as the lightning passes from cloud to cloud." One of his poems begins:

> "Let such pure hate still underprop
> Our love, that we may be
> Each other's conscience,
> And have our sympathy
> Mainly from thence."
>
> "Surely, surely, thou wilt trust me
> When I say thou dost disgust me.

Oh, I hate thee with a hate
That would fain annihilate;
Yet, sometimes, against my will,
My dear friend, I love thee still.
It were treason to our love,
And a sin to God above,
One iota to abate
Of a pure, impartial hate."

This is the salt with which he seasons and preserves his love—hatred. In this pickle it will keep. Without it, it would become stale and vulgar. This is characteristic of Thoreau; he must put in something sharp and bitter. You shall not have the nut without its bitter acrid rind or prickly sheath.

As a man, Thoreau appears to have been what is called a crusty person—a loaf with a hard bake, a good deal of crust, forbidding to tender gums, but sweet to those who had good teeth and unction enough to soften him.

He was no fair-weather walker. He delighted in storms, and in frost and cold. They were congenial to him. They came home. "Yesterday's rain," he begins an entry in his journal, "in which I was glad to be drenched," etc. Again he says: "I sometimes feel that I need to sit in a far-away cave through a three weeks' storm, cold and wet, to give a tone to my system." Another time: "A long, soaking rain, the drops trickling down the stubble, while I lay drenched on a last year's bed of wild oats, by the side of some bare hill, ruminating." And this in March, too! He says "to get the value of a storm we must be out a long time and travel far in it, so that it may fairly penetrate our skin," etc. He rejoices greatly when, on an expedition to Monadnock, he gets soaked with rain and is made thoroughly uncomfortable. It tastes good. It made him appreciate a roof and a fire. The mountain gods were especially kind and thoughtful to get up the storm. When they saw himself and friend coming, they said: "There come two of our folks. Let us get ready for them—get up a serious storm that will send a-packing these holiday guests. Let us receive them with true mountain hospitality—kill the fatted cloud," etc. In his journal he says: "If the weather is thick and stormy enough, if there is a good chance to be cold, and wet, and uncomfortable—in other words, to feel weather-beaten, you may consume the afternoon to advantage, thus browsing along the edge of some near wood, which would scarcely detain you at all in fair weather," etc. "There is no better fence to put between you and the village than a storm into which the villagers do not venture forth." This passion for storms and these many drenchings no doubt helped shorten Thoreau's days.

This crustiness, this playful and willful perversity of Thoreau, is one source of his charm as a writer. It stands him instead of other qualities—of real unction and heartiness—is, perhaps, these qualities in a more seedy and desiccated state. Hearty, in the fullest sense, he was not, and unctuous he was not, yet it is only by comparison that we miss these qualities from his writings. Perhaps he would say that we should not expect the milk on the outside of the cocoa-nut, but I suspect there is an actual absence of milk here, though there is sweet meat, and a good, hard shell to protect it. Good-nature and conciliation were not among his accomplishments, and yet he puts his reader in a genial and happy frame of mind. He is the occasion of unction and heartiness in others, if he has not them in himself. He says of himself, with great penetration: "My only integral experience is in my vision. I see, perchance, with more integrity than I feel." His sympathies lead you into narrow quarters, but his vision takes you to the hill-tops. As regards humanity and all that goes with it, he was like an inverted cone, and grew broader and broader the farther he got from it. He approached things, or even men, but very little through his humanity or his manliness. How delightful his account of the Canadian wood-chopper in "Walden," and yet he sees him afar off, across an impassable gulf!—he is a kind of Homeric or Paphlagonian man to him. Very likely he would not have seen him at all had it not been for the classic models and ideals with which his mind was filled, and which saw for him.

Yet Thoreau doubtless liked the flavor of strong, racy men. He said he was naturally no hermit, but ready enough to fasten himself, like a blood-sucker for the time, to any full-blooded man that came in his way; and he gave proof of this when he saw and recognized the new poet, Walt Whitman. Here is the greatest democrat the world has seen, he said, and he found him exhilarating and encouraging, while yet he felt somewhat imposed upon by his heartiness and broad generalities. As a writer, Thoreau shows all he is, and more. Nothing is kept back; greater men have had far less power of statement. His thoughts do not merely crop out, but lie upon the surface of his pages. They are fragments; there is no more than you see. It is not the edge or crown of the native rock, but a drift bowlder. He sees clearly, thinks swiftly, and the sharp emphasis and decision of his mind strew his pages with definite and striking images and ideas. His expression is never sod-bound, and you get its full force at once.

One of his chief weapons is a kind of restrained extravagance of statement, a compressed exaggeration of metaphor. The hyper-

bole is big, but it is gritty and is firmly held. Sometimes it takes the form of paradox, as when he tells his friend that he needs his hate as much as his love:

> "Indeed, indeed, I cannot tell,
> Though I ponder on it well,
> Which were easier to state,
> All my love or all my hate."

Or when he says, in "Walden": "Our manners have been corrupted by communication with the saints," and the like. Sometimes it becomes downright brag, as when he says, emphasizing his own preoccupation and indifference to events: "I would not run around the corner to see the world blow up"; or again: "Methinks I would hear with indifference if a trustworthy messenger were to inform me that the sun drowned himself last night." Again it takes an impish, ironical form, as when he says: "In heaven I hope to bake my own bread and clean my own linen." Another time it assumes a half-quizzical, half-humorous turn, as when he tells one of his correspondents that he was so warmed up in getting his winter's wood that he considered, after he got it housed, whether he should not dispose of it to the ash-man, as if he had extracted all its heat. Often it gives only an added emphasis to his expression, as when he says: "A little thought is sexton to all the world"; or, "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk"; but its best and most constant office is to act as a kind of fermenting, expanding gas that lightens, if it sometimes inflates, his page. His exaggeration is saved by its wit, its unexpectedness. It gives a wholesome jostle and shock to the mind.

Thoreau was not a racy writer, but a trenchant; not nourishing so much as stimulating; not convincing, but wholesomely exasperating and arousing, which, in some respects, is better. There is no heat in him, and yet in reading him one understands what he means when he says that, sitting by his stove at night, he sometimes had thoughts that kept the fire warm. I think the mind of his reader always reacts healthfully and vigorously from his most rash and extreme statements. The blood comes to the surface and to the extremities with a bound. He is the best of counter-irritants when he is nothing else. There is nothing to reduce the tone of your moral and intellectual systems in Thoreau. Such heat as there is in refrigeration, as he himself might say,—you are always sure of that in his books.

His literary art, like that of Emerson's, is in the unexpected turn of his sentences. Shakspere says:

> "It is the witness still of excellency
> To put a strange face on his own perfection."

This "strange face" Thoreau would have at all hazards, even if it was a false face. If he could not state a truth he would state a paradox, which, however, is not always a false face. He must make the commonest facts and occurrences wear a strange and unfamiliar look. The commonplace he would give a new dress, even if he set it masquerading. But the reader is always the gainer by this tendency in him. It gives a fresh and novel coloring to what in other writers would prove flat and wearisome. He made the whole world interested in his private experiment at Walden Pond by the strange and, on the whole, beaming face he put upon it. Of course, this is always more or less the art of genius, but it was preëminently the art of Thoreau. We are not buoyed up by great power, we do not swim lightly as in deep water, but we are amused and stimulated, and now and then positively electrified.

To make an extreme statement, and so be sure that he made an emphatic one, that was his aim. Exaggeration is less to be feared than dullness and tameness. The far-fetched is good if you fetch it swift enough; you must make its heels crack—jerk it out of its boots, in fact. Cushions are good provided they are well stuck with pins; you will be sure not to go to sleep in that case. Warm your benumbed hands in the snow; that is a more wholesome warmth than that of the kitchen stove. This is the way he underscored his teachings. Sometimes he racked his bones to say the unsayable. His mind had a strong gripe, and he often brings a great pressure to bear upon the most vague and subtle problems, or shadows of problems, but he never quite succeeds to my satisfaction in condensing bluing from the air or from the Indian summer haze, any more than he succeeded in extracting health and longevity from water-gruel and rye-meal.

He knew what an exaggeration he was, and he went about it deliberately. He says to one of his correspondents, a Mr. B——, whom he seems to have delighted to pummel with these huge boxing-gloves: "I trust that you realize what an exaggerator I am,—that I lay myself out to exaggerate whenever I have an opportunity,—pile Pelion upon Ossa to reach heaven so. Expect no trivial truth from me, unless I am on the witness-stand. I will come as near to lying as you can drive a coach-and-four."

We have every reason to be thankful that he was not always or commonly on the witness-stand. The record would have been

much duller. Eliminate from him all his exaggerations, all his magnifying of the little, all his inflation of bubbles, etc., and you make sad havoc in his pages—as you would, in fact, in any man's. Of course it is one thing to bring the distant near, and thus magnify as does the telescope, and it is quite another thing to inflate a pigmy to the stature of a giant with a gas-pipe. But Thoreau brings the stars as near as any writer I know of, and if he sometimes magnifies a will-o'-the-wisp, too, what matters it? He had a hard common-sense, as well as an uncommon sense, and he knows well when he is conducting you to the brink of one of his astonishing hyperboles, and inviting you to take the leap with him, and what is more, he knows that you know it. Nobody is deceived and the game is well played. Writing to a correspondent who had been doing some big mountain-climbing, he says:

> "It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain if ever. What did the mountain say? What did the mountain do? I keep a mountain anchored off eastward a little way, which I ascend in my dreams, both awake and asleep. Its broad haze spreads over a village or two, which do not know it; neither does it know them, nor do I when I ascend it. I can see its general outline as plainly now in my mind as that of Wachusett. I do not invent in the least, but state exactly what I see. I find that I go up it when I am light-footed and earnest. I am not aware that a single villager frequents it or knows of it. I keep this mountain to ride instead of a horse."

What a saving clause is that last one, and what humor!

The bird Thoreau most admired was Chanticleer, crowing from his perch in the morning. He says the merit of that strain is its freedom from all plaintiveness. Unless our philosophy hears the cock-crow in the morning it is belated. "It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature—a brag for all the world." "Who has not betrayed his Master many times since he last heard that note?" "The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or perchance a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow, far or near, I think to myself, 'There is one of us well, at any rate,'—and with a sudden gush return to my senses."

Thoreau pitched his "Walden" in this key; he claps his wings and gives forth a clear, saucy, cheery, triumphant note—if only to wake his neighbors up. And the book is certainly the most delicious piece of brag in literature. There is nothing else like it; nothing so good, certainly. It is a challenge and a triumph, and has a morning freshness and *élan*. Read the chapter on his "bean-field." One wants to go forthwith and plant a field with beans, and hoe them barefoot. It is a kind of celestial agriculture. "When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios." "On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like pop-guns to these woods, and some waif of martial music occasionally penetrated thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field and the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst; and when there was a military turn-out of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all day,—of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash,—until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the 'trainers'!"

What visitors he had, too, in his little hut—what royal company!—"especially in the morning, when nobody called." "One inconvenience I sometimes experience in so small a house—the difficulty of getting to a sufficient distance from my guest, when we began to utter the big thoughts in big words." "The bullet of your thought must have overcome its lateral and ricochet motion and fallen into its last and steady course before it reaches the ear of the hearer, else it may plough out again through the side of his head." He bragged that Concord could show him nearly everything worth seeing in the world or in nature, and that he did not need to read Dr. Kane's "Arctic Voyages" for phenomena that he could observe at home. He declined all invitations to go abroad, because he should then lose so much of Concord. As much of Paris, or London, or Berlin as he got, so much of Concord should he lose. He says in his journal: "It would be a wretched bargain to accept the proudest Paris in exchange for my native village." "At best, Paris could only be a school in which to learn to live here—a stepping-stone to Concord, a school in which to fit for this university." "The sight of a marsh-hawk in Concord meadows is worth more to me than the entry of the Allies into Paris." This is very Parisian and Victor Hugoish, except for its self-consciousness and the playful twinkle in the author's eye.

Thoreau had humor, but it had worked a little—it was not quite sweet; a vinous fermentation had taken place more or less in it. There was too much acid for the sugar. It shows itself especially when he speaks of men. How he disliked the average social and business man, and said his only resource was to get away from them. He was surprised to find what vulgar fellows they were. "They do a little business commonly each day, in order to pay their board, and then they congregate in sitting-rooms, and feebly fabulate and paddle in the social slush; and when I think that they have sufficiently relaxed, and am prepared to see them steal away to their shrines, they go unashamed to their beds, and take on a new layer of sloth." Methinks there is a drop of aquafortis in this liquor. Generally, however, there is only a pleasant acid or sub-acid flavor to his humor, as when he refers to a certain minister who spoke of God as if he enjoyed a monopoly of the subject; or when he says of the good church-people that "they show the whites of their eyes on the Sabbath, and the blacks all the rest of the week." He says the greatest bores who visited him in his hut by Walden Pond were the self-styled reformers, who thought that he was forever singing:

"This is the house that I built;
This is the man that lives in the house that I built."

But they did not know that the third line was:

"These are the folks that worry the man
That lives in the house that I built."

"I did not fear the hen-harriers, for I kept no chickens, but I feared the men-harriers rather."

What sweet and serious humor in that passage in "Walden" wherein he protests that he was not lonely in his hermitage:

"I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond and stoned it, and fringed it with pine-woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity; and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider—a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and though he is thought to be dead, none can show where he is buried. An elderly dame, too, dwells in my neighborhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb-garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables; for she has a genius of unequaled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded, for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet."

Emerson says Thoreau's determination on natural history was organic, but it was his determination on supernatural history that was organic. Natural history was but one of the doors through which he sought to gain admittance to this inner and finer heaven of things. He hesitated to call himself a naturalist; probably even poet-naturalist would not have suited him. He says in his journal: "The truth is, I am a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot," and the least of these is the natural philosopher. He says: "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone." It is not looking at Nature that turns the man of science to stone, but looking at his dried and labeled specimens, and his dried and labeled theories of her. Thoreau always sought to look through and beyond her, and he missed seeing much there was in her; the jealous goddess had her revenge. I do not make this remark as a criticism, but to account for his failure to make any new or valuable contribution to natural history. He did not love Nature for her own sake, or the bird and the flower for their own sakes, or with an unmixed and disinterested love, as Gilbert White did, for instance, but for what he could make out of them. He says (Journal, page 83): "The ultimate expression or fruit of any created thing is a fine effluence, which only the most ingenuous worshiper perceives at a reverent distance from its surface even." This "fine effluence" he was always reaching after, and often grasping or inhaling. This is the mythical hound and horse and turtle-dove which he says in "Walden" he long ago lost, and has been on their trail ever since. He never abandons the search, and in every woodchuck-hole or musk-rat-den, in retreat of bird, or squirrel, or mouse, or fox that he pries into, in every walk and expedition to the fields or swamps, or to distant woods, in every spring note and call that he listens to so patiently, he hopes to get some clew to his lost treasures, to the effluence that so provokingly eludes him.

Hence, when we regard Thoreau simply as an observer or as a natural historian, there have been better, though few so industrious and persistent. He was up and out at all hours of the day and night, and in all seasons and weathers, year in and year out, and yet he saw and recorded nothing new. I cannot say that there was any felicitous and happy seeing; there was no inspiration of the eye, certainly not in the direction of natural history. He has added no new line or touch to

the portrait of bird or beast that I can recall —no important or significant fact to their lives. What he saw in this field everybody may see who looks; it is patent. He had not the detective eye of the great naturalist; he did not catch the clews and hints dropped here and there, the quick, flashing movements, the shy but significant gestures by which new facts are disclosed, mainly because he was not looking for them. His eye was not penetrating and interpretive. It was full of speculation; it was sophisticated with literature, sophisticated with Concord, sophisticated with himself. His mood was subjective rather than objective. He was more intent on the natural history of his own thought than on that of the bird. To the last his ornithology was not quite sure, not quite trustworthy. In his published journal he sometimes names the wrong bird, and what short work a naturalist would have made of his night-warbler, which Emerson reports Thoreau had been twelve years trying to identify. It was perhaps his long-lost turtle-dove, in some one of its disguises. From his journal it would seem that he was a long time puzzled to distinguish the fox-colored sparrow from the tree or Canadian sparrow—a very easy task to one who has an eye for the birds. But he was looking too intently for a bird behind the bird—for a mythology to shine through his ornithology. "The song-sparrow and the transient fox-colored sparrow —have they brought me no message this year? Is not the coming of the fox-colored sparrow something more earnest and significant than I have dreamed of? Have I heard what this tiny passenger has to say while it flits thus from tree to tree?" "I love the birds and beasts because they are mythologically in earnest." (Journal, page 284.)

If he had had the same eye for natural history he possessed for arrow-heads, what new facts he would have disclosed! But he was looking for arrow-heads. He had them in his mind; he thought arrow-heads; he was an arrow-head himself, and these relics fairly kicked themselves free of the mold to catch his eye.

Thoreau was a man eminently "preoccupied of his own soul." He had no self-abandonment, no self-forgetfulness; he could not give himself to the birds or animals: they must surrender to him. He says to one of his correspondents: "Whether he sleeps or wakes, whether he runs or walks, whether he uses a microscope or a telescope, or his naked eye, a man never discovers anything, never overtakes anything, or leaves anything behind, but himself." This is half true of some; it is wholly true of others. It is wholly true of Thoreau. Nature was the glass in which he saw himself. He says the partridge loves peas, but not those that go into the pot with her! All the peas Thoreau loved had been in the pot with him and were seasoned by him.

I trust I do not in the least undervalue Thoreau's natural history notes; I only wish there were more of them. What makes them so valuable and charming is his rare descriptive powers. He could give the simple fact with the freshest and finest poetic bloom upon it. He says: "The note of the first blue-bird in the air answers to the purling rill of melted snow beneath. It is evidently soft and soothing, and, as surely as the thermometer, indicates a higher temperature. It is the accent of the south wind, its vernacular." Of the return of the highhole, or pigeon woodpecker, he says: "The loud *peep!* of a pigeon woodpecker is heard, and, anon, the prolonged loud and shrill cackle calling the thin-wooded hill-sides and pastures to life. It is like the note of an alarm-clock set last fall so as to wake Nature up at exactly this date. *Up up up up up up up up up!*"

Often a single word or epithet of his tells the whole story. Thus he says, speaking of the music of the black-bird, that it has a "split-whistle"; the note of the red-shouldered starling is "gurgle-*ee*." Looking out of his window one March day, he says he cannot see the heel of a single snow-bank anywhere. He does not seem to have known that the shrike sang in the fall and winter as well as in the spring; and is he entirely sure he saw a musk-rat building its house in March (the fall is the time they build); or that he heard the whippoorwill singing in September; or that the woodchuck dines principally upon crickets? With what patience and industry he watched things for a sign! From his journal it would appear that Thoreau kept nature about Concord under a sort of police surveillance the year round. He shadowed every flower and bird and musquash that appeared. His vigilance was unceasing; not a mouse or a squirrel must leave its den without his knowledge. If the birds or frogs were not on hand promptly at his spring roll-call, he would know the reason; he would look them up; he would question his neighbors. He was up in the morning and off to some favorite haunt earlier than the day-laborers, and he chronicled his observations on the spot as if the case was to be tried in court the next day and he was the principal witness. He watched the approach of spring as a doctor watches the development of a critical case. He felt the pulse of the wind and the temperature of the day at all hours. He examined the plants growing under water, and noted the radical leaves of various weeds that keep green all winter under the snow. He

felt for them with benumbed fingers amid the wet and the snow. The first sight of bare ground and of the red earth excites him. The fresh meadow spring odor was to him like the fragrance of tea to an old tea-drinker. In early March he goes to the Corner Spring to see the tufts of green grass, or he inspects the minute lichens that spring from the bark of trees. "It is short commons," he says, "and innutritious." He brings home the first frog-spittle he finds in a ditch and studies it in a tumbler of water. The first water-beetle that appears he makes a note of, and the first skunk-cabbage that thrusts its spathe up through the mold is of more interest to him than the latest news from Paris or London. "I go to look for mud-turtles in Heywood's meadow," he says, March 23, 1853. The first water-fowl that came in the spring he stalked like a pot-hunter, crawling through the swamps and woods, or over a hill on his stomach, to have a good shot at them with his—journal. He is determined nature shall not get one day the start of him; and yet he is obliged to confess that "no mortal is alert enough to be present at the first dawn of spring"; still he will not give up trying. "Can you be sure," he says, "that you have heard the first frog in the township croak?" A lady offered him the life of Dr. Chalmers to read, but he would not promise. The next day she was heard through a partition shouting to some one who was deaf: "Think of it—he stood half an hour to-day to hear the frogs croak, and he wouldn't read the life of Chalmers!" He would go any number of miles to interview a musk-rat or a woodchuck, or to keep an "appointment with an oak-tree," but he records in his journal that he rode a dozen miles one day with his employer, keeping a profound silence almost all the way. "I treated him simply as if he had bronchitis and could not speak—just as I would a sick man, a crazy man, or an idiot."

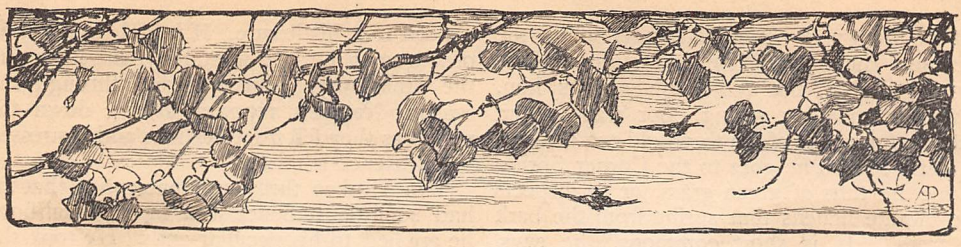
Thoreau seems to have been aware of his defect on the human side. He says: "If I am too cold for human friendship, I trust I shall not soon be too cold for natural influences"; and then he goes on with this doubtful statement: "It appears to be a law that you cannot have a deep sympathy with both man and nature. Those qualities which bring you near to the one estrange you from the other." One day he met a skunk in the field, and he describes its peculiar gait exactly when he says: "It runs, even when undisturbed, with a singular teter or undulation, like the walking of a Chinese lady." He ran after the animal to observe it, keeping out of the reach of its formidable weapon, and when it took refuge in the wall he interviewed it at his leisure. If it had been a man or a woman he had met, he would have run the other way. Thus he went through the season, Nature's reporter, taking down the words as they fell from her lips, and distressed if a sentence is missed.

The Yankee thrift and enterprise that he had so little patience with in his neighbors, he applied to his peculiar ends. He took the day and the season by the foretop. "How many mornings," he says in "Walden," "summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine!" He had an eye to the main chance, to a good investment. He probed the swamps like a butter-buyer, he sampled the plants and the trees and lichens like a tea-taster. He made a burning-glass of a piece of ice; he made sugar from a pumpkin and from the red-maple, and wine from the sap of the black-birch, and boiled rock-tripe for an hour and tried it as food. If he missed any virtue or excellence in these things or in anything in his line, or any suggestion to his genius, he felt like a man who had missed a good bargain. Yet he sometimes paused in this peeping and prying into nature, and cast a regretful look backward. "Ah, those youthful days," he says in his journal, under date of March 30, 1853, "are they never to return?—when the worker does not too enviously observe particulars, but sees, hears, scents, tastes, and feels only himself—the phenomena that showed themselves in him, his expanding body, his intellect and heart. No worm or insect, quadruped or bird confined his view, but the unbounded universe was his. A bird has now become a mote in his eye." Then he proceeds to dig out a woodchuck.

In "Walden," Thoreau pretends to quote the following passage from the Gulistan, or Rose Garden of Sadi of Shiraz, with an eye to its application to his own case, but as he evidently found it not in, but under, Sadi's lines, it has an especial significance, and may fitly close this paper:

> "They asked a wise man, saying: 'Of the many celebrated trees which the Most High God has created, lofty and umbrageous, they call none azad, or free, excepting the cypress, which bears no fruit; what mystery is there in this?' He replied: 'Each has its appropriate produce and appointed season, during the continuance of which it is fresh and blooming, and during their absence dry and withered; to neither of which states is the cypress exposed, being always flourishing; and of this nature are the azads, or religious independents.—Fix not thy heart on that which is transitory; for the Dijlah or Tigris will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of caliphs is extinct: if thy hand has plenty, be liberal as the date-tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress.'"

John Burroughs.



THE HEART OF THE YEAR.

WHITE lay the world in her burial web:
Deep in December her life was at ebb;
Gray with great clouds, all the air-height was dim;
Frost-fingers, cruel and stealthy and slim,
Stiffened and sheathed every brier and stem,
Breaths of slow death-wind detaining on them.

Heavy tree-branches swayed upward and fell,
Moved like the swing of a funeral bell.
Where were the toss and the shimmer of June?
Glory of green that had vanished so soon?
Bird-song and bloom? I outquestioned with fear:
"Heart of Winter! Oh, art thou the Heart of the Year?"

Hush of the snow, and dull moan of the trees,—
Durance of all,—was there answer in these?
Durance! That said it. The things that endure—
Bear, and wait on—are the things that are sure!
Not in the shroud, or the pall, or the tear—
Deep in the life, is the Heart of the Year!

Down where the pain and the shrinking can be,
Buds the great Summer, for earth and for me.
Down at the quick it must gather awhile,—
Grow to the fullness,—for blossom and smile;
Where the hope hides, under hindrance and loss,
Lies the heart-meaning, the sign of the cross!

Now it is June; and the secret is told:
Flashed from the buttercup's glory of gold,
Hummed in the humblebee's gladness, and sung
New from each bough where a bird's-nest is swung;
Breathed from the clover-beds when the winds pass,
Chirped in small psalms through the aisles of the grass.

Beauty of roses,—the lavish sweet light,—
Splendor of trees, rearing up the blue height,—
Smell of the strawberry,—balsam of pine,—
Bliss of the brook,—and this rapture of mine!
Tell they not all, now their heyday is here,
Heart of the Summer is Heart of the Year?

Billowing forest, and balm-bearing breeze,—
Outcome of life,—lies the answer in these?
Waiting, fulfilling,—holds neither the whole;
Greater the gospel than joyance or dole;
Whether His snows or His roses befall,
Heart of the Father is Heart of it all!

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

THE HORSE IN MOTION.*



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

THOSE curious in such matters were much interested, a few years ago, by the circulation of a few sets of photographs, taken at the private race-course of Governor Leland Stanford, of California, by Mr. Muybridge, a photographer of San Francisco. The consecutive positions of the legs in the stride of a running horse, as revealed by these photographs, seemed ludicrous and almost impossible. Indeed, it required the combination of the positions given by the reproduction of the pace in the zoetrope to convince the skeptical that the analysis of the movement was correct. The testimony of the zoetrope, and, later, of the zoepraxiscope, has silenced all skepticism, and one can no longer hesitate to concede the truth and simplicity of what, at first, seemed complicated and absurd. Since the first appearance of these photographs, the processes for securing them have been much improved, and Mr. Muybridge's public and private representations, here and abroad, have been received with the greatest favor. Meissonier, who has made a specialty of the action of the horse, is announced as an adherent of the new theory, and it is said that he has recently modified a painting in conformity with it.



FIG. 4.

While great credit is due to Mr. Muybridge for the ingenuity and skill with which he has applied his art to the production of these pictures, they would not have been taken, nor could the world have had the full benefit of them which it now receives, but for the intelligent liberality of Governor Stanford, who, at much cost and with no chance for pecu niary reward, has carried the investigation to great lengths, and who now presents its results in a large quarto volume, containing more than a hundred plates, which bear over a thousand figures of animals in motion. These illustrations are accompanied by an elaborate essay, in which Dr. Stillman explains their application to the locomotion of quadrupeds, of horses especially.

The method by which these photographs have been taken—the result of years of experiment—is substantially as follows: At one side of the track is a long building arranged for photographic work, containing a battery of twenty-four cameras, all alike and standing one foot apart. On the other side of the track is a screen of white muslin and a foot-board. The screen is marked with vertical and horizontal lines, and the foot-board bears numbers indicating separate intervals of one foot each. The instantaneous shutters of the cameras are operated by electricity, and their movement is governed by such powerful springs that the exposure is estimated to be about one five-thousandth of a second. The contact by which the shutters are sprung is made by the breaking of a thread drawn across the track at about the height of the horse's breast, there being one thread for each camera. In his flight through



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

*"The Horse in Motion, as Shown by Instantaneous Photography, with a Study on Animal Mechanics. Founded on anatomy and the revelations of the camera. In which is demonstrated the theory of quadrupedal locomotion. By J. D. B Stillman, A. M., M. D. Executed and published under the auspices of Leland Stanford." Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. 1882.

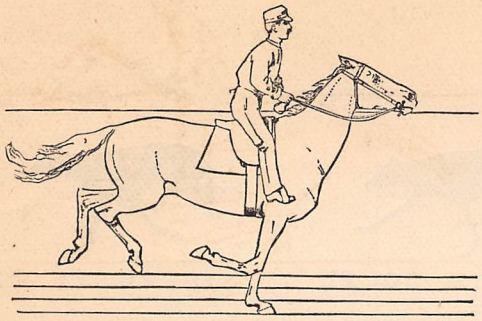


FIG. 8.

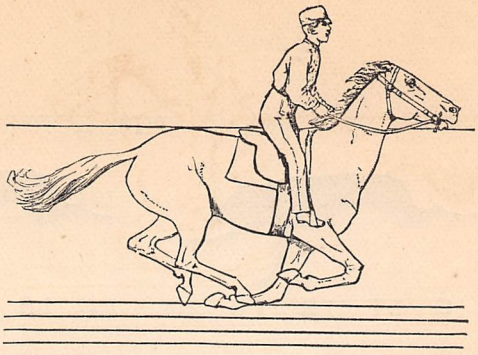


FIG. 9.

the air, therefore, he brings each of the twenty-four cameras to bear upon him at the moment when he passes in front of it, and that camera represents his position at that instant. The series of representations indicates the consecutive positions at each of the twenty-four feet covered by the instruments. In a series showing a horse trotting at speed the spokes of the sulky are shown as distinct lines quite to the felloe of the wheel, indicating an extremely short exposure. In a fast run, the tufts of the horse's tail, as it waves with his stride, are clearly marked. The distinctness of the silhouettes thus produced is well illustrated in Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, showing a hound running with a stride of twenty-one feet. These and the other silhouettes illustrating this article are copied from heliotypes taken from the original photographs.

The illustrations 8 to 18, which follow, are not absolute reproductions; but in drawing them the greatest care was taken to preserve the outlines of the original. Their essential correspondence with the photographs of an animal running at speed show they may be taken as an unquestionable analysis of that gait. It is to be understood that the horse is at full speed, and that the illustrations here given represent alternate photographs of a series of twenty-four; that is, that they represent positions at intervals of two feet.

The eleven cuts cover a trifle more than one stride, the supporting fore leg in the last being a little further to the rear than in the first. In Figure 8 the whole weight is borne by the left fore leg, the pastern of which is nearly horizontal, and which is nearly under the center of gravity. The hind feet are about twelve and fifteen inches from the ground,

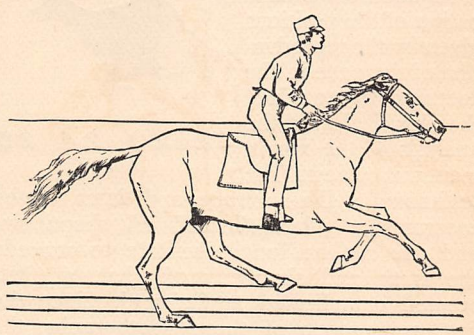


FIG. 12.

and the croup and withers are about two inches below the gauge line. Figure 18 shows this supporting foot just before leaving the ground. The extreme lengthening of the leg, by straightening the angles between the shoulder and the forearm, has raised the body about an inch nearer to the gauge line. The *effect* of that thrust, and of the straightening

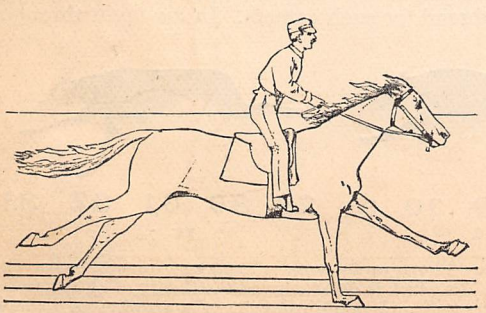


FIG. 15.

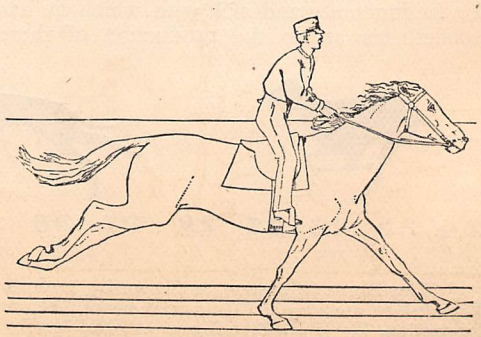


FIG. 16.

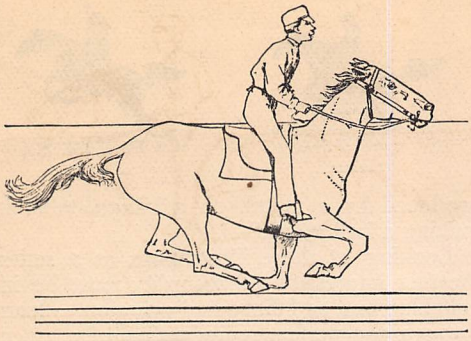


FIG. 10.

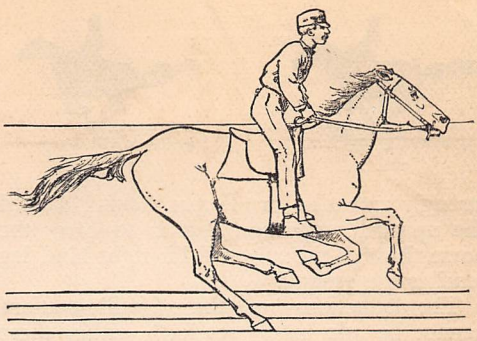


FIG. 11.

of the pastern, is continued after the foot leaves the ground, so that in Figure 9 the croup and shoulder have been thrown quite to the gauge line. In Figure 10, the horse being still off the ground, the croup has gone an inch above the line. It has hitherto been the general belief that when the horse descends from his bound he lands on one of his fore feet. Figure 11 shows that the right hind foot first reaches the ground, the other three feet being more that twelve inches above it. As this hind leg passes to the rear in Figure 12 the pastern is parallel with the ground, the left hind foot is preparing to take its position, and both fore feet are moving to the front. At the next position, Figure 13, both fore feet being still more than a foot from the ground, both hind feet are in firm contact with it. In Figure 14, the right hind foot is ten inches from the ground and far to the rear. The left hind foot is performing the functions of the right in Figure 12, and the right fore foot is on the ground. The leading fore leg is extended to its utmost in Figure 15.

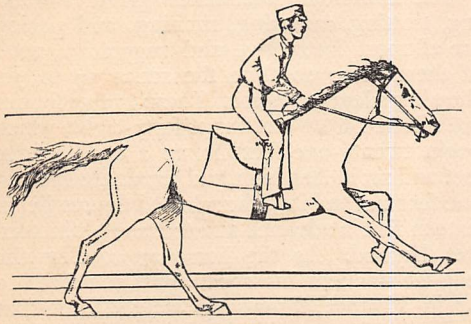


FIG. 13.

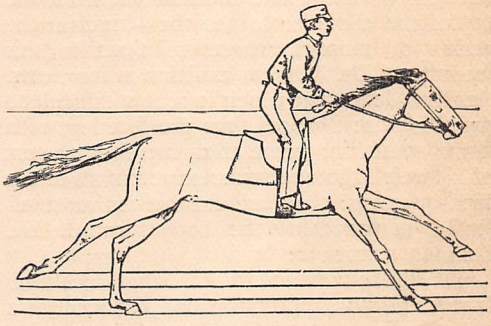


FIG. 14.

The two hind legs are extended, and the left fore leg is still four inches from the ground (Figure 16), when the right, the only one in contact, is nearly at the end of its stroke. In Figure 17, eighteen feet in advance of Figure 1, the left fore foot is still somewhat in advance of the position there shown. Figure 18, as above stated, finishes the stride, the leg,

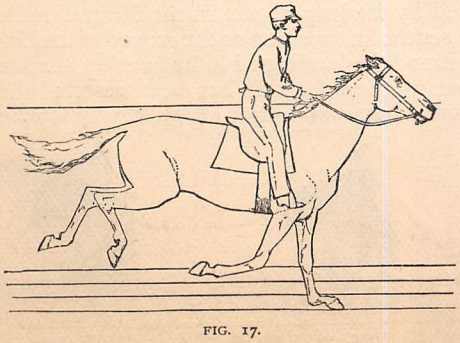


FIG. 17.

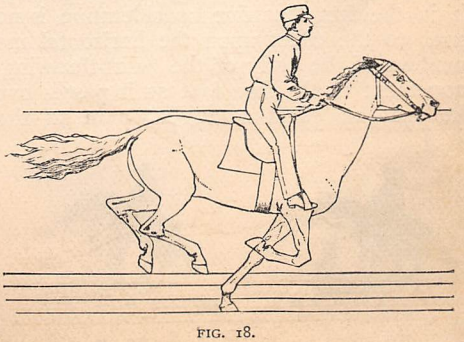


FIG. 18.

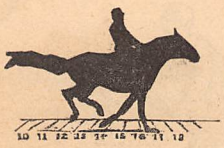


FIG. 19.



FIG. 20.



FIG. 21.



FIG. 22.

strongly extended to the rear, having started the upward propulsion that is to carry the horse through the air until his right hind leg reaches the ground.

The deductions from these few illustrations cannot be adequately set forth within these limits. The most curious of them, anatomically, relates to the fact that the horse's withers are much further from the gauge line when one of his fore legs is almost directly under him (Figure 15) than when that leg is extended to the utmost, and when the other feet are in the air (Figure 18), the whole body being strongly thrown upward, as if by the force with which this one leg is extended. This thrust —which shows a wonderful flexibility and strength of the whole mechanism, from the top of the shoulder to the toe—involves the action of muscles whose relations to this movement Dr. Stillman explains in his notes. Another deduction which it seems difficult to avoid is this: Not only are the fore legs of a horse something more than mere supporters of his weight between successive thrusts of the hind-quarters: they are themselves most effective in propelling the body forward. Dr. Stillman even says:

"It will be apparent * * * that each limb is required to support the body and act as a propeller in turn, and that the *anterior one does more than its share of both offices*." (The italics are mine.)

Nevertheless, it will need more than the photographs and diagrams shown in this book, and the reasoning with which the proposition is advanced, to convert to full belief in this theory one who has watched from a coach-box the tremendous action of the dorsal muscles of a pulling horse. If there is a weak point in the reasoning, it may, perhaps, lie in the fact that due consideration is not given to the effect upon the horizontal momentum of the body of the "dirt-throwing" movement of the fore foot as it passes over the toe—an effect somewhat akin to that produced by a match on a billiard-table in making a ball "hop."

Looking at these illustrations as a series, the first impression of absurdity must be inevitable; but, as I have had occasion to learn through the perfect reproduction of a graceful and vigorous stride, on placing them in the zoetrope and there studying their combinations at low speed, they lose, in time, their extravagant appearance, and are easily associated in the mind with the natural action of a rapidly moving horse. To what extent they may be useful in modifying the pictorial representation of animals in motion it is not easy to determine. This part of the subject will have consideration further on.

The numerous illustrations given of walking, trotting, cantering, running, and pacing are all most instructive and suggestive, none of them more so than the series 19 to 30, showing a leaping horse. These twelve figures are selected from a series of forty-eight, which begin twenty-one feet before a hurdle three feet and six inches high, and terminate twenty-one feet beyond it. The selected figures begin sixteen feet in advance and terminate nineteen feet beyond. As the horse approaches the leap he slackens his speed, puts one fore leg far in advance, throws his weight upon that leg, and advances his hind legs (19), which pass the position of the supporting fore foot, and strike the ground about two feet in advance of it (20); as the fore leg is about leaving the ground it gives an upward thrust for the rise to the leap (21), a simultaneous spring from the hind legs carrying the animal into the air and over the hurdle (22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27), until he lands on his fore legs differently advanced (28), and gathers himself (29), ready to begin a fresh stride (30). The distance covered by the leap shown in the illustration between the last position on the ground of the hind feet and the landing with the fore feet is about twenty-seven feet. It has been asserted that when a horse lands from a high leap he touches



FIG. 31.



FIG. 32.



FIG. 33.



FIG. 34.



FIG. 23.



FIG. 24.

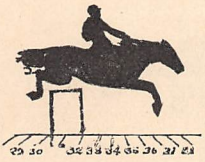


FIG. 25.

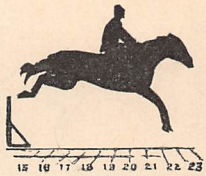


FIG. 26.

the ground with his fore feet, and makes another step forward, with them both, before his hind feet come to the ground. Muybridge's illustrations of leaping all show that the horse lands on one fore foot, the other taking its position immediately afterward, a little in advance. The quickness of the movement has probably misled observers to the idea that both feet take first one position and then the other. The illustrations 31 to 37 show an unpremeditated standing leap. The horse baulked at the hurdle, and was forced over it with great difficulty. It seems hard to believe that, having forced himself into the position

focus. Figures 38, 39, 40, 41, and 42 show one picture of each of five series. These are not immediate reproductions of the photographs, but the drawings from which they are taken were accurately made on enlargements of the photographs. They are pictures of the same horse leaping, but are parts of five different leaps. In the approach (38), the horse is in the position next preceding that shown in Figure 19. In 39 he is in that shown in Figure 21; in 40 in the position shown in Figure 23; in 41 in the position shown in Figure 27; and in 42 in the position succeeding that shown in Figure 28. Corresponding represen-

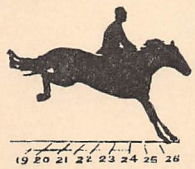


FIG. 27.

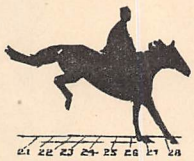


FIG. 28.



FIG. 29.



FIG. 30.

shown in 34, he could, with his legs thus extended, spring to the position in 35. The positions of the rider in 36 and 37 indicate a general disturbance of forces which, to one who has made a standing leap for which he was unprepared, will seem very truthful.

The illustrations thus far given serve to show the method adopted to indicate the consecutive positions in the measured movements of the horse and of other animals. Their value is very much enhanced by the later series, where five views are given of each of many positions in different gaits. The cameras for this purpose were arranged so as to take one broadside view and four quartering views, looking, for example, to the right shoulder, the left shoulder, the right quarter, and the left quarter, the contact for each being made by the breaking of a single thread struck by the horse when he came into the

tations of a leaping horse are not recalled as appearing in Leech's and other illustrations; that they are, however, entirely true to nature must be at once recognized by any one who, bearing them in mind, will watch the actual leaping of a well-trained horse.

The truth to nature of most of the illustrations given in the work under consideration, while it cannot be questioned, must be considered with reference to the fact that the horses under examination were nearly all highly bred animals, mainly thorough-bred race-horses. The photographs would necessarily show some modification, if representing horses in common use and of less graceful and vigorous conformation. But, modified as they may be, they can never by any ordinary process be reconciled with the conventional horse of the artist, ancient or modern. The horse in full gallop is almost invariably shown either, as in racing plates, extended to the utmost, or with an equal and uniform disposition of the limbs, as shown in Figure 43, which is a fair example of the representation of a strong and regular gallop. Not



FIG. 35.



FIG. 36.

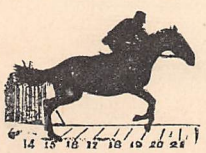


FIG. 37.

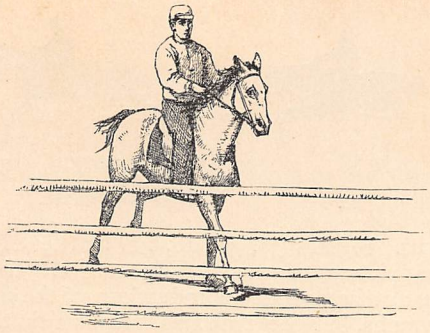


FIG. 38.

one of the series of cuts Nos. 8 to 18 gives, by itself, an idea of great speed. Figure 44, however, corresponding with Figure 18, has a strong headlong movement, and may easily be imagined to be a picture of a horse running at great speed. It becomes now a curious and not unimportant question to discuss whether or not artists should abandon their old method of representing the galloping horse, and show him always in some one of his actual positions.

Dr. Stillman is very strongly of the opinion that they should do so. Perhaps, after all, it resolves itself into a question as to whether an artist whose purpose it is to represent things as they *seem*, is justified in adapting his methods to the limitations of the human vision, or whether he should show things exactly as they *are*, and appeal only to human reason. Dr. Stillman says: "It seems to many unaccountable that the horse, whose movements are so open, should play such a *léger-de-pied* as to deceive all eyes and give rise to controversies as earnest as did the colors of the chameleon in the fable." But Dr. Stillman seems, himself, to account satisfactorily for what he suggests as unaccountable. He says:

"It is difficult at a glance to conceive how the eye could be so deceived; but a little consideration

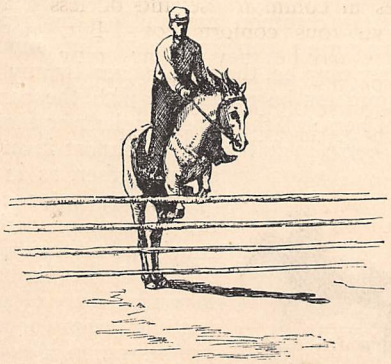


FIG. 39.

of the physiology of that organ will teach us that no dependence can be placed on it to interpret the motion of an object moving irregularly, even at a comparatively slow rate of speed.

"It has been shown that the retina of the eye is capable of receiving a distinct image of an object in almost inconceivably short space of time, as that of the flash of an electric spark or a millionth part of a second, and that the impression remains for the space of a third to a seventh of a second, according to the experiments of D'Arcy and Plateau; and the mind is incapable of distinguishing between the first impression and the last made during that space of time, and the images run together and are confused. A familiar illustration of this phenomenon is furnished by the spokes of a wheel in motion; yet these spokes will appear stationary if, revolving in the dark, they are suddenly illuminated by an electric flash; or if the end of a stick be ignited, and moved rapidly, a continuous line of fire will appear. Here there is a continuous line of impressions made upon the retina, and so conveyed to the mind * * *. The reader may ask why it is that the artists of all time, with the full accord of all men,—and our own eyes confirm the tradition,—represent the horse in galloping as extending his feet to the utmost, as seen in all the pictures

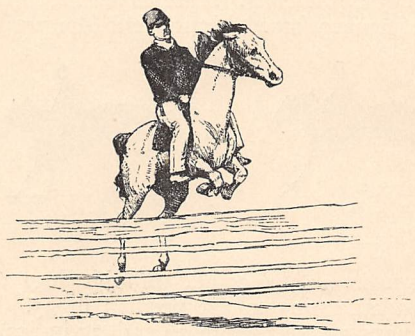


FIG. 40.

of horses racing. My answer is this: We now know that it is not true that a horse ever did put himself in the position portrayed by the best artists; and the explanation that I have to offer is, that in the gallop the horse always moves his feet alternately, and to the same extent; at the limit of extension there is a change of direction given to them, and their image dwells longer upon the retina, and the impressions are more lasting than of the intermediate and more rapid movements which the mind is unable to distinguish any more than the order in which they are made."

This looks like an unconscious undermining of the whole structure that he has labored to erect.

If a painting showed four horses harnessed to a coach, each of them in certain of the intermediate positions that instantaneous photography shows to be true, they would look as though they were dangling their legs at a stand-still. Whatever position might be given to a trotting horse in a picture intended to show great speed, its effect would be lost if he were shown as harnessed to a sulky of which the spokes of the wheel were visible, as we are told that they become when illuminated

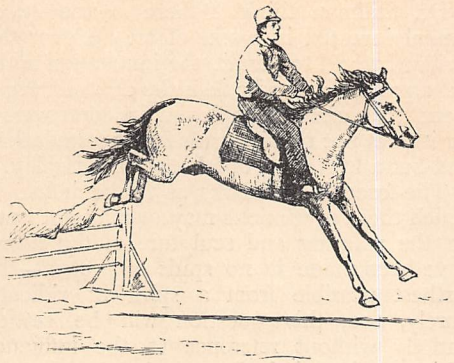


FIG. 41.

in the dark by an electric flash. We need the confused whirl of the wheels to complete the impression.

A somewhat curious illustration of the difference between what is and what seems to be, is given by the quarter-second hand on a racing time-piece. Watching this hand we see it jump to the quarters and stop, and watching its consecutive movement, we see its sweep around the center. If, however, three of the positions are covered, —that is, if we cover a little more than the lower half of the dial,—the effect produced on the eye is that of a needle darting straight out from the center to the top, and darting straight back again. The sweep is entirely undetected. The same principle, perhaps, holds good with a running horse, at least so far as any given position of the legs is concerned. The only position in which it is possible to see the fore feet or the hind feet is when they are extended to the utmost, that is, when they come to a stop. A painting or a statue can show only position; it cannot show movement. The fault in the artistic representation of the gallop seems to me to be inherent. The gait is not a position at all, but ceaseless motion. It is, indeed, to be questioned whether the strongest impression produced on the eye is derived from the extension of the limbs in the full strides, or from the vigor with which they are gathered after extension. On the race-track, or in the use of the zoetrope, it is the rapid flexion of the legs which most attracts my attention, and the absence of which, from the impression given by a picture, seems to me to mark its greatest limitations. If this line of reasoning is correct, it is not so much a question whether the artist shall reproduce the positions of Muybridge's photographs, as whether he shall attempt to paint a galloping horse at all, since he cannot indicate the *action*, which is the essence of the gallop.

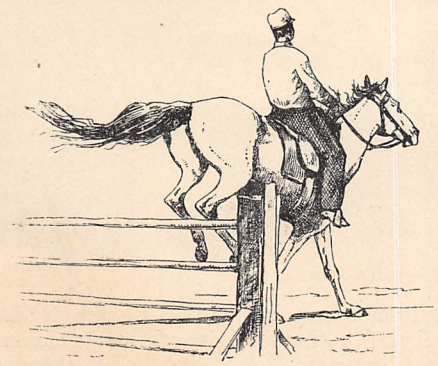


FIG. 42.

There is, after all, another element of the discussion to which full weight must be given. That is, that not only art but man himself is conventional. We are accustomed to seeing certain things represented in a certain way. When an attempt is made to represent them



FIG. 43.

in another way our conventional natures revolt at the innovation. A familiarity of some years with Muybridge's photographs, while it has not enabled me to see in them the activity of the old type of picture, has unquestionably greatly modified the view with which I regard them. For example: Figure 44, which I should, some years ago, have regarded as absurd, is now a most satisfactory representation of motion. It is by no means improbable that the influence of these illustrations on the horse-paintings of the future, and on the minds of those who look at them, may be such as to banish from the canvas the impossible positions now shown there, and to introduce new positions, more like Muybridge's, which, though they would not now be accepted by the public, will be in entire accordance with the conventions of that day. It would be absolute truth, but it would also be very absurd truth,

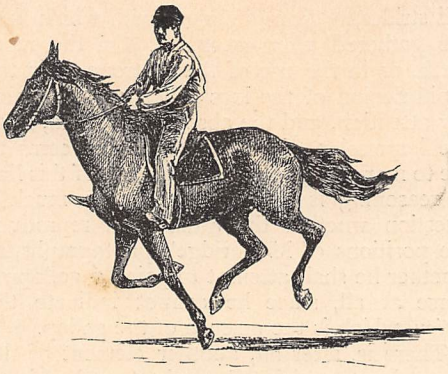


FIG. 44.

to show the spokes of a wheel going at a 2:17 gait. The picture which shows it as our poor eyes must see it is really the truthful one for the purposes of art. So must it be with the horse in motion. We must see him on the canvas as we see him in life, not as he is shown when his movements are divided by the five-thousandth part of a second.

Dr. Stillman thinks "there is too much capital invested in works of art all over the civilized world to permit the innovation without a protest, and ridicule is the cheapest argument that can be employed in controversy, for it does not require truth for its foundation, and but a low order of talent for its display."

The foregoing remarks as to the influence which these revelations may or may not have on the painting and sculpture of the future have been made in no spirit of protest—the farthest possible from a spirit of ridicule. Surely, too, this question will be settled entirely without reference to the influence of invested capital. It may be that, as our ideas become trained to the analysis of quadrupedal movement, we shall accept the new light in its fullness; but let us not, in our enthusiasm over a new discovery, and in our devotion to a purely theoretical "truth," lose sight of the limitations which must always surround every attempt to represent action by passive objects and lines.

George E. Waring, Jr.

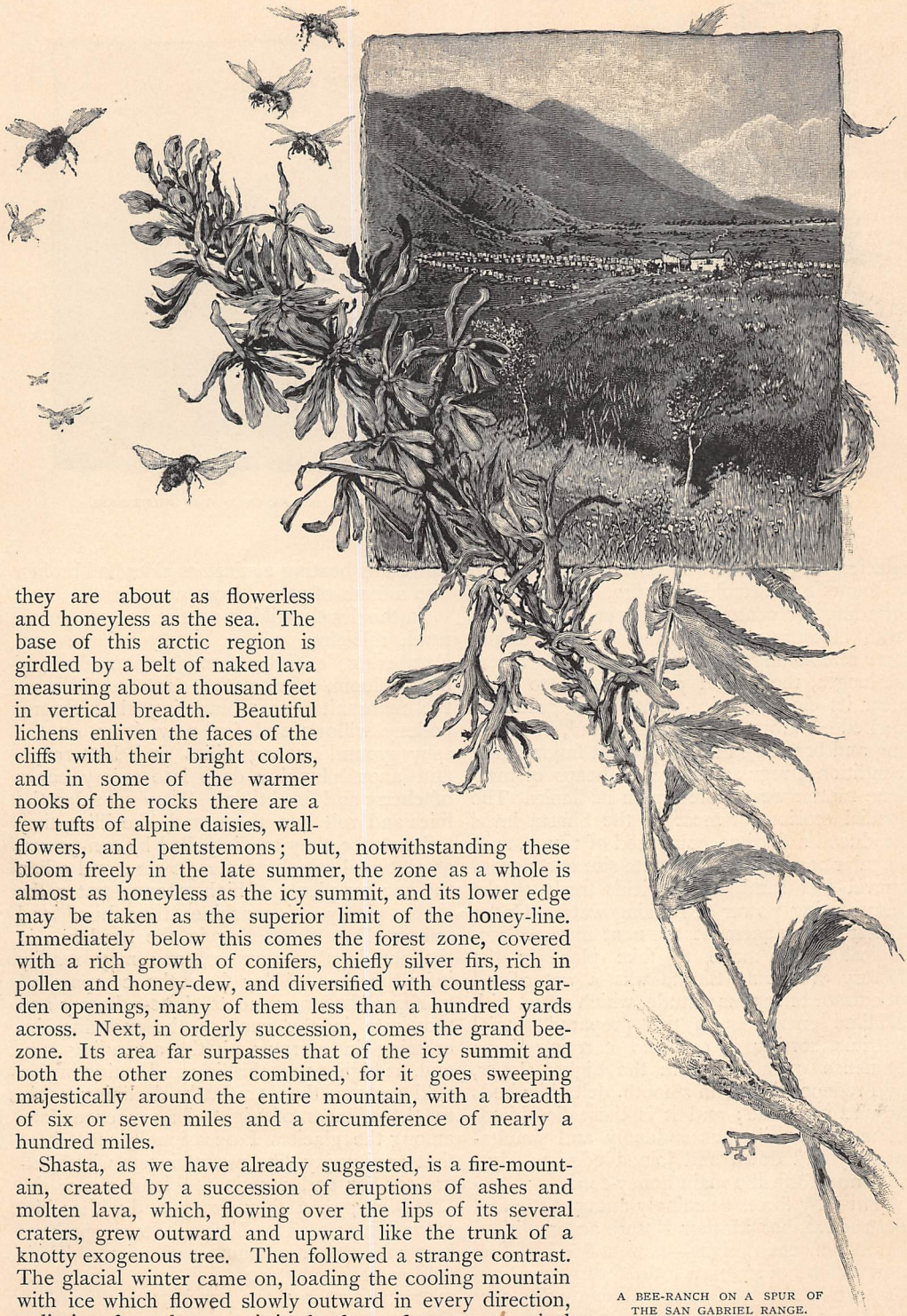
THE BEE-PASTURES OF CALIFORNIA.

IN TWO PARTS: II.



IN THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.—WHITE SAGE.

REGARDING Mount Shasta comprehensively from a bee point of view, encircled by its many climates, and sweeping aloft from the torrid plain deep into the cold azure, we find the first five thousand feet from the summit pretty generally snow-clad, and therefore



A BEE-RANCH ON A SPUR OF THE SAN GABRIEL RANGE. CARDINAL FLOWER.

they are about as flowerless and honeyless as the sea. The base of this arctic region is girdled by a belt of naked lava measuring about a thousand feet in vertical breadth. Beautiful lichens enliven the faces of the cliffs with their bright colors, and in some of the warmer nooks of the rocks there are a few tufts of alpine daisies, wall-flowers, and pentstemons; but, notwithstanding these bloom freely in the late summer, the zone as a whole is almost as honeyless as the icy summit, and its lower edge may be taken as the superior limit of the honey-line. Immediately below this comes the forest zone, covered with a rich growth of conifers, chiefly silver firs, rich in pollen and honey-dew, and diversified with countless garden openings, many of them less than a hundred yards across. Next, in orderly succession, comes the grand bee-zone. Its area far surpasses that of the icy summit and both the other zones combined, for it goes sweeping majestically around the entire mountain, with a breadth of six or seven miles and a circumference of nearly a hundred miles.

Shasta, as we have already suggested, is a fire-mountain, created by a succession of eruptions of ashes and molten lava, which, flowing over the lips of its several craters, grew outward and upward like the trunk of a knotty exogenous tree. Then followed a strange contrast. The glacial winter came on, loading the cooling mountain with ice which flowed slowly outward in every direction, radiating from the summit in the form of one vast conical



WILD BUCKWHEAT.—A BEE-RANCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

glacier—a down-crawling mantle of ice upon a fountain of smoldering fire, crushing and grinding for centuries its brown, flinty lavas with incessant activity, and thus degrading and remodeling the entire mountain. When, at length, the glacial period began to draw near its close, the ice-mantle was gradually melted off around the bottom, and, in receding and breaking into its present fragmentary condition, irregular rings and heaps of moraine matter were stored upon its flanks. The glacial erosion of most of the Shasta lavas produced a detritus, composed of rough, subangular bowlders of moderate size and porous gravel and sand, which yields freely to the transporting power of running water. Under Nature's management, the next marked geological event made to take place in the history of Mount Shasta was a water-flood of extraordinary magnitude, which acted with sublime energy upon this prepared glacial detritus, sorting it out and carrying down immense quantities from the higher slopes, and redepositing it in smooth, delta-like beds around the base; and it is these flood-beds of moraine soil, thus suddenly and simultaneously laid down and joined edge to edge, that now form the main honey-zone.

Thus, by forces seemingly antagonistic and destructive, has Mother Nature accomplished her beneficent designs—now a flood of fire, now a flood of ice, now a flood of water; and then an outburst of organic life, a milky-way of snowy petals and wings, girdling the rugged mountain like a cloud, as if the vivifying sunbeams beating against its sides had broken into a foam of plant-bloom and bees.

In this lovely wilderness the bees rove and revel, rejoicing in the bounty of the sun, clambering eagerly through bramble and hucklebloom, stirring the clustered bells of the manzanita, now humming aloft among polleny willows and firs, now down on the ashy ground among gilias and buttercups, and anon plunging deep into snowy banks of cherry and buckthorn. They consider the lilies and roll into them, and, like lilies, they toil not, for they are impelled by sun-power, as water-wheels by water-power; and when the one has plenty of high-pressure water, the other plenty of sunshine, they hum and quiver alike. Sauntering in the bee-lands in the sun-days of summer, one may readily infer the time of day from the comparative energy of bee-movements alone—drowsy and moderate in the cool of the morning, increasing in energy with the ascending sun, and, at high noon, thrilling and quivering in wild ecstasy, then gradually declining again to the stillness of night. In my excursions among the glaciers I occasionally meet bees that are hungry, like mountaineers who venture too far and remain too long above the bread-line; then they droop and wither like autumn leaves. The Shasta bees are perhaps better fed than any others in the sierra. Their field-work is one perpetual feast; but, however exhilarating the sunshine or bountiful the supply of flowers, they are always dainty feeders. Humming-moths and humming-birds

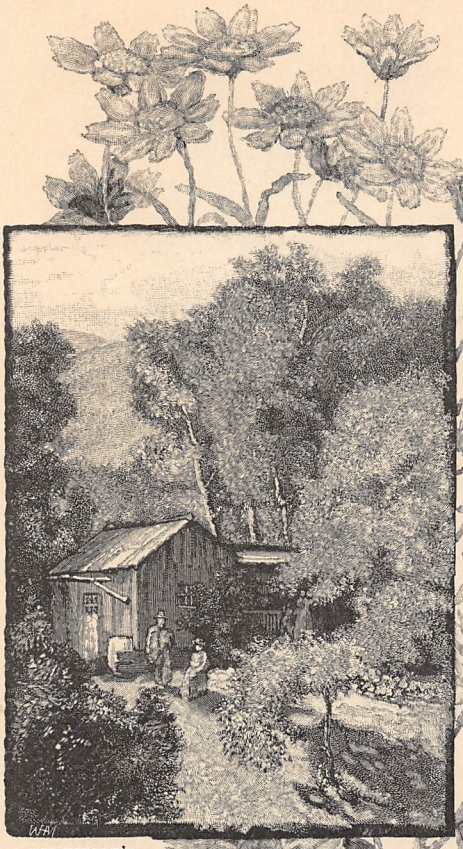
seldom set foot upon a flower, but poise on the wing in front of it, and reach forward as if they were sucking through straws. But bees, though as dainty as they, hug their favorite flowers with profound cordiality, and push their blunt, polleny faces against them, like babies on their mother's bosom. And fondly, too, with eternal love, does Mother Nature clasp her small bee-babies, and suckle them, multitudes at once, on her warm Shasta breast.

Besides the common honey-bee there are many other species here—fine mossy, burly fellows, who were nourished on the mountains thousands of sunny seasons before the advent of the domestic species. Among these are the bumble-bees, mason-bees, carpenter-bees, and leaf-cutters. Butterflies, too, and moths of every size and pattern,—some broad-winged like bats, flapping slowly, and sailing in easy curves; others like small, flying violets, shaking about loosely in short, crooked flights close to the flowers, feasting luxuriously night and day. Great numbers of deer also delight to dwell in the brushy portions of the bee-pastures.



A BEE-PASTURE ON THE MORAINE DESERT. SPANISH BAYONET.

Bears, too, roam the sweet wildness, their blunt, shaggy forms harmonizing well with the trees and tangled bushes, and with the bees, also, notwithstanding the disparity in size. They are fond of all good things, and enjoy them to the utmost, with but little troublesome discrimination—flowers and leaves as well as berries, and the bees themselves as well as their honey. Though the California bears have as yet had but little experience with honey-bees, they often succeed in reaching their bountiful stores, and it seems doubtful whether bees themselves enjoy honey with so great a relish. By means of their powerful teeth and claws they can gnaw and tear open almost any hive conveniently accessible. Most honey-bees, however, in search of a home are wise enough to make choice of a hollow in a living tree, a considerable distance above the ground, when it is possible; then they are pretty secure, for though the smaller black and brown bears climb well, they are unable to break into strong hives while compelled to exert themselves to keep from falling, and at the same time to endure the stings of the fighting bees without having their paws free to rub them off. But woe to the black bumble-bees discovered in their mossy mouse-nests in the ground! The bears with a few strokes of their huge paws lay the entire establishment bare, and, before time is given for a general buzz, bees old and young, larvæ, honey, stings, nest, and



A BEE-KEEPER'S CABIN.—BURRIELIA (ABOVE).—MADIA (BELOW).

all are taken in in one ravishing mouthful.

Not the least influential of the agents concerned in the superior sweetness of the Shasta flora are its storms—storms I mean that are strictly local, bred and born on the mountain, and belonging to it as completely as its vegetation. The magical rapidity with which they grow on the mountain-top, and bestow their charity in rain and snow, never fails to astonish the inexperienced lowlander. Often in calm, glowing days, while the bees are still on the wing, a storm-cloud may be seen far above in the pure ether, swelling its pearl bosses, and growing silently like a plant. Presently a clear, ringing discharge of thunder is heard, then a rush of wind, sounding over the bending woods like the roar of the ocean, and mingling rain, snow-flowers, honey-flowers, and bees in wild storm harmony.

Still more impressive are the warm, reviving days of spring in the mountain pastures. The blood of the plants throbbing beneath the life-giving sunshine seems to be heard and felt. Plant growth goes on before our eyes, and every tree in the woods, and bush, and flower is seen as a hive of restless industry. The deeps of the sky are mottled with singing wings of every tone and color; clouds of brilliant chrysididæ dancing and swirling in exquisite rhythm, golden-barred vespidæ, dragon-flies, butterflies, grating cicadas, and jolly, rattling grasshoppers, fairly enameling the light.

On bright, crisp mornings a striking optical effect may frequently be observed from the shadows of the higher mountains while the sunbeams are pouring past overhead. Then every insect, no matter what may be its own proper color, burns white in the light. Gauzy-winged hymenoptera, moths, jet-black beetles, all are transfigured alike in pure, spiritual white, like snow-flakes.

In southern California, where bee-culture has had so much skillful attention of late years, the pasturage is not more abundant, or more advantageously varied as to the number of its honey plants and their distribution over mountain and plain, than that of many other portions of the State where the industrial currents flow in other channels. The famous white sage *(Audibertia)*, belonging to the mint family, flourishes here in all its glory, blooming in May, and yielding great quantities of clear, pale honey, which is greatly prized in every market it has yet reached. This species grows chiefly in the valleys and low hills. The black sage on the mountains is part of a dense, thorny chaparral, which is composed chiefly of adenostoma, ceanothus, manzanita, and cherry—not differing greatly from that of the southern portion of the sierra, but more dense and continuous, and taller, and remaining longer in bloom. Stream-side gardens, so charming a feature of both the sierra and coast mountains, are less numerous but exceedingly rich in honey flowers wherever found: melilotus, columbine, collinsia, verbena, zauschneria, wild rose, honeysuckle, philadelphus, and lilies rising from the warm, moist dells in a very storm of exuberance. Wild buckwheat of many species is developed in great abundance over the

dry, sandy valleys and lower slopes of the mountains toward the end of summer, and is at this time the main dependence of the bees, reënforced here and there by orange groves, alfalfa fields, and small home gardens.

The main honey months in ordinary seasons are April, May, June, July, and August; while the other months are usually flowery enough to yield sufficient for the bees.

According to Mr. J. T. Gordon, president of the Los Angeles County Bee-keepers' Association, the first bees introduced into the county were a single hive, which cost $150 in San Francisco and arrived in September, 1854.* In April of the following year this hive sent out two swarms, which were sold for one hundred dollars each. From this small beginning the bees gradually multiplied to about three thousand swarms in the year 1873. In 1876, it was estimated that there were between fifteen and twenty thousand hives in the county, producing an annual yield of about one hundred pounds to the hive—in some exceptional cases a much greater yield.

In San Diego County, at the beginning of the season of 1878, there were about 24,000 hives, and the shipments from the one port of San Diego for the same year, from July 17th to November 10th, were 1,071 barrels, 15,544 cases, and nearly ninety tons. The largest bee-ranches have about a thousand hives, and are carefully and skillfully managed, every scientific appliance of merit being brought into use. There are few bee-keepers, however, who own half as many as this, or who give their undivided attention to the business. Orange culture at present heavily overshadows every other business.

A good many of the so-called bee-ranches of Los Angeles and San Diego counties are still of the rudest pioneer kind imaginable. A man unsuccessful in everything else hears the interesting story of the profits and comforts of bee-keeping, and concludes to try it, buys a few colonies, or gets them from some overstocked ranch on shares, takes them back to the foot of some cañon where the pasturage is fresh, squats on the land, with or without the permission of the owner, sets up his hives, makes a box cabin for himself scarcely bigger than a bee-hive, and awaits his fortune.

Bees suffer sadly from famine during the dry years which occasionally occur in the southern and middle portions of the State. If the rainfall amounts only to three or four inches, instead of from twelve to twenty as in ordinary seasons, then sheep and cattle die in thousands, and so do these small winged cattle, unless they are carefully fed, or removed to other pastures. The year 1877 will long be remembered as exceptionally rainless and distressing. Scarce a flower bloomed on the dry valleys away from the stream-sides, and not a single grain-field depending upon rain was reaped. The seed only sprouted, and came up a little way, and withered; and horses, cattle, and sheep grew thinner day by day, nibbling at bushes and weeds along the shallowing edges of streams, many of which were dried up altogether for the first time since the settlement of the country.

In the course of a trip made during the summer of that year through Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, and Los Angeles counties, the deplorable effects of the drought were everywhere visible—leafless fields, dead and dying cattle, dead bees, and half-dead people with dusty, doleful faces. Even the birds and squirrels were in distress, though their suffering was less painfully apparent than that of the poor cattle. These were falling one by one in slow, sure starvation along the banks of the hot, sluggish streams, while thousands of buzzards correspondingly fat were sailing above them, or standing gorged on the ground beneath the trees, waiting with easy faith for fresh carcasses. The quails, prudently considering the hard times, abandoned all thought of pairing off. They were too poor to marry, and so continued in flocks all through the year without attempting to rear young. In riding three hundred miles not a single brood of young was seen, though the breeding season was past; but, on the contrary, all the old ones were still in flocks. The ground-squirrels, though an exceptionally industrious and enterprising race, as every farmer knows, were hard pushed for a living; not a fresh leaf or seed was to be found save in the trees, whose bossy masses of dark green foliage presented a striking contrast to the ashen baldness of the ground beneath them. The squirrels, leaving their accustomed feeding-grounds, betook themselves to the leafy oaks to gnaw out the acorn stores of the provident woodpeckers, but the latter kept up a vigilant watch upon their movements. I noticed four woodpeckers in league against one squirrel, driving the poor fellow out of an oak that they claimed. He dodged round the knotty trunk from side to side, as nimbly as he could in his famished condition, only to find a sharp bill everywhere. But the fate of the bees that year seemed the saddest of all. From one-half to three-fourths of them died, in different portions of Los Angeles and San Diego counties, of sheer starvation—not less than eighteen thousand colonies

* Fifteen hives of Italian bees were introduced into Los Angeles County in 1855, and in 1876 they had increased to five hundred. The marked superiority claimed for them over the common species is now attracting considerable attention.

in these two counties alone, while in the adjacent counties the death-rate was hardly less.

Even the colonies nearest to the mountains suffered more or less this year, for the smaller vegetation on the foot-hills was affected by the drought almost as severely as that of the valleys and plains, and even the hardy, deep-rooted chaparral, the surest dependence of the bees, bloomed sparingly, while much of it was beyond reach. All could have been saved, however, by promptly supplying them with food when their own stores began to fail, and before they became enfeebled and discouraged, or by cutting roads back into the mountains, and taking them into the heart of the flowery chaparral. The Santa Lucia, San Rafael, San Gabriel, San Jacinto, and San Bernardino ranges are almost untouched as yet save by the wild bees. Some idea of their resources, and of the advantages and disadvantages they offer to bee-keepers, may be formed from an excursion that I made into the San Gabriel range about the beginning of August of "the dry year." This range, containing most of the characteristic features of the other ranges just mentioned, overlooks the Los Angeles vineyards and orange groves from the north, and is more rigidly inaccessible in the ordinary meaning of the word than any other that I ever attempted to penetrate. The slopes are exceptionally steep and insecure to the foot, and they are covered with thorny bushes from five to ten feet high. With the exception of little spots not visible in general views, the entire surface is covered with them, massed in close hedge growth, sweeping gracefully down into every gorge and hollow, and swelling over every ridge and summit in shaggy, ungovernable exuberance, offering more honey to the acre for half the year than the most crowded clover-field in bloom time. But when beheld from the open San Gabriel valley, beaten with dry sunshine, all that was seen of the range seemed to wear a forbidding aspect. From base to summit all seemed gray barren, silent, its glorious chaparral appear ing like dry moss creeping over its dull, wrinkled ridges and hollows.

Setting out from Pasadena, a hopeful little colony of orange groves about six miles from the city of Los Angeles, I reached the foot of the range about sundown; and being weary and heated with my walk across the shadeless plain, concluded to camp for the night. After resting a few moments I began to look about among the flood-bowlders of the creek for a smooth camp-ground, when I came upon a strange, dark-looking man who had been chopping cord-wood. He seemed greatly surprised at seeing me, so I sat down with him on the live-oak log he had been cutting, and made haste to give a reason for my appearance in his solitude, explaining that I was anxious to find out something about the mountains and meant to make my way up Eaton Creek next morning. Then he kindly invited me to camp with him, and led me to his little cabin, situated at the foot of the first of the mountain slopes, where a small spring oozes out of a bank overgrown with wild rose-bushes. After supper, when the daylight was gone, he explained that he was out of candles, so we sat in the dark, while he gave me a sketch of his life in a mixture of Spanish and English. He was born in Mexico, his father Irish, his mother Spanish. He had been a miner, rancher, prospecter, hunter, etc., rambling always, and wearing his life away in mere waste, but now he was going to settle down. His past life, he said, was of "no account," but the future was promising. He was going to "make money and marry a Spanish woman." People mine here for water as for gold. He had been running a tunnel into a spur of the mountain back of his cabin. "My prospect is good," he said, "and if I chance to strike a good strong flow, I'll soon be worth five or ten thousand dollars. For that flat out there," referring to a small, irregular patch of bowldery detritus, two or three acres in size, that had been deposited by Eaton Creek during some flood season,—"that flat is large enough for a nice orange grove, and the bank behind the cabin will do for a vineyard, and after watering my own trees and vines I will have some left to sell to my neighbors below me down the valley. And then," he continued, "I can keep bees and make money that way, too, for the mountains above here are just full of honey in the summer time, and one of my neighbors down here says that he will let me have a whole lot of hives on shares to start with. You see I've a good thing; I'm all right now." All this prospective affluence in the sunken, bowlder-choked flood-bed of a mountain stream! Leaving the bees out of the count, most fortune-seekers would as soon think of settling on the summit of Mount Shasta.

About half an hour's walk above the cabin is "The Fall," famous throughout the valley settlements as the finest yet discovered in the range. It is a charming little thing, with a low, sweet voice, singing like a bird as it pours from a notch in a short ledge some thirty-five or forty feet into a round-mirror pool. The face of the cliff back of it and on both sides is smoothly covered and embossed with mosses, against which the white water shines out in showy relief, like a silver instrument in a velvet case. Hither come the San Gabriel lads and lasses to gather ferns and

dabble away their hot holidays in the cool water, glad to escape from their commonplace palm gardens and orange groves. The delicate maiden-hair grows on fissured rocks within reach of the spray, while broad-leaved maples and sycamores cast soft, mellow shade over a rich profusion of bee-flowers growing among bowlders in front of the pool—the fall, the flowers, the bees, the ferny rocks and leafy shade forming a charming little poem of wildness, the last of a series extending down the flowery slopes of San Antonio through the rugged, foam-beaten bosses of the main Eaton cañon.

From the base of the fall I followed the ridge that forms the western rim of the Eaton basin to the summit of one of the principal peaks, which is about five thousand feet above sea level. Then, turning eastward, I crossed the middle of the basin, forcing a way over its many subordinate ridges and across its eastern rim, having to contend almost everywhere with the floweriest and most impenetrable growth of honey bushes I had ever encountered since first my mountaineering began. Most of the Shasta chaparral is leafy nearly to the ground; here the main stems are naked for three or four feet, and interspiked with dead twigs, forming a stiff *chevaux de frise* through which even the bears make their way with difficulty. I was compelled to creep for miles on all-fours, and in following the bear-trails often found tufts of hair on the bushes where they had forced themselves through.

For a hundred feet or so above the fall the ascent was made possible only by tough cushions of club-moss that clung to the rock. Above this the ridge weathers away to a thin knife-blade for a few hundred yards, and thence to the summit of the range it carries a bristly mane of chaparral. Here and there small openings occur on rocky places, commanding fine views across the cultivated valley to the ocean. These I found by the tracks were favorite outlooks and resting-places for the wild animals—bears, wolves, foxes, wild-cats, etc.—which abound here, and would have to be taken into account in the establishment of bee-ranches. In the deepest thickets I found wood-rat villages—groups of huts four to six feet high, built of sticks and leaves in rough, tapering piles, like musk-rat cabins. I noticed a good many bees, too, most of them wild. The tame honey-bees seemed languid and wing-weary, as if they had come all the way up from the flowerless plain.

After reaching the summit I had time to make only a hasty survey of the basin, now glowing in the sunset gold, before hastening down into one of the tributary cañons in search of water. Emerging from a particularly tedious breadth of chaparral, I found myself free and erect in a beautiful park-like grove of live-oak, the ground planted with aspidiums and brier-roses, while the glossy foliage made a close canopy overhead, leaving the gray dividing trunks bare to show the beauty of their plain, interlacing arches. The bottom of the cañon was dry where I first reached it, but a bunch of scarlet mimulus indicated water at no great distance, and I soon discovered about a bucketful in the hollow of the rock. This, however, was full of dead bees, wasps, beetles, and leaves, well steeped and simmered in the hot sunshine, and would, therefore, require boiling and filtering through fresh charcoal before it could be made available. Tracing the dry channel about a mile farther down to its junction with a larger tributary cañon, I at length discovered a lot of bowlder pools, clear as crystal, brimming full, and linked together by glistening streamlets just strong enough to sing audibly. Flowers in full bloom adorned their margins, lilies ten feet high, larkspurs, columbines, and luxuriant ferns, leaning and overarching in lavish abundance, while a noble old live-oak spread its rugged arms over all. Here I camped, making my bed on smooth cobble-stones.

Next day, in the channel of a tributary that heads on Mount San Antonio, I passed about fifteen or twenty gardens like the one in which I slept—lilies in every one of them, in the full pomp of bloom. My third camp was made near the middle of the general basin, at the head of a long system of cascades from ten to two hundred feet high, one following the other in close succession down a rocky, inaccessible cañon, making a total descent of nearly seventeen hundred feet. Above the cascades the stream passes through a series of open, sunny levels, the largest of which are about an acre in size, where the wild bees and their companions were feasting on a fine, showy growth of zauschneria, painted cups, and monardella; and gray squirrels were busy harvesting the burs of the Douglass spruce, the only conifer I met in the basin.

The eastern slopes of the basin are in every way similar to those we have described, and the same may be said of other portions of the range. From the highest summit, far as the eye could reach, the landscape was one vast bee-pasture, a rolling wilderness of honey bloom, scarcely broken by bits of forest or the rocky outcrops of hill-tops and ridges.

Beyond the San Bernardino range lies the wild "sage-brush country," bounded on the east by the Colorado River, and extending in a general northerly direction to Nevada and

along the eastern base of the Sierra beyond Mono Lake.

The greater portion of this immense region, including Owens Valley, Death Valley, and the Sink of the Mohave, and whose area is nearly one-fifth that of the entire State, is usually regarded as a desert, not because of any lack in the soil, but for want of rain, and rivers available for irrigation. Very little of it, however, is desert in the eyes of a bee.

Looking now over all the available pastures of the State, it appears that the business of bee-keeping is still in its infancy. Even in the more enterprising of the southern counties, where so vigorous a beginning has been made, less than a tenth of their honey resources have as yet been developed; while in the Great Plain, the coast ranges, the Sierra Nevada, and the northern region about Mount Shasta, the business can hardly be said to exist at all. What the limits of its developments in the future may be, with the advantages of cheaper transportation and the invention of better methods in general, it is not easy to guess. Nor, on the other hand, are we able to measure the influence on bee interests likely to follow the destruction of the forests, now rapidly falling before fire and the ax. As to the sheep evil, that can hardly become greater than it is at the present day. In short, notwithstanding the wide-spread deterioration and destruction of every kind already effected, California, with her incomparable climate and flora, is still the best of all the bee-lands of the world.

John Muir.

TO E. W. G. IN ENGLAND

(WITH EMERSON'S POEMS).

EDMUND, in this book you'll find
Music of a prophet's mind.
Even when harsh the numbers be,
There's an inward melody;
And when sound is one with sense,
'Tis a bird's song—sweet, intense.
Chide me not the book is small,
For it is our all in all.
We who in Eldorado live
Have no better gift to give.
When no more is silver mill,
Golden stream, or golden hill,
Search the New World from pole to pole—
Here you'll find its very soul!

G.

February, 1882.

DAMMING THE SACRAMENTO.

AWAY up under the shadows of Mount Shasta, plunging down to the south, foaming, shouting, thundering down the land as if to shake the mountains loose, the new-born Sacramento River is as cold and clear and white as the eternal snows that feed his thousand gold-bearing tributaries.

Long ago, in the early days of California, when all the rivers there were thought to be full of gold, it was considered a matter of course that the great Sacramento, far up at its source, was also gold-bearing, and that it only needed men and a little labor to "wing-dam" this stream some summer, and find a vein of gold almost as rich as the famous deposits of the Feather and the American rivers, which feed the Sacramento and drain the melting snows of the sierras far away to the south.

And so it was in the spring of 18—, with this purpose in view, that a party of strangers in San Francisco hastily pooled their fortunes, consisting mainly of hope and muscle, and, ascending the Sacramento River to within thirty miles of its source, settled down there and began to cut it in two with a wing-dam.

How, in one short and yet uncompleted summer, these ten men had managed to do the amount of work which they had, it is hard to say. Winter was not far off at the furthest in this altitude, but then, how a man working for himself will strike out with the thought constantly before him that the very next blow of his pick may mean to him wife, children, father, mother, home, or what is the same thing, gold that would pave the road

leading back to these and all else dear to man!

Late one evening, as the brawny, hairy, half-robed miners still wrestled with the bowlders down in the bed of the river, which as yet had yielded no sign of its secrets, a pale, slim boy stood on the bank and inquired, in a helpless way and with a weak, tired voice, if they did not want "to hire help."

The men stopped, looked up, then at each other, then at the boy above them on the bank; and then they roared with laughter.

"Hire help! Look here, are you the help?" howled the strongest of them, called "Samson."

"Yes, sir."

Again the ragged men leaned on their picks and shovels, lifted up their heads, and roared.

"Say, are you an orphan?" laughed "Colonel Lasses," turning a quid. "We're all orphans here, and a long ways from home. Are you an orphan and a long ways from home?"

"No, sir," piped the tired boy, "I am not an orphan; but I am a long ways from home."

"Well, you better start home, then. It will be dark by the time you get there, I guess. From the Flat, eh?"

"From the Flat, sir? Where is that?"

"Why, Portuguese Flat," chimed in a tall fellow, with a touch of gentleness in his voice. "It's four miles down, the only mining camp on this end of the river. Where did you come from, my kid, that you didn't know that, eh?"

"Why, sir, I came from the other way—down from Oregon."

Some of the men caught their breath and looked at each other, and others shook their heads. But the very tall and ragged one who was called "Nut Crackers" leaned soberly aside on his pick.

At last one of the men, a sprightly, handsome young fellow called Timothy, threw down his long-handled shovel and, coming up out of the mine, said:

"Well, my kid, you may not be an orphan, but you're a mighty long ways from home; about a thousand miles, I guess. And as you can't get back there to-night, you'd better bunk with us—eh, boys?"

"Bet your boots!" cheerily cried Nut Crackers at his side, as he twirled a finger playfully through the boy's yellow hair.

A heavy-booted, half-bear creature, that came crawling out of the mine after his younger partners, grunted out a qualified assent, and the party went slowly stringing out toward the brush shanty of the company, which stood a little way back from the foaming river. Others followed, for the sun was down and it was time to "knock off."

The boy was weary and altogether wretched. He was tall and pale and thin, like a weed that has grown in shadow, and was not likely to be an addition to the working-force of the mine; but he was reserved and respectful, and so eager to help about the camp in bringing wood and water, and so careful not to be in the way, that he was tolerated until after the tired men had had their suppers. And then when they had filled their pipes, and had thrown themselves about the roaring and sweet-smelling fire of yew and juniper, he was made to feel quite at home, and soon fell so soundly asleep by the fire that he knew nothing more till the sun came down over the mountains, next morning, and looked him full in the face and wakened him.

It was Nut Crackers's "cook-week," and he had left a tin cup full of coffee hot by the fire, where the boy still lay. With an air of desperation, he was now down on his knees, with his sleeves rolled up, before a tub full of boiling hot water and obstinately greasy tin plates. He made an experimental dive with his big fist into the boiling water, and then suddenly leaped up, and hopping high on his naked heels, launched into a series of incoherent oaths, which was timidly interrupted by the boy.

"Let me wash 'em for you, please."

"You?" said Nut Crackers, savagely, in an effort to vent some of his irritation on the new-comer.

"Yes, as soon as I wash my hands."

"You'd better drink your coffee, and get some color in your face first."

"I will. But, sir, I want to wash the dishes for you. I know how. I always washed the dishes for mother at home when she was sick."

Nut Crackers stopped swearing. Pretty soon he came up to the boy, who was washing his hands and face in the little stream that slid through the camp, and, snapping his fingers, which were as red as boiled craw-fish, said:

"Kid, have you got a mother and do you——? But bah! Yes, wash 'em. It's not a man's place to wash dishes. Wash 'em and clean up about camp. Got no money to pay you; we're all on the verge. But you clean up about here, and stay 'round for grub; time enough to get down to the Flat after beans."

And with this he unrolled his sleeves and hobbled off down to the mine, leaving the boy in charge of the few blankets, brush-beds, camp-kettles, pans, and old boots which made up the tangible fortune of the "Sacramento Wing-dam Company."

When the ten tired men came up to din-

ner that day, they found such a change for the better that they persuaded the boy to stay. True, they had no money, even for themselves; but, when they "struck it"—and strike it they must the very next week—he should be paid, and paid well. And with this understanding they went back to their work that afternoon, leaving behind them a boy with a lighter heart than he had borne for half a year.

The men worked like beavers now. The summer had slipped away, and winter had taken possession of the summits of the mountains and set them with snowy castles. The river was rising every day, inch by inch. They must cut quite across the river-bed and strike the vein before the river broke over the wing-dam, or all their labor would be lost. They had already, even in midsummer, pierced the center of the river-bed and thrown the stormy stream behind them. They were now on the farther side, and were cutting straight for the bed-rock bank that cropped out not twenty feet away. They had begun with the bed-rock bank on the other side, and had followed the bed-rock across the entire bed of the river. The gold must lie somewhere ahead of them—somewhere within the next twenty feet. It was now only a question of days, of hours. This, be it remembered, was in the early days, when all men still obstinately believed that gold must lie in veins and strata.

How full of hope, of heart, were these men who had been shut up there in a gaping crevice of the earth all summer! Not one doubted that they would strike it—a little yellow vein deep in the bed of this stormy river, where the finger of God had placed it in the dawn of creation. Banks might fail, ships founder at sea, but this gold—it was *there!* It *had to be* there! A little yellow river of virgin gold!

These ten men did the work of forty. They could hardly wait for dawn, and they worked at night while the stars stood sentinel at the castles of snow above them. They scarcely ate their food, they were so eager. However, there was but little to eat. They did not wear much clothing, although winter was in the air. One man had not even the fragments of sleeves to his only remaining shirt. This was the man called Samson. He had arms like a giant, and would show the knots of muscle on his arms by the fire-light, and boast of his strength by the hour. He had a theory that the arms should always be entirely naked. He said he had torn off and thrown away his splendid sleeves in order to give the muscles of his arms full play, and he advised all the boys to do the same. But it so happened that one night, after one of these boastful exhibitions, having undertaken to dry the socks of these giants on a pole by the fire as they slept, the boy discovered that Samson had torn off the covering of his arms in order that he might protect his feet.

It is to be recorded that the early Californian was particularly partial to Biblical names. There was one of this party called Joseph. "We calls him Joseph because one day he fell in the pit; and then, he's the biggest fool in the camp," said Lazarus, a bony, pock-marked, thoughtful man, aside to the boy.

One of this company was now called Colonel Lasses. Colonel Lasses was from the South and chewed tobacco. Perhaps nothing pleased the Colonel better than firing tobacco-juice at the thousand little lizards that darted up and down the shining white bowlders that strewed the bar. I forgot to say that Colonel Lasses was not his name. Lazarus, in a burst of confidence toward the boy, had informed him that they at first had called the Colonel "Molasses Jug"—not because he was sweet, but because he looked it. But they had found it a little too long, and finally polished it down to "Lasses."

There now remained only a few feet between the energetic miners and the abrupt bed-rock wall before them. Yet no man for a moment entertained a shadow of a doubt that his fortune lay there, in virgin gold. Or if any man for an instant had a doubt, he kept it to himself. True, only a few feet remained. But even a few inches would be enough to hide a vein of incalculable wealth. Who should dare to doubt, after all they had endured and dared? No, there was no possible show for Fortune to escape them. The gold *must* be there. For was not winter nipping at their heels? Was not the last bit of rusty old bacon in the camp-kettle with the last handful of Chili beans? They had not tasted bread since the Sunday before, the last time they had all gone down to the Flat, and then they had pawned the last six-shooter of the crowd for a last square meal. Bread! Their bread was hope. And of that they had plenty.

But now the boy fell ill—suddenly and seriously ill. He had never quite pulled up, and now, all at once, just as they were about to strike it, just on the eve of the next to the last day, he broke quite down, and lay half-delirious with a fever, as the men came up from the mine by moonlight and quietly gathered about him. They had somehow learned to love him in spite of themselves.

He was indeed very ill. But what could they do? There was no doctor at the Flat. There was not even a drug-store. And if there had been, what then? Every pistol,

rifle, knife, every available article, had been pawned—"put up," as they called it—to carry on the work.

"Boys," at last cried Timothy, the impulsive young fellow who had first welcomed him, "boys, I have an idea; yes, boys, I have. Let's make the kid a pardner!"

"Jist as we're strikin' it?" murmured a voice with a Southern accent, out on the edge of the dark. Then after a pause, long enough to turn a quid, the voice answered itself: "Wa-al, yes, Timothy."

Nut Crackers was not a talker. His lips quivered a little, and he went out aside in the dark.

There was a deep silence. The proposition seemed absurd to nearly every man there. The river surged on, now louder, now softer; the fire leaped and licked its red tongue, as if about to break the stillness, and that was all. But Timothy was in dead earnest, and hearing a voice out in the dark breaking the awkward silence never so faintly, was on his feet.

"He may die, boys. He may not live till morning."

"In that case—in that case, I guess we can do it," chipped in the man from Maine.

"Look here, boys, if we strike it, there is enough for us all. And if—if—" here Timothy's two forefingers hooked together angrily, as if they were ready to strangle each other at the thought,—"if we don't strike it ——"

Several of the men were on their feet and glaring at each other. The speaker hastened on:

"But of course we will. Boys, it's there. Of course it's there. It's *got* to be there. I never doubted it, boys. But I am a bit superstitious. And as I sat there looking in that boy's face, I says to myself, says I, boys, God wouldn't, couldn't, disappoint that face. Now, if he was in with us, boys, we couldn't possibly miss it to-morrow."

No man answered, but several crossed over to the other side of the fire to the boy, and Lazarus put out his hand to the sufferer, and said tenderly, as he took up the thin and helpless fingers:

"Shake, pardner, shake. You're one of us now."

Even the sour and silent man from Maine came up and shook the boy's hand; then, as he shuffled off to his own side of the fire, he said, half to himself:

"Well, if we do miss it neow, there's one good deed we git credit for, anyheow."

"Key-rect, boys," said the laconic Colonel, as he gave the hand of fellowship and walked off, feeling somehow broader in the chest and bigger about the heart than he had for a year. "But if God A'mighty goes back on us now after what we've done—wa-al, I'll jist——" But the last of this speech was drowned in the roar of the Sacramento River as it rolled away in the darkness with its mighty secret that, on the morrow, should be torn from its very heart.

In the lull which followed, a voice was heard out in the dark in the direction toward which Nut Crackers had gone, stumbling and twisting his long, ungainly legs over the great bowlders. And as one of the men spoke to the kid by the fire, of to-morrow, of the gold, the going home, the wife waiting at the door three thousand miles away, the old mother waiting with one foot in the grave, who could not go to rest till she said good-by to her boy, the moon seemed to come down out of heaven to see and the river to stop and listen.

This was the eve of battle. What victory or defeat for to-morrow! No coward had as yet ever set his face for the sierras. Each man here was a hero. And every one of these worn-out fellows had a heart like a girl. Even the laconic Colonel hooked his knuckles in his eyes and, turning away so as not to be seen, muttered:

"Blast me if Nut Crackers aint out there a-prayin'."

As the man came back out of the dark, a song burst out in the mountains by the camp-fire, such as the sierras had never heard before and will never hear again. It was not the words, not the air, not the singular occasion. But it was the heart, the hope—the extreme of hope which is despair. It was the old and simple song, lined by the man from Maine:

> "From Greenland's icy meount'ins;
> From Injy's coral stran';
> Where Afric's sunny feount'ins
> Roll down their golden san'."

Perhaps it was the "golden sand" that had so long filled their souls, sleeping and waking; may be it was the "icy mountains" about them that invoked the song. But whatever it was, the hymn broke out and rolled on to full completion as strong and as resolute as the river it outsung. The man from Maine sang loudest of all; it seemed that the power of the mountain pines was in his voice.

And the boys no longer looked down or turned aside now. They shook hands in hearty mountain fashion, and sang and sang together again. It seemed that they had never become acquainted through all that summer before.

When they had finished the hymn for the second time, the man from Maine grasped the hands of Lazarus and Nut Crackers and cried out:

"Once more, boys! Once more! And, boys, the p'int and main thing in the prayin' and the singin' is that the kid gits well, of course. But, boys, chip in a sort o' side prayer for the mine. Now, all together:

'From Greenland's icy meo-u-n-t'ins,'—

Yes, boys, heave it in for the mine, on the sly, like. Keep her up, now!

'From Injy's coral str-a-n',
Where Afric's sunny feo-u-n-t'ins
Roll down their golden s-a-n'.'

Yes, boys, weather eye on the mine; don't cost a cent more, you know, to come right out flat-footed for the mine, so that she can't miss in the mornin' under no possible derned circumstances."

The song was finished, and with light hearts they laid down at midnight—soldiers in the trenches, waiting for the dawn.

The boy had heard and understood it all. He was not so ill now. Care, the thought of those at home, the hope deferred—these things had made the heart sick and the body sick. But now he should have gold! Gold! Gold! Not for himself had he come to the sierras. But there was a mother who had been tenderly reared, there was a father who had been a scholar in his day, then the little ones—all these had been pitched headlong into the wilderness, and were utterly out of place. How he pictured the return—the escape from the wilderness! It made the blood leap in his heart, and after a night of sleep he felt a new flush of strength with the first gray of dawn, when the men were on their knees before Fortune in the mine.

No man had tasted food. No man thought of that. And well enough, too. No! Their first meal should be down at the Flat. They would all take back their pistols, rifles, rings, and knives, and pay the men with gold ravished from the unwilling river.

The boy sat on the bank, wrapped in a blanket, just above the knot of eager, breathless men. The dull, blunt pickaxes were driven to the eyes at every blow. The worn-out shovels sent the gravel ringing to the rear. Only one foot now remained!

Was the gold hidden in the last little crevice in the river? Where was it? It *was* there! It *must* be there! But where?

At last the pickax struck through. The gravel shelved off and fell down with a dull thud, and a pan was washed in a trice.

Not a color!

And not an oath was heard! Draw a red line right here and remember it. Not a single oath was heard. And these men were neither unskilled nor out of practice in that line.

Quietly and mechanically the boy went back and gathered up the few old blankets that would bear transportation. Joseph went up the river a little ways, opened the floodgates, and as the last man climbed out of the pit, leaving the battered tools behind him, the waters came booming over like a mighty inflowing tide. The huge and weary old wheel ceased to creak, and the Sacramento swept on in its old swift fashion.

The group of men was not so depressed, not so miserable, after all, as you might think, as they hobbled back to camp and took up their blankets. True, they turned their heads for a last look as they climbed the hill away from the bar, but it was noticeable that they still did not swear. The man from Maine muttered something about yet making the river pay by rafting lumber down it, but that was all.

The boy's legs failed him at the first hill, and Nut Crackers took him upon his shoulders. Soon another took him, and so in a sort of glorious rivalry these vanquished Trojans reached Portuguese Flat. And as, tired and heartless, they stumbled into the town, they lustily sang a song with these words for the chorus:

"And we dammed the Sacramento
As it never was dammed before."

Joseph had the boy on his shoulders, while Nut Crackers followed close behind; and in this order they entered the only hotel, with the others stringing in after them.

"Barkeep'," began Joseph, as he settled the load on his shoulders, "we wants to pawn this 'ere boy. Yes, we do. We wants to pawn this 'ere boy for one squar' meal to git away on, and we'll come back in the spring and redeem him. Yes, we will. If we don't, barkeep', may we never strike it—here, or up yonder."

And what a dinner it was!

But Joseph, Timothy, Samson, Lazarus, gentle Nut Crackers, where are you now? And what befell you, brave soldiers of fortune, after you came back in the spring and redeemed the pledge? Are you climbing the mountains still? Or have you left them forever and become merchant princes, railroad kings, and leaders of your fellow men? If there is one of you living anywhere, in whatever circumstances, answer one who loves you well, for he it was you pawned for your dinner when you dammed the Sacramento.

Joaquin Miller.

A GREAT CHARITY REFORM.

THE pedestrian making his way along the broad sidewalks of Fourteenth street between Broadway and Fifth avenue, in New York City, thronged with well-dressed women eagerly bent on shopping errands, would scarcely notice, in the midst of the Parisian glitter of gilt signs which cover the fronts of the buildings, a modest tablet with the inscription "State Charities Aid Association." If, however, it should strike his eye, and curiosity or a real interest in charitable work should lead him to climb two pairs of stairs in search of the offices of the Association, he would find two light, large, airy rooms, tenanted by two or three serious, kind-faced ladies busily engaged writing amid piles of books, pamphlets, and letters. These ladies look as if they had found a work in life worth doing, and were doing it with all their might. The visitor would not imagine, however, unless he were informed beforehand of the character of this work, that it is one of the most far-reaching, practical, and successful efforts of genuine benevolence to be found in the United States — an effort admirable in principle, method, and details, carried on persistently year after year, ever-widening in its scope, and throwing off from itself like planets from a central sun many independent forms of kindred philanthropy. These ladies represent an organization that is grappling with the whole vast problem of pauperism in the city and State of New York, that has branches in thirty-two of the counties of the State, and that sends its visiting committees into the poor-houses, almshouses, asylums, and hospitals to bring the eye and conscience of public opinion to bear to secure needed reforms, to elevate and moralize the whole system of relieving poverty, to send comfort to the bedsides of the destitute sick, and to instruct and interest all who have charge of sick or well in the best methods of preventing and curing the great social disease of pauperism. The underlying idea of this comprehensive scheme of charitable work is, that all public institutions are almost sure to generate abuses, or at least to fall into routine ways that become almost as bad as abuses, and that to keep them up to a high standard of efficiency and open to the reception of improved methods, the constant watchfulness of enthusiastic, zealous, voluntary supervision is needed. The labors of the sanitary and Christian commissions during the war enforced this lesson, and it was to some extent the example of their labors which led to the establishment of the State Charities Aid Association.

What was the origin of this peculiar society, which has no prototype, but is evidently destined to serve as a model for like organizations in other States? Its plan grew out of the thoughts, experiences, and benevolent purpose of one woman. Earnest helpers, men and women, were found to aid in putting the plan in practice, but the conception of the scheme is due to Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler.

About ten years ago, Miss Schuyler visited the poor-house of Westchester County, not far from her home. She was shocked at the condition of the institution. Sick and well, sane and demented, adults and children, the vicious and the merely unfortunate were huddled together, without proper sanitary conditions, or decent separation of the sexes, or any reformatory opportunities. She took hold of the work of renovating this institution, associated with her a number of ladies living in the neighborhood, and in the course of a few months accomplished a remarkable reform. While engaged in this effort, she was impressed with the thought that, to have a permanent effect, the sort of work she was doing must not be casual and intermittent nor regular and systematic. If vigilance were relaxed, old abuses or new ones would be sure to gain a foothold. Here was struck the key-note of the great plan of benevolence which she subsequently founded. A permanent visiting committee was formed to keep a constant oversight on the Westchester poor-house, and this committee became the model for the committees afterward started in other counties by the central society, which was soon to come into being.

Early in 1872 the Central Society was established, and received the name of the State Charities Aid Association. Its objects, as set forth in its constitution, were: "1st. To promote an active interest in the New York State institutions of public charities, with a view to the physical, mental, and moral improvement of the pauper inmates; 2d. To make the present pauper system more efficient, and to bring about such reforms in it as may be in accordance with the most enlightened views of Christianity, science, and philanthropy." The first president was Professor Theodore W. Dwight; Miss Schuyler was vice-president, and Miss R. B. Long, secretary. Three committees—on children, on adult able-bodied paupers, and on hospitals — were formed, to

which was subsequently added a committee for the elevation of the poor in their homes. Leading clergymen, physicians, and ladies of high social standing, well known for their philanthropic labors, took an interest in the movement. The membership was enlarged from month to month, and before the end of the year the Association was fairly equipped to begin its arduous undertaking.

Practical wisdom was shown at the outset by not trying to do too much at once. A much-needed work of reform was found close at hand, and for a time the efforts of the Association were chiefly concentrated upon its accomplishment. The great Bellevue Hospital in the city of New York is the omnium-gatherum of the waifs and dregs of society. The tramp, the drunkard, the outcast, the wanderer, and the honest workman who has fallen into destitution, when stricken by disease or prostrated by accident, are carried to its wards. There are hospitals in the metropolis sustained by church organizations or endowed by private charity, and upon the islands in the East River there are public buildings for incurables, the insane, and the blind; but Bellevue is the general receptacle of all cases for which there is no better provision, and the sorting-place for patients on their way to other institutions. A committee of sixty ladies and gentlemen was organized by the Association to make weekly visits to all the wards of this vast hive of stricken humanity. The work was done patiently and systematically. A radical defect was discovered at the start in the system of nursing. The nurses were ignorant, illiterate women, often intemperate (though not criminals as formerly) and utterly untrustworthy. As a result the patients died from neglect, as well as from disease, and doctors were obliged to refrain from prescribing certain remedies and methods of treatment, because the nurses could not carry them out. It seems incredible that the lives of sick people could have been left in such care. There was no lack of medical skill, for the physicians felt the pride of their profession; but it was not supplemented by the good nursing which is as important as good medical treatment. How to provide efficient nurses for Bellevue and to break up the miserable system fastened upon it, was the first great problem that the Aid Association undertook to solve. One of its members, Doctor W. Gill Wylie, volunteered to go to Europe and study the methods of nursing employed in the public hospitals there. He visited London, Paris, and Vienna. It was in London that he found what he was seeking in the training-school for nurses established by Florence Nightingale. His report on that school, and on the work its pupils do in the London Hospitals, was made the basis of immediate action by the Association. The result of this effort was the establishment of the Bellevue Hospital Training-school for Nurses. Space is lacking here to describe the growth and workings of this admirable institution. A separate article would be required to give anything like a fair presentation of its successful labors in revolutionizing the system of nursing in the city hospitals, in bringing comfort and restored health to thousands of sufferers, and in sending abroad into the community hundreds of skillful, patient, gentle women, ready to answer the calls of private families for aid in the care of the sick.

In the second year of its existence, the presidency of the Association was accepted by Miss Schuyler by the desire of all its members, and she has held the position ever since. The roll of city members was considerably enlarged, studies of the problems of pauperism diligently prosecuted, and the visiting work extended to nearly all the institutions under the charge of the New York Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, except the prisons, which are the special care of the Prison Association—a well managed society of kindred character that has done admirable service in its peculiar field. But the Aid Association was not content with what it was doing in the metropolis. Its original plan was to extend its watchful eyes and helping hands all over the State, and this plan it early began to put into effect. County after county was visited by officers of the Association, and branch local visiting committees were formed. Sometimes, the reports of the work in New York City and in Westchester County stimulated a voluntary local movement, to which the central organization gave form and direction; but oftener a local interest had to be created by the efforts of Miss Schuyler and her associates. With rare exceptions, the county poor-houses were found in a wretched condition—buildings were not adapted for the purpose, there was no proper separation of inmates, children were contaminated by the vicious conversation of hardened reprobates, scanty provision was made for labor, miserable conditions for health existed, and no reformatory influences were at work, except an occasional sermon by some self-sacrificing clergyman. The people living in the vicinity of a poor-house were usually in total ignorance of what went on within its walls. They seemed to regard it as a sort of lazaretto to be avoided. The common opinion was that the place ought not to be made too comfortable, lest paupers should prefer to live in it to shifting for themselves. The Aid Association

held a different theory. They believed in providing for paupers every necessary condition of healthful, moral living; but they had an infallible safeguard against overcrowded poor-houses, and that was hard work. "Provide work for every one who is able to work," was the lesson they taught. Wherever it was heeded, the poor-house flock was speedily thinned of its black sheep, for the lazy and shiftless preferred to earn wages elsewhere for work no harder than that which in the county institution only got them board and clothes.

In the formation of local visiting committees, the officers of the State Charities Aid Association follow a method which rarely fails of success. They invite a number of influential people of high standing to meet and talk the matter over. Thus an interest is aroused, other gatherings follow, the best plans of visiting work, the cure of the destitute sick, the character and management of the local poor-house, methods of out-door relief, the tramp nuisance, what can be done for pauper children, etc., are discussed, and soon an active, zealous local committee is created, strong enough to bring the public opinion of the community to bear in support of its plans for reform. The aim is always to get the best people into the movement, so as to give it character and force, and enable it to overcome official opposition.

As early in its career as 1873, the Association found the need of State authority to open the doors of the public institutions to its visitors. In a few cases admission was refused, and in others it was granted in a grudging, unfriendly way. The Association consulted with the State Board of Charities, and a bill was prepared under which the two bodies could act harmoniously together. The bill, which was passed at the session of 1873, provided that visitors named by the State Board should at all times have the right to enter and inspect any of the State institutions. It was agreed between the Board and the Aid Association that the latter should nominate visitors, and that the former should give them the official authorization provided for by the new law. During seven years of coöperation between the two organizations, a great work was accomplished for the reform and elevation of the pauper institutions of the State. Fruitful of wise plans of improvement, and tireless in their efforts to remedy defects and vices, the zealous members of the Association accomplished far more than any official body could possibly have effected by itself. Indeed, their achievements were mainly quite out of the line of regular official effort.

One of the first great evils with which they grappled was the rearing of pauper children in poor-houses. They asserted that, in the interest of the State as well as of humanity, the children of paupers should not be allowed to grow up in the atmosphere of pauperism, to follow in the footsteps of their parents. Even with the best management, a poor-house, they said, is no fit place for a child. In some of these institutions the visitors found three generations of the same pauper families. The taint of shiftlessness and dependence was no doubt in the blood, but society had done nothing to counteract it by proper education and surroundings. No self-respect nor ambition could be expected of a poor-house child, reared among outcasts and the wrecks of dissipation and misfortune, and despised by all the children of the neighborhood. The efforts of the State Board and of the Association, procured in 1875 the passage of an act which struck a great blow at the old poor-house system. This act, with some subsequent amendments, removed all children over two years of age from poor-houses and alms-houses, and forbade such institutions to receive them. Some were sent to reformatories, industrial homes, and asylums; but the effort of the Association was to have them, as far as possible, placed in families. Institution life in its best phases, the Society holds, cannot equip a child for independence and an honorable career nearly so well as the training of an orderly household. In their efforts to provide homes for pauper children, the Association has received valuable assistance from the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York—one of the noblest and most efficient of the great charities of the metropolis. The law does not execute itself, however, and the Association finds a great deal of work necessary to see that it is put in operation and kept in operation.

At one of the meetings of the Association, when the subject of preventing pauperism by giving a proper training to the children of paupers was under consideration, Dr. Elisha Harris related the terrible story of "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." It has been published in the newspapers, but can profitably be read again to illustrate the great importance of one branch of the Association's work. Margaret was a pauper child left adrift in one of the villages on the upper Hudson, about ninety years ago. There was no alms-house in the place, and she was made a subject of out-door relief, receiving occasionally food and clothing from the town officials, but was never educated nor sheltered in a proper home. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, which has cursed the county ever since. The county records show two hundred of her descendants who have been

criminals. In one generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children, of whom seventeen lived to maturity. Nine served terms aggregating fifty years in the State Prison for high crimes, and all the others were frequent inmates of jails and alms-houses. It is said, that of the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of this outcast girl, two hundred committed crimes which brought them upon the court records, and most of the others were idiots, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, or prostitutes. The cost to the county of this race of criminals and paupers is estimated as at least one hundred thousand dollars, taking no account of the damage they inflicted upon property and the suffering and degradation they caused in others. Who can say that all this loss and wretchedness might not have been spared the community if the poor pauper girl Margaret had been provided with a good moral home life while she was growing up to womanhood?

One of the most active and faithful of the Association's force of visitors engaged in the work of regular inspection of the public charitable institutions of New York City was asked recently to give an account of a day's visiting on the Islands. She said, in reply: "We leave home about nine in the morning, land at the upper dock on Blackwell's Island, and go first to the alms-house. Here are in round numbers one thousand inmates. The aged, infirm, epileptic and disabled fill the wards. Do not suppose that we merely pass through the wards. We must look into everything—see how the food is cooked, look at the supplies, examine the laundry, peer into nooks and corners, and talk with the officers about needed improvements. The sick of the alms-house are now cared for in pavilions a short distance from the main building, and thither we next bend our steps. Two of the long, low pavilions are for incurables, and in them there are usually about one hundred patients,—men and women in about equal numbers,—most of them old and suffering from diseases accompanying old age. For these poor creatures there is no real relief until death comes.

"Next in our tour comes the Insane Asylum for women. This week there are 1,270 inmates. A careful observer would notice at once the cheerless, dreary look of the corridors where the patients pass their time, the white walls, the utter absence of any bright colors, the lack of pleasant occupation. One might readily think the asylum a prison and the inmates prisoners. When they go out for an airing they go in groups, all clad alike, and move along at an even pace like so many automatons. The dull, monotonous, hum-drum existence must have a depressing effect.

"The Retreat is a most melancholy place. The violent insane are kept here like so many animals behind bolts and bars.

"The next institution we visit is the Work-house. This is another massive structure, very like a prison. The building is of stone and was built by convict labor. The cells open out on the balconies. In each cell there are two bunks—iron frames with canvass laced upon them. A single blanket is allowed to each bunk. In 1879 there were 16,408 commitments to this institution—most of them for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. A large proportion of the inmates belong to the army of 'repeaters,' or 'revolvers,' as the persons are called, who revolve back and forth between the work-house and their haunts in the city. Some have been here thirty or forty times. These people perform most of the hard work of the institutions as 'helpers.' The women are scrubbers, etc. The men have a tailor-shop, shoe-shop, carpenter and blacksmith shops. They also make brooms, chairs, and scrub-brushes. Much of the clothing and bedding is also made in the work-house. The name of this institution is no misnomer; the inmates certainly work, but none too hard; the self-commitments prove this. The glaring fault here is the lack of proper classification. The hardened and vicious are in the constant companionship of those who come for the first time. Neither is there any system of rewards of merit to encourage good behavior. One great need, apparent to every woman who visits the institution, is a temporary home for friendless young girls to which they could go when discharged from the work-house. For the want of such a home, they drift back into their old vicious associations, and finally become hardened criminals. If they could be brought under good influences, in a temporary home from whence they could be sent to some employment, a large number of them would be saved.

"The work-house has its own hospitals, which we must inspect. Then we go to the great Charity hospital—a large stone building, five stories high, on the southern end of Blackwell's Island. The separate wooden pavilions are now used as lying-in wards. But the structure on the extreme point of the island we are not allowed to enter, for there are the small-pox cases.

"The day is not yet gone, and we take a boat for Randall's Island, where there is a frightful aggregate of human suffering. Not only the insane and the idiots are there, but the insane idiots—perfect monstrosities of men-

tal deformity. But strange to say, even these distressed creatures have a spark of harmony in their warped beings. Last Sunday they tried to sing and appeared to enjoy it when the missionary sang some hymns to them. They know enough to dress themselves and take their own seats at table, and to notice strangers. The brightest of the idiots go to school, and some of them are docile and behave themselves very well.

"A visit to the hundreds of poor sick and deformed children is touching enough. These suffering waifs appeal strongly to our sympathy. The one redeeming feature is that those who are able, go to school. The buildings for the children ought to be enlarged, and everywhere better nurses are needed.

"The Branch Charity Hospital on Randall's Island receives the surplus of the other Institutions, which are generally incurable cases. The sun is getting low now, but we have still another institution to visit—the Infants' Hospital for orphan babes and for mothers from the work-house with young infants. In a recent year one hundred and eighty of these women were sent here by the Superintendent of the Out-Door Poor, and seven hundred and eighty children were admitted, of whom three hundred and sixty-two were orphans and one hundred and thirteen foundlings. You may imagine that we find enough to do in looking after the welfare of all these poor waifs. Hart's and Ward's Islands are also under the supervision of our Association, but they do not come within my visiting range. I have sought only to give you a sketch of a day's tour of a member of one of our visiting committees. It is dark when we return to the city, tired out in mind and body, but comforted for all the dreadful sights of misery, suffering, and vice we have seen with the thought that we are doing something, however little, to lessen the appalling sum of human wretchedness."

How great the field of labor is in which the State Charities Aid Association engages in the single direction of poor-house and alms-house inspection and reform, will be understood by a few figures from the official statistics. In 1880 there were relieved in these institutions 137,777 persons, including more than 5,000 insane. The estimated value of the aggregate property was $6,000,000, and the expenditures for the year $2,300,000. There is another wide field in which the Association engages with intelligence and zeal—that of curing the tramp evil and improving local methods of out-door relief. Some startling exposures were made a few years ago by the committee of the Association on adult able-bodied paupers, of which Mr. George H. Forster was chairman. The reports of the visiting committees in many of the rural and suburban counties showed that the overseers of the poor were interested in entertaining as large a number of tramps as possible, as they made a profit on their board and lodging. Some of these overseers were paid at the rate of one dollar for two meals and a lodging for each tramp accommodated over night. Others were paid twenty-five cents a meal, on which they probably made a profit of ten or fifteen cents. Each overseer's house became a center of pauperism and vagrancy, and it was natural that the overseer should treat his boarders well so that they would stop at his place again. In short, he was a tramp's landlord, keeping a free hotel for vagrants at the expense of the county. The community, under this system, said in effect to the idle and vicious: "We will board you free of cost if you will only come and stay among us." As a result of these exposures, the Tramp Act of 1880, drafted by the Association, was passed by the Legislature, which punishes "tramping" with imprisonment at hard labor. Its effects have thus far been excellent. The leading idea of the Association in all its plans for dealing with able-bodied pauperism is to make the paupers work for their victuals and lodging. The same method that empties the poor-houses of half their inmates clears the roads of the stout and impudent beggars who start out to force society to give them an unearned living. "Make them work, insists the Association, even if their labor is unprofitable to the town. Set them to breaking stone or carting dirt on the highways—anything that will show them they cannot subsist upon the community without giving some equivalent in muscular exertion." Towns and counties that strictly follow this plan are soon shunned by the tramps, and enjoy a delightful immunity from this pest developed by careless habits of indiscriminate charity.

The conclusions reached by the Association on the subject of out-door relief, after years of study and investigation, will perhaps surprise those who think that generous giving is genuine charity. The members of the Association believe that there is too much, instead of too little, of this form of benevolence —that a vast amount of money is wasted, and a deal of evil done, by undermining the self-respect of recipients, fostering a spirit of dependence opposed to self-support, and interfering with the laws which govern wages and labor. In New York City there are more than sixty societies engaged in giving out-door relief to the poor, and besides almost every church goes to some extent into the same work. In a great city, a considerable amount of such relief must be

given to keep the unfortunate from suffering and death; but the Association urges that it should be given systematically and carefully, and only after a special investigation of the circumstances of each case. The motive, after relieving the most pressing necessity, should always be to help the poor to help themselves, and they should not be allowed to get into the way of thinking that whenever their affairs come to a tight pinch there is always a charitable society to fall back upon. A large number of families are kept constantly in the border-land between self-support and pauperism, passing frequently from one region to the other, by the ease with which they can obtain money, clothes, and food from charitable societies when they are in a strait; whereas, if aid were not so convenient to obtain, they would outgrow their shiftless habits and become permanently self-sustaining. Good results are anticipated through the recent establishment of the Charity Organization Society of New York. Coöperation of all the organized charities of the city and central supervision is the plan of this society, and it is already realized to an important extent.

About four years ago an active member of the Association, Miss Sarah T. Sands, basing her work upon one of the publications of the Association, formed the Loan Relief Association, of the Sixteenth Ward, the object of which is to lend to the worthy poor small sums of money to meet pressing temporary needs, and articles required in the care of the sick—money and articles to be promptly returned at the times agreed upon. The success of this modest little work of benevolence has been very gratifying. The Society provides medical treatment for the sick, and legal assistance to people who do not know their rights or cannot hire a lawyer to lay their grievances before a court. It has a small circulating library, and a system of giving out sewing to poor women to enable them to repay with work the money they borrow. Its work has shown that as keen a sense of honor may be found in the tenement house as in the Fifth avenue mansion. The care taken of borrowed articles, and the effort made to return money loans on the day promised, shows an integrity of character too often wanting in the rich. One of the admirable features of the Loan Relief Society is the small expense attending it. The office of the Society is in the basement of the manager's house, so no rent is paid; nor are there any salaries to officers.

The efforts of the Committee on the Elevation of the Poor in their Homes, which has in charge one of the most important branches of the permanent work of the State Charities Aid Association, deserves special notice. The chairman is Miss Grace H. Dodge. A movement in favor of tenement house reform was started by this Committee in 1879. Important amendments to the Tenement-House Act were, in consequence, passed by the Legislature, which have brought about great improvements in the sanitary condition of the homes of the poor in the metropolis. Increased power and additional funds were given the Board of Health as a result, in part, of the agitation set on foot by the Committee. A pamphlet was printed for the use of the visitors of the Association, to enable them to instruct the dwellers in tenements as to their rights under the law in the matter of sanitary appliances required to be provided by landlords. Out of the general movement initiated by the Association and the wide-spread interest excited by several public meetings, grew the Improved Dwellings Association, of which Mr. W. Bayard Cutting is president—a commercial enterprise based on a humanitarian motive—and the Sanitary Reform Society, Mr. James Gallatin, president, which cooperates with the Health Department in securing the enforcement of the Health Laws. "One good turn deserves another," says the old proverb. One good effort stimulates another, is the experience of the Association. In the broad field of the humanities there is always enough to do, and every good work undertaken seems to open the way to others that are only waiting for earnest hands.

In 1880 the Aid Association was, by the unexpected action of the State Board of Charities, placed in a position where its usefulness would have been seriously crippled, if not destroyed, had it not speedily found a way of extricating itself. The two bodies, the official and the volunteer, had been working in harmony, as we have seen, the Association furnishing and instructing committees of visitors to the public institutions, and the Board arming them with its mandate for admission. The system was not a good one, but its defect was not strikingly manifested until it had existed for nearly seven years, when the essential differences between the methods of volunteer workers and those of officials, was brought home to the Board by the publications in the newspapers by members of the Association of facts relating to the management of public institutions of charity.

Thereupon the Board adopted rules for visitors receiving its legal appointments, which made all information obtained by the visitors the exclusive property of the Board, and not to be submitted elsewhere without its consent. This was in effect to tell the committees formed by the faithful and intelligent efforts of the Aid

Association that they could not report directly to the body to which they belonged, nor act under its guidance. Thus the whole system of volunteer inspection was threatened with destruction. The Association went to the Legislature for relief, but could accomplish nothing the first winter, the State Board of Charities being opposed to their bill. During the session of 1881 the effort was renewed. Devoted members of the central organization and of the local visiting committees went to Albany; a leading lawyer of New York, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, gave his services, and made a convincing argument before the committee having the subject in charge; the powerful city newspapers took up the cause of the volunteers, and finally, after a great deal of effort a bill was passed authorizing judges of the Supreme Court, on the application of the managers of the State Charities Aid Association, to give authority to such persons as might be designated in such applications to visit and inspect the poor-houses and alms-houses in the counties where the visitors were residing.

It was a great victory for the principles upon which volunteer inspection is based. It gave the Association an independent legal standing, greatly encouraged its members, by removing what seemed to be an insuperable obstacle from its path, and placed its future growth and usefulness beyond peril. It should be said here that the Association fully appreciates the great value of the labors of the State Board of Charities. It insists, however, that official work in the institutions of charity needs to be supplemented by untiring volunteer effort.

An excellent result of the joint efforts of the State Board and the Aid Association may properly be mentioned here. The law of last winter establishing a State reformatory for women was urged upon the Legislature by a member of the Board, and supported by petitions circulated for signatures by the local visiting committees of the Association. This measure is exactly in line with the Association's ideas. Society, it holds, should counteract the first open signs of a tendency toward crime and degradation. Prisons too often confirm criminal instincts; "reformatories," "refuges," and "homes," may eradicate them. Now that the Association has its own legal rights, and its own definite field of labor, it is believed a more cordial coöperation than ever will exist between its managers and the members of the State Board of Charities.

There are other interesting features of the Association's work which can only be briefly mentioned here. Who has not noticed, on coming to New York by rail or ferry, the capacious boxes in the depots and ferry-houses, bearing a modest request for old newspapers and magazines for the use of the sick in the hospitals; and who has not felt, as he emptied his pockets of half-read dailies and periodicals, a thrill of pleasure in the thought that he was giving some poor patient, prostrated by cruel accident or lingering disease, an hour's respite from the sense of his misfortune. Every day the boxes are emptied by paid agents, who distribute their contents in the hospitals. This admirable little philanthropic plan, which does its good work as steadily and regularly as a clock, was devised by an invalid lady, and superintended by her from her sick room; at her death a fund was contributed by her friends to perpetuate the work in her memory. Books sent to the "Committee on Books and Papers" are distributed to public institutions through the Express Companies, free of charge. The Hospital Committees, of which Dr. Stephen Smith is chairman, and Mr. F. R. Jones is secretary, issues instructions to hospital visitors, and studies plans for hospital construction and systems of nursing and diet. The Bellevue Training-School for Nurses, as we have already seen, grew out of its efforts. It also accomplished the important reform of removing the maternity service from the old hospital wards of Bellevue. It is consulted about the erection of new hospitals in this and other States. In regard to hospital buildings, it insists on the separate pavilion plan, believing that large, permanent structures become lurking-places for the germs of disease. Its efforts have already largely influenced public opinion in this direction.

The Association has a valuable library of American and foreign books bearing upon its various lines of work, which are loaned to its members, and to the officers of charitable institutions. Any member of a local visiting committee, or any hospital physician, can procure books by paying the postage for sending and returning. A number of pamphlets have been published by the Association to meet special needs for information. The annual reports of the Association are also a mine of good and suggestive material, available to all who desire to engage intelligently in charitable work among the poor.

The future career of the State Charities Aid Association may be outlined from its past. It proposes to maintain and strengthen its central organization, for the study of the problems of pauperism, and as a focus of thought and practical effort for the improvement of the charitable institutions and the elevation of the poorer classes, and at the same time to extend its visiting system until it embraces all the counties in the State, and brings under its inspection all the county poor-

houses, city almshouses, public hospitals, and asylums. It hopes that its success in New York will tend to the early establishment of kindred societies in other States, and is ready to assist in the organization of such societies, and give them the advantage of its experience. Its plan of uniting the student element and the practical element in philanthropic work, by a double organization of central committees of research and visiting committees for diligent systematic work, is unique. Nothing like it is to be found in this or any other country, and it is attracting much attention from philanthropists in England. Its managers attribute its success to the excellence of this plan, to the association of ladies and gentlemen upon all the committees, to the classification of work,—not by institutions, but by persons,—and to the high character and genuine benevolent spirit of those who have formed the central and local committees.

In conclusion, it should be said that the managers of the Association believe that the most urgent reform now needed in all the charitable institutions is a civil-service system, to secure a permanent tenure to meritorious officers and employés and put a stop to the vicious custom of appointments as a reward for political service. Nowhere else is there more need of experience, and of special natural fitness of character and mind, in those occupying public positions. Yet physicians, superintendents, nurses, and assistants, as a rule owe their places to their party services, or to the efforts of influential politicians, rather than to their own merit. This wretched system is not peculiar to New York. In Ohio, not many years ago, when supremacy passed for a time from the hands of one party to that of its rival, the entire personnel of the State benevolent institutions, from superintendents down to scrubbers, was ruthlessly changed, with brutal disregard of the welfare of the unfortunate inmates. Indeed, there are few States where the offices in such institutions are not treated as the legitimate spoils of the successful party. The State Charities Aid Association, through its corps of visitors, is constantly brought in contact with the evils that grow out of this system, and will spare no effort to develop such an enlightened public opinion as will reform it altogether.

E. V. Smalley.

AFTER THE RAIN.

In mist yon summer range of hills is drowned;
Lost are the meadows and the feeding herds;
From cottage eaves the slow drops slip to ground;
The smoke quits languidly the chimney's throat,
Incurious of the sky as new-fledged birds
That only of the cozy nest take note.

Cooling her rose-red cheek against the pane,
My neighbor's child laughs at the weeping world.
The draggled rooster, strutting down the lane,
Is jester at her baby court; and though
The splendors of Queen Juno's bird are furled,
My lady laughs, as at a merry show;
For little knows her soul of woe or fears
Behind its tender shield of babyhood.
To me, whose shield is lost, the earth appears
A tear-stained face, its brightness overcast.
The mist is thinning from the highest wood,
And fir and hemlock stand, half-cloaked and vast,
Like errant spirits of the tombless Greeks,
That from some lonely rampart of the skies
Look on the busy plain and happy freaks
Of flesh-clad men; or are they exiled Moors,
Defiling through the mountain pass, whose eyes
The Vega's loveliness in vain allures?

Ah, baby neighbor at the pane, whose glee
Might rout the mists that muffle hill and field,
And coax sad Nature to be gay with thee,
The world's woe pierceth me,—lend me thy shield!

Annie R. Annan.

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XXIII.

WHEN the spring opened, Bartley pushed Flavia about the sunny pavements in a baby-carriage, while Marcia paced alongside, looking in under the calash top from time to time, arranging the bright afghan, and twitching the little one's lace hood into place. They never noticed that other perambulators were pushed by Irish nurse-girls, or French *bonnes;* they had paid somewhat more than they ought for theirs, and they were proud of it merely as a piece of property. It was rather Bartley's ideal, as it is that of most young American fathers, to go out with his wife and baby in that way; he liked to have his friends see him; and he went out every afternoon he could spare. When he could not go, Marcia went alone. Mrs. Halleck had given her a key to the garden, and on pleasant mornings she always found some of the family there, when she pushed the perambulator up the path, to let the baby sleep in the warmth and silence of the sheltered place. She chatted with Olive or the elder sisters, while Mrs. Halleck drove Cyrus on to the work of tying up the vines and trimming the shrubs, with the pitiless rigor of women when they get a man about some outdoor labor. Sometimes, Ben Halleck was briefly of the party; and one morning when Marcia opened the gate, she found him there alone with Cyrus, who was busy at some belated tasks of horticulture. The young man turned at the unlocking of the gate, and saw Marcia lifting the front wheels of the perambulator to get it over the steps of the pavement outside. He limped hastily down the walk to help her, but she had the carriage in the path before he could reach her, and he had nothing to do but to walk back at its side, as she propelled it toward the house. "You see what a useless creature a cripple is," he said.

Marcia did not seem to have heard him. "Is your mother at home?" she asked.

"I think she is," said Halleck. "Cyrus, go in and tell mother that Mrs. Hubbard is here, wont you?"

Cyrus went, after a moment of self-respectful delay, and Marcia sat down on a bench under a pear-tree beside the walk. Its narrow young leaves and blossoms sprinkled her with shade shot with vivid sunshine, and in her light dress, she looked like a bright, fresh figure from some painter's study of spring. She breathed quickly from her exertion, and her cheeks had a rich, dewy bloom. She had pulled the perambulator round so that she might see her baby while she waited, and she looked at the baby now, and not at Halleck, as she said:

"It is quite hot in the sun to-day."

She had a way of closing her lips, after speaking, in that sweet smile of hers, and then of glancing sidelong at the person to whom she spoke.

"I suppose it is," said Halleck, who remained on foot. "But I haven't been out yet. I gave myself a day off from the law-school, and I hadn't quite decided what to do with it."

Marcia leaned forward, and brushed a tendril of the baby's hair out of its eye.

"She's the greatest little sleeper that ever was when she gets into her carriage," she half mused, leaning back with her hands folded in her lap, and setting her head on one side for the effect of the baby without the stray ringlet. "She's getting so fat," she said, proudly.

Halleck smiled.

"Do you find it makes a difference in pushing her carriage, from day to day?"

Marcia took his question in earnest, as she must take anything but the most obvious pleasantry concerning her baby.

"The carriage runs very easily; we picked out the lightest one we could, and I never have any trouble with it, except getting up curb-stones and crossing Cambridge street. I don't like to cross Cambridge street; there are always so many horse-cars. But it's all down-hill coming here; that's one good thing."

"That makes it a very bad thing going home, though," said Halleck.

"Oh, I go round by Charles street and come up the hill from the other side; it isn't so steep there."

There was no more to be said upon this

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point, and in the lapse of their talk, Halleck broke off some boughs of the blooming pear, and dropped them on the baby's afghan.

"Your mother wont like your spoiling her pear-trée," said Marcia, seriously.

"She will when she knows that I did it for Miss Hubbard."

"Miss Hubbard!" repeated the young mother, and she laughed in fond derision. "How funny to hear *you* saying that! I thought you hated babies."

Halleck looked at her with strong self-disgust, and he dropped the bough which he had in his hand upon the ground. There is something in a young man's ideal of women, at once passionate and ascetic, so fine that any words are too gross for it. The event which intensified the interest of his mother and sisters in Marcia, had abashed Halleck; when she came so proudly to show her baby to them all, it seemed to him like a mockery of his pity for her captivity to the love that profaned her. He went out of the room in angry impatience, which he could hardly hide when one of his sisters tried to make him take the baby. Little by little his compassion adjusted itself to the new conditions; it accepted the child as an element of her misery in the future, when she must realize the hideous deformity of her marriage. His prophetic sense of this, and of her inaccessibility to human help here and hereafter, made him sometimes afraid of her; but all the more severely he exacted of his ideal of her that she should not fall beneath the tragic dignity of her fate through any levity of her own. Now, at her innocent laugh, a subtle irreverence, which he was not able to exorcise, infused itself into his sense of her.

He stood looking at her, after he dropped the pear-bough, and seeing her mere beauty as he had never seen it before. The bees hummed in the blossoms, which gave out a dull, sweet smell; the sunshine had the luxurious, enervating warmth of spring. He started suddenly from his revery: Marcia had said something.

"I beg your pardon?" he queried.

"Oh, nothing. I asked if you knew where I went to church yesterday?"

Halleck flushed, ashamed of the wrong his thoughts, or rather his emotions, had done.

"No, I don't," he answered.

"I was at your church."

"I ought to have been there myself," he returned, gravely, "and then I should have known."

She took his self-reproach literally.

"You couldn't have seen me. I was sitting pretty far back, and I went out before any of your family saw me. Don't you go there?"

"Not always, I'm sorry to say. Or, rather, I'm sorry not to be sorry. What church do you generally go to?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes to one, and sometimes to another. Bartley used to report the sermons and we went round to all the churches then. That is the way I did at home, and it came natural to me. But I don't like it very well. I want Flavia should belong to some particular church."

"There are enough to choose from," said Halleck, with pensive sarcasm.

"Yes, that's the difficulty. But I shall make up my mind to one of them, and then I shall always keep to it. What I mean is that I should like to find out where most of the good people belong, and then have her be with them," pursued Marcia. "I think it's best to belong to some church, don't you?"

There was something so bare, so spiritually poverty-stricken in these confessions and questions, that Halleck found nothing to say to them.

He was troubled, moreover, as to what the truth was in his own mind. He answered, with a sort of mechanical adhesion to the teachings of his youth: "I should be a recreant not to think so. But I'm not sure that I know what you mean by belonging to some church," he added. "I suppose you would want to believe in the creed of the church, whichever it was."

"I don't know that I should be particular," said Marcia, with perfect honesty.

Halleck laughed sadly.

"I'm afraid *they* would, then, unless you joined the Broad Church."

"What is that?"

He explained as well as he could. At the end she repeated, as if she had not followed him very closely:

"I should like her to belong to the church where most of the good people go. I think that would be the right one, if you could only find which it is."

Halleck laughed again.

"I suppose what I say must sound very queer to you; but I've been thinking a good deal about this lately."

"I beg your pardon," said Halleck. "I had no reason to laugh, either on your account or my own. It's a serious subject."

She did not reply, and he asked, as if she had left the subject:

"Do you intend to pass the summer in Boston?"

"No; I'm going down home pretty early, and I wanted to ask your mother what is the best way to put away my winter things."

"You'll find my mother very good authority on such matters," said Halleck. Through an obscure association with moths that corrupt, he added: "She's a good authority on church matters, too."

"I guess I shall talk with her about Flavia," said Marcia.

Cyrus came out of the house.

"Mis' Halleck will be here in a minute. She's got to get red of a lady that's calling, first," he explained.

"I will leave you, then," said Halleck, abruptly.

"Good-by," answered Marcia, tranquilly. The baby stirred; she pushed the carriage to and fro, without glancing after him as he walked away.

His mother came down the steps from the house, and kissed Marcia for welcome, and looked under the carriage-top at the sleeping baby.

"How she *does* sleep!" she whispered.

"Yes," said Marcia, with the proud humility of a mother who cannot deny the merit of her child, "and she sleeps the whole night through. I'm *never* up with her. Bartley says she's a perfect Seven Sleeper. It's a regular joke with him—her sleeping."

"Ben was a good baby for sleeping, too," said Mrs. Halleck, retrospectively emulous. "It's one of the best signs. It shows that the child is strong and healthy."

They went on to talk of their children, and in their community of motherhood, they spoke of the young man as if he were still an infant.

"He has never been a moment's care to me," said Mrs. Halleck. "A well baby will be well even in teething."

"And I had somehow thought of him as sickly!" said Marcia, in self-derision.

Tears of instant intelligence sprang into his mother's eyes.

"And did you suppose he was *always* lame?" she demanded with gentle indignation. "He was the brightest and strongest boy that ever was, till he was twelve years old. That's what makes it so hard to bear; that's what makes me wonder at the way the child bears it! Did you never hear how it happened? One of the big boys, as he called him, tripped him up at school, and he fell on his hip. It kept him in bed for a year, and he's never been the same since; he will always be a cripple," grieved the mother. She wiped her eyes; she never could think of her boy's infirmity without weeping. "And what seemed the worst of all," she continued, "was that the boy who did it, never expressed any regret for it, or acknowledged it by word or deed, though he must have known that Ben knew who hurt him. He's a man, here, now; and sometimes Ben meets him. But Ben always says that he can stand it if the other one can. He was always just so from the first! He wouldn't let us blame the boy; he said that he didn't mean any harm, and that all was fair in play. And now he says he knows the man is sorry, and would own to what he did, if he didn't have to own to what came of it. Ben says that very few of us have the courage to face the consequences of the injuries we do, and that's what makes people seem hard and indifferent when they are really not so. There!" cried Mrs. Halleck. "I don't know as I ought to have told you about it; I know Ben wouldn't like it. But I can't bear to have any one think he was always lame, though I don't know why I shouldn't: I'm prouder of him since it happened than ever I was before. I thought he was here with you," she added.

"He went out just before you came," said Marcia, nodding toward the gate. She sat listening to Mrs. Halleck's talk about Ben; Mrs. Halleck took herself to task from time to time, but only to go on talking about him again. Sometimes Marcia commented on his characteristics, and compared them with Bartley's, or with Flavia's, according to the period of Ben's life under consideration. At the end Mrs. Halleck said: "I haven't let you get in a word! Now you must talk about *your* baby. Dear little thing! I feel that she's been neglected. But I'm always just so selfish when I get to running on about Ben. They all laugh at me."

"Oh, I like to hear about other children," said Marcia, turning the perambulator round. "I don't think any one can know too much that has the care of children of their own." She added, as if it followed from something they had been saying of vaccination: "Mrs. Halleck, I want to talk with you about getting Flavia christened. You know I never was christened."

"Weren't you?" said Mrs. Halleck, with a dismay which she struggled to conceal.

"No," said Marcia, "father doesn't believe in any of those things, and mother had got to letting them go, because he didn't take any interest in them. They did have the first children christened, but I was the last."

"I didn't speak with your father on the subject," faltered Mrs. Halleck. "I didn't know what his persuasion was."

"Why, father doesn't belong to *any* church! He believes in a God, but he doesn't believe in the Bible." Mrs. Halleck sank down on the garden-seat too much shocked to speak, and Marcia continued: "I don't know whether the Bible is true or not; but I've often wished that I belonged to church."

"You couldn't, unless you believed in the Bible," said Mrs. Halleck.

"Yes, I know that. Perhaps I should, if anybody proved it to me. I presume it could be explained. I never talked much with any one about it. There must be a good many people who don't belong to church, although they believe in the Bible. I should be perfectly willing to try, if I only knew how to begin."

In view of this ruinous open-mindedness, Mrs. Halleck could only say,

"The way to begin is to read it."

"Well, I will try. How do you know, after you've become so that you believe the Bible, whether you're fit to join the church?"

"It's hard to tell you, my dear. You have to feel first that you have a Saviour,—that you've given your whole heart to him,—that he can save you, and that no one else can; that all you can do yourself wont help you. It's an experience."

Marcia looked at her attentively, as if this were all a very hard saying.

"Yes, I've heard of that. Some of the girls had it at school. But I never did. Well," she said at last, "I don't feel so anxious about myself, just at present, as I do about Flavia. I want to do everything I can for Flavia, Mrs. Halleck. I want her to be christened,—I want her to be baptized into some church. I think a good deal about it. I think sometimes, what if she should die, and I hadn't done that for her, when may be it was one of the most important things"—Her voice shook, and she pressed her lips together.

"Of course," said Mrs. Halleck, tenderly. "I think it is the *most* important thing."

"But there are so many churches," Marcia resumed. "And I don't know about any of them. I told Mr. Halleck, just now, that I should like her to belong to the church where the best people go, if I could find it out. Of course, it was a ridiculous way to talk; I knew he thought so. But what I meant was that I wanted she should be with good people all her life; and I didn't care what she believed."

"It's very important to believe the truth, my dear," said Mrs. Halleck.

"But the truth is so hard to be certain of, and you know goodness as soon as you see it. Mrs. Halleck, I'll tell you what I want: I want Flavia should be baptized into your church. Will you let her?"

"*Let* her? Oh, my dear child, we shall be humbly thankful that it has been put into your heart to choose for her what *we* think is the true church," said Mrs. Halleck, fervently.

"I don't know about that," returned Marcia. "I can't tell whether it's the true church or not, and I don't know that I ever could; but I shall be satisfied, if it's made you what you are," she added simply.

Mrs. Halleck did not try to turn away her praise with vain affectations of humility. "We try to do right, Marcia," she said. "Whenever we do it, we must be helped to it by some power outside of ourselves. I can't tell you whether it's our church; I'm not so sure of that as I used to be. I once thought that there could be no real good out of it; but I *can't* think that, any more: Olive and Ben are as good children as ever lived; I *know* they wont be lost; but neither of them belongs to our church."

"Why, what church does he belong to?"

"He doesn't belong to any, my dear," said Mrs. Halleck, sorrowfully.

Marcia looked at her absently.

"I knew Olive was a Unitarian; but I thought—I thought he ——"

"No, he doesn't," returned Mrs. Halleck. "It has been a great cross to his father and me. He is a good boy; but we think the *truth* is in our church!"

Marcia was silent a moment. Then she said, decisively:

"Well, I should like Flavia to belong to your church."

"She couldn't belong to it now," Mrs. Halleck explained. "That would have to come later, when she could understand. But she could be christened in it—dear little thing!"

"Well, christened, then. It must be the training he got in it. I've thought a great deal about it, and I think my worst trouble is that I've been left too free in everything. One mustn't be left too free. I've never had any one to control me, and now I can't control myself at the very times when I need to do it the most, with—with—when I'm in danger of vexing—when Bartley and I——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Halleck, sympathetically.

"And Bartley is just so, too. He's always been left to himself. And Flavia will need all the control we can give her—I know she will. And I shall have her christened in your church, and I shall teach her all about it. She shall go to the Sunday-school, and I will go to church, so that she can have an example. I told father I should do it when he was up here, and he said there couldn't be any harm in it. And I've told Bartley, and *he* doesn't care."

They were both far too single-minded and too serious to find anything droll in the terms of the adhesion of Marcia's family to her plan, and Mrs. Halleck entered into its execution with affectionate zeal.

"Ben, dear," she said, tenderly, that evening, when they were all talking it over in family council, "I hope you didn't drop anything,

when that poor creature spoke to you about it this morning, that could unsettle her mind in any way?"

"No, mother," said Halleck, gently.

"I was sure you didn't," returned his mother, repentantly.

They had been talking a long time of the matter, and Halleck now left the room.

"Mother! How could you say such a thing to Ben?" cried Olive, in a quiver of indignant sympathy. "Ben say anything to unsettle anybody's religious purposes! He's got more religion now than all the rest of the family put together!"

"Speak for yourself, Olive," said one of the intermediary sisters.

"Why, Olive, I spoke because I thought she seemed to place more importance on Ben's belonging to the church than anything else, and she seemed so surprised when I told her he didn't belong to any."

"I dare say she thinks Ben is good when she compares him with that mass of selfishness of a husband of hers," said Olive. "But I will thank her," she added, hotly, "not to compare Ben with Bartley Hubbard, even to Bartley Hubbard's disadvantage. I don't feel flattered by it."

"Of course, she thinks all the world of her husband," said Mrs. Halleck. "And I know Ben is good; and as you say, he is religious; I feel that, though I don't understand how, exactly. I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, Olive, you know well enough. But it was a stumbling-block when I had to tell that poor, pretty young thing that Ben didn't belong to church; and I could see that it puzzled her. I couldn't have believed," continued Mrs. Halleck, "that there was any person in a Christian land, except among the very lowest, that seemed to understand so little about the Christian religion, or any scheme of salvation. Really, she talked to me like a pagan. She sat there much better dressed and better educated than I was; but I felt like a missionary talking to a South Sea Islander."

"I wonder the old Bartlett pear didn't burst into a palm-tree over your heads," said Olive. Mrs. Halleck looked grieved at her levity, and she hastened to add:

"Don't put up your lip, mother. I understood just what you meant, and I can imagine just how shocking Mrs. Hubbard's heathen remarks must have been. We should all be shocked if we knew how many people there are just like her, and we should all try to deny it, and so would they. I guess Christianity is about as uncommon as civilization —and that's *very* uncommon. If her poor, feeble mind was such a chaos, what do you suppose her husband's is?"

This would certainly not have been easy for Mrs. Halleck to say, then, or to say afterward, when Bartley walked up to the font in her church, with Marcia at his side, and Flavia in his arms, and a faintly ironical smile on his face, as if he had never expected to be got in for this, but was going to see it through now. He had, in fact, said, "Well, let's go the whole figure," when Marcia had expressed a preference for having the rite performed in church, instead of in their own house.

He was unquestionably growing stout, and even Mrs. Halleck noticed that his blonde face was unpleasantly red that day. He was, of course, not intemperate. He always had beer with his lunch, which he had begun to take down town, since the warm weather had come on and made the walk up the hill to Clover street irksome: and he drank beer at his dinner—he liked a late dinner, and they dined at six, now—because it washed away the fatigues of the day and freshened you up. He was rather particular about his beer, which he had sent in by the gross—it came cheaper that way; after trying both the Cincinnati and the Milwaukee lagers, and making a cursory test of the Boston brand, he had settled down upon the American Tivoli; it was cheap, and you could drink a couple of bottles without feeling it. Freshened up by his two bottles, he was apt to spend the evening in an amiable drowse and get early to bed, when he did not go out on newspaper duty. He joked about the three fingers of fat on his ribs, and frankly guessed it was the beer that did it; at such times he said that perhaps he should have to cut down on his Tivoli.

Marcia and he had not so much time together as they used to have; she was a great deal taken up with the baby, and he found it dull at home, not doing anything or saying anything; and, when he did not feel sleepy, he sometimes invented work that took him out at night. But he always came upstairs after putting his hat on, and asked Marcia if he could help her about anything.

He usually met other newspaper men on these excursions, and talked newspaper with them, airing his favorite theories. He liked to wander about with reporters who were working up cases; to look in at the police stations, and go to the fires; and he was often able to give the "Events" men points that had escaped the other reporters. If asked to drink, he always said, "Thanks, no; I don't do anything in that way. But if you'll make it beer, I don't mind." He took nothing but beer when he hurried out of the theater into one of the neighboring resorts, just as the great platters of stewed kidneys and *lyonnaise* potatoes came steaming up out of the kitchen, prompt

to the drop of the curtain on the last act. Here, sometimes, he met a friend, and shared with him his dish of kidneys and his schooner of beer; and he once suffered himself to be lured by the click of the balls into the back room. He believed that he played a very good game of billiards; but he was badly beaten that night. He came home at daylight fifty dollars out. But he had lost like a gentleman in a game with gentlemen; and he never played again.

By day he worked hard, and since his expenses had been increased by Flavia's coming, he had undertaken more work for more pay. He still performed all the routine labor of a managing editor, and he now wrote the literary notices of "The Events," and sometimes, especially if there was anything new, the dramatic criticisms; he brought to the latter task all the freshness of a man who, till the year before, had not been half a dozen times inside a theater.

He attributed the fat on his ribs to the Tivoli; perhaps it was also owing in some degree to a good conscience, which is a much easier thing to keep than people imagine. At any rate, he now led a tranquil, industrious, and regular life, and a life which suited him so well that he was reluctant to interrupt it by the visit to Equity which he and Marcia had talked of in the early spring. He put it off from time to time, and one day, when she was pressing him to fix some date for it, he said:

"Why can't you go, Marcia?"

"Alone?" she faltered.

"Well, no; take the baby, of course. And I'll run down for a day or two when I get a chance."

Marcia seemed in these days to be schooling herself against the impulses that once brought on her quarrels with Bartley.

"A day or two ——" she began, and then stopped and added gravely, "I thought you said you were going to have several weeks' vacation."

"Oh, don't tell me what I *said!*" cried Bartley. "That was before I undertook this extra work, or before I knew what a grind it was going to be. Equity is a good deal of a dose for me, anyway. It's all well enough for you, and I guess the change from Boston will do you good, and do the baby good, but *I* shouldn't look forward to three weeks in Equity with unmitigated hilarity."

"I know it will be stupid for you. But you need the rest. And the Hallecks are going to be at North Conway; and they said they would come over," urged Marcia. "I know we should have a good time."

Bartley grinned.

"Is that your idea of a good time, Marsh? Three weeks of Equity, relieved by a visit from such heavy weights as Ben Halleck and his sisters? Not any in mine, thank you."

"How can you—how *dare* you speak so of them!" cried Marcia, lightening upon him. "Such good friends of yours—such good people ——"

Her voice shook with indignation and wounded feeling.

Bartley rose and took a turn about the room, pulling down his waistcoat and contemplating its outward slope with a smile.

"Oh, I've got more friends than I can shake a stick at. And with pleasure at the helm, goodness is a drug in the market—if you'll excuse the mixed metaphor. Look here, Marcia," he added, severely. "If you like the Hallecks, all well and good; I sha'n't interfere with you; but they bore me. I outgrew Ben Halleck years ago. He's duller than death. As for the old people, there's no harm in them,—though *they're* bores, too,—nor in the old girls; but Olive Halleck doesn't treat me decently. I suppose that just suits you: I've noticed that you never like the women that *do* treat me decently."

"They don't treat me decently!" retorted Marcia.

"Oh, Miss Kingsbury treated you very well that night. She couldn't imagine your being jealous of her politeness to me."

Marcia's temper fired at his treacherous recurrence to a grievance which he had once so sacredly and sweetly ignored.

"If you wish to take up by-gones, why don't you go back to Sally Morrison at once? She treated you even better than Miss Kingsbury."

"I should have been very willing to do that," said Bartley, "but I thought it might remind you of a disagreeable little episode in your own life, when you flung me away, and had to go down on your knees to pick me up again."

These thrusts which they dealt each other in their quarrels, however blind and misdirected, always reached their hearts: it was the wicked will that hurt, rather than the words. Marcia rose, bleeding inwardly, and her husband felt the remorse of a man who gets the best of it in such an encounter.

"Oh, I'm sorry I said that, Marcia! I didn't mean it; indeed I"— She disdained to heed him as she swept out of the room and up the stairs; and his anger flamed out again.

"I give you fair warning," he called after her, "not to try that trick of locking the door, or I will smash it in."

Her answer was to turn the key in the door with a click which he could not fail to hear.

The peace in which they had been living of late was very comfortable to Bartley; he liked it; he hated to have it broken; he was willing to do what he could to restore it at once. If he had no better motive than this,

he still had this motive; and he choked down his wrath, and followed Marcia softly upstairs. He intended to reason with her, and he began, "I say, Marsh," as he turned the door-knob. But you cannot reason through a keyhole, and before he knew he found himself saying, "Will you open this?" in a tone whose quiet was deadly. She did not answer; he heard her stop in her movements about the room, and wait, as if she expected him to ask again. He hesitated a moment whether to keep his threat of breaking the door in; but he turned away and went down-stairs, and so into the street. Once outside, he experienced the sense of release that comes to a man from the violation of his better impulses; but he did not know what to do or where to go. He walked rapidly away; but Marcia's eyes and voice seemed to follow him, and plead with him for his forbearance. He answered his conscience, as if it had been some such presence, that he had forborne too much already, and that now he should not humble himself: that he was right and should stand upon his right. There was not much comfort in it, and he had to brace himself again and again with vindictive resolution.

XXIV.

BARTLEY walked about the streets for a long time, without purpose or direction, brooding fiercely on his wrongs, and reminding himself how Marcia had determined to have him, and had indeed flung herself upon his mercy, with all sorts of good promises; and had then at once taken the whiphand, and goaded and tormented him ever since. All the kindness of their common life counted for nothing in this furious reverie, or rather it was never once thought of; he cursed himself for a fool that he had ever asked her to marry him, and for doubly a fool that he had married her when she had as good as asked him. He was glad, now, that he had taunted her with that; he only regretted that he had told her he was sorry. He was presently aware of being so tired that he could scarcely pull one leg after another; and yet he felt hopelessly wide awake. It was in simple despair of anything else to do that he climbed the stairs to Ricker's lofty perch in the "Chronicle-Abstract" office. Ricker turned about as he entered, and stared up at him from beneath the green pasteboard visor with which he was shielding his eyes from the gas; his hair, which was of the harshness and color of hay, was stiffly poked up and strewn about on his skull, as if it were some foreign product.

"Hello!" he said. "Going to issue a morning edition of the 'Events'?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I supposed you evening paper gents went to bed with the hens. What has kept you up, esteemed contemporary?"

He went on working over some dispatches which lay upon his table.

"Don't you want to come out and have some oysters?" asked Bartley.

"Why this princely hospitality? I'll come with you in half a minute," Ricker said, going to the slide that carried up the copy to the composing-room, and thrusting his manuscript into the box.

"Where are you going?" he asked, when they found themselves out in the soft starlit autumnal air; and Bartley answered with the name of an oyster-house, obscure, but of singular excellence.

"Yes, that's the best place," Ricker commented. "What I continually wonder at in you is the rapidity with which you've taken on the city. You were quite in the green wood when you came here, and now you know your Boston like a little man. I suppose it's your newspaper work that's familiarized you with the place. Well, how do you like friend Witherby, as far as you've gone?"

"Oh, we shall get along, I guess," said Bartley. "He still keeps me in the background, and plays at being editor himself, but he pays me pretty well."

"Not too well, I hope."

"I should like to see him try it."

"I shouldn't," said Ricker. "He'd expect certain things of you, if he did. You'll have to look out for Witherby."

"You mean that he's a scamp?"

"No; there isn't a better conscience than Witherby carries in the whole city. He's perfectly honest. He not only believes that he has a right to run the 'Events' in his way, but he sincerely believes that he is right in doing it. There's where he has the advantage of you, if you doubt him. I don't suppose he ever did a wrong thing in his life; he'd persuade himself that the thing was right before he did it."

"That's a common phenomenon, isn't it?" sneered Bartley. "Nobody sins."

"You're right, partly. But some of us sinners have our misgivings, and Witherby never has. You know he offered me your place?"

"No, I didn't," said Bartley, astonished and not pleased.

"I thought he might have told you. He made me inducements; but I was afraid of him: Witherby is the counting-room incarnate. I talked you into him for some place or other; but he didn't seem to wake up to the value of my advice at once. Then I couldn't tell what he was going to offer you."

"Thank you for letting me in for a thing you were afraid of!"

"I didn't believe he would get you under his thumb, as he would me. You've got more backbone than I have. I have to keep out of temptation; you have noticed that I never drink, and I would rather not look upon Witherby when he is red and giveth his color in the cup. I'm sorry if I've let you in for anything that you regret. But Witherby's sincerity makes him dangerous—I own that."

"I think he has some very good ideas about newspapers," said Bartley, rather sulkily.

"Oh, very," assented Ricker. "Some of the very best going. He believes that the press is a great moral engine, and that it ought to be run in the interest of the engineer."

"And I suppose you believe that it ought to be run in the interest of the public?"

"Exactly—after the public has paid."

"Well, I don't; and I never did. A newspaper is a private enterprise."

"It's private property, but it isn't a private enterprise, and in its very nature it can't be. You know I never talk 'journalism' and stuff; it amuses me to hear the young fellows at it, though I think they might be doing something worse than magnifying their office; they might be decrying it. But I've got a few ideas and principles of my own in my back pantaloons-pocket."

"Haul them out," said Bartley.

"I don't know that they're very well formulated," returned Ricker, "and I don't contend that they're very new. But I consider a newspaper a public enterprise, with certain distinct duties to the public. It's sacredly bound not to do anything to deprave or debauch its readers; and it's sacredly bound not to mislead or betray them, not merely as to questions of morals and politics, but as to questions of what we may lump as 'advertising.' Has friend Witherby developed his great ideas of advertisers' rights to you?" Bartley did not answer, and Ricker went on: "Well, then, you can understand my position, when I say it's exactly the contrary."

"You ought to be on a religious newspaper, Ricker," said Bartley, with a scornful laugh.

"Thank you, a secular paper is bad enough for me."

"Well, I don't pretend that I make the 'Events' just what I want," said Bartley. "At present the most I can do is to indulge in a few cheap dreams of what I should do, if I had a paper of my own."

"What are your dreams? Haul out, as you say."

"I should make it pay, to begin with; and I should make it pay by making it such a thorough newspaper, that every class of people *must* have it. I should cater to the lowest class first, and as long as I was poor, I would have the fullest and best reports of every local accident and crime; that would take *all* the rabble. Then, as I could afford it, I'd rise a little, and give first-class non-partisan reports of local political affairs; that would fetch the next largest class, the ward politicians of all parties. I'd lay for the local religious world, after that—religion comes right after politics in the popular mind, and it interests the women like murder: I'd give the minutest religious intelligence, and not only that, but the religious gossip, and the religious scandal. Then I'd go in for fashion and society—that comes next. I'd have the most reliable and thorough-going financial reports that money could buy. When I'd got my local ground perfectly covered, I'd begin to ramify. Every fellow that could spell, in any part of the country, should understand that if he sent me an account of a suicide, or an elopement, or a murder, or an accident, he should be well paid for it; and I'd rise on the same scale through all the departments. I'd add art criticisms, dramatic and sporting news, and book-reviews, more for the looks of the thing than for anything else; they don't any of 'em appeal to a large class. I'd get my paper into such a shape that people of every kind and degree would have to say, no matter what particular objection was made to it, "Yes, that's so; but it's the best *news*paper in the world, *and we can't get along without it.*"

"And then," said Ricker, "you'd begin to clean up, little by little—let up on your murders and scandals, and purge and live cleanly like a gentleman? The trick's been tried before."

They had arrived at the oyster-house, and were sitting at their table, waiting for the oysters to be brought to them. Bartley tilted his chair back. "I don't know about the cleaning up. I should want to keep all my audience. If I cleaned up, the dirty fellows would go off to some one else; and the fellows that pretended to be clean would be disappointed."

"Why don't you get Witherby to put your ideas in force?" asked Ricker, dryly.

Bartley dropped his chair to all fours, and said with a smile, "He belongs to church."

"Ah, he has his limitations. What a pity! He has the money to establish this great moral engine of yours, and you haven't. It's a loss to civilization."

"One thing, I know," said Bartley, with a certain effect of virtue, "nobody should buy or sell me; and the advertising element shouldn't spread beyond the advertising page."

"Isn't that rather high ground?" inquired Ricker.

Bartley did not think it worth while to answer. "I don't believe that a newspaper is obliged to be superior in tone to the community," he said.

"I quite agree with you."

"And if the community is full of vice and crime, a newspaper can't do better than reflect its condition."

"Ah, there I should distinguish, esteemed contemporary. There are several tones in every community, and it will keep any newspaper scratching to rise above the highest. But if it keeps out of the mud at all it can't help rising above the lowest. And no community is full of vice and crime any more than it is full of virtue and good works. Why not let your model newspaper mirror these?"

"They're not snappy."

"No, that's true."

"You must give the people what they want."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, it's a beautiful dream," said Ricker, "nourished on a youth sublime. Why do not these lofty imaginings visit us later in life? You make me quite ashamed of my own ideal newspaper. Before you began to talk I had been fancying that the vice of our journalism was its intense localism. I have doubted a good while whether a drunken Irishman who breaks his wife's head, or a child who falls into a tub of hot water, has really established a claim on the public interest. Why should I be told by telegraph how three negroes died on the gallows in North Carolina? Why should an accurate correspondent inform me of the elopement of a married man with his maid-servant in East Machias? Why should I sup on all the horrors of a railroad accident, and have the bleeding fragments hashed up for me at breakfast? Why should my newspaper give a succession of shocks to my nervous system, as I pass from column to column, and poultice me between shocks with the nastiness of a distant or local scandal? You reply, because I like spice. But I don't. I am sick of spice; and I believe that most of our readers are."

"Cater to them with milk-toast, then," said Bartley.

Ricker laughed with him, and they fell to upon their oysters.

When they parted, Bartley still found himself wakeful. He knew that he should not sleep if he went home, and he said to himself that he could not walk about all night. He turned into a gayly lighted basement, and asked for something in the way of a night-cap.

The bar-keeper said there was nothing like a hot-scotch to make you sleep; and a small man, with his hat on, who had been talking with the bar-keeper, and coming up to the counter occasionally to eat a bit of cracker or a bit of cheese out of the two bowls full of such fragments that stood at the end of the counter, said that this was so.

It was very cheerful in the bar-room, with the light glittering on the rows of decanters behind the bar-keeper, a large, stout, clean, pale man in his shirt-sleeves, after the manner of his kind; and Bartley made up his mind to stay there till he was drowsy, and to drink as many hot-scotches as were necessary to the result. He had his drink put on a little table and sat down to it easily, stirring it to cool it a little, and feeling its flattery in his brain from the first sip.

The man who was munching cheese and crackers wore a hat rather large for him, pulled down over his eyes. He now said that he did not care if he took a gin-sling, and the bar-keeper promptly set it before him on the counter, and saluted with "Good evening, Colonel," a large man who came in, carrying a small dog in his arms. Bartley recognized him as the manager of a variety combination playing at one of the theaters, and the manager recognized the little man with the gin-sling as Tommy. He did not return the bar-keeper's salutation, but he asked, as he sat down at a table:

"What do I want for supper, Charley?"

The bar-keeper said, oracularly, as he leaned forward to wipe his counter with a napkin:

"Fricasee chicken."

"Fricassee devil," returned the manager. "Get me a Welsh rabbit."

The bar-keeper, unperturbed by this rejection, called into the tube behind him:

"One Welsh rabbit!"

"I want some cold chicken for my dog," said the manager.

"One cold chicken," repeated the bar-keeper, in his tube.

"White meat," said the manager.

"White meat," repeated the bar-keeper.

"I went into the Parker House one night about midnight, and I saw four doctors there eating lobster salad, and deviled crab, and washing it down with champagne; and I made up my mind that the doctors needn't talk to me any more about what was wholesome. I was going in for what was *good*. And there aint anything better for supper than Welsh rabbit in *this* world."

As the manager addressed this philosophy to the company at large, no one commented upon it, which seemed quite the same to the manager, who hitched one elbow over the

back of his chair, and caressed with the other hand the dog lying in his lap.

The little man in the large hat continued to walk up and down, leaving his gin-sling on the counter, and drinking it between his visits to the cracker and cheese.

"What's that new piece of yours, Colonel?" he asked, after awhile. "I aint seen it yet."

"Legs, principally," sighed the manager. "That's what the public wants. I give the public what it wants. I don't pretend to be any better than the public. Nor any worse," he added, stroking his dog.

These ideas struck Bartley in their accordance with his own ideas of journalism as he had propounded them to Ricker. He had drunk half of his hot-scotch.

"That's what I say," assented the little man. "All that a theater has got to do is to keep even with the public."

"That's so, Tommy," said the manager of a school of morals, with wisdom that impressed more and more the manager of a great moral engine.

"The same principle runs through everything," observed Bartley, speaking for the first time.

The drink had stiffened his tongue somewhat, but it did not incommode his utterance; it rather gave dignity to it, and his head was singularly clear. He lifted his empty glass from the table, and, catching the bar-keeper's eye, said, "Do it again." The man brought it back full.

"It runs through the churches as well as the theaters. As long as the public wanted hell-fire, the ministers gave them hell-fire. But you couldn't get hell-fire—not the pure, old-fashioned brimstone article—out of a popular preacher now, for love or money."

The little man said, "I guess you've got about the size of it there;" and the manager laughed.

"It's just so with the newspapers, too," said Bartley. "Some newspapers used to stand out against publishing murders, and personal gossip, and divorce trials. There aint a newspaper that pretends to keep anyways up with the times, now, that don't do it! The public want spice, and they will have it!"

"Well, sir," said the manager, "that's my way of looking at it. I say if the public don't want Shakspere, give 'em burlesque till they're sick of it. I believe in what Grant said: 'The quickest way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it.'"

"That's so," said the little man, "every time."

He added to the bar-keeper that he guessed he would have some brandy and soda, and Bartley found himself at the bottom of his second tumbler. He ordered it replenished.

The little man seemed to be getting further away. He said, from the distance to which he had withdrawn:

"You want to go to bed with three night-caps on, like an old-clothes-man."

Bartley felt like resenting the freedom, but he was anxious to pour his ideas of journalism into the manager's sympathetic ear, and he began to talk, with an impression that it behooved him to talk fast. His brain was still very clear, but his tongue was getting stiffer. The manager now had his Welsh rabbit before him; but Bartley could not make out how it had got there, nor when. He was talking fast, and he knew by the way everybody was listening, that he was talking well. Sometimes he left his table, glass in hand, and went and laid down the law to the manager, who smilingly assented to all he said. Once he heard a low growling at his feet, and looking down, he saw the dog with his plate of cold chicken, that had also been conjured into the room somehow.

"Look out," said the manager, "he'll nip you in the leg."

"Curse the dog! he seems to be on all sides of you," said Bartley. "I can't stand anywhere."

"Better sit down then," suggested the manager.

"Good idea," said the little man, who was still walking up and down. It appeared as if he had not spoken for several hours; his hat was further over his eyes. Bartley had thought he was gone.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded fiercely, moving toward the little man.

"Come, none of that," said the bar-keeper, steadily.

Bartley looked at him in amazement.

"Where's your hat?" he asked.

The others laughed; the bar-keeper smiled.

"Are you a married man?"

"Never mind!" said the bar-keeper, severely.

Bartley turned to the little man:

"You married?"

"Not *much*," replied the other. He was now topping off with a whisky-straight.

Bartley referred himself to the manager:

"You?"

"*Pas si bête*," said the manager, who did his own adapting from the French.

"Well, you're scholar, and you're gentleman," said Bartley. The indefinite articles would drop out, in spite of all his efforts to keep them in. "'N' I want ask you what you do—to—ask—you—what—would—you—do," he repeated with painful exactness, but he failed to make the rest of the sentence perfect, and he pronounced it all in a word, "'fyourwifelockyouout."

"I'd take a walk," said the manager.

"I'd bu'st the door in," said the little man.

Bartley turned and gazed at him as if the little man were a much more estimable person than he had supposed. He passed his arm through the little man's, which the other had just crooked to lift his whisky to his mouth.

"Look here," said Bartley, "tha's jus' what *I* told her. I want you to go home 'th me; I want t' introduce you to my wife."

"All right," answered the little man. "Don't care if I do." He dropped his tumbler to the floor. "Hang it up, Charley, glass and all. Hang up this gentleman's night-caps—my account. Gentleman asks me home to his house, I'll hang him—I'll get him hung—well, fix it to suit yourself—every time!"

They got themselves out of the door, and the manager said to the bar-keeper, who came round to gather up the fragments of the broken tumbler,

"Think his wife will be glad to see 'em, Charley?"

"Oh, they'll be taken care of before they reach his house."

XXV.

WHEN they were once out under the stars, Bartley, who still felt his brain clear, said that he would not take his friend home at once, but would show him where he visited when he first came to Boston. The other agreed to the indulgence of this sentiment, and they set out to find Rumford street together.

"You've heard of old man Halleck—Lestor Neather Interest? Tha's place—there's where I staid. His son's my frien'—damn stuck-up supercilious beast he is, too. *I* do' care f'r him! I'll show you place, so's't you'll know it when you come to it,—'f I can ever find it."

They walked up and down the street, looking, while Bartley poured his sorrows into the ear of his friend, who grew less and less responsive, and at last ceased from his side altogether. Bartley then dimly perceived that he was himself sitting on a doorstep, and that his head was hanging far down between his knees, as if he had been sleeping in that posture.

"Locked out—locked out of my own door, and by my own wife!" He shed tears, and fell asleep again. From time to time he woke, and bewailed himself to Ricker as a poor boy who had fought his own way; he owned that he had made mistakes, as who had not? Again he was trying to convince Squire Gaylord that they ought to issue a daily edition of the "Equity Free Press," and at the same time persuading Mr. Halleck to buy the "Events" for him, and let him put it on a paying basis. He shivered, sighed, hiccupped, and was dozing off again, when Henry Bird knocked him down, and he fell with a cry, which at last brought to the door the uneasy sleeper who had been listening to him within, and trying to realize his presence, catching his voice in waking intervals, doubting it, drowsing when it ceased, and then catching it and losing it again.

"Hallo, here! What do you want? Hubbard! Is it you? What in the world are you doing here?"

"Halleck," said Bartley, who was unsteadily straightening himself upon his feet, "glad to find you at home. Been looking for your house all night. Want to introduce you to partic-ic-ular friend of mine. Mr. Halleck, Mr. ——. Curse me if I know your name ——"

"Hold on a minute," said Halleck.

He ran into the house for his hat and coat, and came out again, closing the door softly after him. He found Bartley in the grip of a policeman, whom he was asking his name that he might introduce him to his friend Halleck.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Halleck?" asked the policeman.

"Yes—yes, I know him," said Ben, in a low voice. "Let's get him away quietly, please. He's all right. It's the first time I ever saw him so. Will you help me with him up to Johnson's stable? I'll get a carriage there and take him home."

They had begun walking Bartley along between them; he dozed and paid no attention to their talk.

The policeman laughed.

"I was just going to run him in, when you came out. You didn't come a minute too soon."

They got Bartley to the stable, and he slept heavily in one of the chairs in the office, while the hostlers were putting the horses to the carriage. The policeman remained at the office-door, looking in at Bartley, and philosophizing the situation to Halleck.

"Your speakin' about it's bein' the first time you ever saw him so made me think 't I rather help take home a regular habitual drunk to his family, any day, than a case like this. They always seem to take it so much harder the first time. Boards with his mother, I presume?"

"He's married," said Halleck, sadly. "He has a house of his own."

"Well!" said the policeman.

Bartley slept all the way to Clover street, and when the carriage stopped at his door, they had difficulty in waking him sufficiently to get him out.

"Don't come in, please," said Halleck, to the policeman, when this was done. "The

man will carry you back to your beat. Thank you, ever so much!"

"All right, Mr. Halleck. Don't mention it," said the policeman, and he leaned back in the hack with an air of luxury, as it rumbled softly away.

Halleck remained on the pavement with Bartley falling limply against him in the dim light of the dawn.

"What you want? What you doing with me?" he demanded with sullen stupidity.

"I've got you home, Hubbard. Here we are at your house."

He pulled him across the pavement, to the threshold, and put his hand on the bell, but the door was thrown open before he could ring, and Marcia stood there, with her face white, and her eyes red with watching and crying.

"Oh, Bartley, oh, Bartley!" she sobbed. "Oh, Mr. Halleck, what is it? Is he hurt? I did it—yes, I did it! It's my fault! Oh, will he die? Is he sick?"

"He isn't very well. He'd better go to bed," said Halleck.

"Yes, yes! I will help you upstairs with him."

"Do' need any help," said Bartley, sulkily. "Go upstairs myself."

He actually did so, with the help of the hand-rail, Marcia running before, to open the door, and smooth the pillows which her head had not touched, and Halleck following him to catch him if he should fall. She unlaced his shoes and got them off, while Halleck removed his coat.

"Oh, Bartley, where do you feel badly, dear? Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned, as he tumbled himself on the bed, and lapsed into a drunken stupor.

"Better—better come out, Mrs. Hubbard," said Halleck. "Better let him alone, now. You only make him worse, talking to him."

Quelled by the mystery of his manner, she followed him out and down the stairs.

"Oh, *do* tell me what it is," she implored, in a low voice, "or I shall go wild! But tell me and I can bear it! I can bear anything if I know what it is!" She came close to him in her entreaty, and fixed her eyes beseechingly on his, while she caught his hand in both of hers. "Is he—is he insane?"

"He isn't quite in his right mind, Mrs. Hubbard," Halleck began, softly releasing himself, and retreating a little from her, but she pursued him, and put her hand on his arm.

"Oh, then go for the doctor—go instantly! Don't lose a minute! I shall not be afraid to stay alone. Or if you think I'd better not, I will go for the doctor myself."

"No, no," said Halleck, smiling, sadly: the case certainly had its ludicrous side. "He doesn't need a doctor. You mustn't think of calling a doctor. Indeed you mustn't. He'll come out all right of himself. If you sent for a doctor, it would make him very angry."

She burst into tears. "Well, I will do what you say," she cried. "It would never have happened, if it hadn't been for me. I want to tell you what I did," she went on wildly. "I want to tell ——"

"Please don't tell me anything, Mrs. Hubbard! It will all come right—and very soon. It isn't anything to be alarmed about. He'll be well in a few hours. I— ah— Good-by!" He had found his cane, and he made a limp toward the door, but she swiftly interposed herself.

"Why," she panted in mixed reproach and terror, "you're not going away? You're not going to leave me before Bartley is well? He may get worse—he may die! You mustn't go, Mr. Halleck!"

"Yes, I must,—I can't stay,—I oughtn't to stay—it wont do! He wont get worse, he wont die—" The perspiration broke out on Halleck's face, which he lifted to hers with a distress as great as her own.

She only answered, "I can't let you go. It would kill me. I wonder at your wanting to go."

There was something ghastly comical in it all, and Halleck stood in fear of its absurdity hardly less than of its tragedy. He rapidly revolved in his mind the possibilities of the case. He thought at first that it might be well to call a doctor, and having explained the situation to him, pay him to remain in charge; but he reflected that it would be insulting to ask a doctor to see a man in Hubbard's condition. He took out his watch, and saw that it was six o'clock; and he said desperately: "You can send for me, if you get anxious ——"

"I can't let you go!"

"I must really get my breakfast ——"

"The girl will get something for you here. Oh, *don't* go away!" Her lip began to quiver again, and her bosom to rise.

He could not bear it. "Mrs. Hubbard, will you believe what I say?"

"Yes," she faltered, reluctantly.

"Well, I tell you that Mr. Hubbard is in no sort of danger; and I know that it would be extremely offensive to him if I staid."

"Then you must go," she answered promptly, and opened the door, which she had closed for fear he might escape. "I will send for a doctor."

"No, *don't* send for a doctor, don't send for anybody; don't speak of the matter to any one: it would be very mortifying to him. It's merely a—a—kind of—seizure, that a great many people—men—are subject to; but he wouldn't like to have it known." He saw that his words were making an impression

upon her; perhaps her innocence was beginning to divine the truth. "Will you do what I say?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Her head began to droop, and her face to turn away in a dawning shame too cruel for him to see.

"I—I will come back as soon as I get my breakfast, to make sure that everything is right."

She let him find his own way out, and Halleck issued upon the street, as miserable as if the disgrace were his own. It was easy enough for him to get back into his own room without alarming the family. He ate his breakfast absently, and then went out while the others were still at table.

"I don't think Ben seems very well," said his mother, anxiously, and she looked to her husband for the denial he always gave.

"Oh, I guess he's all right. What's the matter with him?"

"It's nothing but his ridiculous, romantic way of taking the world to heart," Olive interposed. "You may be sure he's troubled about something that doesn't concern him in the least. It's what comes of the life-long conscientiousness of his parents. If Ben doesn't turn out a philanthropist of the deepest dye yet, you'll have me to thank for it. I see more and more every day that I was providentially born wicked, so as to keep this besottedly righteous family's head above water."

She feigned an angry impatience with the condition of things; but, when her father went out, she joined her mother in earnest conjectures as to what Ben had on his mind.

Halleck wandered about till nearly ten o'clock, and then he went to the little house on Clover street. The servant-girl answered his ring, and when he asked for Mrs. Hubbard, she said that Mr. Hubbard wished to see him, and please would he step upstairs.

He found Bartley seated at the window, with a wet towel round his head and his face pale with headache.

"Well, old man," he said, with an assumption of comradery that was nauseous to Halleck, "you've done the handsome thing by me. I know all about it. I knew something about it all the time." He held out his hand, without rising, and Halleck forced himself to touch it. "I appreciate your delicacy in not telling my wife. Of course you *couldn't* tell," he said, with depraved enjoyment of what he conceived of Halleck's embarrassment. "But I guess she must have smelt a rat. As the fellows say," he added, seeing the disgust that Halleck could not keep out of his face, "I shall make a clean breast of it, as soon as she can bear it. She's pretty high-strung. Lying down, now," he explained. "You see I went out to get something to make me sleep, and the first thing I knew I had got too much. Good thing I turned up on your door-step; might have been waltzing into the police-court about now. How did you happen to hear me?"

Halleck briefly explained, with an air of abhorrence for the facts.

"Yes, I remember most of it," said Bartley. "Well, I want to thank you, Halleck. You've saved me from disgrace—from ruin, for all I know. Whew, how my head aches!" he said, making an appeal to Halleck's pity, with closed eyes. "Halleck," he murmured, feebly, "I wish you would do me a favor."

"Yes? What is it?" asked Halleck, dryly.

"Go round to the 'Events' office and tell old Witherby that I sha'n't be able to put in an appearance to-day. I'm not up to writing a note, even, and he'd feel flattered at your coming personally. It would make it all right for me."

"Of course, I will go," said Halleck.

"Thanks," returned Bartley plaintively, with his eyes closed.

XXVI.

BARTLEY would willingly have passed this affair over with Marcia, like some of their quarrels, and allowed a reconciliation to effect itself through mere lapse of time and daily custom. But there were difficulties in the way to such an end; his shameful escapade had given the quarrel a character of its own, which could not be ignored. He must keep his word about making a clean breast of it to Marcia, whether he liked or not; but she facilitated his confession by the meek and dependent fashion in which she hovered about, anxious to do something or anything for him. If, as he suggested to Halleck, she had divined the truth, she evidently did not hold him wholly to blame for what had happened, and he was not without a self-righteous sense of having given her a useful and necessary lesson. He was inclined to a severity to which his rasped and shaken nerves contributed, when he spoke to her that night, as they sat together after tea; she had some sewing in her lap, little mysteries of soft muslin for the baby, which she was edging with lace, and her head drooped over her work, as if she could not confront him with her swollen eyes.

"Look here, Marcia," he said, "do you know what was the matter with me this morning?"

She did not answer in words; her hands quivered a moment; then she caught up

the things out of her lap, and sobbed into them. The sight unmanned Bartley; he hated to see any one cry, even his wife, to whose tears he was accustomed. He dropped down beside her on the sofa, and pulled her head over on his shoulder.

"It was my fault, it was my fault, Bartley!" she sobbed. "Oh, how can I ever get over it?"

"Well, don't cry, don't cry! It wasn't altogether your fault," returned Bartley. "We were both to blame."

"No! I began it. If I hadn't broken my promise about speaking of Sally Morrison, it never would have happened." This was so true that Bartley could not gainsay it. "But I couldn't seem to help it; and you were—you were—so quick with me; you didn't give me time to think; you —— But I was the one to blame, I was to blame!"

"Oh, well, never mind about it; don't take on so," coaxed Bartley. "It's all over now, and it can't be helped. And I can promise you," he added, "that it shall never happen again, no matter what you do," and in making this promise, he felt the glow of virtuous performance. "I think we've both had a lesson. I suppose," he continued sadly, as one might from impersonal reflection upon the temptations and depravity of large cities, "that it's *common* enough. I dare say it isn't the first time Ben Halleck has taken a fellow home in a hack." Bartley got so much comfort from the conjecture he had thrown out for Marcia's advantage, that he felt a sort of self-approval in the fact with which he followed it up. "And there's this consolation about it, if there isn't any other: that it wouldn't have happened now, if it had ever happened before."

Marcia lifted her head and looked into his face:

"What—what do you mean, Bartley?"

"I mean that I never was overcome before in my life by—wine." He delicately avoided saying whisky.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Why, don't you see? If I'd had the habit of drinking, I shouldn't have been affected by it."

"I don't understand," she said, anxiously.

"Why, I knew I shouldn't be able to sleep, I was so mad at you ——"

"Oh!"

"And I dropped into the hotel bar-room for a night-cap—for something to make me sleep."

"Yes, yes!" she urged, eagerly.

"I took what wouldn't have touched a man that was in the habit of it."

"Poor Bartley!"

"And the first thing I knew I had got too much. I was drunk—wild drunk," he said, with magnanimous frankness.

She had been listening intensely, exculpating him at every point, and now his innocence all flashed upon her.

"I see—I see!" she cried. "And it was because you had never tasted it before ——"

"Well, I had tasted it once or twice," interrupted Bartley, with heroic veracity.

"No matter! It was because you had never more than hardly tasted it that a very little overcame you in an instant. I see!" she repeated, contemplating him, in her ecstasy, as the one habitually sober man in a Boston full of inebriates. "And now I shall never regret it; I shall never care for it; I never shall think about it again! Or, yes! I shall always remember it, because it shows—because it *proves*—that you are always strictly temperance. It was worth happening for that. I am *glad* it happened!"

She rose from his side, and took her sewing nearer the lamp, and resumed her work upon it with shining eyes.

Bartley remained in his place on the sofa, feeling, and perhaps looking, rather sheepish. He had made a clean breast of it, and the confession had redounded only too much to his credit. To do him justice, he had not intended to bring the affair to quite such a triumphant conclusion; and perhaps something better than his sense of humor was also touched when he found himself not only exonerated but transformed into an exemplar of abstinence.

"Well," he said, "it isn't exactly a thing to be glad of, but it certainly isn't a thing to worry yourself about. You know the worst of it, and you know the best of it. It never happened before, and it never shall happen again; that's all. Don't lament over it, don't accuse yourself; just let it go, and we'll both see what we can do after this in the way of behaving better."

He rose from the sofa, and began to walk about the room.

"Does your head still ache?" she asked, fondly. "I *wish* I could do something for it!"

"Oh, I shall sleep it off," returned Bartley.

She followed him with her eyes.

"Bartley!"

"Well?"

"Do you suppose—do you believe—that Mr. Halleck—that he was ever ——"

"No, Marcia, I don't," said Bartley, stopping. "I *know* he never was. Ben Halleck is slow; but he's good. I couldn't imagine his being drunk any more than I could imagine your being so. I'd willingly sacrifice his reputation to console you," added Bartley, with a comical sense of his own regret that Halleck was not, for the occasion, an habitual drunkard, "but I cannot tell a lie."

He looked at her with a smile, and broke into a sudden laugh.

"No, my dear, the only person I think of just now, as having suffered similarly with myself, is the great and good Andrew Johnson. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Was he the one they impeached?" she faltered, not knowing what Bartley would be at, but smiling faintly in sympathy with his mirth.

"He was the one they impeached. He was the one who was overcome by wine on his inauguration day, because he had never been overcome before. It's a parallel case!"

Bartley got a great deal more enjoyment out of the parallel case than Marcia. The smile faded from her face, and, "Come, come," he coaxed, "be satisfied with Andrew Johnson, and let Halleck go. Ah, Marcia!" he added, seriously, "Ben Halleck is the kind of man you ought to have married! Don't you suppose that I know I'm not good enough for you? I'm pretty good by fits and starts; but he would have been good right straight along. I should never have had to bring *him* home in a hack to you!"

His generous admission had the just effect. "Hush, Bartley! Don't talk so! You know that you're better for me than the best man in the world, dear, and even if you were not, I should love you the best. Don't talk, please, that way, of any one else, or it will make me hate you!"

He liked that; and after all he was not without an obscure pride in his last night's adventure as a somewhat hazardous but decided assertion of manly supremacy. It was not a thing to be repeated; but for once in a way it was not wholly to be regretted, especially as he was so well out of it.

He pulled up a chair in front of her, and began to joke about the things she had in her lap; and the shameful and sorrowful day ended in the bliss of a more perfect peace between them than they had known since the troubles of their married life began.

"I tell you," said Bartley, "I shall stick to Tivoli after this, religiously."

It was several weeks later that Halleck limped into Atherton's lodgings, and dropped into one of his friend's easy chairs. The room had a bachelor comfort of aspect, and the shaded lamp on the table shed a mellow light on the green leather-covered furniture, wrinkled and creased, and worn full of such hospitable hollows as that which welcomed Halleck. Some packages of law papers were scattered about on the table; but the hour of the night had come when a lawyer permits himself a novel. Atherton looked up from his as Halleck entered, and stretched out a hand, which the latter took on his way to the easy chair across the table.

"How do you do?" said Atherton, after allowing him to sit for a certain time in the frank silence which expressed better than words the familiarity that existed between them in spite of the lawyer's six or seven years of seniority.

Halleck leaned forward and tapped the floor with his stick; then he fell back again, and laid his cane across the arms of his chair, and drew a long breath.

"Atherton," he said, "if you had found a blackguard of your acquaintance drunk on your doorstep early one morning, and had taken him home to his wife, how would you have expected her to treat you the next time you saw her?"

The lawyer was too much used to the statement, direct and hypothetical, of all sorts of cases, to be startled at this. He smiled slightly, and said:

"That would depend a good deal upon the lady."

"Oh, but generalize! From what you know of women as Woman, what should you expect? Shouldn't you expect her to make you pay somehow for your privity to her disgrace, to revenge her misery upon you? Isn't there a theory that women forgive injuries, but never ignominies?"

"That's what the novelists teach, and we bachelors get most of our doctrine about women from them."

He closed his novel on the paper-cutter, and laying the book upon the table, clasped his hands together at the back of his head.

"We don't go to nature for our impressions; but neither do the novelists, for that matter. Now and then, however, in the way of business, I get a glimpse of realities that make me doubt my prophets. Who had this experience?"

"I did."

"I'm sorry for that," said Atherton.

"Yes," returned Halleck, with whimsical melancholy; "I'm not particularly adapted for it. But I don't know that it would be a very pleasant experience for anybody."

He paused drearily, and Atherton said:

"And how did she actually treat you?"

"I hardly know. I hadn't been at the pains to look them up since the thing happened, and I had been carrying their squalid secret round for a fortnight, and suffering from it as if it were all my own."

Atherton smiled at the touch of self-characterization.

"When I met her and her husband and her baby to-day—a family party—well, she made me ashamed of the melodramatic compassion I had been feeling for her: It seemed that I

had been going about unnecessarily, not to say impertinently, haggard with the recollection of her face as I saw it when she opened the door for her blackguard and me that morning. She looked as if nothing unusual had happened at our last meeting: I couldn't brace up all at once: I behaved like a sneak, in view of her serenity."

"Perhaps nothing unusual had happened," suggested Atherton.

"No, that theory isn't tenable," said Halleck. "It was the one fact in the blackguard's favor that she had evidently never seen him in that state before, and didn't know what was the matter. She was wild at first; she wanted to send for a doctor. I think towards the last she began to suspect. But I don't know how she looked *then:* I couldn't look at her."

He stopped, as if still in the presence of the pathetic figure, with its sidelong, drooping head.

Atherton respected his silence a moment before he again suggested, as lightly as before:

"Perhaps she is magnanimous."

"No," said Halleck, with the effort of having also given that theory consideration. "She's not magnanimous, poor soul. I fancy she is rather a narrow-minded person, with strict limitations in regard to people who think ill—or too well—of her husband."

"Then perhaps," said Atherton, with the air of having exhausted conjecture, "she's obtuse."

"I have tried to think that too," replied Halleck, "but I can't manage it. No, there are only two ways out of it: the fellow has abused her innocence and made her believe it's a common and venial affair to be brought home in that state, or else she's playing a part. He's capable of telling her that neither you nor I, for example, ever go to bed sober. But she isn't obtuse: I fancy she's only too keen in all the sensibilities that women suffer through; and I'd rather think that he had deluded her in that way than that she was masquerading about it, for she strikes me as an uncommonly truthful person. I suppose you know whom I'm talking about, Atherton?" he said, with a sudden look at his friend's face, across the table.

"Yes, I know," said the lawyer. "I'm sorry it's come to this already. Though I suppose you're not altogether surprised."

"No, something of the kind was to be expected," Halleck sighed, and rolled his cane up and down on the arms of his chair. "I hope we know the worst."

"Perhaps we do. But I recollect a wise remark you made the first time we talked of these people," said Atherton, replying to the mood rather than the speech of his friend. "You suggested that we rather liked to grieve over the pretty girls that other fellows marry, and that we never thought of the plain ones as suffering."

"Oh, I hadn't any data for my pity in this case, then," replied Halleck. "I'm willing to allow that a plain woman would suffer under the same circumstances; and I think I should be capable of pitying her. But I'll confess that the notion of a pretty woman's sorrow is more intolerable; there's no use denying a fact so universally recognized by the male consciousness. I take my share of shame for it. I wonder why it is? Pretty women always seem to appeal to us as more dependent and child-like. I dare say they're not."

"Some of them are quite able to take care of themselves," said Atherton. "I've known striking instances of the kind. How do you know but the object of your superfluous pity was cheerful because fate had delivered her husband, bound forever, into her hand, through this little escapade of his?"

"Isn't that rather a coarse suggestion?" asked Halleck.

"Very likely. I suggest it; I don't assert it. But I fancy that wives sometimes like a permanent grievance that is always at hand, no matter what the mere passing occasion of the particular disagreement is. It seems to me that I have detected obscure appeals to such a weapon in domestic interviews at which I've assisted in the way of business."

"Don't, Atherton!" cried Halleck.

"Don't, how? In this particular case, or in regard to wives generally? We can't do women a greater injustice than not to account for a vast deal of human nature in them. You may be sure that things haven't come to the present pass with those people, without blame on both sides."

"Oh, do you defend a man for such beastliness by that stale old plea of blame on both sides?" demanded Halleck, indignantly.

"No; but I should like to know what she had said or done to provoke it before I excused her altogether."

"You would! Imagine the case reversed!"

"It isn't imaginable."

"You think there is a special code of morals for women; sins and shames for them that are no sins and shames for us!"

"No, I don't think that. I merely suggest that you don't idealize the victim in this instance. I dare say she hasn't suffered half as much as you have. Remember that she's a person of commonplace traditions, and probably took a simple view of the matter, and let it go as something that could not be helped."

"No, that would not do either," said Halleck.

"You're hard to please. Suppose we imagine her proud enough to face you down on the fact for his sake; too proud to revenge her disgrace on you ——"

"Oh, you come back to your old plea of magnanimity! Atherton, it makes me sick at heart to think of that poor creature. That look of hers haunts me! I can't get rid of it!"

Atherton sat considering his friend with a curious smile.

"Well, I'm sorry this has happened to *you*, Halleck."

"Oh, why do you say that to me?" demanded Halleck, impatiently. "Am I a nervous woman, that I must be kept from unpleasant sights and disagreeable experiences? If there's anything of the man about me, you insult it! Why not be a little sorry for her?"

"I'm sorry enough for her; but I suspect that so far you have been the principal sufferer. She's simply accepted the fact and survived it."

"So much the worse, so much the worse!" groaned Halleck. "She'd better have died!"

"Well, perhaps. I dare say she thinks it will never happen again, and has dismissed the subject; while you've had it happening ever since, whenever you've thought of her."

Halleck struck the arms of his chair with his clenched hands.

"Confound the fellow! What business has he to come back into my way, and make me think about his wife? Oh, very likely, it's quite as you say! I dare say she's stupidly content with him; that she's forgiven it and forgotten all about it. Probably she's told him how I behaved, and they've laughed over me together. But does that make it any easier to bear?"

"It ought," said Atherton. "What did the husband do when you met them?"

"Everything but tip me the wink—everything but say in so many words: 'You see I've made it all right with her. Don't you wish you knew how?'"

Halleck dropped his head, with a wrathful groan.

"I fancy," said Atherton, thoughtfully, "that if we really knew how, it would surprise us. Married life is as much a mystery to us outsiders as the life to come, almost. The ordinary motives don't seem to count; it's the realm of unreason. If a man only makes his wife suffer enough, she finds out that she loves him so much she *must* forgive him. And then, there's a great deal in their being bound. They can't live together in enmity, and they must live together. I dare say the offense had merely worn itself out between them."

"Oh, I dare say," Halleck assented, wearily. "That isn't my idea of marriage though."

"It's not mine, either," returned Atherton. "The question is whether it isn't often the fact in regard to such people's marriages."

"Then, they are so many hells," cried Halleck, "where self-respect perishes with resentment, and the husband and wife are enslaved to each other. They ought to be broken up!"

"I don't think so," said Atherton, soberly. "The sort of men and women that marriage enslaves would be vastly more wretched and mischievous, if they were set free. I believe that the hell people make for themselves isn't at all a bad place for them. It's the best place for them."

"Oh, I know your doctrine," said Halleck, rising. "It's horrible. How a man with any kindness in his heart can harbor such a cold-blooded philosophy, *I* don't understand. I wish you joy of it. Good-night," he added, gloomily, taking his hat from the table. "It serves me right for coming to you with a matter that I ought to have been man enough to keep to myself."

Atherton followed him toward the door.

"It wont do you any harm to consider your perplexity in the light of my philosophy. An unhappy marriage isn't the only hell, nor the worst."

Halleck turned.

"What could be a worse hell than marriage without love?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Love without marriage," said Atherton.

Halleck looked sharply at his friend. Then he shrugged his shoulders as he turned again and swung out of the door.

"You're too esoteric for me. It's quite time I was gone."

The way through Clover street was not the shortest way home; but he climbed the hill and passed the little house. He wished to rehabilitate in its pathetic beauty the image which his friend's conjectures had jarred, distorted, insulted; and he lingered for a moment before the door where this vision had claimed his pity for anguish that no after serenity could repudiate. The silence in which the house was wrapt was like another fold of the mystery which involved him. The night wind rose in a sudden gust, and made the neighboring lamp flare, and his shadow wavered across the pavement like the figure of a drunken man. This and not that other was the image which he saw.

(To be continued.)

CARLYLE IN IRELAND.

REMINISCENCES OF MY IRISH JOURNEY. III.

Thursday 26 July.—Spent the morning, which was damp yet with sunshine, in lounging about the shrubberies and wooded alleys; expected Bourke would have been ready to set out before noon, instead of not till 2 p.m. or thereabouts, as it proved. Group of ragged solicitants, this morning and the last, hung about the front door, in silence for many hours, waiting "a word with his Honour"; tattery women, young and old; one ragged able man; his honor safe within doors, they silent sitting or standing without, waiting his Honor's time, tacit bargain that no servant was to take notice of them, they not of him; that was the appearance of it. Sad enough to look upon; for the answer, at last, was sure to be "can't; have no work, no &c. for you: sorry, but have *none!*" Similar expectants in small numbers I had seen about Sir W. Beecher's: probably they wait about most gentlemen's houses in Ireland in this sad time. Glanced over newspapers; at length out with young Bourke (who is taking the "management," I find, his father surrendering as "too old"); went with him to the scene of Scotchman Meall's operations; scouring a big ditch, several men up to the knees throwing out duckweed, and bog mud,—once a year. Wood around, and good crops, provided you *keep* the ditch scoured; all this region, by nature, execrable, drowned bog: let the cutting of turf by measure; turf once all cut away, attack the bottom with subsoil and other ploughs,—water carried off, prospers admirably. Meall a good solid Angus man; heavy Scotch qualities; getting excellent farm-house and offices set up. Infested by *rabbits*, which eat young green-crop, young hedges (?); must have ferrets or weasels, and how?, Meall's labourers "do very well *if* there is one set to look at them;" Hasn't yet got them trained to work faithfully alone, tho' making progress in that direction. Home in haste from Meall's farm and nice new gooseberry garden;—off actually at last, Limerick car long waiting.

Up the river; hills of Clare, hills in Limerick county; wide expanse, not without some savage beauty, far too *bare*, and too little of it absolutely green. Talk of Browne and his "blind farmers." Assassination of a poor old soldier he had sent to watch a certain farm; ominous menace before hand, then deed done, "done with an axe," no culprit discoverable. Killaloe, Bourke's house across the river among rather ragged woods. "City" (I think with some high old church towers) standing high at the other end of the bridge, in dry trim country, at the foot of the long lough, was pleasant enough from the *outside*,—one small skirt of it was all we travelled over. Lough now, with complex wooden and other apparatus for dispersing water; part of the questionable "Navigation of the Shannon." Questionable; indeed everywhere in Ireland one finds that the "Government," far from stinginess in public money towards Ireland, has erred rather on the other side; making, in all seasons, extensive *hives* for which the *bees* are not yet found. West side of Lough Derg: pleasant smooth-dry winding road. Clare hills stretching up, black-fretted, and with spots of culture, all treeless to perhaps 1500 or 2000 feet gradually enough, on the left. Greener high hills on the other side of lake with extensive slate quarries, *chief* trade hereabouts. One *Spaight* of Limerick, able active man heard of before, works them; resides here. "St. Patrick's purgatory!" said Bourke, pointing out a flat island, with black tower and architectural ruins:—not *so*, (as I found afterwards: the Lough Derg of purgatory (still a place of pilgrimage, where Duffy with his mother had *been*) is in Donegal; smallish lough, some miles to right as we went from Sligo to town of Donegal. Hail shower, two policemen, on the terrace of the stony hills. A country that *might* all be very beautiful, but is not so, is bare, gnarled, craggy, and speaks to you of sloth and insolvency. "When every place was no place, and Dublin was a shaking bog;" Irish phrase for the beginning of time. "Sitting under de ditch, taking a *blast* of de pipe;" Scotch this too, all but *ditch*, which doesn't as here mean *wall*-fence but *trench* for fence or drain.

Scariffe; straggling muddy avenues of wood begin to appear; woman in workhouse yard, fever-patient we suppose; had come flat, seemingly without pillow, on the bottom of a stone-cart; was lying now under blue cloaks and tatters, her long black hair streaming out beyond her—motionless, outcast, till they found some place for her in this hospital. Grimmest of sights, with the long tattery cloud of black hair.—Procession next of workhouse young girls; healthy, clean in whole coarse clothes; the *only* well-guided group of children visible to us in these parts,

—which indeed is a general fact. Scariffe itself, dim, extinct-looking hungry village (I should guess 1,000 inhabitants) on the top and steep sides of a rocky height. Houses seemed deserted, nothing doing, considerable idle groups on the upper part (hill top) of the street, which after its maximum of elevation spreads out into an irregular wide triangular space,—*two* main roads going out from it, I suppose, towards Gort and towards Portumna.—Little *ferrety* shopkeeper, in whole clothes, seemingly chief man of the place, knows Bourke by often passing this way; "Well, Mr. (O'Flanahan, say, tho' that was not it), do you think we can get a car to Gort?"—"Not a car here, sir, to be had for love or money; people all gone to adjourned assizes at Tulla, nayther horse nor car left in the place! Here was a precious outlook: Bourke however did not seem to lay it much to heart. "Well Mr. O. Flanahan, then you mnst try to do something for us!", "I will,"! cried the little stumpy ferret of a man; and instantly despatched one from the group, to go somewhither and work miracles on our behalf. Miracle-worker returns with notice that a horse and car can (by miracle) be achieved, but horse will require some rest first. Well, well; we go to walk; *see* a car standing; our own old driver comes to tell us that *he* has discovered an excellant horse and car *waiting* for hire just next door to Mr. O'Flanahan's. And so it proved; and so, in five minutes, was the new arrangement made; O'Flanahan acquiescing without any blush or or other appearance of emotion. Merely a human ferret, clutching at game, hadn't caught it. Purchased a thimbleful of bad whisky to mix in water in a very smoky room, from him; "odd copper, yours." "Why sir?" and sent ardently for "change,"—got none, however, nor spoke more of getting. Poor O'Flan, he had got his house new floored; was prospering, I suppose, by workhouse grocery-and-meal trade, by secret pawnbroking,—by *eating* the slain. Our new car whisked us out of Skariffe, where the only human souls I notice at any industry whatever, were two, in a hungry-looking silent back-corner languidly engaged in sawing a butt of extremely hard Scotch fir.

Road hilly but smooth, country bare but not boggy; deepish narrow stream indenting meadows to our left just after starting,—(mountain stream has made ruinous inundation since),—solitary cottages, in dry nooks of the hills: girl *dripping* at the door of one a potful of boiled reeking greens, has picked one out as we pass, and is zealously eating it; bad food, great appetite, extremity of hunger, likely, not unknown here! Brisk evening becomes cloudier; top of the country,—wide waste of dim hill country, far and wide, to the left: "Mountains of Clare." Bog round us now; pools and crags: Lord Gort's Park wall, furze, pool, and peatpot desolation just outside; strong contrast within. Drive long, after a turn, close by this park: poor Lord has now a "receiver" on him; lies out of human vision now! Approach to Gort: Lord Something-else (extinct now, after begetting many bastards), it was he that planted these ragged avenues of wood,—not quite so ugly still as nothing:—troublous huggermugger aspect, of stony fields and frequent, nearly all, bad houses, on both sides of the way. Haggard eyes at any rate. Barrack big gloomy dirty; enter Gort at last. Wide street sloping swiftly; the Lord Something-else's house—quaintish architecture, is now some poorhouse, subsidiary or principal; Bourke, on the outlook, sees lady friend or cousin at window, looking for him too, and eager salutations pass. Deposits me in dim big greasy-looking hôtel at the bottom of the street; and goes,—I am to join him (positively!) at tea.

Dim enough tea, lady is poor-law inspector's sister wife or something. Poor-law Inspector himself is Bishop Horsely's son (or else grandson?); Dundee man, well enough and very hospitable, not a man to set the Thames on fire. Horrible account of chief inn at Galway; no good water attainable in Galway, no nothing almost! "Military ball *has* lately been at Gort; Gort too, in spite of pauperism's self, is alive;—"surgeon of the Regiment a Dumfries man?" well and good, *ach Gott!* Home to bed; snoring monster in some other room; little sleep; glad that it was not wholly none. [Be quick!]

Friday 27 July.—Up early enough, breakfast do.; wait for Limerick-&-Galway Coach, due about 8 a.m. (or 9?)—Confused ragged aspect of the market-place, on which (a second long street here, falling into the main one from westward, but *not* crossing it) my windows look, my bedroom window *has* looked. Sour milk firkins, sordid garbage of vegetables; old blue cloaks on women, greasy-looking rags on most of the men, defacing the summer sun, this fine morning! Troop of cavalry in undress file in from an easterly entrance,—exercising their horses; very trim and regular they. Good woman in silent tobacco-shop; what strange unvisited islands do, not uninhabited, lie in the big ocean of things! Chapel; people praying in it, poor wretches! Coach at last: amid tumult of porters, suddenly calling me, luggage *already* hoisted in, this man to pay and then that; Horsley too out saluting me, I do get aloft, and roll gladly away.

Some green fields, even parks and trees, tho' rather roughish, and with barren hills beyond, this lasts for a mile or two: then fifteen miles of the stoniest barest barrenness I have ever yet seen. Pretty youth mounts beside, polite enough in his air and ways, not without some wild sense; "Connaught young gentleman", he too is something: on the box sits a fat Irish tourist in oilskin, beyond my own age; eager to talk, has squireen tendencies; no sense or too little, don't. "Connaught rangers 88th: memorable to me for repute of blackguardism in Dumfries: natives proud of them for prowess here. Big simple driver, do. do. guard: I think we had no further company, and in the inside there was none. Stone cottages, stone hamlets, not nearly so ugly as you might have looked for in such a country,—stony, bare, and desolate beyond expression. Almost interesting as the breezy sunshine lay on it: wide stony expanse, in some places almost like a continuous flagged floor of grey—white stone; pick the stone up, build it into innumerable little fences, or otherwise shove it aside, the soil, when free, or freed of water, seems sharp and good. Parks here and there; where wood has thriven: greenest islets in the sea of stone. Martin of Galway's representative, in one; Browne or Black (Blake); plenteous names these. English-Irish air in all *our* company, Redington's (secretary) draining, trenching goes on here; our stage, and I see that my writing case *is* inside, beneath a big corn-bag. Galway bay, and promontory, where Galway city is. Stones, stones,—with greenest islets here and there. Oh for men, pickmen, spademen, and masters to guide them! "Oranmore," with grey masses of old monastic architecture. (Clanricarde's *Castle* this!). Silent as a tomb otherwise: not a hammer stirring in it, or a bootfall heard, stagnant at the head of its sleeping tide-water: how on earth do the people live? Barest of roads towards Galway; dusty, lonely, flanked by ill-built dry stone walls, poor bare fields beyond. Pauper figures, and only a few, the women all with some red petticoat or something very red, plodding languidly here and there under the bright noon, tatterdemalion phantasm, "piece of *real* Connaught," with some ragged walletkins on him; at a turn under some trees. Park*lets*, as if of Galway merchants; very green indeed, and wood growing bravely when once tried. Galway suburbs; long row of huts mostly or all thatched,—true Irish houses, "Erasmus Smith's school;" young gentleman knows of it; to the right; a big gaping house;—in vacation just now. Road always mounting, has now mounted, got into *streets;* gets into a kind of central square;—Duffy visible; Hôtel (all full of assize people); and here are letters for me, a Galway editor for guide, with car ready for yoking,—and we must be in Tuam *this* evening.

Letters read, we mount our car: straight steep streets, remarkable old city; how in such a stony country it exists! Port wine and Spanish and French articles inwards, cattle outwards, and scantlings of corn; no *other* port for so many miles of country; *enough* of stony country, even that will make a kind of feast. Inlet of river from Lough Corrib the Connemara country: extensive government works here too. "Godless College," turreted grey edifice, just becoming ready; editor warmly approves of it,—Maynooth pupil this editor, a burly thick-necked, sharp-eyed man;—couldn't *be* a priest; in secret counterworks M'Hale, as I can see, and despises and dislikes his courses and him. "Give them light:" no more *Protestant* act than that "Maynooth grant."

If the devil were passing through my country and he applied to me for instruction on any truth or fact of this universe, I should wish to give it him. He is *less* a devil, knowing that 3 and 3 are 6, than if he didn't know it; a light-spark tho' of the faintest is in this fact; if he knew *facts enough*, continuous light would dawn on him, he would (to his amazement) understand what this universe *is*, on what principles it conducts itself, and would *cease* to be a devil!—Workhouse, well enough for *it*,—"human swinery;" can't be bothered looking much at any more of them. Model-farm or husbandry school; can't find time for it,—sorry "Piscatory school," means only school *for* fishermen's children: in the Claddagh,—whither now, past old sloop lying rotting in the river, along granite quays, government works, (hives *without* bees); and enter the school at last, and there abide mostly. Good school really, as any I saw, all catholics,—can't speak English *at first*," "Dean Burke" not there, over in England; substitute, with undermaster and do. mistress, handy Irish people, man and wife if I remember; geography &c., finally singing: and substitute goes out with us, "show you the 'Claddagh.'" Complexity of silent narrow lanes, quite at the corner of the town, and clear of it, being over the river too; kind of wild Irish community; or savage poor republic trying still to subsist on fishing here. Dark, deep-sunk people, but not naturally bad. We look into many huts; priestly schoolmaster, a brisk frank clever kind of man, knows Irish, seems to be free of them all. Petticoats, as usual, high-dyed, however dirty; lilac, azure, especially red. Old woman at a live coal of

languid turf; likes "tay;" net-weaving (tho' not entirely) is going on too: husbands all out at the fishing. The herrings are still here? "*Yes*, your riverence."—Hope they *stay* till you get *ready* to catch them!" he answered. Claddagh as like Madagascar as England. A kind of charm in that poor savage freedom; had lately a revd. senior they called their "admiral" (a kind of real *king* among them), and priests and reverence for priests abound. —Home to our editor's lodgings now (inn uninhabitable for assize tumult): one "Councillor Walker" has been inquiring twice for me (editr. has told me); I cannot yet recollect him for *Petrie's*, and A. Sterling's "Chambers Walker" near Sligo, nor try much to make him out at all.

Hospitable luncheon from this good editor. Duffy's *sub*-editor now, I think;—in great tumult, about 3½ p.m. in blazing dusty sun, we do get seated in the "Tuam Car," quite full and,—Walker recognising me, inviting warmly both Duffy and me to his house at Sligo, and mounting up beside me, also for Tuam this night,—roll prosperously away, Duffy had almost rubbed shoulders with Attorney General Monahan; a rather sinister polite gentleman in very clean linen, who strove hard to have got him hanged lately, but couldn't, such was the *bottomless* condition of the thing called "Law" in Ireland. Long suburb again, mostly thatched, kind of resemblance to "the Trench" near Dumfries. Bad seat mine, quite *under* driver's, wont admit my *hat*, or hardly even my head; Walker politely insists on exchanging when the horses change. Talk, talk from Wr. very polite, conciliatory, rational too, not very deep. Bare country; not quite so stony as the morning's, not quite so barren either. Romantic anecdote (murder, ? ghost, ? or what) of a family that lived in some bare mansion visible to the left,—totally forgotten now. Country flattens, gets still more featureless; "John of Chume's" Cathedral tower; "little influence John of Chume;" anecdotes of some Roman-Irish Bishop and him;—Tuam itself, happily, and dismount, about 7 p.m.; reverence of landlady to Duffy; tea, Walker joining us; walk out, McHale's big not beautiful Cathedral (towers like *pots* with many *ladles*); back of McHale premises, "College" or whatever he calls it, outer staircase wants parapet; ruinous enough,—this *is* St. Jarlath's, then, ? If we go into the street the protestant bishop's house stands right opposite too. Across then to protestant cathedral; old, very good,—don't go in. Ancient Cross, half of it, is *here*, other half (root or basis of it) is at McHale's standing on the open circuit there: "Judgment of Solomon has not answered for *these* two mothers!" On emerging, a crowd has gathered for Duffy's sake; audible murmur of old woman there, "Yer hanar's wilcome to Chume!" Brass band threatening to get up, simmering crowd in the street; a letter or so written; get off to bed,—high up mine, and not one of the *best* in nature!

Saturday 28 July.—Ostlers, horses, two rattling windows, finally cocks and geese; these were one's lullabies in "Chume;" outlook on the ugly McHale Cathedral, and intervening lime-patched roofs, at present moist with windy rain:—poor Duffy in his front "best bedroom," hadn't slept at all. Hurried breakfast in the grey morning 7 a.m., Bill—n. b. Bill came to us at *Sligo*, unsettled still the innkeeper said,—and Duffy with surprise paid it there too, uncertain whether not a second time! Walker is out, bound for Sligo at an after hour; appoints us thither for Monday evening. Squabbling of lady passenger about being cheated of change by some porter or boots:—confused misarrangement, and noise more or less on all hands, as usual; windy scotch-mist, coming down occasionally in shower; off at length, thank Heaven, towards Castlebar and Westport, *taliter qualiter*. Watery fields, ill-fenced, rushes, rubbish; country bare and *dirty*-looking; weather rather darkening than improving. Simple big Irishman on coach-roof beside me; all in *grey-blanket*, over all; some kind of corn or butter trader, I suppose; as well-dressed kind of natives are very apt to be. "Father has *taken* the Ballina workhouse contract" said one, (who got up, farther forward on the road): "taken it," Indian-meal at so-and-so. There is something entertaining too in a region of *unadulterated* professed ugliness? Ride by no means uncomfortable in the scotch-mist (wind to *left* and *rear*), with outlook over ill-tilled bare and ragged expanses, road flanked sometimes with beggarly scotch-firs.

Man holding up a fiery peat in a pair of tongs; stop to change horses; fiery peat is for the guard, who leans forward with (dodeen) pipe, *good-natured* gorgon-face, weighed down with laziness, age and fat: smack, smack! intense sucking, 'bacco being wet, and the saliva came in dew-drops on the big outcurled lips; poor old fellow, he got his pipe to go at last, and returned the tongs and peat by flinging them away. What a pre-established harmony, this of the fiery peat and the gorgon guard! Bright thro' the scotch-mist of the future, this fiery peat gleams beacon-like on his soul, there burns for him a little light of hope. Duffy is inside, lady passenger (of the cheating boots), and some poor young gentleman with the bones of his leg broken. Per-

haps we didn't change horses at the fiery peat; but only delivered and received parcels there? Next halt, there was a change; a great begging too by old sybil woman, a mounting of one or more (grain-dealing?) passengers, with fine dresses, with bad broken umbrellas. The morning is getting wetter; stormful, dashes of heavy showers as we approach Castlebar, road running, and *red* streamlets in the ditches on either side. Duffy has proposed that we shall *stop* at Castlebar, and give up Westport; overruled. "Hollymount," pleasant-looking mansion, with lawns and groves on the left; letter to the owner, but didn't think of delivering it. Lord Lucan's close by Castlebar and on the other side of it too: has *cleared* his ground (cruel monster! cry all people); but is draining, building, harrowing and leasing; has decided to make this ugly land *avail*, after clearing it. Candour must admit that *here* is a second most weighty consideration in his favour, in reference to those "evictions." First-rate new farmstead of his, Scotch tenant (I think), for peasants that will work there is employment here; Lord Lucan *is* moving, at least, if all others lie motionless rotting; Castlebar in heavyish rain; town-green; confusion of confusions, at the edge of that, and looking down the main street, while they tumble the luggage, re-arrange themselves, put out the poor broken-legged gentleman at the hospital—(rain now battering and pouring), and do at last dash forth towards Westport.

Wind and rain now right ahead, prefer this to stew of inside; Lord Lucan's husbandry seen to each side from under umbrella,—with satisfaction, tho' not unmixed. Gigantic drain; torn thro' a blue *whinstone* range of knolls, and neatly fenced with stone and mortar; drippings of the abominable bog (which is all round, far and wide, ugly as chaos), run now thro' it as a brown *brook*. Abominable bog, thou *shalt* cease to be abominable, and become subject to man! Nothing else worth looking at; dirty hungry cottages, in groups or single; bog generally, or low-lying rushy wet ground, with a storm of heavy rain beating it,—till certain heights, which over look Westport. Gorgon guard's face pours water from every angle,—careless he, as if it had been an old stone face:—talks busily, nonsense, what I heard of it, with some foolish passenger the only one now. Distressed gigs; one distressed gig; riders and it running *clear* with wet. Tobacco remains to one! Heights at last; Westport big substantial-*looking (Fronti nulla fides!)*; "Croagh Patrick" big mountain bone amid tumbling cloud masses, glimpses too of the bay, all close at hand now; and swiftly down hill we arrive, get to our inn (flaring hôtel, fit for Burlington Street by *look)*, and, in about ¾ of an hour of confused waiting and vicissitude, *get* our luggage, and begin to think of *seeing* the people I had letters for. Waiter despatched accordingly; people gone, people &c.—One little captain Something, an intelligent commonplace little Englishman (just about to *quit* this horrid place, and here for the second time) does attend us, take us to Westport workhouse, the wonder of the universe at present.

Human swinery has here reached its *acme*, happily: 30,000 paupers in this union, population supposed to be about 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above 3 or 4000 of them, subsidiary workhouses, and outdoor relief the others. Abomination of desolation; what *can* you make of it! Outdoor quasi-*work:* 3 or 400 big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks and barrows, "levelling" the end of their workhouse hill; at first glance you would think them all working; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce or two of mould, and it is all make-believe; 5 or 600 boys and lads, pretending to break stones. Can it be a *charity* to keep men alive on these terms? In face of all the twaddle of the earth, shoot a man rather than train him (with heavy expense to his neighbours) to be a deceptive human *swine*. Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room: *vogue là galère*. "Dean Bourke" (Catholic Priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here: middle-aged middle-sized figure, rustyish black coat, hessian boots, white stockings, good humoured, loud speaking face, frequent Lundy-foot snuff;—a mad pauper woman *shrieks* to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking: Dean poor fellow, has to take it "asy," I find,—how otherwise? Issuing from the workhouse, ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging: Get along wid ye"! cries he impatiently, yet without ferocity: "Doun't ye see I'm speaking wi' the gintlemen! Arrah, thin! I don't care if ye were dead! Nothing remained but patience and Lundy-Foot snuff for a poor man in these circumstances. Wherever he shews face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him; he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge in: poor Dean Bourke! Lord Sligo's park, in this instance. But beggars still, one or two,—have climbed the railings, got in by the drains? Heavy square mansion, ("1770" architecture): Lord Sligo going to the Killeries, a small lodge he has to the south—no rents at

all: I hear since "he has nothing to live upon but an opera-box;" literally so (says Milnes),—which he bought in happier days, and now lets.—"Croagh Patrick, won't ye go to it?" Bay.—Clew bay, has a dim and shallow look, hereabouts; "beautiful prospects."—yes Mr. Dean; but alas, alas! Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some luncheon at our inn, and quit this citadel of mendicancy intolerable to gods and man, back to Castlebar *this* evening. Brilliant *rose-pink* landlady, reverent of Duffy, (proves to be a sister, daughter perhaps, of the "Chume" one) is very sorry; but—&c. No *bells* in your room; bell often enough broken in these sublime establishments of the west of Ireland. Bouquet to Duffy;—mysteriously handed from unknown young lady, with verse or prose note; humph! humph!—and so without accident in now bright hot afternoon, we take leave of Croagh Patrick—(devils and serpents all collected there—Oh why isn't there some Patrick to do it now again!) and, babbling of "literature" (not by *my* will), perhaps about 5 p.m. arrive at Castlebar again, and (for D's. sake) are reverently welcomed.

Tea. Irish country priest,—very soft youth, wonderfully like one of our own green parsons fresh from college, the only one I saw of that sort. Out to the Inspector's Captn. Something, for whom I have a letter: Strelezki there, whom we had seen at Westport too, talk-talking with his bell-voice, and unimportant semi-humbug meaning, "Strelezki is coming!" all the natives, with inconceivable interest, seemed whispering to one another; a man with something *to give* is coming!—This Captn., in his dim lodging, a considerably more intelligent young man (30 or so); talk—to breakfast with him to-morrow.

Westport Union has £1100 a-week from Government (proportion rate-in-aid), Castlebar has £800, some other has £1300 &c. &c., it is so they live from week to week. Poor-rates, collectible, as good as *none*. (£28.14 say the books); a peasant will keep his cow for years against all manner of cess-collection; spy-children, tidings run as by electric wires, that a cess-collector is out, and all cows are huddled under lock and key.—*un*attainable for years. No rents; little or no *stock* left, little cultivation, docks, thistles; landlord sits in his mansion, for reasons, except on *Sunday:* we hear of them "living on the rabbits of their own park." Society is at an *end* here, with the land uncultivated, and every second soul a pauper.—"Society" *here* would have to eat itself, and end by canibalism in a week, if it were not held up by the rest of our empire still standing afoot! Home thro' the damp streets (not bad streets at all, and a population still partly *clothed*, making its Saturday markets); thimbleful of punch over peat fire or ashes, whiff of tobacco, and bed.

Sunday 29 July.—Breakfast with Captn. *Farrar* (that was the name) sharp, distinct, decisive young soldier; manfully or patient and active in his hopeless position here. On my return Duffy has been at *mass* and sermon. Priest reproving practices on "patron days" (pilgrimages &c. which issue now in *whisky* mainly), with much good sense, says Duffy. Car to Ballina—*(Bally* is place, *vallum);* drivers, boots &c. busy packing. Tuam coach, (ours of yesterday) comes in; there rushes from it, *shot* as if by cannon from Yorkshire or Morpeth without stopping,—W. E. Forster! very blue-nosed, but with news from my wife, and with inextinguishable good-humour; he mounts with us almost without refection, and we start for Ballina; public car all to ourselves; gloomy hulks of mountains on the left; country ill-tilled, some *un*tilled, vacant, and we get upon wide stony moorland, and come in sight of the desolate expanses of "Lough Con."

Police-barrack, excise-barrack, in a loop of the mountain washed by the lake. Picturesque sites, in nooks and on knolls; one ruined cottage in a *nook* (belongs to Lord Lucan), treeless yet screened from winds, nestled among the rocks, and big lake close by: why couldn't *I* get it for a hermitage! Bridge (I think there must have been), and *two* Loughs. Inexpressible solitude, unexampled desolation; bare grey continent of crags, clear sea of fresh-water,—some farms and tufts of wood (one mournful ruined-looking place, which was said to be a burying-ground and monastic ruin) visible far off, and *across* the lake always. Clear blue sky, black showery tempests brewing occasionally among the hills. Brother car meets us, brief dialogue, among the crags; little pugnosed Irish figure in sunday clothes, had been escorting a comrade, mounts now beside Duffy,—proves to be a tailor, I think. Account by him, inexpressibly vague, of certain neighbouring localities. "Archb. Mc Hale," John of "Chume" was born hereabouts; peasant-farmer's son. Given a vivacious greedy soul, with this grim outlook vacant of all but the eternal crags and skies, and for reading of life's huge riddle, an Irish Mass-Book only,—one had a kind of glimpse of "John of Chume;"—poor devil, after all! Ballina; immense suburb of thatched huts again; solid, broad, unexpectedly handsome main-street; corn-factors, bacon-factors, land-agents, (attorneys, in their good days must have done it); halt at the farther end, close

by a post-office, and a huge hungry-looking hôtel, or perhaps two hôtels; into one of which, the wrong one surely if there was a choice, we are ushered, and in the big greasy public room find a lieut. of foot busy smoking.

"Private room" very attainable, but except for absence of tobacco not much more exquisite; in fact this poor hôtel was the *dirtiest* in our Irish experience; clearly about *bankrupt*; as one would see; but the poor waiters, the poor people all, were civil; their poverty gave them even a kind of dignity,—the grey-bearded head waiter's final *bow* next day (disinterested bow) is still pathetic for me. Certain Hamiltons, inspectors; the Captain H. an Ulster man; big cheeks and black *bead*-eyes; Calvinist-philanthropist; a really good, but also really stupid man. Write in my back bed-room; annoyed by gusts of *bravura singing* (Sunday not the less) from the Lieut. of Foot; sorrow on him, and yet pity on him! To workhouse, to workhouses, with Bead-eye; *Subsidiary* workhouses these; boys *drilling*,—discharged soldier: one of the drill-serjts., begs for something of the nature of "shoes" when it is done. "There is Cobden, you see!" said poor bead-eyed Hamilton; "discharged that man, and now he comes upon *us*!" Kindness *a la* Exeter Hall; this, with strict Calvanism for life-theory is H's style. A *thatched* subsidiary workhouse this; all for the children:—really good, had the children been getting bred towards anything but *pauperism!* pauperism in geometrical progression. Dinner of perhaps 500 of them, girls I think. "Och, Sur, its *four years* I've been here, and this little girl isn't well, yet!" Four years: what a kindness to us, to stay so long! What she now wanted with this girl? "To get her taken to the salt water,"—a small allowance for that. Brutallest stupidity can hardly be more brutal than these human swineries had now grown to seem to me. Dormitories &c,—a street nearly all in ruins beside this admirable place; population of it gone to workhouse, to England, to the grave.—Other subsidiary workhouse; *continents* of young women; really whole big roomfuls of them (for it was now raining) waiting for dinner.—Home with disgust; to have tea with Hamilton in the evening at his house.

After dinner, walk towards his house; moist windy evening, rain has ceased. Correct little house, good and hospitable man,—tries to convince me of philanthropy;—pauses horror struck:—I decide (in my own mind) that the *less* of this the better; he (I found afterwards) asks Duffy privately—"if I am an atheist or what?" Hospitable promise to go and show us a "country of evictions" on the morrow; we shall see! and so home to bed. It was going towards his house that a man (Sundayed workman) caught Duffy's hand, and reverently shook it with apologies.

Monday 30 July.—Worst of Irish beds, worst of Irish nights, (noise &c.) does finally end. At breakfast Hamilton is punctual and appears: "not me, thank you kindly" and the rest also didn't go,—or only Forster of the rest, and at some other hour. Thro' the streets with my two inspectors (Hamilton and his cousin the "Belmullet" inspector, a simple watery man with one arm, Mrs. Dr. Evory Kennedy's brother), towards the workhouse. "The Scotch Shop," so called; a Glasgow thing, has propagated itself hither from Sligo; dull Scotchman, "never so bad a trade as *now*;" building, furnishing of workhouses, always some money going till now; his brother has taken a farm hereabouts, (rent seemed *high* with such pauperism);—his shag tobacco (nearly unknown in Ireland) is very dear and very bad; adieu to the Scotch shop, and him! Dulse in Ballina street market;—comes from Belmullet, I hear; gathered there, carted hither, 42 miles, sold for 2/ here! wretched huckster, who has no better industry, subsists his garron upon the way side, lodges with some fellow-poor man,—goes his 84 miles, on these terms, and takes to gathering new *dulse*. Was such industry ever heard of before in this world? Not this poor huckster is to blame for it, first of all; not he first;—Oh Heavens, innumerable mortals are to blame for it; which quack of us is *not* to blame for it?—Look into the *areas* of the workhouse with bead-eyed friend; then, for his sake and for my own, I decline to go farther; return to inn,—where at least is a sofa, where tobacco and solitude are possible. Car is to go about two o'clock, and I am due at Sligo to-night. Duffy, finding certain "Dillons" here, decides finally to stay; Forster too stays, flying about in an uncertain way. Col. Something, a great "exterminator" hereabouts, and a great improver also; that is he, riding into town: stubborn, uncultivated big redhaired face, and solid military figure, from 50 to 60;—not the worst of Ballina men he. Glimpse of Bourke, with note from somebody, (from the Tralee gentleman it was, who had been "absent at Valentia"),—glimpse of Duffy and Dillons; away, then, away!

First part of our route, moory, at first some symptoms of plantation and improvement, by and bye none: Col. Something (Gort's?) evictions, long ghastly series of roofless cottages visible enough;—big drain, internal, was not visible: poor groom sitting by me on the car was eloquent as to Cols. "cruelty;" Col.

himself, I understand, asserts that his people went away voluntarily, money and resource being wholly run out. Beggar cottagers need to be supported by public rate; whether the rate is paid them in cottages or in workhouse is really not so material as the second question "what becomes of their land, they having *ceased* to cultivate it? Gort and Lucan answer? Their land becomes *arable*, will be ploughed in all coming years! Not so bad, surely—My groom gets off; *his* master most humane thrice-excellent old Dublin gentleman, driving up now with son-in-law, daughter &c. in gig; "no evictions" there, no, no! Son-in-law, fat young gentleman, had a dish-hat as usual,—dish-hats drab-colored, black, brown, and even green, universal wear of young gentlemen here, and indeed in all country parts (Scotland and England too) at present. Flat, flat, waste of moor; patches of wretched oats —then peat bogs, black pools; the roofless cottages not far off at any time. Potatoes,—poor cottier digging his little plot of them, three or four little children eagerly "gathering" for him: pathetic to look upon. From one cottage on the way side, issue two children *naked* to beg; boy about 13, girl about 12, "naked" literally, some sash of rag round middle, oblique-sash over shoulder to support that, stark-naked would have been *as* decent (if you had to jump and run as these creatures did) and much cleanlier. *Dramatic*, I take it, or partly so, *this* form of begging: "*strip* for your parts, there is the car coming!" Gave them nothing.

Stage: "Dromore" (?) little hamlet; country alters here, sun too is out, beautiful view of the sea, of Sligo bay with notable mountains beyond, and high (limestone) dry hills on our right too; much indented coast, circuitous road for Sligo; but decidedly a pleasant region, with marks of successful cultivation everywhere, tho' still too *treeless*, (and full of *beggary* below board, as we afterwards found). Small young lady from Dromore going on visit to Sligo, her parasol a little interrupts my view, "bay of" something ("Ballisadare" it would seem) on this side of Sligo Bay: high fine hill between the two,—north side of that, it turns out, is Walker's house. Sligo at last; beautiful descent into it, beautiful town and region altogether. Down, down, to the river-bank then halt a little to right; Mr. Walker, with servant and nice neat car is waiting: how charitable to the dusty heart-broken soul of a pilgrim from his car! No host can do a kinder thing, than *deliver* a poor wretch in these circumstances, save him from porters, inn-waiters, and the fatal predatory brotherhood!—up, some three miles; then on a pleasant shelf of the big hill or mountain "Knocknarea" dividing Sligo from the other bay, a trim fertile little estate, beautifully screened and ornamented (or soon about to be so), a neat little country house, and elegant welcome: thanks, thanks! Elaborate dinner, however, *no* dish of which *dare* I eat; salmon, veal, lamb, and that is *all!* Cold beef supplies every want. Excellent quiet bedroom; to bed utterly done, almost sleeping for an hour before I got away.

Friday 31 July.—Fine morning, fine outlook over Sligo, bay, city, mountain; around *us* pretty walks and garden, with farm improvements fast progressing, behind us the mountain rises trim and green, on the top of it an ancient *cairn*, conspicuous from afar,—which Petrie asserts gravely to be the "Grave of Queen MAB," —some real old Irish "queen" who had grown in the popular fancy to be this! Good Petrie, he is much loved here, but there was no chance of warning him of *me* in time.—Drive to Sligo now, find Duffy and Forster just arrived, and eating luncheon at their inn, go along to visit workhouse, to visit Lough Gill; they two to dine with us at night.—Whether Duffy went with us to Lough Gill ("Wynne" of Hazlewood) I don't recollect; rather think yes; but if so he staid behind us, and came up with Forster? [Important indeed!]—Dinner was altogether polite and pleasant; Forster went about 11; then bed, and hospitable Walker will have us in town before six to-morrow, on our road towards Donegal, where these tourings are to *end*.

Beauties of "Hazelwood" (where Forster *meets* us in a car of his own) are very considerable; really fine lake (the Lough Gill itself), wide undulating park, umbrageous green-swarded, silent big house, pleasure boats on lower *arm* of Lough, and queer little windmill pump; very good indeed. "Wynne Esq"; who has this day been stirring up a row among the butter merchants, breaking *their* monopoly, and stirring up their noise. His tenants complained, "6d per lb. a dreadful price:" get your firkins ready, full of *good* butter and *I* will give you real Liverpool prices: *hinc lachrymæ*, what the issue was, I never heard.—Of workhouse, 1800 strong, say nothing: heavy fat-flabby but solid English ex-military man for manager; wide (idle-looking) school: group of wandering gentlemen; one (of Rathmullen on Lough Swilly to whom we had a letter, a dark-yellow, lean long figure; "most anxious" &c. *if* we will come; but till Saturday he cannot be at home, and none knows whether that will answer.—Sligo and cholera? *Telluric* or atmospheric the influence; by no means a *dirty* town; the reverse *in comparison*. Talk of the "Cevigna mines" rich in coal and iron,

say *richest;* not worked, company once, 1st manager,—*shot;* second manager sent to Chancery; mines sleep till "Government" make some canal or do something. Relief works in Sligo; steep street a little levelled; what to do with the *mould?* Throw it into the river! "Upon *my* salmon?" eagerly objects one. It is at last *carted* far away.—Elder Walker one of the Presentment justices in relief time; we voted away £28000 *one* morning ("English have plenty of money"); terribly indignant now that they should demand payment of *one half* of it; "had we known that!"—a miserable business this of the famine works and relief works altogether;—sad proof that in Ireland is *no* organic government, and in England no *articulate* do.: a do. presided over by Lord John Russell only and the element of parliamentary palaver!—Part of Sligo belongs to Lord Palmerston; I didn't learn, or ask which part.

Wednesday 1 August.—Up at five, forwarded in all ways by kind hospitable Walker, (to whom, farewell kindly), car at the car-stand in Sligo, before six of the sunny morning.—"Gavogne" (dammed up here?) gurgling past as a considerable stream, and breweries &c. on the other side. Beggars, beggars; only industry *really* followed by the Irish people. "For the love of God, yer hanar!" &c. &c. "Wouldn't it be worth your consideration, whether you hadn't better drown or hang yourselves, than live a dog's life in this way?" They withdrew from me in horror; did at least withdraw! Judicious confusion of loading luggage; Car full to overflowing: Sligo wit—"Go home, and shave yourself!" "Sure, I'm not so ugly as you, shaved or not!" (Fat gross fellow,—some bacon-dealer, I suppose, got this wit-arrow, ohone! away at last; all jammed together;—steep ups and downs; horses hardly *can*, won't at one place, and we have to dismount. Bacon-dealer next me, Duffy on my right, tall old cleanly peasant jammed under Forster and driver beyond; Sligo bay, and bright sea, with moory mountainous capes in front of *us*. Lord Palmerston's country; *some* draining visible; *much* had been heard of; ugly, bare, moory country; would one were out of it all, as we now soon shall be! Donegal mountains blue-black over Donegal bay far westward to Teelin head. Dingy desolate looking country, in spite of the fine, calm morning. "Killibegs," and some coastguard station, the only sign of inhabitancy. Cleanly peasant, at sight of some new locality "breaks out into narrative; is, at least was, a coastguard,—had *once* a notable adventure, seizing or trying to seize some smuggler there,—minute particulars of it,—for 30 years seem to have done nothing else but merely "look out", the one peopled point in his old memory. Particulars from him of coastguard discipline and ways; well-done excise; when a thing is to *be* done, it can be done.—Bathing lodgings, getting ruinous many of them, (potatoe-failure has stopped supplies), good shore for bathing, and individuals, (to one's envy) are now seen swashing about in the act; blue brine and sandy shore, &c: in Leitrim county; said once, for a moment, to be "in Fermanagh" (mistake probably?). Ruined Castle (where?) "Four Masters" did their compilation there; recollect the old black hulk of ruins,—think it might be in Donegal county further on. Bathing hamlets, do. houses, lodges (*once* ornamental); lime and white-wash, very abundant, cannot hide ruin. "Bundoran" cleanish high-lying village, headquarters of bathing; bacon-dealer—runs to see a sick friend, Car waits for him; drink of water? *Effort*, by shopkeeper or car clerk,—think I got it, tho' after despairing. Sea and Donegal and Killibegs abroad, moory raggedness with green patches near, all treeless,—nothing distinct till steep narrow street of "Ballyshannon;" mills, breweries, considerable, confused, much white-washed country town. Breakfast, as if for the King's hundred, near the higher end. Tourists, quasi-English, busy at our table already: silent exct. waiter, doing his swiftest in imperturbable patience and silence. Car gone; we have to climb the steep, at the top it will wait for us. And so to the road again, quitting Ballyshannon; only Duffy, Forster, and I, of our car, did breakfast there.

Day now growing hotter, road dustier; remember nothing or little till Donegal: a Mr. Hamilton (?) has embanked some lagoon, saved many acres, gives real symptoms of being busy as a king of tillers in that quarter. Country improving; hedges even, and some incipiencies of wood shelter and ornament. Donegal a dingy little town; *triangular* market place; run across to see O'Neill's old mansion; skeleton of really sumptuous old castle,—*Spanish* gold, in Queen Elizabeth's time, had helped: by one of the three *angles* (there is a road by each) we got away again; dropping Forster who will see the lagoon-embanker (didn't find him), will then by Glentier to Gweedore, and meet *me* there; Duffy is for Derry, and we part at Stranorlar; I, by appointment, am for Lord George Hill's, and have a plan of route from Plattnauer.—Bare miserable country; dingy Donegal has *workhouses* building, *pitch* employed there, no other masonry; *sleepy* valley with some trees and green patches spreading up into the sleepy mountains; high ground

towards Gap of Barnesmore becomes utter peat. Barnesmore I remember well; nothing of a "Gap" to speak of; Dalveen Pass, and several unheeded Scotch ones, far surpass it in "impressiveness:" important military pass, no doubt. Moor, moor, brown heather, and peat-pots, here and there a speck reclaimed into bright green,—and the poor cottier oftenest gone. Ragged sprawling bare farm-stead, bright green and black alternating abruptly on the grounds and no hedge or tree; ugly enough,—and now from the moor-edge one sees "Stranorlar" several miles off, and a valley mostly green, not exemplary for culture, but most welcome here. Down towards it,—Duffy earnestly talking, consulting, questioning; pathetic, as looking to the speedy *end* now. Down into the valley; fat heavy figure, in grey coarse woollen, suddenly running with us, sees me, says "all r-ight!" It is poor Plattnauer, who has *come* thus far to meet me! we get him up; enter through the long outskirts of "Stranorlar," up its long idle-looking street, to coach-stand;—and there Duffy stretching out his hand, with silent sorrowful face, I say Farewell and am off to Plattnauer's little inn; and consider *my* tour as almost ended. After an hour, of not very necessary waiting, (lunch smoking &c. provided by the kind Plattnauer) we get the car he has hired for me from Letterkenny, and proceed thither.

Fourteen miles; a tilled country mostly, not deficient here and there in wood; ragged still, tho' greatly superior to late wont; recognize the *Ulster* dialect of carman, Ulster practice of the population generally. Talk, —burdensome, had there been *much* of it? Mountains about Gweedore, details (eulogistic, enthusiastic) of Lord George Hill; three men (officialities, of some kind,—excise or other with dish-hats, before us in their car; road now rapidly winding downwards: pass them at last; can bethink of *no* other road-fellow whatever. Country greenish for most part, with gnarled crags; I should have expected ferns in the ditches, but don't remember them. Millpond at the bottom of our descent, then long slow ascent up Letterkenny Street, broad, sometimes rather ragged-looking, always idle-looking,—busy only on market days, with corn and cattle, I suppose. Hôtel at last; and carman satisfied, a grateful change into Lord George's car. To Ballyarr then! Now towards 6 or 7 o'clock. Long, mile—long straight steep ascent; then complex cross roads "to Rathmelton," to &c.; country commonplace, hill-and-dale, not quite bare; at length Ballyarr clump of wood; high rough hedges, gates, farm-looking place; and round the corner of some offices we come to an open smooth kind of back court, with low piazza at the further side: from below piazza,—then at the back entrance, (the only handy one to his mansion) Lord George himself politely steps out to welcome us. Handsome, grave-smiling man of 50 or more; thick grizzled hair, *elegant* club nose, low cooing voice, military composure and absence of loquacity; a man you love at first sight. Glimpse of Lady (Georgina?) Hill, a nunlike elderly lady, and of one or two nice silent children; silent small elegant drawing room; a singular silent politeness of element reigns; at length refection in a little dining room, (*tea*, I suppose?)—and, in a bare but clean and comfortable room, presided over by the Great Silences, one sinks gratefully asleep. Gweedore on the morrow like an *un*opened scroll lying before—I bethink me, we walked out too, that evening, Lord George Plattnauer and I, with pleasant familiar talk; and for *supper* after our return, he ordered me Irish stirabout, a frightful parody of "Scotch porridge," (like hot *dough*), which I would not eat and even durst not except in *semblance*. Deep ditches, *gross* kind of crop;—potatoes, turnips, "Egyptian wheat," (so called, grown from wheat found in *mummy*); land has originally been, much of it even lately, flat bog.

Monday 2 August.—Dim moist morning. pleasant breakfast (Lady Augusta (?) who has a baby, not there), paternal *wit* of Lord G. with his nice little modest boys and girls in English, German, French; Plattr. to go with us to Gweedore. Big new mill; big peat stacks; carriage house, some 3 nice sleek wiry horses, "all kept at *work*," and able for it. Air of gentleman farmer's place and something more; car about 11 and swift firm horse, rain threatening,—which came only to a heavy Scotch-mist now and then, with brief showers. Tattery untrimmed fields, too small, ill-fenced, not right in any way. Wretched puddly village, "Kilmacrennan," like an inverted saddle in site, brook running through the heart of it (?) miserable raree "caravan" stationed there, amid the dirt, poverty and incipient ruin. Road heavy and wet, past many ill-regulated little farms. Dunghill of one, "I have admonished him *not* to let it run to waste so,"—but he doesn't mind! Road (is all very obscure to me; cardinal-points, at the time, not well made out, which is always fatal to one's recollection!)— road, leading N.-westward, begins mounting, is still a little cultivated, very *steep* side road to north, Letterkenny to Glen and Carrickart I suppose!); mounts, mounts, occasional mist-rain a little heavier, day calm, and silvery, bleared glimpses had of the moor.—

"National School" high up. I descend and enter, Lord George waits cheerfully, but won't; the worst of all conceivable "national schools"; poor dreary frozen-alive schoolmaster, and 10 or 12 ragged children,—"parents take them all away in turf time;" they learn *nothing* at any time. Wrote in this book a *dis*approval. Protest against these schools; Catholics can do so little, don't always do it; a difficult affair for McDonnel and Whately! Ghastly staring "new catholic chapel," true Irish "Joss-house" on the moor to left; the image of ennui, sore-throat, and hungry vain hope of dinner! Peat farther on; foolish old farmer and his forces at work in peat-stack, *pack horses* instead of carts; a scandal to behold. Moor mounting ever higher, getting very black and dreary; cannot much *remember* the coming of Letterkenny and Dunfanachy road; do remember scandalous black muddy moors, all gleaming wet as a sponge, with grey rugged mountains (*close* to us on the left), with crags, rain and silent black desolation everywhere; the worst of it however I think was further on.

"Glenbeagh Bridge;" turning round a sharp corner of a muddy peat-hill, we are upon it, and see Lough Beagh, "the prettiest of all the Donegal lakes"—no great shakes, no great shakes? Hungry improved "farmstead" (some glimpse of slate and stone I do remember in it) with drowned meadows by the lakeside, to left. Lake narrow (outlet of it, "Owencarrow," running from left to right of *us*); high stony steep of mountains beyond it; *far* up to the left, bright green spaces, (or stripes and patches) with woods, appearance of an interesting *pass* thro' the mountains; more Highland-looking than anything I saw elsewhere; one "Forster" owns it.—At the beginning of our journey, and almost up to this point, there were large effectual long *main-drains* visible, just cut; a young Lord something's property,—sorry I cannot recal his name; he, and his "Government money" and beneficient extensive work were the most *human* thing I saw. Begins at Kilmacrenan, perhaps earlier. Here at Glenbeagh Bridge was a "relief convnc. road" (very conspicuous intended-improvement, on our left), but lying as usual with a wall at each end of it. Mount again; black rocky "Dooish" (where are eagles, *seen* as we *returned* this way) on our left, and road rough, wet and uneven. "Calabber" stream (not do. "bridge") I have a distinct recollectn. of that; cutting down thro' the *shoulder* (you would have said), of a considerable hill; "Halfway House," and the still heathery glen that led towards it (Calabber stream *this*, at a higher point of it, running towards Owencarrow? Alas! I had no *map* of any value; I had no time, no patience or *strength* of any kind left!) all at the halfway house, which is a coarse dark weather-tight cottage, a *rebuilding* I imagine; drink for the horse; good-humoured poor woman *will* have "a drop of potheen" when you return. Lord George knows all these people; speaks kindly, some words in Irish or otherwise, to every one of them. Excellent, polite, pious-hearted, healthy man; talk plentiful, sympathy with all good in this Lord G., candid openness to it; fine voice, excellent little *whistle* through his teeth as he drove us,—horse performing admirably. After Halfway-House, view of some wretched quagmire, with a lakelet by it, and spongy black bog and crag all round, which some Irish "Dublin Lawyer" has purchased, and is improving: Lord pity him, send *more* power to his elbow! I never drove, or walked, or rode, in any region such a black dismal 22 miles of road. *This* is the road Lord George drives every week these 17 years, drives or rides, thro' these dismal moors,—strong in the faith of something higher than the "picturesque"—Mount Arrigal, a *white*-peaked very sandy mountain, *roof*-shaped and therefore conical from some points of view, beautiful and conspicuous from all (2462 feet, map says),—lay a little *west* of this Irish lawyer: we cross by the southern side of it,—and suddenly out of the black moor into view of a lake "Lough-Na-Cung") stretching northwestward round *that* side of Arrigal; and at the head of this Lough-Na-cung, come the prettiest patch of "improvement" I have ever in my travels beheld. Bright as sapphire, both grass and woods, all beatifully laid out in garden-walks, shrubbery-walks &c. and all shrunk for us to a tidy fairy-garden, fine trim little house in it too with incipient *farms* and square fields adjoining; to our eye and imagination drowned in black desolation for 15 miles past, nothing could be lovelier. A Mr. Something's, lately deceased (to Lord George's deep regret); I think, a Liverpool Merchant (?): Widow lives here, and Lord George's doctor at Gweedore (I learn on the morrow) is to marry one of the young ladies: very well! "Lough-Na-Cung" (I *heard* no name to it, but take this from the map) stretched away northward bending to west, a narrow *crescent* Lough, of no farther beauty; and from the *Clady* river, which traverses Gweedore and comes out at Bunbeg; here now *is* Lord George's domain, and swiftly descending (by the *back* of Arrigal, which hangs white-sandy very steep over us) for about a mile we are *in* said domain. "Hundred thousand welcomes!" (Irish phrase for that) said Lord George with a smile. Plattnauer and I *had* smoked our third pipe or

cigar; "you can do it in 3 pipes"—*Head* of Lough-Na-Cung I remember too; stony dell amid the high mountains, mounting in *terraces* of visible rock; like some *Cumberland* pass, new to me in Ireland.

The back of the Claddy, stretching out from this Lough 5 or 6 miles, and *flattening* itself wide towards the sea, is Lord George Hill's domain. Black, dim, lonely valley: hills all peat, wet and craggy heather, on each side; hills to right are quite vacant wet moor (tho' *less* craggy in appearance and lower); river-side, mostly waste quagmire of rushes, *can* become fat meadow and has here and there: river sluggish brown-coloured; hills to left (as *we* enter; hills to north, that is); are of gentlish acclivity, but stony beyond measure; sprinkled in ragged clusters here are the huts of the inhabitants, wretchedest "farmers" that the sun now looks upon, I do believe. Lord George's improvements are manifold; for instance, each man has his "farm" now all in *one*, not in 20 as heretofore, one long stripe of enclosure (dry-stone wretched wall, or attempt at wall, and cottage in or near it,) each cottage too, has now some *road*; but "improvements" all are swallowed in the chaos, chaos remains chaotic still. Hill road from "Dunfanahy," descending on the right,—not *yet* quite travellable, I think. New farm of Lough-Na-cung (Liverpool *widow*) "Improvements;" Ulster peasant in it; has really been endeavouring; house is built, slated, stones, like a quarry, torn out everywhere, trenchings, feeblest symptoms of turnips springing, potato plot (ruined *now* alas!) is really growing; grey bony man stands looking, with what hope he can. Cottages now of Lord George's; dry-stone fence half-done along the road; has hung so for years in spite of his encouragements to get it *whole* done. Black huts, bewildered rickety fences of crag: crag and heath, *un*subduable by *this* population, damp peat, black heather, grey stones, and ragged desolation of men and things! Boat is on the river, fishy but *un*fished till now; "Gweedore inn," two-storied white *human* house with offices in square behind, at the foot of hills on right, near the river: this is the only *quite* civilized-looking thing; we enter there, thro' gateway, into the clean little sheltered court, and then under the piazza at the back of the inn, Forster waits for us, and is kindly received.

Rain has ceased, 2pm or 3; but the air is damp, bleared, cold. Mount along the hill side; certain fields already saved out of it, not bad fields, but a *continent* of haggard crag-and-heather desolation, with its swamps and rivulets still remaining. Over the Clady something like an incipiency of a modern hamlet, and patches of incipient green; bridge thither, too far to go; chapel and school (Protestant Orange, no doubt) on this side the river; signal-staff flag now *mounted*, his Lordship being *here*, and accessible to all creatures. Dinner in our little inn. Lord George's *surgeon* (from Bunbeg; of whom mention was already) joined us, I think, in the evening. Manager of inn (for Lord George I think) an Ulster man, solid clever man of 45. Aberdeen-awa' man, chief-manager, a hook-nosed, lean slow-spoken man of like age: what do you think of these people? "Oah-h! a whean *deluidit* craiturs, Sir: but just ye-see—!" Walk, with this man in company in the evening, to the new farmhouse he is getting built for himself, and new fields he is *really* subduing from the moor; pure peat all; but lime is abundant everywhere, and he does not doubt, and will certainly prevail, he. Some 5 or 6 Aberdeen and Ulster men; nothing else that one can see of human that has the smallest real promise here; "*deluidit craiturs*," lazy, superstitious, poor and hungry. 7/6 no uncommon *rent*, 30/ about the highest ditto:—listening to Lord George I said and again said, "No hope for the men as *masters*; their one *true* station in the universe is *servants*," "slaves" if you will; and never can they know a right day till they attain that." Valley, if it were cultivated, might really be beautiful. Some air of stir and population and habitability already on it; huts, ragged potato patches, nearer there by the river side oat-patches, (lean cows, I suppose, are on the hills); *south*-side of river is as before nearly or altogether vacant of huts. Return to our inn, after arrangements for the morrow. How these people conspired to throw down Lord George's fences, how they threatened to pay no rent, at first, but to *shoot* agent if compelled, and got their priest to say so; how they had no notion of work by the day, (*came* from 8 to 11 a.m.) and shrieked over hook-nosed Aberdean when on Saturday night he produced his book and insisted on paying them by the *hour*;—how they are in brief, dark barbarians not intrinsically of ill dispositions—talk and commentaries on all this; small close room, with the damp wind and wide moorland outside, polite "stirabout" again, to me useless: finally to bed, with pathetic feelings, gratitude, sorrow, *love* for this noble man, and *hope* as if *beyond* the grave!

Friday 3rd August.—We drive to Bunbeg (must be far briefer to day!) Valley spreads out into flat undulations; still crags and moor everywhere: blue sea with islands and much *sand* ahead; brisk, sunny forenoon. Visit new parsonage (Oh Orange-protestantism!); Par-

son, young fat Dublin Protestant, enters; has a drawing-room with "scrapbooks" and *wife-gear* (wife doesn't appear:) not a beautiful big fat young Protestant; but alas what better can be had? To Bunbeg; village (of perhaps 300 or more) scattered distractedly among the crags, sprinkled along, *thickening* a little towards Clady mouth, where are the store-house, mill, harbour, all amid crags forever-more! Crag has been blasted away for *sites;* rises yet abrupt behind the walls in that quarter, paths climbing over it. Big excellent mill, —proved most useful in famine time:—silent at present, till harvest come. do. do. store-house, or "shop" of innumerable wares; nearly *empty* now, waiting for a "practical shop-keeper" that would undertake it. Harbour landing-place built by Ulster-man of the inn, —"*well*-done" as I tell him. Big rings for warping-in ships,—the General Commissioners of lighthouses (?) did that, after entreaty —Aberdeen fisherman; excellent clear-eyed brown-skinned diligent-sagacious fellow, excellent wife of his (*before*, in a house that wouldn't "turn rain," but was all whitened, &c. and clean & hearty-looking), from whom a drink of buttermilk for me.—Fisherman went with us to the *old* mill and its cascade (queer old ruin, and gushing loud waterfall), when some of his men try the net to no purpose.—Ancient Irish *squire* actually "begging" here; follows about in blue camlet cloak, with always some new cock-and-bull story, which Lord George, when unable to escape by artifice, coldly declares in words that he can't listen to. Strange old squire; whiskey all along and late failure of potatoes have done it; gets no rent, won't sell, "a perfect pest," the fisher calls him. School, (Prot't) better or worse,—children all *clean* at least; some 20 or more of them, boys and girls.—Sun now is *high;* we mount, turn into Bloody-Foreland road; boy on our left hand, blue water, and immensities of sand, *blown* hereabouts in great lengths over the land (as I can see from the distance,—remind me of the mansion and park *sanded*, (name?) and nothing but the *chimney tops* left, on these coasts); straggling wretched hamlet, when a fair is (monthly or annually?) go into the baker's shop (Aberdeen, he too), into a kind of tavern now under the carpenter's, where Lord George at first lodged on undertaking this affair; bare craggy moor still, still; desolate savagery; Lord George and his Aberdeens *versus* Celtic nature and Celtic art. Call on the Catholic priest; poor fellow, he looked suspicious, embarrassed, a thick heavy vulgar man of 45; *half* a peasant still, yet on the *way* towards better,—good growth of turnips round his cottage, cottage some approach to civilization: a book or two,—unfortunately only mass-books, directories or the like: we evidenty lifted a mountain from his heart when we took ourselves away. "One man of these natives that doesn't lie." Send for him; rides with me a bit,—rough, clayey, beardy, old man, clothes dirty and bad but still whole; can't well understand him, or make myself intelligible (for he neither reads or writes) so send him away with good wishes. We are now driving, by a *back* road, towards the inn; Farm Cottage, with potato-and-corn patches as we go. "Rent," none in famine year: uncertain ever since; trifling when it does come, for nobody's rent has been raised at all: Aberdeen fisherman only clear immediate source of revenue. (*Ice*-house for him; prices now being bad *here*). People won't fish, or can't: lobster-pots given, and method shewn,—avails not. Have had to *buy* out innumerable rights, "right of fishing" "right of keeping an inn," right of &c. &c. £500. £300 &c.: to keep peace, and do indubitable justice,—*after* purchasing the property. People won't work, in all or I fear the majority of cases, day's work for hire, if they have *potatoes* or other means of existing. Winged scarecrow, breaking stones (on the other road) this morning, with his scandalous ragged farm close by, is an instance: wouldn't 3 months ago; went, to some island of Gola, where was a cousin with potatoes and good heart; ate the potatoes out,—and *now* he works; his dress gone to the "tulip" farm. May the devil pity him!—On the whole, I had to repeat often to Lord G. what I said yesterday; to which he could not refuse essential consent. His is the largest attempt at benevolence and benificence on the *modern* system (the emancipation, all-for-liberty, abolition of capital punishment, roast-goose-at-Christmas system) ever seen by me, or like to be seen: alas, how *can* it prosper; except to the soul of the noble man himself who earnestly tries it, and works at it, making himself a "slave" to it these 17 years!?

Lunch at the hotel; inscribe in the "book;" with difficulty get packed,—roll away (Forster and all) in the sunny fresh afternoon: road seen a *second* time, not lovely still; half-way house potheen (didn't taste it, I?)—Kilmacrenan again, and fields more and more with hedges; we leaping down, had *walked* a great deal; house was excellent; but dark twilight, very cold to *us*, had now settled down; and all were glad enough to get within doors, to a late cup of Christian tea. Lord G. lights fire too, by a match; very welcome blaze: presents me two pairs of his Gweedore socks. Bed soon and sleep.

Saturday 4th August.—After breakfast, to

visit a certain rough peasant farmer of the neighborhood distinguished as being "rich." Rough as hemp, in all respects, he proved. *Sluttish*, sluttish, anxious too for "improvements," good terms to be given for reclaiming bog, &c.—This was a *brother* of the peasant who had "made the money;" the latter was now dead: made by "thrift," not industry; worth little when made? A civil-natured man too; and with the kind of appetite for something cleanlier and more manful than this scene of dungheaps; poor old fellow; towards sixty, and had "tended the cows," till this *throne* became vacant for him. Home by the offices again; Lady A. with the children in the garden: a delicate, pious, high and simple lady; *sister* of Lord G.'s former wife. White sand (like pounded sugar) from *Muckish* mountain (I forget if this is the name that signifies "Pig" mountain—which animal one mountain does really resemble?) Proprietor wouldn't, at a *fair* rate, allow the Belfast glasshouses to help themselves to this sand; therefore they at no rate meddle with it.—Coach yoked; hasty kind farewell, and go, Lord George driving, I on the box beside him; one of the finest of days. By pleasant fields, shady or otherwise agreeable roads to Ra' Melton, or rather past the one side of Ra' Melton.—Town lying over the river, (river "Lannan," it seems); chiefly a substantial white *row* along the quay (with respectable show of ships). *Our* road (on the *west* side) being up a steep hill; wood abundant, really a pleasant active little town. Barilla manufactory (*kelp* carts passing in met us) near it; small, but precious the like of it, and rare in Ireland.

By pleasant roads still, of the same sort to Rathmullen. Old Abbey (or Castle?) there, close by the sea; quite at the end of the white, quiet, rather steep-lying village; view across Lough Swilly properly a *frith*) not bad tho' too bare. To Mr. Something, a retired merchant of full purse, our intended host's father-in-law. Showy, newish house and grounds, overhanging the sea near by; retired merchant not at home, his wife (poor Mrs. Sterling's dialect and manner were recalled to me) greatly flattered by Lord G's call, will give lunch, &c. will do all things but *speak* a little less:—we withdrew to her daughter's, to see our adventure, which doesn't look too well, to the *end*. End is: intended host has not *come*, or given any notice; will "probably" be here to-night; help-mate, a thick, stubborn-looking lady of 40, childless, and most likely wearing the breeches, (to judge by appearances): she invites &c.; but there is clearly only one thing, to be gone,—get across to Derry, and take one's ease at one's inn. Conveyed by Lord George; meet "retired merchant" and his son; use him for getting Ferry boat secured (Ferry is *his* by county law) off, in the bright windy afternoon; a really pathetic and polite farewell from his Lordship and poor Plattnr. In all Ireland, lately in any other land, I saw no such beautiful soul.

Red haired ferrymen, effectual looking fellows; forts, on Irish Island &c., 5 or 6 artillerymen in each: (on Derry side); Innishowen hills on other; *bare* country as before, as *always* in this island, but with a Scotch aspect rather than Irish, beggary and rags having now become quite subordinate. Across soon; to Derry soon, by a high-lying bare, "too populous," country. Many hungry-looking clusters of cottages (slated here, but visibly *hungry*); a ruin or two; several attorneys' country-seats; (prosperous attorneys), of which the architecture was not admirable. Seven miles:—at length turning suddenly a corner, Derry is there to the south of us, close at hand; rising *red* and beautiful on elevated hill or "bluff" (it must have been once).—Foyle moderately supplied with ships, running broad and clear past the farther side of it. The prettiest-looking town I have seen in Ireland. The free school; a big old building in fields, to right of us before we enter. Two or three *mill* chimnies (*not* corn-mills all of them, a linen-mill or flax-mill one at least visible); coal-yards, appearance of real shipping trade; suburbs, gate; and steep climb by the back of the old walls; Imperial hotel in fine—"one of the best in Ireland," says report; one of the dearest, and not the best, says experience. Very indifferent bed there (wretched French bed, which species may the devil fly away with out of this British country!); and for lullaby the common sounds of an inn, agumented by a very powerful *cock* towards morning.

A Dr. Mc. Knight (editor, pamphleteer &c.) warned by Duffy, came to night; led us thro' the city wonders, the old cannon &c.; gave us, unconsciously, a glimpse into the raging *animosities* (London companies *versus* Derry town was the chief, but there were many) which reign here as in all parts of Ireland, and alas, of most lands;—invites us to breakfast for monday; an honest kind of man, tho' loud-toned and with wild eyes, this Mc.Knight; has tobacco too, and a kind little orderly polite wife (a "poverty honourable and beautiful.") Surely we will go. Steamer is to sail on monday at 1 p.m. for Glasgow; Scotland ho!

Sunday 5th August.—Hot bright day; letter to Lord Clarendon (farewell, I don't *come* by Dublin), Captain Something, a chief

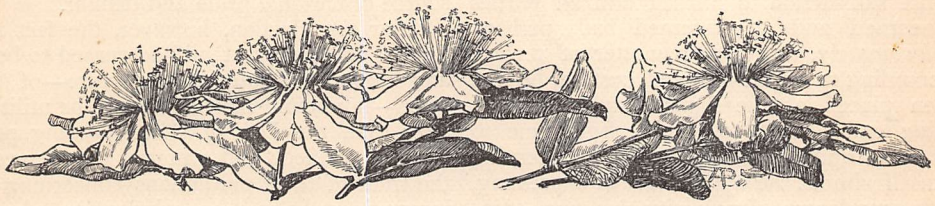
of Engineers (surveyors, map-makers in these parts) comes to take us out to "Temple Moyle" an agricultural school, and to show us about. A clean, intelligent *thin* little soul; of Twistleton's introducing? long wooden bridge, rather disappoints not *better* than Waterford: viewed from the other shore (height to the south, which our Captain makes us ascend) is very pretty in the sunshine. "*Grianan of Aileach*" (old Irish King's *Palace*, talked of by Mc.Knight last evening), *site* of it is visible 6 miles off to north. Good enough country, *part* well cultivated, part ill;—to London agent of Fishmongers' (? Mercers?) Company a brisk impetuous managing little fellow,—who escorts us to Temple Moyle,—"Mr. Campbell" the Scotch manager, is overtaken by us on the road. Temple Moyle very good indeed, so far as *cultivation of the ground goes;* questionable perhaps, on its *human* side? A dozen of the boys, Catholics, and very ugly, were at dinner. The "teaching," our brisk Londoner indicated was rather in a staggering way. "Acre of turnips *better* than one of potatoes," testifies Campbell "and *easier* to cultivate if you do both *well*." Londoner's sad experience of Ireland; tries to promote emigrating, to buy tenants out, very sad work. "The Company's rents £4000, don't get £1500 net. If I had an Irish estate, I would sell it; if I couldn't I would give it away." Look, in returning, at the attempted futility of an "Embankment of the Foyle;" Railway to Newtown Limavaddy was to embank Foyle; £80,000 (?) spent; no railway done, none was or is *needed;* no embankment, only heaps of barrows, waste flat diggings, and some small patch of ground (inconceivably small) saved out of the wreck till *new* money be subscribed. Very ugly distracted-looking flat: Home. Oh let us home; for the evening too is getting grey and cold! Captain to dine with us; a weary evening,—sofa, back-garden, smoke;—walk in the Diamond by moonlight; respectable old city. Walker's Memorial; Prison Gates, Bishop's House. Trade terribly gone, all say, much poverty; Eheu! to bed, and leave it to the gods!

Monday 6th August.—Breakfast at Mc. Knights: sunny hot morning,—small room full (got up the window of it, with effort!): big Derry Protestant clergyman, Ex-mayor "Haslett;" weighty set of men. Emphatic talk to them: far too emphatic, the human nerves being worn out with exasperation! "Remedy for Ireland? To cease generally from following the devil: no other remedy that I know of; one general life-element of humbug these two centuries, it has fallen *bankrupt:* this universe, my worthy brothers, *has* its laws terrible as death and judgment if we "cant" ourselves away from following them. Land tenure? What *is* a land-lord, at this moment, in any country, if Rhadamanthus looked at him? What is an Archbishop; alas, what is a Queen,—what is a British specimen of the Genus *Homo* in these generations? A bundle of *hearsays* and authentic appetites; a *canaille* whom the gods are about to chastise, and to extinguish if he cannot alter himself! &c. &c." Derry Aristocrats behaved *well* under all this. Not a pleasant breakfast; but oh it is the last! Off to pack, and get on board.—Shameless tumult on the quays, which continued long; cattle loading, and 300 finest peasantry; McKnight to take leave, and another and another; and the roar of wild men and cattle, and the general turmoil of (Irish) nature not yet ended! Yo heave ho! at last; and with many heelings and edgings (water *scant* in some places of this Frith of Foyle) we quit Innishowen Head, Malin Head, and the rest, and issue hopefully into the open sea. Bare not uninteresting coast; Glasgow Steamer going bravely, afternoon bright. Port Rush, our mooring there; last Irish crowd; Adieu, my friends, a happy evening to you. Port Rathlin Island, with many intervening rocky islets, grim basaltic.—Robert Bruce, Esq. once in Rathlin. Giant's Causeway, tourists dabbling up and down about in boats; Heaven be their comforter! We seem to be quite near it here, and it isn't worth a mile to travel to see. Poor old woman, who *has* no money for fare, shall be set out on the beach: "my son in Glasgow Hospital!" probably enough a fib; but the cabin people club, and pay her fare. Beautiful boat, but not interesting passengers,—the reverse of that. "Fair Head" (or I forget which); combination of crags on it which they call "the Giant;" other more distant cape growing ever dimmer; and shortly, on our right, looms out high and grim the "Mull of Cantire," and we are on the *Scotch* coast! Much improved prospects, directly on opening the west side of the Mull; comfortable fenced crop-fields; comfortable *human* farms. Isle of Arran; Sandy Island? (? Beautiful blazing lights, beaming in the red of twilight); Ailsa Craig; Campbell-town bay; and now unhappily the daylight is quite gone, and the night breeze is cold; sofa in little cabin, and stony fragments of sleep. Awake, still and confused; on quarter deck are finest peasantry (hitched forward out of their place); but on the left, two cotton-mill chimnies, and Glasgow is close by. Euge! Dark City of Glasgow, pulses of some huge iron-furnace ("Dickson's Blast," so named by mate) fitfully from moment to moment illuminating it; excellent skipper, terribly strait-

ened to land; do at last (2 a.m.) and with difficulty get into a big dark nautical Inn; no noddy, barrow or other vehicle to convey us to a hotel. Sleep in spite of all; huge mill roaring in at my open window, on the morrow at 8. Remove after breakfast; look at Glasgow (under David Hope's escort); Commercial Capital of Britain, *this;* thank Heaven for the sight of real human industry, with human fruits from it, once more! On the morrow, home by rail to Scotsbrig. The sight of fenced fields, weeded crops, and human creatures with whole clothes on their backs,—it was as if one had got into spring water out of dunghill-puddles; the feeling lasted with me for several days. *Finis* now.

This is my whole remembrance, or nearly so, of the *Irish Tour;* plucked up, a good deal of it, from the throat of fast-advancing oblivion (as I went along), but quite certain to me once it is recalled. Done now, mainly because I had beforehand bound myself to do it;—worth nothing that I know of, otherwise;—*ended*, at any rate, this Wednesday 16th October 1849. And now to-morrow?

THE END. *Thomas Carlyle.*



FORTY.

In the heyday of my years, when I thought the world was young,
And believed that I was old—at the very gates of Life—
It seemed in every song the birds of heaven sung
That I heard the sweet injunction: "Go and get to thee a wife!"

And within the breast of youth woke a secret sweet desire;
For Love spoke in that carol his first mysterious word,
That to-day through ashen years kindles memory into fire,
Though the birds are dead that sang it, and the heart is old that heard.

I have watched my youth's blue heavens flush to angry, brooding red,
And again the crimson palsied in a dull unpregnant gloom;
I am older than some sorrows; I have watched by Pleasure dead;
I have seen Hope grow immortal at the threshold of the tomb.

Through the years by turns that gave me now curses, now caresses,
I have fought a fight with Fortune wherein Love hath had no part;
To-day, when peace hard-conquered riper years and weary blesses,
Will my fortieth summer pardon twenty winters to my heart?

When the spring-tide's verdure darkens to the summer's deeper glories,
And in the thickening foliage doth the year its life renew,
Will to me the forests whisper once more their wind-learnt stories?
Will the birds their message bring me from out the heaven of blue?

Will the wakened world for me sing the old enchanted song—
Touch the underflow of love that, through all the toil and strife,
Has only grown the stronger as the years passed lone and long?
Shall I learn the will of Heaven is to get for me a wife?

The boy's heart yearns for freedom, he walks hand-in-hand with pleasure;
Made bright with wine and kisses he sees the face of Life;
He would make the world a pleasance for a love that knows not measure;
But the man seeks Heaven, and finds it in the bosom of his wife.

H. C. Bunner.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was New Year's day, and his Excellency, the President, had had several months in which to endeavor to adjust himself to the exigencies of his position, though whether he had accomplished this with a result of entire satisfaction to himself and all parties concerned and unconcerned had, perhaps unfortunately, not been a matter of record. According to a time-honored custom, he had been placed at the slight disadvantage of being called upon to receive from time to time the opinions of the nation concerning himself without the opportunity of expressing, with any degree of publicity, his own opinions regarding the nation, no bold spirit having as yet suggested that such a line of procedure might at least be embellished with the advantage of entire novelty, apart from the possibility of its calling forth such originality and force of statement as would present to the national mind questions never before discussed, and perhaps not wholly unimportant. All had, however, been done which could be done by a nation justly distinguished for its patriotic consideration for, and courtesy toward, the fortunate persons elevated to the position of representing its dignity at home and abroad. Nothing which could add to that dignity had been neglected—no effort which could place it in its proper light, and remove all difficulty from the pathway of the figure endeavoring creditably to support it, had been spared. The character of the successful candidate for presidential office having been, during the campaign, effectually disposed of,—his morals having been impugned, his honor rent to tatters, his intellectual capacity pronounced far below the lowest average,—united good feeling was the result, and there seemed little more to attain. His past had been exhausted. Every event of his political career and domestic life had been held up to public derision, laudation, and criticism. It had been successfully proved that his education had been entirely neglected, and that his advantages had been marvelous; that he had read Greek at the tender age of four years, and that he had not learned to read at all until he attained his majority; that his wife had taught him his letters, and that he had taught his wife to spell; that he was a liar, a forger, and a thief; that he was a model of virtue, probity, and honor—each and all of which incontrovertible facts had been public property and a source of national pride and delight.

After the election, however, the fact that he had had a past at all had ceased to be of any moment whatever. A future—of four years—lay before him, and must be utilized: after that, the Deluge. The opposing party sneered, vilified, and vaunted themselves in the truth of their predictions concerning his incapacity; the non-opposing party advised, lauded, cautioned, mildly discouraged, and in a most human revulsion of feeling showed their unprejudiced frankness by openly condemning on frequent occasions. The head of the nation having appointed an official from among his immediate supporters, there arose a clamor of adverse criticism upon a course which lowered the gifts of his sacred office to the grade of mere payment for value received. Having made a choice from without the circle, he called down upon himself frantic accusations of ingratitude to those to whom he owed all. There lay before him the agreeable alternatives of being a renegade or a monument of bribery and corruption, and if occasionally these alternatives lost for a moment their attractiveness, and the head of the nation gave way to a sense of perplexity, and was guilty of forming in secret a vague wish that the head of the nation was on some other individual's shoulders, or even went to the length of wishing that the head upon his own shoulders was his own property, and not a foot-ball for the vivacious strength of the nation to expend itself upon—if this occurred—though it is by no means likely—it certainly revealed a weakness of character and inadequacy to the situation which the nation could not have failed to condemn. The very reasonable prophecy—made by the party whose candidate had not been elected—that the Government must inevitably go to destruction and the country to perdition had, through some singular over-

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sight on the part of the powers threatened, not been fulfilled. After waiting in breathless suspense for the occurrence of these catastrophes, and finding that they had apparently been postponed until the next election, the Government had drawn a sigh of relief, and the country had gained courage to bestir itself cheerfully, with a view to such perquisites as might be obtained by active effort and a strong sense of general personal worthiness and fitness for any position.

There had descended upon the newly elected ruler an avalanche of seekers for office, a respectable number of whom laid in his hands the future salvation of their souls and bodies and generously left to him the result. He found himself suddenly established as the guardian of the widow, the orphan, and the friendless, and required to repair fortunes or provide them, as the case might be, at a moment's notice; his sympathies were appealed to, his interests, his generosity as an altogether omnipotent power in whose hands all things lay, and whose word was naturally law upon all occasions, great or small; and any failure on his part to respond to the entirely reasonable requests preferred was very properly laid to a tendency to abandoned scheming or to the heartless indifference of the great—which decision disposed of all difficulties in the argument, apart from such trivial ones as were left to the portion of the delinquent and were not referred to. Being called upon in his selection of his cabinet to display the judgment of Solomon, the diplomacy of Talleyrand, and the daring of Napoleon, and above all to combine like powers in each official chosen, he might have faltered but for the assistance proffered him from all sides. This, and the fact that there was no lack of the qualifications required, supported him. Each day some monument of said qualifications, and others too numerous to mention, was presented to his notice. To propitiate the South it was suggested that he should appoint A——; to secure the North, B——; to control the East, C——; to sweep the West, D——; and to unite the country, E——. Circumstances having finally led him to decide upon G——, the Government appeared to be in jeopardy again, but—possibly through having made use of its numerous opportunities of indulging in acrobatic efforts in the direction of losing its balance and regaining it again in an almost incredible manner—it recovered from the shock and even retained its equilibrium upon finding itself in the end saddled with a cabinet whose selection was universally acknowledged to be a failure when it was not denounced as a crime.

On this particular New Year's day, there were few traces on the social surface of the disasters which so short a time before had threatened to engulf all. Washington wore an aspect even gayer than usual. The presidential reception began the day in its most imposing manner. Lines of carriages thronged the drive before the White House, and the diplomatists, statesmen, officials, and glittering beings in naval and military uniform who descended from them were possibly cheered and encouraged by the comments of the lookers-on, who knew them and their glories and their short-comings by heart. The comments were not specially loud, however. That which in an English crowd takes the form of amiable or unamiable clamor, in an American gathering of a like order resolves itself into a serene readiness of remark, which exalts or disposes of a dignitary with equal impartiality, and an ingenuous fearlessness of any consequence whatever, which would seem to argue that all men are born free and some equal, though the last depends entirely upon circumstances. Each vehicle, having drawn up, deposited upon the stone steps of the broad portico a more or less picturesque or interesting personage. Now it was the starred and ribboned representative of some European court; again, a calm-visaged Japanese or Chinese official, in all the splendor of flowing robes and brilliant color; and again a man in citizen's clothes, whose unimposing figure represented such political eminence as to create more stir among the lookers-on than all the rest. Among equipages, there drove up at length a rather elegant little *coupé*, from which, when its door was opened, there sprang lightly to the stone steps the graceful figure of a young man, followed by an elder one. The young fellow, who was talking with much animation, turned an exhilaratingly bright face upon the crowd about him.

"On the whole, I rather like it," he said.

"Oh!" responded his companion, "as to that, you like everything. I never saw such a fellow."

The younger man laughed quite joyously.

"There is a great deal of truth in that," he said, "and I don't suppose you will deny that it is an advantage."

"An advantage!" repeated the other. "By Jupiter, I should think it was an advantage! Now, how long do you think this fellow will keep us waiting when we want him?"

"Oh," was the answer, "he is Mrs. Amory's coachman, you know, and there isn't a doubt that he has had excellent training. She isn't fond of waiting."

"No," said the other, with a peculiar smile. "I should fancy she wasn't. Well, I guess we'll go in."

They turned to do so, and found themselves near a tall man in uniform, who almost immediately turned also and revealed the soldierly visage of Colonel Tredennis.

He made a quick movement forward, which seemed to express some surprise.

"What, Amory!" he exclaimed. "You here, too? I was not at all sure that you had returned."

"I am scarcely sure myself yet," answered Richard, as he shook hands. "It only happened last night, but Bertha has been home a week. Is it possible you haven't seen her?"

"I have not seen anybody lately," said Tredennis, "and I did not know that she had returned until I read her name in the list of those who would receive."

"Oh, of course she will receive," said Richard. "And Planefield and I—you have met Senator Planefield?"

"How do you do?" said Senator Planefield, without any special manifestation of delight.

Tredennis bowed, and Richard went on airily, as they made their way in:

"Planefield and I have been sent out to do duty, and our list extends from Capitol Hill to Georgetown Heights."

"And he," said Senator Planefield, "professes to enjoy the prospect."

"Why not?" said Richard. "It is a bright, bracing day, and there is something exhilarating in driving from house to house, to find oneself greeted at each by a roomful of charming women—most of them pretty, some of them brilliant, all of them well dressed and in holiday spirits. It is delightful."

"Do *you* find it delightful?" inquired Planefield, turning with some abruptness to Tredennis.

"I am obliged to own that I don't shine in society," answered Tredennis.

He knew there was nothing to resent in the question, but he was conscious of resenting something in the man himself. His big, prosperous-looking body and darkly florid face, with its heavy, handsome outlines and keen, bold eyes, had impressed him unpleasantly from the first, and on each occasion of their meeting the impression seemed to deepen.

"Well, Amory shines," was his response, "and so does Mrs. Amory. We are to drop in and see her shine, as often as we happen to be in the neighborhood through the day."

They had reached the threshold of the reception-room by this time, and Richard, catching the last words, turned and spoke.

"Of course you will be there yourself in the course of the day," he said. "We shall possibly meet you—and, by the bye, you will see Mrs. Sylvestre. She arrived two days ago."

When they came out again, Richard was in more buoyant spirits than before. The lighted rooms, the brilliant dresses, the many faces he knew or did not know, the very crush itself, had acted upon him like a fine wine. He issued forth into the light of day again, girded and eager for his day's work.

"There is nothing like Washington," he announced, "and especially nothing like Washington at the beginning of the season. Just at the outset, when one is meeting people for the first time since their return, they actually have the air of being glad to see one, and a man has a delightful evanescent sense of being somehow positively popular."

"Does it make *you* feel popular?" demanded Planefield of Tredennis, in his unceremonious fashion.

Tredennis presented to him an entirely immovable front.

"How do *you* find it?" he inquired.

The man laughed.

"Not as Amory does," he answered.

When the *coupé* appeared and he took his place at Richard's side, he bent forward to bestow on Tredennis, as they drove away, a glance expressive of but little favor.

"I don't like that fellow," he said. "Confound him!"

Richard settled himself in his corner of the carriage, folding his fur-trimmed coat about him quite luxuriously.

"Oh, no. Not confound him," he replied. "He is a delightful fellow—in his way."

"Confound his way, then," responded Planefield. "There's too much of it."

Richard leaned slightly forward to look at the tall, motionless figure himself, and the faintest possible change passed over his face as he did so.

"He is not exactly a malleable sort of fellow," he remarked, "and I suppose there might arise occasions when he would be a little in the way—but there is no denying that he is picturesque."

"Oh!" exclaimed his companion, with more fervor than grace. "The devil take his picturesqueness!"

In the meantime Colonel Tredennis awaited the arrival of his own carriage, which had fallen back in the line. The surging of the crowd about him, the shouts of the policemen as they called up the vehicles, the rolling of vehicles and opening and shutting of doors, united themselves in an uproar which seemed to afford him a kind of seclusion. The subject of his thoughts as he stood in the midst of the throng was not a new one; it was one from whose presence he had ceased to expect to free himself; but as the information in the morning paper had accelerated the pulse of emotion in him,

so his brief interview with Richard Amory had quickened it again. Since the day when he had left her in Virginia, five months before, he had not seen Bertha at all, and had only heard from her directly once. She had been at Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, and afterward visiting friends in the Northern cities. After his return from the West, Richard had frequently been with her, and their letters to the professor had informed him that they were well and were involved in a round of gayeties.

How the time had passed for Tredennis he could not himself have told. When he had returned to Washington, he had lived and moved as a man in a dream. The familiar streets and buildings wore an unfamiliar look. It was a relief to find the places more deserted than before; his chief desire was to be, if possible, entirely alone. In the first vivid freshness of his impressions it seemed incredible that the days he had been living through had come to an end, and that absolutely nothing remained but the strange memory of them. At times it appeared that something must happen—some impossible thing which would give reality to the past and motive to the future. If in any of his nightly walks before the closed and silent house he had suddenly seen that the shutters were opened and lights were shining within—if Bertha herself had, without warning, stood at the window and smiled upon him, he would have felt it at first only natural, even though he knew she was hundreds of miles away.

This for a few weeks, and then his exaltation died a gradual death for want of sustenance, and there remained only the long, sultry days to be lived through and their work to be done. They were lived through and their work was not neglected, but there was no one of them which dragged its slow length by without leaving marks upon him which neither time nor change could erase in any future that might come.

"Five months," he said, as he waited with the clamor about him, "is longer than it seems —it is longer."

And Miss Jessup, passing him at the moment and looking up, found herself so utterly at a loss for an adjective adequate to the description of his expression, that her own bright and alert little countenance fell, and existence temporarily palled upon her.

It was late in the day when he reached the Amorys. When he drove up several carriages stood before the door, one of them Bertha's own, from which Richard and Planefield had just descended. Two or three men were going into the house, and one or two were leaving it. Through the open door was to be seen the lighted hall and glimpses of bright rooms beyond, from which came the sound of voices, laughter, and the clink of glass.

Richard entered the house with Tredennis, and flung off his rather sumptuous outer garment with a laugh of relief.

"We have made fifty calls so far," he said, "and have enjoyed them enormously. What have you accomplished?"

"Not fifty, by any means," Tredennis answered, and then the man-servant took his coat, and they went into the parlors.

They seemed to be full of men—young men, middle-aged men, old men; even a half-grown boy or two had timorously presented themselves, with large hopes of finding dazzling entertainment in the convivialities of the day. The shutters were closed and the rooms brilliantly alight; there were flowers in every available corner, and three or four charmingly dressed women, each forming a bright central figure in a group of black coats, gave themselves to their task of entertainment with delightful animation.

For a moment Tredennis stood still. He did not see Bertha at once, though he fancied he heard her voice in the room adjoining, where through the half-drawn *portières* were to be seen men standing, with coffee-cups, wine-glasses, or little plates in their hands, about a table bright with flowers, fruits, and all the usual glittering appurtenances. The next instant, amid a fresh burst of laughter, which she seemed to leave behind her, she appeared upon the threshold.

As she paused a second between the heavy curtains, Tredennis thought suddenly of a brilliant tropical bird he had once seen somewhere, and the fancy had scarcely formed itself in his mind before she recognized him and came forward.

He had never seen her so brilliantly dressed before. The wonderful combination of rich and soft reds in her costume, the flash of the little jeweled bands clasped close about her bare throat and arms, their pendants trembling and glowing in the light, the color on her cheeks, the look in her eyes, had a curiously bewildering effect upon him. When she gave him her hand he scarcely knew what to do with it, and could only wait for her to speak. And she spoke as if they had parted only an hour ago.

"At last," she said. "And it was very nice in you to leave me until the last, because now I know you will not feel obliged to go away so soon." And she withdrew her hand and opened her fan, and stood smiling up at him over its plumy border. "You see," she said, "that we have returned to our native atmosphere and may begin to breathe freely. Now we are real creatures again."

"Are we?" he answered. "Is that it?" and he glanced over the crowd, and then came back to her and looked her over from the glittering buckle on her slipper to the scintillating arrow in her hair. "I suppose we have," he added. "I begin to realize it."

"If you need anything to assist you to realize it," she said, "cast your eye upon Mr. Arbuthnot and I think you will find him sufficient; for me, everything crystallized itself and all my doubts disappeared the moment I saw his opera hat, and heard his first remark about the weather. It is a very fine day," she added, with a serene air of originality, "a little cold, but fine and clear. Delightful weather for those of you who are making calls. It has often struck me that it must be unpleasant to undertake so much when the weather is against you. It is colder to-day than it was yesterday, but it will be likely to be warmer to-morrow. It is to be hoped that we shall have an agreeable winter."

"You might," he said, looking at her over the top of her fan, "induce them to mention it in the churches."

"That," she answered, "is the inspiration of true genius, and it shall be attended to at once, or—here is Senator Planefield: perhaps he might accomplish something by means of a bill?"

The Senator joined them in his usual manner, which was not always an engaging manner, and was at times a little suggestive of a disposition to appropriate the community, and was also a somewhat loud-voiced manner, and florid in its decorative style. It was, on the whole, less engaging than usual upon the present occasion. The fact that he was for some reason not entirely at ease expressed itself in his appearing to be very wonderfully at ease; indeed, metaphorically speaking, he appeared to have his hands in his pockets.

"A bill!" he said. "You have the floor, and I stand ready to second any motion you choose to make. I think we might put it through together. What can we do for you?"

"We want an appropriation," Bertha answered, "an appropriation of fine weather, which will enable Colonel Tredennis to be as giddy a butterfly of fashion as his natural inclination would lead him to desire to be."

Planefield glanced at Tredennis with a suggestion of grudging the momentary attention.

"Is *he* a butterfly of fashion?" he asked.

"What!" exclaimed Bertha, "is it possible that you have not detected it? It is the fatal flaw upon his almost perfect character. Can it be that you have been taking him seriously, and mistakenly imagining that it was Mr. Arbuthnot who was frivolous?"

"Arbuthnot!" repeated the Senator. "Which is Arbuthnot? How is a man to tell one from the other? There are too many of them!"

"What an agreeable way of saying that Colonel Tredennis is a host in himself!" said Bertha. "But I have certainly not found that there were too many of him, and I assure you that you would know Mr. Arbuthnot from the other after you had exchanged remarks with him. He has just been beguiled into the next room by Mrs. Sylvestre, who is going to give him some coffee."

"Mrs. Sylvestre," said Tredennis. "Richard told me she was with you, and I was wondering why I did not see her."

"You did not see her," said Bertha, "because I wished her to dawn upon you slowly, and having that end in view, I arranged that Mr. Arbuthnot should occupy her attention when I saw you enter."

"He couldn't stand it all at once, could he?" remarked Planefield, whose manner of giving *her* his attention was certainly not grudging. He kept his eyes fixed on her face, and apparently found entertainment in her most trivial speech.

"It was not that, exactly," she answered. Then she spoke to Tredennis.

"She is ten times as beautiful as she was," she said, "and it would not be possible to calculate how many times more charming."

"That was not necessary," responded Tredennis.

He could not remove his own eyes from her face, even while he was resenting the fact that Planefield looked at her; he himself watched her every movement and change of expression.

"It was entirely unnecessary," she returned, "but it is the truth."

"You are trying to prejudice him against her," said Planefield.

"She is my ideal of all that a beautiful woman ought to be," she replied, "and I should like to form myself upon her."

"Oh, we don't want any of that," put in Planefield. "You are good enough for us."

She turned her attention to him. Her eyes met his with the most ingenuous candor, and yet the little smile in them was too steady not to carry suggestion with it.

"Quite?" she said.

"Yes, quite," he answered—not so entirely at ease as before.

Her little smile did not waver in the least.

"Do you know," she said, "it seems almost incredible, but I will try to believe it.

Now," she said to Tredennis, "if Senator Planefield will excuse me for a moment, I will take you into the other room. You shall speak to Mrs. Sylvestre. He has already seen her. Will you come?"

"I shall be very glad," he answered. He followed as she led him to the adjoining room. On its threshold she paused an instant.

"Exactly as I expected," she said. "She is listening to Mr. Arbuthnot."

Mr. Arbuthnot was standing at the end of the low mantel. He held a cup of coffee in his hand, but had apparently forgotten it in giving his attention to his very charming companion. This companion was of course Mrs. Sylvestre herself. Tredennis recognized her clear, faintly tinted face and light, willowy figure at once. She wore a dress of black lace with purple passion-flowers, and she was looking at Arbuthnot with reflective eyes almost the color of the flowers. She did not seem to be talking herself, but she was listening beautifully with a graceful receptive attention. Arbuthnot evidently felt it, and was improving his shining hour with a sense of enjoyment tempered by no lack of ability to avail himself of its fleeting pleasure.

It is possible, however, that his rapture at seeing Tredennis may have been tempered by the natural weakness of man, but he bore himself with his usual unperturbed equanimity.

"There," he remarked to Mrs. Sylvestre, "is the most objectionable creature in Washington."

"Objectionable!" Mrs. Sylvestre repeated. "Bertha is bringing him here."

"Yes," responded Arbuthnot, "that is the objection to him, and it leaves him without a redeeming quality."

Mrs. Sylvestre gave him a charmingly interested glance and the next instant made a slight movement forward.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "it is Colonel Tredennis!" and she held out her hand with the most graceful gesture of welcome imaginable.

"It is very good of you to remember me," Tredennis said.

"It was not difficult," she answered, with a smile. And they fell, in the most natural manner, a step apart from the others, and she stood and looked at him as he spoke just as she had looked at Arbuthnot a moment before. Arbuthnot began to give mild attention to his coffee.

"It is quite cold," he said to Bertha. "Will you give me another cup?"

"Yes," she answered, and took it from his hand to carry it to the table. He followed her, and stood at her side as she poured the fresh cup out.

"It is my impression," he said, with serene illiberality, "that she did not remember him at all."

"Yes, she did," Bertha replied. "She remembers everybody. That is one of her gifts. She has a great many gifts."

"I did not place implicit confidence in her intimation that she remembered me," he proceeded, still serenely. "I liked the statement, and saw the good taste of it, and the excellent reasons for its being true, but I managed to restrain the naïve impulses of a trusting nature. And it doesn't strike me as being so entirely plausible that she should have remembered Tredennis."

He paused suddenly and looked at Bertha's hand, in which she held the sugar-tongs and a lump of sugar.

"Will you have one lump or two?" she asked.

Then he looked from her hand to her face. Her hand was trembling and her face was entirely without color. The look of strained steadiness in her uplifted eyes was a shock to him. It seemed to him that any one who chanced to glance at her must see it.

"You have been standing too long," he said. "You have tired yourself out again."

He took the cup of coffee from her.

"It is too late for you to expect many calls now," he said, "and if any one comes you can easily be found in the conservatory. I am going to take you there, and let you sit down for a few seconds at least."

He gave her his arm and carried the cup of coffee with him.

"You will have to drink this yourself," he said. "Have you eaten anything to-day?"

"No," she replied.

"I thought not. And then you are surprised to find your hand trembling. Don't you see what utter nonsense it is?"

"Yes."

He stepped with her into the tiny conservatory at the end of the room, and gave her a seat behind a substantial palm on a red stand. His eyes never left her face, though he went on talking in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"Drink that coffee," he said, "and then I will bring you a glass of wine and a sandwich."

She put out her hand as if to take the cup, but it fell shaking upon her lap.

"I can't," she said.

"You must," he replied.

The inflexibility of his manner affected her, as he had known it would. When he sat down in the low seat at her side and held out the cup, she took it.

"Go and get the wine," she said, without looking at him.

He went at once, neither speaking nor glancing back at her. He was glad of the opportunity of turning his face away from her, since he felt that, in spite of his determination, it was losing something of its expressionless calm.

When he entered the room Mrs. Sylvestre still stood where he had left her. It was she who was speaking now, and Tredennis who was listening, looking down upon her with an expression of much interest.

When he had procured a glass of wine and a sandwich, Arbuthnot went to her.

"I have secreted Mrs. Amory in the conservatory," he said, "with a view of inducing her to take something in the form of sustenance. I can produce her at a moment's notice if she is needed."

"That was consideration," she replied.

"It was humanity," he answered, and went away.

Bertha had finished the coffee when he returned to her. The blanched look had left her, and her voice, when she spoke, sounded more natural and steady.

"It did me good," she said, and this time she looked at him, and there was something in her uplifted eyes which touched him.

"I knew it would," he answered.

"You always know," she said. "There is no one who knows so well what is good for me;" and she said it with great gentleness.

He took refuge from himself, as he sometimes found it discreet to do, in his usual airy lightness.

"I am all soul myself," he remarked, "as you may have observed, and I understand the temptation to scorn earthly food and endeavor to subsist wholly upon the plaudits of the multitude. You will, perhaps, permit me to remark that though the new gown"—with an approving glance at it—"is an immense and unqualified success, I doubt its power to sustain nature during the six or eight hours of a New Year's reception."

Bertha glanced down at it herself.

"Do you think it is pretty?" she asked.

"I shouldn't call it pretty," he replied. "I should call it something more impressive."

She still looked at it.

"It is a flaring thing," she said.

"No, it isn't," he returned, promptly. "Not in the least. You might call it brilliant—if you insist on an adjective. It is a brilliant thing, and it is not like you in the least."

She turned toward him.

"No," she said, "it isn't like me in the least."

"It looks," remarked Arbuthnot, giving it some lightly critical attention, "as if you had taken a new departure."

"That is it exactly," she returned. "You always say the right thing. I have taken a new departure."

"Might I ask in what direction?" he inquired.

"Yes," she responded. "I will tell you, as a fair warning. I am going to be a dazzling and worldly creature."

"You are?" he said. "Now that is entirely sensible, though I should scarcely call it a new departure. You know you tried it last winter, with the most satisfying results. When Lent came on you had lost several pounds in weight and all your color, you had refined existence until neither rest nor food appeared necessary to you, and the future was naturally full of promise. Be gay by all means; you'll find it pay, I assure you. Go to a lunch-party at one, and a reception at four, a dinner in the evening, and drop in at a German or so on your way home, taking precautions at the same time against neglecting your calling list in the intervals these slight recreations allow you. Oh, I should certainly advise you to be gay."

"Laurence," she said, "do you think that if one should do that *every* day, *every* day, and give oneself *no* rest, that after a while it would *kill* one?"

He regarded her fixedly for an instant.

"Do you want to die?" he said at last.

She sat perfectly still, and something terribly like and yet terribly unlike a smile crept slowly into her eyes as they met his. Then she replied, without flinching in the least or moving her gaze:

"No."

He held up a long, slender forefinger, and shook it at her, slowly, in his favorite gesture of warning.

"No," he said, "you don't—but even if you fancied you did, don't flatter yourself that it would happen. Shall I tell you what would occur? You would simply break down. You would lose your self-control and do things you did not wish to do, you would find it a physical impossibility to be equal to the occasion, and you would end by being pale and haggard—haggard, and discovering that your gowns were not becoming to you. How does the thing strike you?"

"It is very brutal," she said, with a little shudder, "but it is true."

"When you make ten remarks that are true," he returned, "nine of them are brutal. That is the charm of life."

"I don't think," she said, with inconsequent resentment, "that you very much mind being brutal to me."

"A few minutes ago you said I knew what was good for you," he responded.

"You do," she said, "that is it, and it is only like me that I should hate you because you do. You must think," with a pathetic tone of appeal for herself in her voice, "that I do not mind being brutal to you, but I don't want to be. I don't want to do any of the things I am doing now."

She picked up the bouquet of Jacqueminot roses she had been carrying and had laid down near her.

"Don't talk about me," she said. "Let us talk about something else—these, for instance. Do you know where they came from?"

"I could scarcely guess."

"Senator Planefield sent them to me."

He regarded them in silence.

"They match the dress," she said, "and they belong to it."

"Yes," he answered, "they match the dress."

Then he was silent again.

"Well," she said, restlessly, "why don't you say something to me?"

"There isn't anything to say," he replied.

"You are thinking that I am very bad?" she said.

"You are trying to persuade yourself that you are very bad, and are finding a fictitious excitement in it, but it is all a mistake. It wont prove the consolation you expect it to," he answered. "Suppose you give it up before it gives rise to complications."

"We are talking of Bertha Amory again," she said. "Let us talk about Agnes Sylvestre. Don't you find her very beautiful?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Why don't you say more than 'yes'?" she asked. "You mean more."

"I couldn't mean more," he answered. "I should think it was enough to mean that much—there are even circumstances under which it might be too much."

"She is lovelier than she used to be," said Bertha, reflectively. "And more fascinating."

"Yes to that also," he responded.

"Any one might love her," she went on in the same tone. "*Any* one."

"I should think so," he replied, quietly.

"I do not see how it would be possible," she added, "for any one—who was thrown with her—to resist her—unless it was some one like you."

She turned a faint smile upon him.

"I am glad," she said, "that *you* are not susceptible."

"So am I," he said, with some dryness.

"If you were susceptible you would go too," she ended. "And I don't want *every* one to leave me."

"Every one?" he repeated.

She rose as if to go, giving a light touch to the folds of her dress, and still smiling a little.

"Colonel Tredennis has fallen a victim," she said, "in the most natural and proper manner. I knew he would, and he has distinguished himself by at once carrying out my plans for him. Now we must go back to the parlors. I have rested long enough."

They returned just in time to meet a fresh party of callers, and Arbuthnot was of necessity thrown for the time being upon his own resources. These did not fail him. He found entertainment in his surroundings, until a certain opportunity he had rather desired presented itself to him. He observed that Mrs. Sylvestre was once more near him, and that the men occupying her attention were on the point of taking their leave. By the time they had done so he had dexterously brought to a close his conversation with his male companion, and had unobtrusively forwarded himself, in an entirely incidental manner, as an aspirant for her notice.

She received him with a quiet suggestion of pleasure in her smile.

"Have you enjoyed the day?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I am almost sorry that it is so nearly over. It has been very agreeable."

Then he found her eyes resting upon him in the quiet and rather incomprehensible way which Bertha had counted among her chiefest charms.

"Have you enjoyed it?" she inquired.

"If I had not," he said, "I should feel rather like a defeated candidate. One may always enjoy things if one applies oneself."

She seemed to reflect upon him an instant again.

"You see a great deal of Bertha?" she said.

"Yes, a great deal. Would you mind telling me why you ask?"

"Because that remark was so entirely like her," she replied.

"Well," he returned, "there is no denying that I have formed myself upon her, and though the fact reveals me in all my shallow imitative weakness, I can offer the apology that the means justifies the end. Upon the whole, I am glad to be detected, as it points to a measure of success in the attempt."

"But," she went on, "she tells me that she has formed herself upon you."

"Ah," he said; "she meant you to repeat it to me—her design being to betray me into a display of intoxicated vanity."

"She is very fond of you," she remarked.

"I am very fond of her," he answered, quickly—and then relapsing into his usual

manner—"though that is not a qualification sufficiently rare to distinguish me."

"No," she said, "it is not."

Then she gave Bertha one of the glances.

"It was very thoughtful in you to take her into the conservatory," she said. "I was startled to see how pale she looked as you left the room."

"She is not strong," he said, "and she insists on ignoring the fact."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "that was what struck me when we met for the first time in the autumn—that she was not strong. She used to be strong."

"If she would accept the fact she would get over it," he said, "but she wont."

"I met her first at Newport," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "just after Janey's illness. For a day or so I felt that I did not know her at all; but in course of time I got over the feeling—or she changed—I scarcely know which. I suppose the strain during the little girl's illness had been very severe?"

"There is no doubt of that," said Arbuthnot; "and her anxiety had been much exaggerated."

"I shall see a great deal of her this winter," she returned, "and perhaps I may persuade her to take care of herself."

He spoke with a touch of eager seriousness in his manner.

"I wish you would," he said. "It is what she needs that some woman should call her attention to the mistake she is making."

"I will try to do it," she responded, gently. "I am fond of her too."

"And you intend remaining in Washington?" he asked.

"Yes. I have had no plans for three years. When first it dawned on me that it would interest me to make plans again, I thought of Washington. I have found a house in Lafayette Square, and I think I shall be established in it, with the assistance of my aunt, who is to live with me, in about three weeks."

"That sounds very agreeable," he remarked.

"I shall hope to make it sufficiently so," she said. "Will you come sometimes to see if my efforts are successful?"

"If you knew how unworthy I am," he responded, "even my abject gratitude for your kindness would not repay you for it."

"Are you so very unworthy?" she was beginning, when her eye appeared to be caught by some object at the other side of the room.

It was not a particularly interesting object. It was merely the figure of an unprepossessing boy, whose provincial homeliness was rendered doubly impressive by his frightful embarrassment. He had arrived a few moments before with two more finished youths, whose mother Bertha knew, and having been basely deserted by them at the outset had stranded upon the treacherous shores of inexperience as soon as he had shaken hands.

Mrs. Sylvestre's beautiful eyes dwelt upon him a moment with sympathy and interest.

"Will you excuse me," she said to Arbuthnot, "if I go and talk to that boy? Bertha is too busy to attend to him, and he seems to know no one."

Arbuthnot gave the boy a glance. He would not have regretted any comparatively harmless incident which would have removed him, but his own very naturally ignoble desire not to appear to a disadvantage restrained the impulse prompting a derisive remark. And while he objected to the boy in his most pronounced manner, he did not object in the least to what he was clever enough to see in his companion's words and the ready sympathy they expressed. Indeed, there was a side of him which derived definite pleasure from it.

"I will excuse you," he answered; "but I need you more than the boy does, and I cannot help believing I am more worthy of you—though, of course, I only use the word in its relative sense. As I remarked before, I am unworthy, but as compared to the boy ——! He is a frightful boy," he added, seeming to take him in more fully, "but I daresay his crimes are unpremeditated. Let me go with you and find out if I know his mother. I frequently know their mothers."

"If you do know his mother, I am sure it will be a great relief to him, and it will assist me," said Mrs. Sylvestre.

They crossed the room together, and, seeing them approach, the boy blushed vermilion and moved uneasily from one foot to the other. Gradually, however, his aspect changed a little. Here were rather attractive worldlings whose bearing expressed no consciousness whatever of his crime of boyhood. He met Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes and blushed less; he glanced furtively at Arbuthnot, and suddenly forgot his hands and became almost unconscious of his legs.

"I have been asking Mrs. Sylvestre," said Arbuthnot, with civil mendacity, "if you did not come with the Bartletts. I thought I saw you come in together."

"Yes," responded the boy. "I am a cousin of theirs."

"Then I have heard them speak of you," Arbuthnot returned. "And I think I had the pleasure of meeting your sister several times last winter—Miss Hemingway?"

"Yes," said the boy, "she was here on a visit."

In two minutes he found himself convers-

ing almost fluently, and it was Arbuthnot who was his inspiration equally with Mrs. Sylvestre. He was a modest and inoffensive youth, and overestimated the brilliance of the scenes surrounding him, and the gifts and charms of his new-found friends, with all the ardor of his tender years. To him, Arbuthnot's pale, well-bred face and simple, immaculate attire represented luxury, fashion, and the whirling vortex of society. The kindly imagination of simplicity bestowed upon him an unlimited income and an exalted position in the diplomatic *corps* at least—his ease of manner and readiness of speech seeming gifts only possible of attainment through familiarity with foreign courts and effete civilizations. When he was asked how he liked Washington, if he intended to spend the season with his relations, if he had made many calls, and if the day did not seem to be an unusually gay one, he accomplished the feat of answering each question, even adding an original remark or so of his own. The conversation seemed to assume a tone of almost feverish brilliancy in view of the social atmosphere surrounding these queries. When he was led into the adjoining room to partake of refreshments, he ate his lobster-salad with an honest young appetite, much aided by the fact that Mrs. Sylvestre gave him his coffee, and, taking a cup herself, sat down by him on a sofa. As he watched her, Arbuthnot was thinking her manner very soft and pretty, and inspired by it his own became all that could be desired in the way of dexterity and tact. As he exercised himself in his entertainment, his first objections to the boy gradually vanished; he plied him with refreshments, and encouraged him to renewed conversational effort, deriving finally some satisfaction from finding himself able to bring to bear upon him with successful results his neatly arranged and classified social gifts. When the young Bartletts—who had been enjoying themselves immensely in the next room—suddenly remembered their charge and came in search of him, their frank countenances expressed some surprise at the position they found him occupying. He was relating with some spirit the story of a boat-race, and Mrs. Sylvestre, who sat at his side, was listening with the most perfect air of attention and pleasure, while Arbuthnot stood near, apparently bent upon losing nothing of the history. He ended the story with some natural precipitation and rose to go, a trifle of his embarrassment returning as he found himself once more, as it were, exposed to the glare of day. He was not quite sure what conventionality demanded of him in the way of adieus, but when Mrs. Sylvestre relieved him by extending her hand, nature got the better of him, and he seized it with ardor.

"I've had a splendid time," he said, blushing. "This is the nicest reception I've been to yet. The house is so pretty and—and everything. I was thinking I shouldn't go anywhere else, but I believe I shall now."

When he shook hands with Arbuthnot he regarded him with admiration and awe.

"I'm much obliged to you," he said, his vague sense of indebtedness taking form. "If you ever come to Whippleville I'm sure my father would like to—to see you."

And he retired with his young relatives, blushing still, and occasionally treading on their feet, but his modesty, notwithstanding, bearing with him an inoffensive air of self-respect, which would be more than likely to last him through the day, and perhaps a little beyond it.

Mrs. Sylvestre's eyes met Arbuthnot's when he was gone.

"You were *very* kind to him," she said.

"I am obliged to confess," he replied, "that it was nothing but the low promptings of vanity which inspired me. It dawned upon me that he was impressed by my superior ease and elegance, and I seized the opportunity of exhibiting them."

"You knew just what to say to him," she added.

"That," he replied, "was entirely owing to the fact that I was a boy myself in the early part of the last century."

"He was an appreciative boy," she said, "and a grateful one, but I am sure I could not have made him comfortable if you had not been so kind."

And she once again bestowed upon him the subtle flattery of appearing to lose herself an instant in reflection upon him.

There were no more callers after this. Later on an unconventional little dinner was served, during which Mrs. Sylvestre was placed between Arbuthnot and Tredennis, Planefield loomed up massive and florid at Bertha's side, and Richard devoted himself with delightful ardor to discussing French politics with the young woman who fell to his share.

This young woman, whose attire was perfect and whose manner was admirable, and who was furthermore endowed with a piquant, irregular face and a captivating voice, had attracted Tredennis's attention early in the evening. She had been talking to Richard when he had seen her first, and she had been talking to Richard at intervals ever since, and evidently talking very well.

"I don't know your friend," he said to

Bertha, after dinner, "and I did not hear her name when I was presented."

"Then you have hitherto lived in vain," said Bertha, glancing at her. "That is what Richard would tell you. Her name is Helen Varien."

"It is a very pretty name," remarked Tredennis.

"Ah!" said Bertha. "You certainly might trust her not to have an ugly one. She has attained that state of finish in the matter of her appendages which insures her being invariably to be relied on. I think she must even have invented her relatives—or have ordered them, giving *carte blanche*."

She watched her a moment with a smile of interest.

"Do you see how her sleeves fit?" she asked. "It was her sleeves which first attracted my attention. I saw them at a lunch in New York, and they gave me new theories of life. When a woman can accomplish sleeves like those, society need ask nothing further of her."

Tredennis glanced down at her own.

"Have you accomplished——" he suggested.

"In moments of rashness and folly," she answered, "I have occasionally been betrayed into being proud of my sleeves, but now I realize that the feeling was simply impious."

He waited with grim patience until she had finished, and then turned his back upon Miss Varien's sleeves.

"Will you tell me about Janey?" he said.

"When last I saw her, which was this morning," she replied, "she was as well as usual, and so were the others. Now I have no doubt they are all in bed."

"May I come and see them to-morrow or the day after?"

"Yes," she answered. "And at any time. I hope you will come often. Mrs. Sylvestre will be with me until her house is ready for her, and, as I said before, I wish you to know her well."

"I shall feel it a great privilege," he responded.

She leaned back a little in her chair, and regarded her with an expression of interest even greater than she had been aroused to by the contemplation of Miss Varien's sleeves.

"Have you fond out yet," she inquired, "what her greatest charm is?"

"Is it by any chance a matter of sleeves?" he asked—and he made the suggestion stolidly.

"No," she answered, "it is not sleeves. One's difficulty is to decide *what* it is. A week ago, I thought it was her voice. Yesterday I was sure it was her eyelashes and the soft shadow they make about her eyes. About an hour ago, I was convinced it was her smile, and now I think it must be her power of fixing her attention upon you. See how it flatters Mr. Arbuthnot, and how, though he is conscious of his weakness, he succumbs to it. It will be very pleasant occupation during the winter to watch his struggles."

"Will he struggle?" said Tredennis, still immovably. "I don't think I would in his place."

"Oh, no," she answered. "You mustn't struggle."

"I will not," he returned.

She went on with a smile, as if he had spoken in the most responsive manner possible.

"Mr. Arbuthnot's struggles will not be of the usual order," she remarked. "He will not be struggling with his emotions, but with his vanity. He knows that she will not fall in love with him, and he has no intention of falling in love with her. He knows better—and he does not like affairs. But he will find that she is able to do things which will flatter him, and that it will require all his self-control to refrain from displaying his masculine delight in himself and the good-fortune which he has the secret anguish of knowing does not depend upon his merits. And his struggles at a decently composed demeanor, entirely untinged by weak demonstrations of pleasure or consciousness of himself, will be a very edifying spectacle."

She turned her glance from Arbuthnot and Mrs. Sylvestre, whom she had been watching as she spoke, and looked up at Tredennis. She did so because he had made a rather sudden movement, and placed himself immediately before her.

"Bertha," he said, "I am going away."

Her Jacqueminot roses had been lying upon her lap. She picked them up before she answered him.

"You have made too many calls," she said. "You are tired."

"I have not made too many calls," he replied, "but I am tired. I am tired of this."

"I was afraid you were," she said, and kept her eyes fixed upon the roses.

"You were very fair to me," he said, "and you gave me warning. I told you I should not profit by it, and I did not. I don't know what I expected when I came here to-day, but it was not exactly this. You are too agile for me; I cannot keep up with you."

"You are not modern," she said. "You must learn to adjust yourself rapidly to changes of mental attitude."

"No, I am not modern," he returned; "and I am always behindhand. I do not

enjoy myself when you tell me it is a fine day, and that it was colder yesterday, and will be warmer to-morrow, and I am at a loss when you analyze Mr. Arbuthnot's struggles with his vanity."

"I am not serious enough," she interrupted. "You would prefer that I should be more serious."

"It would avail me but little to tell you what I should prefer," he said, obstinately. "I will tell you a simple thing before I go—all this counts for nothing."

She moved slightly.

"All this," she repeated, "counts for nothing."

"For nothing," he repeated. "You cannot change me. I told you that. You may give me some sharp wounds—I know you wont spare those—and because I am only a man I shall show that I smart under them, but they will not move me otherwise. Be as frivolous as you like, mock at everything human if you choose, but don't expect me to believe you."

She put the flowers to her face and held them there a second.

"The one thing I should warn you against," she said, "would be against believing me. I don't make the mistake of believing myself."

She put the flowers down.

"You think I am trying to deceive you," she said. "There would have to be a reason for my doing it. What should you think would be the reason?"

"So help me God!" he answered, "I don't know."

"Neither do I," she said.

Then she glanced about her over the room—at Planefield, rather restively professing to occupy himself with a pretty girl—at Miss Varien, turned a trifle sidewise in her large chair so that her beautiful sleeve was displayed to the most perfect advantage, and her vivacious face was a little uplifted as she spoke to Richard, who leaned on the high back of her seat—at Arbuthnot, talking to Agnes Sylvestre, and plainly at no loss for words—at the lights and flowers and ornamented tables seen through the *portières*—and then she spoke again.

"I tell you," she said, "it is *this* that is real—*this*. The other was only a kind of dream."

She made a sudden movement and sat upright on her chair, as if she meant to shake herself free from something.

"There was no other," she said. "It wasn't even a dream. There never was anything but this."

She left her chair and stood up before him, smiling.

"The sky was not blue," she said, "nor the hills purple; there were no chestnut trees, and no carnations. Let us go and sit with the rest, and listen to Mr. Arbuthnot and admire Miss Varien's sleeves."

But he stood perfectly still.

"I told you I was going away," he said, "and I am going. To-morrow I shall come and see the children—unless you tell me that you do not wish to see me again."

"I shall not tell you that," she returned, "because it would be at once uncivil and untrue."

"Then I shall come," he said.

"That will be kind of you," she responded, and gave him her hand, and after he had made his bow over it, and his adieus to the rest of the company, he left them.

Bertha crossed the room and stood near the fire, putting one foot on the fender, and shivering a little.

"Are you cold?" asked Miss Varien.

"Yes—no," she answered. "If I did not know better, I should think I was."

"Allow me," said Miss Varien, "to make the cheerful suggestion that that sounds quite like malaria."

"Thank you," said Bertha; "that seems plausible, and I don't rebel against it. It has an air of dealing with glittering generalities, and yet it seems to decide matters for one. We will call it malaria."

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER SONG.

GAY little birds, trill out to the morning,
And make the new day with your sweet matins ring!
Oh, quivering dew-drops, do ye twinkle a warning?
My wild pulses throb—the little birds sing.
Oh, heart, my glad heart!
Oh, heart, my mad heart!
What laughs in the sunlight that gilds the hills over,
And hides by the brook where the long grasses shake?
Listen, wild winds! 'Tis the name of my lover!
Hush! Whisper it softly, or my full heart must break!

M.

EMERSON'S PERSONALITY.

THE death of Emerson rounds into a perfect orb one of those radiant lives scattered at wide intervals through history, which become the fixed stars of humanity. A youth of purest, fiery aspiration, a manhood devoted to the eloquent exposition in word and act of moral truths, an old age of serene benevolence —in his case the traditional fourscore years allotted to our kind were literally passed upon the heights, in daily familiarity with ideas and emotions which are generally associated only with moments of exaltation. His uncompromising devotion to Truth never hardened into dogmatism, his audacious rejection of all formalism never soured into intolerance, his hatred of sham never degenerated into a lip-protest and a literary trick, his inflexible moral purpose went hand in hand with unbounded charity. In him the intellectual keenness and profundity of a philosopher, and the imagination of a poet, were combined with that child-like simplicity and almost divine humility which made him the idol of his fellow-townsmen and the easily accessible friend of the ignorant and the poor. No discrepancy exists between his written words and the record of his life. He fought his battle against error and vice, not with the usual weapons of denunciation and invective, but by proclaiming in speech and deed the beauty of truth and virtue. He has founded no school, he has formulated no theory, he has abstained from uttering a single dogma, and yet his moral and intellectual influence has made itself felt as an active and growing power for highest good over the whole breadth of the continent. It is not my purpose to criticise his literary achievement, nor to estimate his value as poet and essayist; I shall simply endeavor to indicate, however inadequately, the genius of his personality.

Probably few American readers are unacquainted, through photograph, portrait, or written description, with Emerson's outward characteristics: the tall, spare figure, crowned by the small head carrying out, with its bird-like delicacy and poise, the aquiline effect of the beaked nose and piercing eyes. But no art can reproduce the luminous transparence, as it were the sun-accustomed gaze, of those unforgettable eagle eyes, nor the benign expression of smiling wisdom which in his old age transfigured his naturally rugged features. This expression revealed something brighter than resignation or even cheerfulness: it was the external sign of a spirit that had faced without shrinking the problems of existence, had suffered with the poet's two-fold suffering, as keenly through sympathy as through experience—and that none the less found only a pledge of joy in the beauty of life and the promise of death. "That which was ecstasy had become daily bread." His very presence seemed like a benediction to those who saw him pass through the streets and outlying fields of his beloved town. To complete this general sketch of his appearance, it may be added that his coloring was Saxon; the effect of the inward light which tempered the austerity of his vigorously molded countenance was not a little enhanced by the freshness of complexion which he retained almost to the end, by the clear gray-blue of his eyes, and the dry, twinkling humor of his smile. His manner toward strangers, while extremely simple, was marked by an exquisite suavity and dignity which peremptorily, albeit tacitly, prohibited undue familiarity or conventional compliment. Sought after as he was, particularly during recent years, by literary novices who saluted him as master, and pestered, like all prominent persons, by visits and letters from the ordinary notoriety-mongers, he found no occasion to resort to inveterate exclusiveness or repelling harshness. He seemed indeed to hit upon the happy medium between that amiable weakness which has made the approval of some elderly poets considered equivalent to a "brevet of mediocrity," and that impenetrable self-absorption which on the other hand shuts out many great minds in advancing age from sympathy with a rising generation. He never acknowledged the receipt of works sent to him by authors, unless he could offer them encouragement, preferring to disappoint them by his silence rather than by his dispraise. Let me not be understood as implying that his literary judgment was infallible. The strong religious bias of his nature necessarily developed in him certain idiosyncrasies of taste and opinion. For him, Shelley and Poe were distinctly not poets; he had little or no acquaintance with Heine, and I am inclined to think, though of this I have no positive knowledge, that Swinburne's name was similarly absent from his list of singers. On the other hand, in defiance of all æsthetic canons, very inferior as well as obscure writers might be exalted by him to a dizzy eminence,

almost lifted into immortality, by one of his golden sentences, simply because such a writer had struck or tried to strike that note of moral aspiration with which every chord of Emerson's great heart throbbed in unison. And his praise, when he bestowed it, was royal, almost overpowering the recipient by its poetic hyperbole. His friends and correspondents had to make liberal allowance for this splendor of enthusiasm which led him to magnify the merits of others, and for his peculiar eloquence, which adorned them with ideal loveliness, and which flowed as freely in his familiar letters and his serious conversation as in his books and lectures. Within the sharply defined limits fixed by his temperament, he was one of the most searching, discriminating, fresh, and delicate of critics. With his penetrating vision and glowing imagination, he gave us new insight into the genius of Plato, Plutarch, Shakspere, Milton, Goethe, Burns, and many others concerning whom the final word seemed long since uttered. He invariably lifted us up to a higher point of observation of the most familiar objects. And in estimating the worth of a new production, his clear judgment (always within the above-mentioned limitations) seemed little less than oracular. On one occasion, only a few years ago, a friend consulted him for advice in regard to the poems of a then unknown writer, who has since won high recognition. The manuscript was read to him in the presence of two or three persons of culture and intelligence; the poems were crude, rugged, and strongly individual. So strange and uncouth did they seem that, when the reader ceased, no one else present had been able to form the vaguest opinion as to their artistic value; but Mr. Emerson himself, without pause or hesitancy, gave utterance to a criticism so incisive and comprehensive as to supply in the briefest compass all the advice and encouragement which the young poet needed at the time. "No discouragement must damp his ardor," concluded Mr. Emerson, "no rebuff be sufficient to quell this impulse which urges him to write. A single voice in his favor should be enough to support him till he attain the mastery of style and taste which shall complete and perfect his gift. Indeed, a single voice is more than I had myself as a beginner," he added with his wise, subtle smile. "My friends used to laugh at my poetry, and tell me I was no poet."

Rigorously as he insisted upon the moral element in art, he was also a passionate admirer of beauty of form. He delighted in that unsurpassable master of form, Petrarch, and set a very high value upon the technical finish of Tennyson, "some of whose single words," he said, "were poems in themselves." Careful to fastidiousness in his own choice of words, he was a severe arbiter, and could not endure a feeble or inadequate epithet. His poems have been censured for their formlessness, but their peculiarities of structure arise in no instance from negligence, but from an essential lack of lyric spontaneity and an over-weight of thought. Indeed, Emerson, as is evinced by his indifference to Shelley, remained ever deaf to pure lyrism; the frank sensuousness of its appeal to the ear rather than to the soul repelled this austere spirit. Nor, even when it addressed the soul through the ear, could he be easily reached through this medium: music was to him a sealed volume. And yet, nowhere in his published works do I find a more eloquent description of the poet's prerogative than in the following words, which I am fortunately enabled to quote from a private letter, wherein he uses the musician's symbols: "I observe that my poet gains in skill as the poems multiply, and may at last confidently say, I have mastered the obstructions, I have learned the rules, and now every new thought and new emotion shall make the keys eloquent to my own and to every gentle ear. Few know what treasure that conquest brings, what independence and royalty. Grief, passion, disaster are only materials of art, and I see a light under the feet of Fate herself." I take the liberty of enriching my page with yet one more quotation from a letter written by Mr. Emerson: "Books are a safe ground and a long one, but still introductory only, for what we really seek is ever comparison of experiences—to know if you have found therein what alone I prize, or, still better, if you have found what I have never found, and yet is admirable to me also. Books so tyrannize over our solitude that we like to revenge ourselves by making them very secondary, and merely convenient as hints and counters in conversation. Yes, and I hold that we have never reached their best use until our own thought rises to such a pitch that we cannot afford to read much. I own this loftiness is rare, and we must long be thankful to our silent friends before the day comes when we can honestly dismiss them."

These brief extracts, selected almost at random, sufficiently prove, by their characteristic force of expression and nobility of tone, what a treasure-mine will be opened to the world if Mr. Emerson's correspondence be published.

I have never met with any allusion in print to Emerson's gift of elocution, and yet no one who heard him read a stanza of poetry

was likely to forget it. He indulged in no elocutionary tricks, no studied intonations, but his voice took on an added sonority, the verse seemed to flow from his lips with a mingled force and sweetness which thrilled through the listener's every fiber. It was my good fortune to hear him read one evening Mr. Stedman's ballad of "Ossawatomie Brown," which was an especial favorite of his. So powerful was the impression created by the subdued organ-tones, the majesty of his delivery, and the heroic ring with which he narrated the stirring tale and chanted the refrain, that I confess to having been then and since utterly unable to form a critical estimate of the poem itself. Whether it be one of the noblest lays ever sung by man, or a modest and unpretentious ballad, I leave it for unbiased critics to determine; for my part, I am glad to give it the full credit of the magical effect produced by its adequate interpretation.

Of late years, the pretty little village of Concord became, as the home of Emerson, the Mecca of many a reverent pilgrim from all parts of America and even of the Old World. To how many thousand youthful hearts had not his word been the beacon—nay more, the guiding star—that led them safely through periods of mental storm and struggle! For the privilege of pressing his hand, of looking into his eyes, men would travel over leagues of land and sea. And when they came from London or San Francisco, from Berlin or St. Petersburg, what did they find? In a modest home, looking out upon orchard and garden, in the midst of wholesome, natural influences, simple, domestic, obedient to every moral law, they saw him whose

"soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart,"

and yet

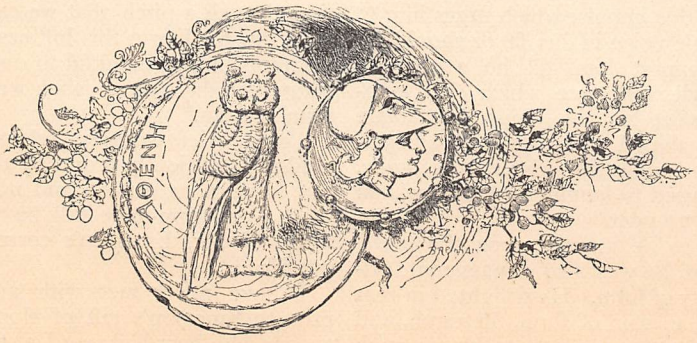
"The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The closer one drew to that fount of wisdom and goodness, the clearer and brighter did it show. Those who only knew him through his books and appreciated his intellectual power, were prone to think of him as "a man forbid," wrapt in philosophic musings, and formidable of access. The first glance at his benevolent face, which, as Hawthorne said, wore "a sunbeam in it," sufficed to set the shyest at their ease. Nothing but falsehood, flippancy, and affectation need have felt abashed in his presence; for his courtesy, gentleness, simplicity, and boundless hospitality made "nothing that was human alien to his sympathy."

Amidst the turmoil and greed of our modern life, this radiant spirit stood erect and shining as a shaft of light shot from the zenith. All his life long he had insisted upon the infinite force of personality, and he himself proved the living embodiment of his theory. With his lofty idealism, he individually outweighed the contrary evidence of whole townsfull of his fellow-countrymen given up to "the toss and pallor of years of money-making." Had he not the right to say: "In literature, as in life, I believe that the units, or atoms, outvalue the masses"? Let us be thankful that he was not, as some people complain, a man of action. America has never been, and is not likely to be in future, at a loss for men of practical energy, of prompt and decisive deed. But Emerson alone, even if none other comparable to him shall arise again, has conferred upon her the right to smile at the reproach of being absorbed in a rank materialism. Nor is it too much to say that he was the inspirer and sustainer of countless heroes of some of the bravest deeds in our history.

He is the splendid antithesis of all that is mean and blameworthy in our politics and pursuits, for he also is the legitimate outcome of American institutions, and affords an eternal refutation of the fallacy that democracy is fatal to the production and nurture of the highest chivalry, philosophy, and virtue.

Emma Lazarus.



Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE idea of extent—of great length and breadth,—the idea of large numbers, both of miles and inhabitants; the idea of enormous products; of gigantic mountain ranges; of big trees in immense forests; of endless rivers and unbounded prairies—this idea of extent and quantity is the one most commonly associated with the name of America. Our inventions are myriad; our bridges, our public buildings, our factories, our railroad systems, our charities, are enormous. Our national capital is a "city of magnificent distances." Besides this, we used to have, and we have not yet quite lost, a reputation for loudness of voice and manners, and a spirit of braggadocio based upon the general largeness of all things American.

It is a curious thing that the æsthetic products of America, those even that are considered most individual to the country, and some of those which have had the widest foreign vogue, are characterized rather by their condensation of manner and subtilty of thought and expression, than by that other more obvious American quality of physical force and extent. In America the arts have a strong tendency to refinement and even spirituality. We have had only two or three painters of "big pictures." We have eight or ten painters, at least, whom it would be hard to surpass in any one country of Europe to-day in the rarer qualities of technique. It is in America that wood-engraving has been carried to the highest delicacy of expression, and that the art of making stained glass has reached a delicacy and richness that well nigh equals, and a variety that surpasses, the best epochs of glass-making.

The only thing enormous about American literature is the "great daily" system, which has reached its culmination in our western cities. Longfellow, Lowell (except in his humorous works), and Holmes, are mainly regarded abroad as scholars and citizens of the world. Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bret Harte, names like these, stand preëminently for American literature to the foreign audience; and how intense, condensed, and subtile the art of these writers! Even Whitman, with all his rank virility, writes about, but not for, the populace. Where is there more subtile description of out-of-door nature than in the books of Thoreau and Burroughs? Holmes is regarded by competent foreign critics as the first living English master of the delicate art of what is rather vaguely called *vers de société*. Bret Harte is the American humorist most widely quoted both at home and abroad. The humor of Warner is most refined and elusive. Our later novelists, Howells, James, and Cable, are famed for the delicacy of their observation and style. American writers have long produced the best "single number" stories; while the English have, until very lately at least, been ahead of us in the production of first-class serial novels. A great danger, indeed, of the tendency of all American art is over-refinement, over-subtilty—resulting sometimes in self-consciousness and pettiness of execution.

Geographically speaking, it would seem as if America should have given birth to Carlyle, with his prodigality of expression, rather than to Emerson with his brevity, reticence, and subtilty of phrase. And yet Emerson is the natural, as well as the finest flower of our new-world life. His thoughts, by their sympathetic national quality, have taken hold of the minds of the thinking part of our vast population, as have the thoughts of no other man. He has inspired our men of action. He has inspired the inspirers,—the ministers of every creed, the school-teachers, the writers.

But other men of thought; other wits (and some, like Bryant, regard Emerson chiefly as a wit), other preachers will arise and do their work in other epochs of the national life. As a prophet and preacher he may be supplanted, temporarily at least. In fact there must always be some living preacher whose message will come to our hearts with peculiar directness and authenticity. The continuance of Emerson's fame and power as an author will depend upon the verdict of posterity as to his art. No one can authoritatively predict what that verdict will be. But it is not presumptuous to discuss the point and to give one's own convictions. It seems to us that Emerson's thoughts, expressed either in prose or verse, are packed tight for a long journey. Especially does this seem clear with regard to his poetry. Harsh and limping as much of his verse may be, there are lines, couplets, stanzas, and whole poems that have about them the flavor of immortality. Hating jingle, he sometimes stumbled into discord,—but for all that there is no poet that has written on this side of the water, who has produced so many lines of poetry not only weighty with deep and novel thought, but beautiful in form and texture,—with a beauty like Shakspere, like Shelley (whom he underrated), like Keats. When Emerson's line is good, it is unsurpassably good—having a beauty not merely of cadence, but of inner, intense, birdlike sound: the vowels, the consonants, the syllables are exquisitely musical. It may be said of Emerson as of Michael Angelo, when he "deigns to be beautiful" how piercing the quality of beauty!

There is one thing in which Emerson, as a poet, is preëminent. Not even Wordsworth can excel him in his power to put a moral idea into artistic form.

> "No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
> My oldest force is good as new,
> And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
> Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

The poem entitled "Terminus" is a striking example of Emerson's best art. Philosophic and original

* The two last published essays of Emerson are "Impressions of Carlyle in 1848," and "The Superlative," which appeared in this magazine for May, 1881, and February, 1882. See also an illustrated paper on "The Homes and Haunts of Emerson," by F. B. Sanborn, in the number for February, 1879. Mention is made of Emerson in Carlyle's Irish notes on page 249 of the June number of THE CENTURY.

in thought, and musical in diction,—regularly irregular in metre,—like all his poems, it

"—— mounts to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

"TERMINUS.

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root,
Fancy departs: no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the Gladiators, halt and numb.'

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

But whatever rank may be assigned in the future to the great poet departed,—the greatest of the new world,—there is an immortality in which he is secure. There is no doubt of the weight and extent of Emerson's influence, as a thinker and writer, in our own day and generation. "He who is of his own time, is for all time."

Institutional Charity.

ELSEWHERE in these pages will be found the history of a great charity reform in connection with the work of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. The story which it tells is instructive, and, with the growth of the country and the growth in it of wealth, it becomes increasingly important. We are not as yet cursed, in America, with those ancient bequests which make it the duty of twelve respectable widows, on every Good Friday morning, to scramble for six-pences on their benefactor's tomb, or which distribute loaves and shillings, so far as they will go, on Christmas-day to any who may ask for them. But we have already developed a vast system of institutional charity, comprising alms-houses, asylums, and the like, maintained by the State and practically free to all comers. The degradation, through a voluntary self-pauperization which these may work in their beneficiaries, has elsewhere been pointed out; but there is another aspect of the administration of institutional charity which needs constantly to be kept in mind. It is its influence in the education of a pauper class, who, finding it easy to winter in the poor-house, and to tramp the streets and roads in the summer time, abandon honest labor, and dedicate themselves to that view of life which regards the world as owing them a living without their having earned it. "The story of Margaret," to which Mr. Smalley alludes, shows how easily such a system as ours may breed a race of paupers, who are criminals as well as paupers, and the facility with which access is had to our public institutions is a matter which demands the most anxious consideration of every lover of his country.

A free hospital sounds like a noble thing; but if men are to be educated in unthrift, because of the assurance that they will be taken care of under all emergencies, and that any forecast as to those emergencies is a thing with which they need not trouble themselves, then we have inaugurated a system which, by a law as sure and certain as that of gravitation, drags down and dishonors the whole social fabric. No man can accustom himself to taking for nothing that which is not his, and which, with reasonable precaution, he could have provided for himself, without being deteriorated in the process.

Again it needs to be remembered, that with the growth of institutional charity comes the creation of a class known as the institutional official. We have the alms-house-keeper and his assistants; we have men and women who are employed in our asylums and hospitals in a work which easily becomes hardening, if not brutalizing. Under our present system these persons hold their places largely through political influence. Appointments are the reward of political service, and paupers are led to vote in brigades. We have thus a class whose interest it is to maintain and perpetuate the system of institutional charity on its most expensive scale, and who, because they are not appointed for merit, are unlikely to regard their positions otherwise than as opportunities for gain. Moreover, those positions afford them an opportunity to tyrannize over the weak, and often to indulge their passions without restraint. The inside history of some of our alms-houses is a story of horror and shame. The operation of State charity thus becomes doubly infamous,—degrading those who administer it and those for whom it is administered.

It is over against such a condition of things as this that such organizations as the State Charities Aid Association of New York must needs array themselves. They are needed to furnish for the oversight of all such institutions a band of men and women of high character, single motives, and unflinching courage, who will watch the workings of our institutional charities and let into them air and daylight. The average official in our public institutions soon comes to regard himself as administering his office by divine right. He resents inquiry or inspection. He has derived his authority, he tells you, from the member of the Legislature who secured his appointment, or the Commissioners who designated him. And when, as a citizen, you come to the door of the institution which he superintends and demand to be admitted and to examine it, he resents your visit as an intrusion. Here, then, is the issue. Let us understand that it is time to make it squarely. He is your servant, not that of the Commissioners. You are a tax-payer. You, and others like you, build and support the alms-

house and the hospital. The gentry in the Legislature and the Commissioners generally represent the very smallest pecuniary interest in these properties. They are yours, as one of those citizens who own property and are taxed for the maintenance of the charities of the State. Stand on your rights. Let no Legislature have the insolence to challenge them. See to it that in your State a law is enacted which shall make it the duty of a judge of the Supreme Court to admit representatives of the tax-payers as voluntary visitors and inspectors of State charities. And then let it be remembered that in such voluntary oversight and service lies the hope of the country in regard to all matters of wise and righteous dealing with the poor and the disabled.

A Successful Man's Failure.

WE have been informed lately, in connection with a noble benefaction for the education of negroes in the South, that there are multitudes of benevolent people who are waiting to give away their money in charity, if only they knew what to do with it. And the implication is that no better service could be rendered to philanthropy than to provide for these embryo benefactors the counsel that shall rightly guide them in the distribution of their wealth. This may be so; but it is difficult to see why anybody in our country who desires to do good with his money should be troubled in finding trustworthy channels through which to distribute it. There are certain great enterprises —educational, scientific, humane, or religious,—which are of approved character and of unquestioned record. It is a great pity that men of wealth, instead of being so often eager to institute some scheme which shall merely perpetuate their own names, should not be willing to strengthen these. If they desire to associate their names with them, let them designate their gift for some special department, and then, as in England, call them "foundations," which shall bear their own names, as the "Smith," "Jones," "Brown," or "Robinson Foundation." But there are colleges and museums of art and missionary enterprises in abundance, about which all wise men are agreed, which it is far better should be enlarged than that a new machinery, working in parallel lines, should be created. For the new machinery implies the new machine; and the new machine implies the new staff of workers who are to run it. And thus you multiply agencies for doing work which is substantially identical, where one agency might readily accomplish the whole. Moreover, the indiscriminate multiplication of charitable agencies renders increasingly probable the imperfect and erroneous administration of charitable work. Such work demands gifts and aptitudes which are not common; and yet, in our day, almost every rich man thinks he can institute a charity and make it permanently helpful.

In this connection the history of the late Mr. Stewart is instructive. Mr. Stewart was a very gifted shopkeeper, whose rare talent in a single line gave him both fame and wealth. But he knew as little of charity as he cared for it; and when he came, at the close of his life, to attempt something in that direction, he blundered with a facility and self-confidence which ought to be enduringly instructive. It had been urged upon him that he owed something to the working-girls who had done so much to build up his fortune; and so, tardily and ignorantly, he set about a scheme in their behalf. He built a huge structure, capable of housing a thousand people. Every feature of this structure, in view of the purpose for which it was designed, was a glaring incongruity,—and then, when he had completed it, he condescended to ask the counsel of experts as to carrying his scheme into practical execution. He was informed by those whose counsel he ought long before to have sought that the very character of his building prohibited it from being useful. He was shown that to assemble one thousand young women under one roof in a working-woman's house, was to necessitate one of two things: either a police so vigilant and so intrusive as to be to any decent girl intolerable; or else, a laxity so provocative of evil as almost to guarantee it. He was shown that he ought to have built a series of small houses, each with a matron or housekeeper of its own, and each to contain a dozen girls, at most, where the surveillance could have been constant without being obtrusive, and where something like domesticity would have made a home in name a home in fact. But Mr. Stewart believed supremely in Mr. Stewart. Successful men generally believe in themselves. He showed this in his architecture, which was hideous, where it might as easily have been graceful and pleasing. He showed it in his charitable plans to which he gave but little thought, and in which he chose to be sufficient to himself. And so his great wealth has resulted in no service to his fellow townspeople and in scanty honor to his memory.

It is a story which may profitably be read by other rich men. There are existing agencies for charitable and philanthropic work which should be strengthened, but, that wealthy and generous citizens desire to give money, is hardly a sufficient reason for multiplying new and untried schemes for its expenditure. We want not so much the new machinery as a larger wisdom to inform that which already exists.

American Art-students Abroad.

AMERICA being the only civilized country in the world that inherits no works of art, and being also one of the smallest producers of art works, is the only country in the world that obstructs the entrance into it of works of art produced beyond its own limits. It not only seriously obstructs the importation of foreign art productions, but it has lately, it seems, gone to work to obstruct the importation of all works of art produced abroad by American painters and sculptors, by means of increased consular charges. When to these increased and onerous charges we add the thirty-five per cent. which the poor American student must pay on the value of his frame before he can get his framed picture into his own country, it will be seen that the Government deals neither generously nor wisely with the American art student abroad. A petition is being circulated among American artists and art students, resident in Europe, calling upon the Secretary of State to relieve them of these unjust burdens.

Mr. Frelinghuysen will doubtless be able and willing to reduce the consular costs, but whether he will be able to go further and get the duties taken off the frames is another question. The petition begs "for such revision of duties as will enable American artists to

send their works framed to America, entirely free of duty." That is a matter for Congress to act upon, and we fear it will be difficult to make a Congressman understand why one frame is not as good as another for any picture—if it fits and looks "spruce." We doubt if a Congressman would like the artist's frame anyhow. He would, we are quite sure, think it a requirement of good taste, as well as of good government, to "protect" one of Mr. Whistler's frames, for instance, completely out of the country.

Puritans and Witches.

IN an article entitled "Putting away the Pathies" in "Topics of the Time" for May, we said that "the venerable Puritan clung to his iron-bound Bible with one hand, while with the other he piled fagots upon the fire built to consume the unfortunate witch." Several American correspondents have replied to this that no fires were ever built to consume any witch in Massachusetts.

We did not say there were. We did not refer to Massachusetts. There were other Puritans beside those in America. If our correspondents will refer to Lecky they will find, for instance, that Scotch witchcraft was but the result of Scotch Puritanism. They will also learn that there were more executions for witchcraft during the few years of the Commonwealth than in the whole period before or since. In this and other works they will find frequent reference to Puritanical pyrotechnics.

It is true nobody was burned in the Salem witchcraft craze—but one old man of eighty died a worse death, by being very slowly pressed to death, in the horrible manner known to Old English Law. Witchcraft was a common superstition of the time. In Connecticut a reputed witch was pitched into the river to see if she would float; one was hanged to the yard-arm on an emigrant ship coming to Maryland, to silence the clamor of the crew; in North Carolina, one was put to death; while in an out-of-the-way place in the State of New York it is said there was a mild witchcraft excitement in this very century. But only under the influence of an intense religious fervor and a stern and sincere faith, like that of early New England, could there have been a veritable crusade against witches, led by the most learned divines, like Mather, and countenanced by the most eminent judges, like Sewall. In Virginia, where religion and morality were lower than in New England, it was thought sufficient to drive the devil out of a witch by dipping her into the water; in Pennsylvania, the Quakers acquitted the only woman accused of witchcraft, but threw a sop to popular prejudice by finding her guilty of the common fame of being a witch, and binding her over to keep the peace.

Is not the foolish sensitiveness about our forefathers a mark of the provincialism of our intellectual life? All of our local historians are engaged in defending somebody. Mr. Brodhead is a strong advocate for the claims of the Dutch; Mr. Scharf slashes at everybody who shrugs a shoulder at Maryland; Mr. Lodge has a particular mission to defend Massachusetts "through thick and thin"; Dr. Ellis and Mr. Palfrey are almost as apologetic, and Dr. De Costa takes the stray and rather profligate churchmen of New England, like Thomas Morton, under his wing. But there is not enough to choose among the colonists to make it possible for one set of descendants to throw stones at another. We of New York, whose forerunners were guilty of the horrible legal massacres that followed the "Negro Plot," are not worthy to cast a tiny pebble at Salem and Boston.

LITERATURE.

Ayres's "The Orthoëpist" and "The Verbalist."*

THE first of these manuals is a very respectable book, as such books go. The pronunciations given are ordinarily ones in good usage, if not the only ones in good usage; and the man who follows them will rarely have reason to complain of his guide. This is largely due to the fact that the compiler has himself taken the pains to follow the best authorities. In the few cases in which he ventures to "hazard impressions of his own," as he puts it, the success he meets with seems hardly to pay for the risk he runs. Moreover, he is haunted by that same phantom which besets so many writers who treat of orthoëpy. This is not, as might be supposed, the fancy that there exists one uniform standard correct pronunciation of English wherever it is spoken on the globe. This is bad enough, but there is something worse. Many have a feeling—it would hardly be just to call it a deliberate opinion—that somewhere, carefully laid away from the common eye, is to be found a pure and perfect ideal of pronunciation, independent of usage. To gain this the aspirations of all orthoëpists are, or ought to be, directed, and their exertions put forth without ceasing. Until this has been secured they have no right to be at peace. The quest of the Holy Grail is nothing compared to such a search, and if the article sought for is actually to be found, Mr. Ayres is not the Galahad who will succeed in the achievement. But, for all this, the book is a very good book, and will be of service to those who use it right—that is, who use it as a guide and not as an authority.

We wish we could say as much in praise of the book that follows. Use breeds a habit in a man, and to works like "The Verbalist" we have attained to the habit of patient resignation. The gross blunders they make, the absurd opinions they advance, have long

* The Orthoëpist. A pronouncing manual, containing about three thousand five hundred words. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Verbalist. A manual devoted to brief discussions of the right and the wrong use of words, etc. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ceased to irritate: they even fail to amuse. They are all alike; at least, the main difference is in the degree of their worthlessness. None of them has the conception that correct usage is a fact to be ascertained. They all go upon the principle that it is a conclusion to be reached by a process of reasoning, and even in that case it is a matter of little importance to them whether the premises with which they start are right or wrong. They all speak as if grammarians were some way responsible for language, and that new forms and expressions were manufactured by these gentry for popular consumption. None of them seem to be aware that it is the business of the grammarian merely to search out and record what is good usage; that, when he ventures beyond that, he transcends his functions; that, on the other hand, good usage is established by the concurrent consent of the best writers and speakers, and that, where they differ, we must study them to find where the weight of authority lies, and not the opinions of those whose only claim to consideration is that they have written criticisms about matters they do not understand. It is because men are unwilling or unfitted to put forth the exertion required that books like "The Verbalist" are so peculiarly worthless. Where everybody is poor, however, there is a certain distinction in being the poorest. To this it is, perhaps, fair to say that Mr. Ayres has attained. He parades, in his preface, a number of authorities; but he has not mastered his subject sufficiently to know which of them are worth anything and which are not. He has all the impartiality of ignorance, and, to him, one man is as good as another.

True, in such a compilation as this it would be strange if there were not some remarks worth heeding, and some information of value. A conspicuous illustration of the latter is the able and scholarly discussion of the origin and history of the form *is being built*, which originally appeared in this magazine, and fills nearly twenty pages of "The Verbalist." Unfortunately, such cases are rare. In their place can be found in abundance the blunders of ignorant men and the assertions of incompetent men. In the first few pages we can refer to statements made in regard to *a*, to *above*, to *and*, to *at best*, and to *authoress*, as being either false in fact, or not in accordance with the best usage; and in this list we are far from exhausting the mistakes and misconceptions that are to be found under the first letter of the alphabet. In the case of several words the seeker after light will find nothing vouchsafed except the personal opinion of the author. This is, naturally, of first importance with himself, but others may be disposed to prefer even that of Shakspere, who is usually the school-grammarian's representative of all that is abominable in usage.

The objection we have to books of this kind, as usually prepared, is a fundamental one. They are nothing but the outcome of the ignorance of the men who write them, and of the whims and prejudices to which that ignorance gives rise. No discussion of usage or grammar is of the slightest value that is not founded upon a full study of the origin and history of the form under consideration, and of the opinions in regard to it of the best writers, as exhibited in their practice. Let us take, for instance, the pronouns treated in this volume under *case*, and see to what conclusion such a method will inevitably lead. What are the facts in regard to the history of such expressions as *it is me, it is him, between you and I?* In the first place, such expressions are not known till the sixteenth century. Up to that period the cases are not confounded. In Chaucer, *I* and *ye* and *he* are always in the nominative, *me* and *you* and *him* are always in the objective. This condition of things may be said to have lasted, with scattered exceptions, to the middle of the sixteenth century. Then came the period of license, which at one time threatened to break up all distinction between the nominative and objective of the personal pronouns, and of the interrogative *who*. In this matter colloquial speech, as usual, preceded literary speech. The reason for this confusion of forms it is not necessary to discuss here; the fact is all that we have to consider. But of the fact itself the dramatic writings of the reigns of Elizabeth and James furnish plenty of proof, and the grammatical emendations of modern editors have not been thorough enough to hide it. The earliest editions of Shakspere are full of instances where *I* and *me*, *we* and *us*, *ye* and *you*, *he* and *him*, *she* and *her*, and *who* and *whom* are used interchangeably. In this respect modern texts give us an unfaithful picture of the original. But Shakspere was not at all singular in the usage. All the writers who represent the colloquial speech of that period abound more or less in it. In the matter of the plural of the pronoun of the second person, the interchange of *ye* and *you* has become permanently established in the language, or it is better to say that *you*, the original dative and accusative, has practically supplanted the original nominative *ye*. The literature of the period shows the transition. Our authorized version of the Bible, though bearing the date of 1611, really represents the language of the first half of the sixteenth century. Consequently, it never uses *you* as a nominative, but invariably *ye*. The Rheims version, which was brought out in 1582, naturally falls into the language of its period. It uses both *ye* and *you* as the nominative, but prefers the latter.

But with one or two exceptions in particular phrases, it was only in the instance of this plural that the supplanting of one case by another became well established. With the remaining pronouns the forms grammatically more correct maintained themselves. But neither did the other forms die out; in fact, the two methods of expression have lasted side by side to the present time. Colloquial language, as represented in dramatic literature especially, has from the sixteenth century down steadily preferred the use of *who* as an objective to *whom*, when the pronoun begins an interrogation; and the locutions of which *it is me* is an example can be found in the language of good and sometimes of the greatest writers from that day to this, along with those of which *it is I* is an example. But during the present century there has been a steadily growing preference for the latter methods of expression. As a result of it there has been an increasing tendency to condemn the former as absolutely indefensible. The usage preferred by his own times the ordinary man will do well to adopt. But he will not do well to condemn the other usage as a gross error. It has too much and too good authority in its favor to justify this loose kind of denunciation. Philologically speaking, *it is me* is just as correct as *it is you*. The difference between them is that the latter is sustained by

the authority of all good writers and speakers, the former merely by the authority of some. The student if he is wise, will, therefore, avoid using the former method of expression; but if he is wise, he will also avoid abusing it.

Were time and space at our disposal, we should go through the whole elaborately constructed but essentially false doctrine of the use of the subjunctive, as quoted in this volume from Professor Bain. Professor Bain is certainly not to be classed with ordinary grammarians: but he labors under an imperfect knowledge of our earlier speech, and a disposition to state the facts of our modern speech not as they really are, but as theoretically they ought to be. Only here we will take occasion to say that, outside of certain expressions that have survived the wreck that has overtaken the subjunctive, modern English has never made any distinction between that mood and the indicative. We mean to say by this that not merely to the general sense, but to the sense of the highly educated, there is no difference conveyed by the employment of either one form or the other; that is, to use an example from this volume, "wait till he returns" has precisely the same signification as "wait till he return." A man may drill himself into making a distinction in his own usage, and apparently a few go painfully through that process; but it is not a distinction recognized by men who speak their language idiomatically. The form of the subjunctive has survived, but except in certain expressions the life has long gone out of it. There is not the slightest foundation for the assertion made in this volume that the mood is less used than a century ago; nor is it of the least consequence whether it is popular or unpopular with "nowaday grammarians." They have no more to do in deciding its destiny than many other educated men, and far less than some. During all the periods of modern English the form has been steadily employed; but its special sense was disappearing even in Chaucer's time, as one can see by contrasting the infrequency of his use of it with its frequency in a writer like Robert of Gloucester, who flourished less than a hundred years before. A century after Chaucer's death the special sense had died out. No one need take our word for this. Let him examine for himself any of the great writings or great writers of modern English, beginning with our version of the Bible and ending with Macaulay. It will make no difference to what or to whom he directs his attention; the result will in all cases be the same. In fact, in the volume we are reviewing, a note is quoted which attacks the "consistency and correctness" of the translation of the Bible, because it uses the indicative where the subjunctive ought to be found. It is out of such combinations of ignorance and presumption that most of our verbal criticism is manufactured.

Works of this kind, however poorly done, are often defended on the ground that their writers are actuated by good motives, and that at least they teach men to reflect upon their manner of speech. But a virtuous intent is a very wretched plea to set up for incorrect assertions, especially when there was no need of making them at all. Nor does it do any one the least good to reflect upon anything about which he is totally uninformed. On the contrary, it does him harm. It teaches him to hurry to conclusions before he has become acquainted with the facts upon which they are based. From this arise the inefficiency and the self-sufficiency of most verbal criticism. A very large proportion of the condemnation of the words and expressions used by our greatest writers is based upon the most helpless ignorance both of facts and principles. Every one is, indeed, under obligations to avoid what seems to him wrong in speech, but he is equally under obligations to bear in mind that every great author is strictly a great artist in language, and is naturally far more familiar with the details of his art, and far more particular in observing its rules, than is possible for the ordinary man even to comprehend. The latter may, therefore, according to his imperfect light avoid what the former feels free to use; but if he has any judgment he will refrain from expressing decided opinions as to its correctness or incorrectness until he has exhausted every source of information that is accessible to both. If he goes upon this plan he may not have so much to say; but what he says will cease to be ridiculous.

Shorthouse's "John Inglesant."*

A SERIOUS historical romance is an unusual phenomenon in modern literature, and a romance with a faint monastic flavor and a semi-perceptible Tory bias is rare enough to excite one's curiosity. It is only by some such theory that one can account for the attention which Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant" has attracted. Religion and politics are topics of vital interest, and even a mediocre writer who discusses either from the point of view of any large number of his fellow-men is sure of an audience.

As a mere literary performance "John Inglesant" is in no wise remarkable. The style is bald, but with a pleasing simplicity and directness which reconcile the reader to its barrenness. The story itself is quite destitute of *esprit* and dramatic power, but betrays minute scholarship and serious preparatory studies. The author's purpose seems to be primarily to instruct; and he has not the slightest scruple in breaking the thread of his narrative at any critical point for the sake of delivering a homily illustrating some curious phase of thought prevalent during the seventeenth century. Thus the philosopher Hobbes and many obscurer expounders of the ideas of the period are permitted to indulge their loquacity to an unpardonable extent; and as the effect of these discourses upon the hero's history is all out of proportion to their length, they seem, from the reader's point of view, to have small excuse for being. Judging by his evident admiration for the ideals of mediæval monasticism, we should conclude that the author must be one of those modern English malcontents of whom Cardinal Newman is the noblest type and W. H. Mallock the noisiest. It is the seventeenth century equivalent of this class which is represented in John Inglesant, an English cavalier who had been trained by a Jesuit without yet giving up his outward allegiance to the Church of England. At heart, however, he was a Catholic, and while sojourning in Italy was recognized by cardinals and Catholic magnates as a co-religionist. He maintained, in fact, exactly the same equivocal position which many of the sympathizers with the religious reaction in England occupy to-day.

*John Inglesant; a Romance by J. H. Shorthouse. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

He acted and spoke like a Catholic, and even, when the occasion demanded, avowed himself to be one, but, on account of some faint lingering prejudice, hesitated to take the decisive step. As a temperamental bias we can well understand this hesitation, and do not even conceive that it is incompatible with the heroism and sublime self-sacrifice which Inglesant on other occasions displays. But that this mediæval cast of mind, with its retrospective habit and willing self-subordination, is an inherently admirable one, we are unwilling to admit.

The characterization of all the accessory figures, perhaps with the exception of Father St. Clare the Jesuit, is feeble and commonplace. And yet, as an historical study, the book is not without interest, while, as a romance, it hardly rises above mediocrity.

Morse's "John Quincy Adams."*

TO JUDGE by this initial volume, the promised series of biographies of American statesmen will prove a valuable addition to biographical literature. Mr. Morse, the editor of the series, has produced in his life of John Quincy Adams a very readable and interesting book. He has had to go over very familiar ground with a short allowance of space, and has succeeded in presenting a picture of his subject with which no one is likely to quarrel. There is in fact hardly a fault to be found with the narrative, except that it is evidently a hasty piece of work, and that it avoids going deeply into the political questions to the consideration of which Mr. Adams's mind and conscience were so wholly devoted. Its great success is in presenting not a new, but a clear picture of the character of Mr. Adams, not only as it must have struck his contemporaries, but as it must appear in history. His virtues and faults are both placed before us with a nice sense of proportion and of contrast. Mr. Morse has rather the literary than the historical or political sense, and hence fails completely to sympathize with the gravity of Mr. Adams's character, which was that of a man born to public life, sprung, although in a republic, of the old race of governing men—a man whose taste for directing and controlling public business was curiously reënforced by the old Puritan religious zeal.

If it had not been for the latter, his success in politics from a worldly point of view might have been far greater. Much as we have been accustomed to hear it upheld as a noble example of perseverance in the right, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of regret that such a vigorous old age should have been wholly devoted to a struggle over the right of presenting anti-slavery petitions on the floor of Congress. Somebody undoubtedly had to appear as protagonist at Washington in the long and bitter fight that was in the end to plunge the country in a bloody civil war; but was it necessary that the monotonous and tedious task of iterating in the ears of Southern fire-eaters the truth that the right of petition could not be abolished by a gag rule in the interests of slavery, should have fallen into the hands of one of the most thoroughly trained statesmen in the country—of a man who had not only been Senator and President, but had filled half the most important missions of the country abroad, was an accomplished debater, and was thoroughly versed in every public question of his time? It seems at this distance such a terrible waste of human intelligence and vitality, that it is impossible not to resent it. Yet it must be said that, for this work, as well as the rest which fell to his lot, he was eminently fitted by natural character and training. His great power of vituperation, or, to speak more accurately, of denunciation, of sarcasm, of scorn, of contemptuous indignation, which, as Mr. Morse very neatly points out, were closely connected with the violent restraint which his Puritan conscience imposed upon his natural propensities and desires, and which had been throughout his life continual stumbling-blocks in the way of his success, here stood him in good stead, and indeed furnished him with exactly the weapons he needed in the long and apparently losing fight against the slave-owners.

The most valuable permanent contribution made by Mr. Adams to the history of the Government with which he was so long and so variously connected was undoubtedly his "Diary." His treaties, his messages, his speeches, important as they all seemed to him and his contemporaries, now fade into insignificance beside this great store-house of analysis and every-day detail, the composition of which was fortunately not dictated by a desire for publicity, or with the hope of building up or strengthening a posthumous reputation.

There is little in the period of American history to which Mr. Adams belongs to attract the imagination, and there is little in the lives of the statesmen of the period to make their biographies as a rule anything but hard writing and harder reading. Standing aloof from the picturesque drama then unrolling itself in Europe, the course of American history between the adoption of the Constitution and the Mexican war, if it did not run altogether smoothly, ran in channels which, like some of our own large western streams, were mighty and imposing without possessing interesting associations or suggestions. The diplomacy, for instance, in which Mr. Adams was engaged was not of the kind which forms the stirring prelude to wars destined to change the fate of nations and the map of the world; but, on the contrary, represented the pacific efforts of a young country just admitted to the family of nations to take a creditable and dignified position, without assuming an interest in any of the hereditary quarrels and disputes which had made Europe what she was. To be un-European, to be simple, dignified, plain, at peace with all the world, and that, too, without preparing for war, and yet to gain all substantial advantages, was the aim of every American who was called upon to represent his country in great affairs. It was a somewhat *bourgeois* ideal that the men of the post-revolutionary period set up for themselves—more really republican than that of the preceding generation, which had at least inherited the European traditions associating the art of government with aristocracy and monarchy. The generation to which Adams belonged had already the instincts of the democracy of our day in its blood. Adams himself was a genuine democrat, a firm believer in the virtue and intelligence of the people, and devoted to their interests to the exclusion of his own. To resort to a much abused and misused word,

* American Statesmen Series. John Quincy Adams. By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

he was a patriot. His love of his country, next to his love of God, appears to have been the guiding principle of his life. There is something pathetic in the simplicity of his life, though he was so little imaginative or morbid, so devoted to a healthy activity and to the constant employment of all his energies for some practical ends, that sentiment seems almost out of place in connection with him. No man ever had so large a share in the public life of any country, who made fewer friends, or bitterer and more numerous enemies. His life was a constant battle, as often a losing as a winning one; and yet, when the end came, he died with a confident belief that his part could hardly have been played better. The more his career is examined, the more we see that his somewhat curious self-contentment was justified. It is a remarkable, because rare, instance of a public man whose whole life seems to have been guided primarily by his conscience. It is hardly necessary to add—for the fact seems involved in the conception of such a character—that he seems not to have had a single ray of humor, nor tne slightest appreciation of the place it occupies in ordinary life.

Morris's "Hopes and Fears for Art." *

IT is always a fresh surprise to find reflected in such books and art-works as appear the most removed from public life and politics the spirit of the great world of government and commerce. For this world busies itself with matters that seem quite alien to the thoughts of many authors and artists. Often one detects in them a distinct note of protest or contempt for it, and therefore naturally supposes that it would be the last to have an influence on them. But struggle as men will, and persuade themselves as they may that they can rise superior to their environment, the facts are that the environment is sure to exert its good or bad effect sooner or later. Mr. William Morris, who is not only a ready and pointed lecturer on the decorative arts, but a highly popular writer of modern epics—not only an artist in decoration, but a successful business man, reflects, in spite of himself, the prevalent tone which his masters and associates assume toward that patient, if somewhat dull, monster, the public. It is true enough that he declares, in the lecture on "The Lesser Arts," with which the collection begins, that "I, neither, when I think of what history has been, am inclined to lament the past, to despise the present, or despair of the future; that I believe all the change and stir about us is a sign of the world's life, and that it will lead—by ways, indeed, of which we have no guess—to the bettering of all mankind." This is a sort of *Credo* which is all very well to make, but which is not borne out by the tone of the lectures. A low-spiritedness, not to say a hopelessness, pervades all his remarks, and the very fervor with which he chants his creed at the outset makes one guess the hollowness of his belief. Against it set this statement in "The Beauty of Life": "The danger that the present course of civilization will destroy the beauty of life. These are hard words, and I wish I could mend them, but I cannot while I speak what I believe to be the truth." And when he is done with outlining a somewhat formless and shadowy "philosophy of the decorative arts," and reaches practical matters, when he gives valuable suggestions in decoration of interiors in the fourth lecture, what does he call his address? "Making the Best of It." This, by all odds the most fruitful and encouraging lecture of the five, bears in its title the feeling of profound discouragement that exhales from every part of the book. It is merely, one may say, the Morris phase of the glorious British privilege of grumbling. But where there is chronic discontent, there is likely to be a persistent cause for discontent. Now, Mr. William Morris has, for himself, very little to complain of. There was doubtless a time when he had not yet sold many editions of "The Earthly Paradise" in America and England, nor yet of "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung," his translation of the Æneid, and other volumes of verse. And, at one day, Morris wall-papers had not invaded Anglo-Saxondom to such an extent that the classic bar-rooms of Leadville exhibited their peculiar designs above Eastlake dados. But what makes Mr. Morris now such a Jeremiah about architecture and decorative art? Is it that there are still many, many lords in Great Britain who need kicking? Or do the enormously rich bankers, manufacturers, and mine-owners excite his wrath? For, to tell the truth, the general impression got from his lectures is that obtained from the face of the Englishman whom Thackeray loved to pursue, note-book in hand—the impression that he could not be happy unless he were kicking some one, or being by some one kicked. But Mr. Morris ought to have not only the calm satisfaction of worldly success, but a conscience which tells him that, in some respects at least, he has been an honor to his country—if not from the excellence of his wall-paper patterns, yet surely from the fact that he has not truckled with artistic snobbery, but has followed his natural bent and striven to be a highly educated First Artisan rather than a fifth-rate Royal Academician.

Others of the famous band to which Mr. Morris belongs have done more bragging and far less effective work. The preraphaelites had no more useful member than he—perhaps for the reason that in artistic matters his aim was not too high. The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for instance, although in many respects the leader in art and literature, is not likely to exercise in the long run an influence so wide-spread as Mr. Morris, because his audience is very restricted in comparison. As a painter, Rossetti must be slow in impressing workmen of other countries, owing to the scarcity of his pictures, supposing them to have so much of the impressive quality as certainly belonged to his poems. John Addington Symonds is more comparable with Mr. Morris. His many-volumed and many-paged "Renaissance in Italy" (Henry Holt & Co.) shows, like these lectures, the impress of John Ruskin *minus* the irritating extravagance of the latter, but also *minus* the exciting quality. Now, both Rossetti and Ruskin appear to have had more power in swaying Mr. Morris's ideas of art than is healthful; they have encouraged him in the national malady of discontent, which itself undoubtedly arises from the national malady of misgovernment. We are told continually, and more here than in England, be it remarked,

* Hopes and Fears for Art. By William Morris, author of The Life and Death of Jason, The Earthly Paradise, etc., etc. London: Ellis and White. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

that Great Britain has the finest government on earth—in view of which it is singular that her art and literature are infected with a tone that can proceed from nothing else but a malady latent in the social fabric. Why these contemptuous letters, vilifications, outpourings of scorn from Mr. Ruskin? Why this grimace of seclusion on the part of Tennyson? Why the unfrank position held by the late Mr. Rossetti before the British public? And why all these whimperings from Mr. Morris, whom, as much as, if not more than, all these men, the publics have encouraged, supported, and enriched? It may be the prejudice of a foreigner that attributes these remarkable results to the unhealthy and anomalous state of affairs in the Mother Country, which still permits a dull and often immoral upper class to distribute fashions in politics, literature, and art, and to keep alienated and deprived of their rightful weight in public affairs and private society the strongest, healthiest, and cleverest portions of the population in the British Empire. It is this note that Mr. Oscar Wilde almost struck in the only poem strong enough to float a recent volume of verse,—"Ave Imperatrix,"—and it is to the fact of his approaching it at all that must be attributed the arousing of that small measure of applause which he has recently forfeited by his ridiculous performance in the United States.

Campaigns of the Civil War. Vols. V. and VI.*

THE fifth and sixth volumes of this excellent series carry the history of the Army of the Potomac down to the battle of Gettysburg, and conclude the story of its defeats and half-successes previous to the time when, under Grant, it moved forward never to turn back. These two volumes contain the story of four desperate battles, two of which were terrible and unnecessary defeats, and the other two almost, but not quite, victories. Reading the two books together one cannot but regret that General Palfrey did not write them both. He is admirably qualified to do so, by his experience, by his studies, by his literary talents; on the other hand, General Doubleday has hardly any qualifications for a historian, and his book bears abundant evidence that it has been written largely, if not wholly, from personal recollections, and not from a careful study of the records of the War Department which have been made available within the last few years.

General Palfrey's is an extremely clear, concise, and well-reasoned account of the military operations conducted by McClellan in September, and by Burnside in December, of 1862; and the judgment which it passes on these operations and on the men concerned in them is likely to remain a standard for many years to come. McClellan is adjudged to be substantially a failure in the field by reason of certain traits of character which always prevented him from "doing anything till an ideal completeness of preparation was reached," but ample justice is done to his good qualities, his upright character, and his ability as an organizer. Chance threw into his hands at the decisive moment a copy of his antagonist's orders, revealing all his plans, and gave to McClellan an opportunity to destroy him. McClellan did not profit by the full measure of this opportunity, but he improved it to the extent of fighting a drawn battle, which under the circumstances was virtually a defeat to Lee and eventually caused his retreat. The description of the battle is extremely clear, and its general outline is entirely accurate; one or two minor errors have crept in, as is almost inevitable owing to the vague and contradictory nature of the official reports, but they are not of special importance.

The description of the battle of Fredericksburg and the judgment passed upon Burnside are harsh and perhaps unmerciful, but we believe it is impossible to deny that they are just; and it is eminently right and proper that when over twelve thousand men have been killed and wounded, and a great army defeated, through the incapacity of one man, the story of that defeat should be plainly told and always remembered—even though it be terribly severe upon a man of most amiable qualities, who was beloved by thousands of friends up to the day of his death. Only one sentence seems to us open to criticism; on the last page it is intimated, though not distinctly stated, that Burnside "intrigued for the command of the army of the Potomac." We believe there is no foundation whatever for such a statement, and that to intimate it is grossly unjust.

General Doubleday's book is remarkable for the absence of nearly all the qualities that make its predecessor excellent. The author has no literary attainments, does not present a clear general outline of the battles, magnifies some features and dwarfs others of greater importance, is unjust to his colleagues and ungenerous to his commanders. He throws upon Howard the whole instead of a part of the blame for the defeat at Chancellorsville, exaggerates his own importance at the battle of Gettysburg, has not one word of praise, but many of censure, for Meade's action throughout the campaign, and makes statements as to Meade's intentions which are flatly contradicted by the sworn testimony of Meade himself as well as of others; and he does not even so much as refer to the existence of this adverse testimony. The book is fortunately its own antidote, for even the casual reader will suspect that many of its statements are inspired by personal animosity or jealousy, and not by historical truth, and this will prevent it from being accepted as a standard. It is most unfortunate that, in a series which is daily attracting more and more attention, and which is doubtless destined to retain for many years a unique place in the literature of the war, so important a battle as Gettysburg should have fallen into incompetent hands. The account of that battle here given is inferior, both in accuracy and in interest, to many which have previously been published.

The Letters of Charles Dickens. Vol. III.*

WHATEVER may be thought of the supposed decay of Dickens's fame, with Dickens, the man, oblivion does not yet appear to have set in. The youngest of writers to-day can almost recall his features when he made his

* Campaigns of the Civil War. V. The Antietam and Fredericksburg. By F. W. Palfrey. VI. Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. By Abner Doubleday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Letters of Charles Dickens. Edited by his Sister-in-law and his Eldest Daughter. Vol. III. 1836–1870. London: Chapman and Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

last visit to the United States. Dandy Dickens, young America was perversely inclined to call him. It required all the veneration produced by years of impersonal acquaintance with the tender side of his nature to restrain a frolicsome desire to assign to the veritable "Boz" a place among his own fanciful creations, to set him down with Winkle and "Samivel Veller."

Before his arrival there was but one opinion of him. With young and old he had a place at the fireside—the ideal relative, who knew all men and understood all natures, whose sympathies reached all sorrows, whose joviality banished all peccant humors. But with his coming came also division of sentiment, which was deepened by the publication of Forster's "Life." It was as if our ideal relative at the fireside had said a harsh word, or had failed to respond to the family toast, and so had gone out into the cold. The place was vacant, and there was a disinclination to look into that particular corner. For most of us, probably, that time of alienation has gone by. We were wrong, both in our earlier estimate and in our later. Judgment has its oscillations, and is a long time in settling upon the thin line of justice: but it does settle in time. Though the place by the fireside will never again be filled by precisely the same jovial, warm-hearted enchanter as before, we would willingly keep the door on the latch and pray for the return of the friend of our early days. Let him come in any shape; the shape shall not be "questionable" any more, and we will never again tell our young friends what clothes he wore, whether the waistcoat was purple or yellow or white—whether the shoe-buckle was silver or gold, whether the voice aspired at its periods or dropped its aspirations unduly along the way.

But this is reminiscence, not criticism. By the publication of the third volume of Dickens's Letters, which cover the period from 1836 to the date of his death, we are taken back again to the Christmas seasons which, in his later years, rarely came without bringing some delightful installment of rich pathos and mirth. The "Letters" hardly give a hint of anything but the frolicsome humor, the vivacity of spirit, the grotesque quality, which belong to the old stories. There are here and there touches of pathos, but the pathetic in Dickens was private and impersonal. He reserved it for his creations, and for the most part banished it from his correspondence. In the latter we get a full taste of his exuberant animal spirits, of his fun, his rollicking, gamesome mood,—private theatricals, punches and the unimpoverished Falernian,—excursive digressions from the straight furrow of toil. Most that is best in the book has been published before—the racy letters to James T. Fields, the tender, half-reverential correspondence with Washington Irving, and the jovial extravagance of his railroad despatches to Felton, who more than most men must have reveled in the Aristophanic side of Dickens. How much of the true Dickens extravagance shows in the bit of description contained in a letter to Felton, March 2, 1843:

"C—— and I went as mourners. * * * C—— has enormous whiskers, which straggle all down his throat in such weather, and stick out in front of him, like a partially unraveled bird's nest";

and in this account of the "blithe black," who is his private and especial attendant in Washington:

"He is the only gentleman in the town who has a peculiar delicacy in intruding upon my valuable time. It usually takes seven rings and a threatening message from —— to produce him; and when he comes he goes to fetch something, and, forgetting it by the way, comes back no more."

That, too, is a familiar touch in a letter to Irving (July 5, 1856):

"Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now—twelve for my lord, and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coils his leg up under his chair till dinner-time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes."

More in the spirit of Charles Lamb is the "terrible idea" which occurs to him in connection with the oyster-sellers of Boston:

"What do they do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended there? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster-openers—what do they do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards, and hermetically sealed bottles, for practice? Perhaps they are dentists, out of the oyster season. Who knows?"

In the same spirit is his query:

"Do you suppose the post-office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock!"

It is curious to note that the best things in Dickens's correspondence, so far as this volume represents it, were brought out by his American friends—Felton, Irving, and Fields. He appears to have touched the chords here of many emotions, and evolved music from other sources besides what he calls "that truly national instrument, the American catarrh." But these better strains are already "household words" in America. In this volume we get but few touches of Dickens's love for external nature, which was so inextricably interwoven with his social quality that we hesitate to think of it as a genuine passion. There is one little picture, however, which, though not so exquisite as a dozen introduced in the pathetic wanderings of "Little Nell," yet has its charm. This, too, is brought out by his American correspondence. Writing to Mrs. James T. Fields from "Gad's Hill," May, 1868, he says:

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Leviss Châlet (where I write), and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

It is thus that we love to think of the great master of pathos and human tenderness as enjoying, even a little extravagantly, by the aid of his five mirrors, that genial sunshine of nature, the prototype of another sunshine which he scattered so abundantly in the homes of common life.

Of the rest of "The Letters" a good deal might have been omitted as trivial. We hardly get any new points of a man's character, or any fresh delight in his personality, from his epistles to his tailor. Such documents should be filed away, or given with the appended autograph. We don't care to hear all that a man's valet finds indispensable to know. What belongs to his personality, his mood, or manners, or methods of work and play, to his relationship with his fellows, touches us, if the man is at all magnetic. We like to be told *once* what he wears, but never twice. We are glad to be invited once to the preliminaries of his private theatricals, and go through with him the details, but the second time we prefer to wait for the performance.

A genuine contribution to the new material are the letters to Bulwer Lytton, which touch upon literary topics and afford us stolen glimpses into the artist's workshop. We get an idea of the minuteness of his editorial supervision, the keenness of his studies in character, of his skill in plot, of his acquaintance with popular taste and demand. Some correspondence, also, with contributors to "All The Year Round," and with others, enables us to trace his delicacy in manipulating the crudities of the *genus irritabile*, or in evading the pertinacity of the lion-hunter, in whose presence he might well have said:

"My comforts drop and melt away like snow."

But there is little printed complaint of this sort in the letters. Dickens takes the genial view of human nature. If he laughs at the bore, he seldom curses him. Man has but a short lease of life, and has many co-tenants whose rights are equal to his own. He who finds most wisdom and takes the folly most good-humoredly may not leave a Latin epitaph, but the world will shed more tears at his tomb.

The Memorial History of Boston. Vols. III. and IV.*

THE third and fourth volumes of the "Memorial History of Boston" cover the period beginning with the Revolution and extending to the present day. The coöperative plan upon which the work was originally projected has been followed with no deviation, and the success which has attended it under the vigorous management of the editor is likely to have its influence in determining the execution of similar works. The defects as well as the advantages of the scheme are more distinctly disclosed as the work is occupied with contemporaneous history. The specialists who wrote of colonial and provincial Boston were authorities, in most cases, in their special fields, and the reader put himself into their hands quite unreservedly, confident that he was getting accurate history if he was not always getting readable literature; the subjects, besides, were connected with historic questions having large relations, and a minuteness of touch was valuable since it fortified one's knowledge and made him less liable to fall a prey to easy generalizations. Special treatment, on the other hand, of subjects which are closely connected with current movements is liable to obscure a true understanding of history and to mislead the reader into a fragmentary and ill-proportioned view of historic processes. More labor is required of the reader, who discovers that he has been given the materials out of which to construct his history, and not a historic narrative woven by one skillful mind. As a slight illustration of this, one might read the chapter on Boston soldiery in war and peace and be ignorant that there was such a man as Governor Andrew; he would discover the war-governor's name only when he came to read of the anti-slavery movement.

The difficulty is in part inherent in the very conception of history. It is as impossible to write contemporaneous history as it is to get a correct interior by photography. The only way to write current history is in the form of annals, and we could conceive of a history of Boston since the close of the revolutionary war, which should consist of specialists' contributions re-arranged by an autocratic editor into one consecutive series of events and provided with abundant illustrative tables. A collection of essays does not constitute a history, and a cyclopedia may make a good book of reference, but cannot take the place of a well-digested history.

Yet, after all, it may be doubted if the coöperative plan, as here carried out, is not the only practicable one when dealing with the life of a modern city. Before the revolution Boston was a miniature State; its colonial importance and identification with the colony of which it was the capital made it have an organic growth. Since the Revolution it has been the center of much life, but its history has been municipal and incapable of any artistic representation. It has been the exponent, indeed, to the outside world of certain phases of social history and of literature, but it is a generous conception of Boston which includes, for instance, among its poets, Longfellow and Lowell and Emerson, and among its prose writers Hawthorne and Sylvester Judd. It can only be said that the spirit of Boston in these latter days annexed Concord and Salem and Cambridge and Amesbury.

When all strictures have been made on the work and its plan, there yet remains the agreeable fact that readers of various tastes may find here abundant opportunity for gratifying those tastes. The merchant, the man of letters, the lawyer, the manufacturer, the school-master, the man of science, will find full chapters upon the themes which most interest them. The book is like a city itself, with something for everybody, and in its multiform topics giving some hint of the complex organization of civic society. As the city proper of London is but the core of what De Quincey called the nation of London, so the municipality of such a city as Boston is only the mechanical center of a vast association of interests. It is as impossible to get a cross-section of such a city as to make a panorama which should convey a notion of what goes on at any hour in Washington street. That so abundant illustration should have been given is due to the executive ability and unwearied diligence of the accomplished editor and to the hearty coöperation which only an able editor could secure from the well-known collaborators. The work is supplied with an altogether admirable index, covering the four volumes and increasing its usefulness many fold.

* The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts, 1630–1880. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Volume III. The Revolutionary Period. The Last Hundred Years, Part I. Volume IV. The Last Hundred Years, Part II. Special topics. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

Schiller and his Times.*

IT is a remark frequently heard in Germany that Schiller is the poet of youth, and Goethe the poet of manhood; that, in other words, a youth who passes through the normal intellectual development will begin by admiring Schiller while Goethe is yet a sealed book to him, and will gradually, as his maturity advances, grow out of the atmosphere of the former into that of the latter. Undoubtedly there is a modicum of truth in this observation, but, like any antithetical saying, it is apt to be uncritically accepted and repeated until it acquires the air of a truism. Schiller's fiery lyrics do appeal to a youthful taste more strongly than the calmer and less headlong songs of Goethe; but even though their thought be often crude, their splendid spontaneity and lyrical impulse will give pleasure to the maturest and most stony-hearted critic; so also the tremendous violence and revolutionary ardor which animated Schiller's early dramas may offend those disaffected judges who deprecate the emotional bias in life as in poetry, but even these can hardly fail to admire the vigor and wealth of imagination which these crude dramas display.

In comparing Schiller and Goethe, one must never lose sight of the fact that the former died at the age of forty-six, when his work was but half accomplished; while it was not till the age of eighty-two that the latter (sealing the package containing the manuscript of the second part of "Faust") solemnly declared that his life-work was now complete, and that henceforth he should regard whatever length of days that was accorded to him purely as a gift. Schiller's career is, therefore, with all its brilliant achievement, almost tragic in its incompleteness, while that of Goethe is impressive as an instance of calm and harmonious development up to the utmost limit that the human faculties in their aggregate have ever reached.

Mr. Johannes Scherr, who is well known in Germany as a voluminous writer on literary and æsthetic topics, has entered very minutely into the incidents of Schiller's life, and by his comprehensive study of the age in which the poet lived has furnished us with a criterion by which to judge. His style, like that of most German scholars, is labored and turgid, and the English translator, who has evidently endeavored to simplify the involutions of the original, has evolved a hybrid tongue which is neither English nor German. In order to enable the reader to judge, we quote the following examples, which constitute but a small fraction of the errors contained in the 454 pages of the book:

"But the young Corsican derived lessons of a *different* sort *than* the Suabian poet." (Page 30.)

"Elizabeth is a very *different* type of womanhood *than* Amalia," etc. (Page 130.)

"Kraftgenies" is translated in a foot-note with "rare geniuses," instead of "geniuses of force." (Page 42.)

It was Carlyle and not Mr. Lewes who invented the English term "storm and stress" for the German "Sturm und Drang."

Elsass is in English Alsatia. (Page 50.)

Lavater's greeting to Goethe, "Bist's," and Goethe's answer, "Ich bin's," are bunglingly rendered by "Art thou he?" and "I am." A slight acquaintance with a German grammar would have shown Miss McClellan that the proper translation would be: "Is it thou?" and "It is I." We don't say in English, "Are you he?" but "Is it you?"

Again, we can see no valid reason why such words as "Titanismus" and "Titanide" should not be rendered by their English equivalents, "titanism, titaness," which are both perfectly intelligible, and in accordance with the spirit of the language, even though they are not found in Webster.

Why "erstaunend" (page 140), as applied to a woman's personality, should be quoted in German is mysterious, when "striking" or "surprising" would be as expressive.

When Goethe is said to be "a genius from crown to *soul*," it must, of course, be a typographical error. But when Miss McClellan translates *genial* with the English "genial" (page 139), and *Grösse in der Güte* with "the great in goodness," instead of "greatness in goodness," and employs such daring plurals as "betrotheds" (page 144), she probably does not expect to have the responsibility shared by the printer.

The portrait of Schiller which the American publishers have prefixed to the present edition is one of those idealized poetic heads which are now in great favor in Germany. If Schiller looked as this bold painter has ventured to represent him, his face must have contradicted his character with a brazen pertinacity. But fortunately we know, from Streicher's, Wilhelm von Hoven's, and Goethe's descriptions of the poet, that he could at no time of his life have conformed to the type with which it has pleased posterity to invest him. That he was in his youth round-shouldered, red-haired, and with inflamed eyes, we know from Streicher's testimony, but Goethe modifies this impression by stating that he was in middle life a man of great dignity in speech and manner. Wilhelm von Hoven's account agrees substantially with that of both these witnesses, although he lays great stress upon the sickliness of Schiller's appearance the last time he saw him. But all those who came within the sphere of his presence bear witness that he was a great and a good man, whose unending struggle with discouragements and disease were truly heroic. The life of a man who could reach such lofty attainments amid such difficulties cannot fail to convey a noble lesson to those who sympathetically read it.

*Schiller and his Times. By Johannes Scherr. In Three Books. Translated from the German by Elizabeth McClellan. Philadelphia: Ig. Kohler.

The American Actor Series. Vols. I., II., and III.*

IN this age of brief biographies, when the ancient classical authors, and the foreign classical authors, and the philosophical classical authors, and the English men of letters, and the American men of letters, have each a series of their own, and the musicians and the artists have two, it was high time that there should be a series for the actors also. Sixty years ago, a Parisian publisher brought out a set of "Memoirs on Dramatic Art," partly original and partly translated

*The American Actor Series. Edited by Laurence Hutton. I. Edwin Forrest. By Lawrence Barrett. II. The Jeffersons. By William Winter. III. The Elder and the Younger Booth. By Asia Booth Clarke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

from the English and the German; for one of these volumes, the translation of the marvelous memoirs of the lovely and luckless George Anne Bellamy, the late M. Thiers, some time President of the French Republic, and then a struggling young writer, prepared the preface. A few years later Colburn, of London, published in uniform pairs of volumes a great number of biographies and autobiographies of dramatic authors and dramatic artists; it was from certain of these volumes that much of the matter of Mr. R. H. Stoddard's interesting "Bric-à-brac Series" was taken. Theatrical autobiographies, indeed, are at all times entertaining, from Colley Cibber's "Apology" to the straggling narrative of the strolling of Mr. Ludlow and Sol Smith. They are full of the true flavor of character, dear to all lovers of what is perhaps rarest of all things in print—the simple expression of self. And they are likely to abound in anecdotes always admirably put. An actor's anecdotes one may venture to liken to the essays of Emerson, which were once lectures; from frequent telling, and dramatic delivery by one knowing how and when to elaborate and to condense, they have gained form and color, and are at last, by attrition, as it were, sharpened to the utmost point.

That this series of histrionic biographies is to be written by Americans is a subject of congratulation, since it cannot but draw attention to the early days of the American stage, unduly neglected by most readers in the United States, and wholly unknown to readers in Great Britain; even so well informed a critic as Mr. Dutton Cook, writing a year or so ago about the elder Booth, showed that he knew only the sketch of his life by the sculptor Gould, and had no knowledge of the other two biographies then in existence. Nor are most American critics much better off. Although there is no lack of highly interesting and entertaining books about special people or special periods on the American stage, there is no one book which tells the whole story concisely and with color. Here is where Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants" is of use to the student of the English stage; it is at once an introduction to the study of the history of the histrionics in English from the time of Shakspere to the death of Edmund Kean, and a skeleton, or rather a backbone, to which all subsequently acquired and more detailed knowledge may naturally attach itself. The "American Actor Series" is not an attempt to set forth the annals of the American stage, but, when it is completed, its ten volumes will give a fairer view of the history of the theater in these United States than can now be obtained anywhere else, and its success is likely to lead many readers to look at the original records, and it may even induce some one of them to prepare an American "Doran," for which the material is abundant and tempting, as all know who may have read Dunlap, and Wood, and Wemyss, and Sol Smith.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's sketch of Edwin Forrest's life and labors is simple and straightforward. His style is direct and in general free from misplaced rhetoric. Above all, Mr. Barrett is honest; he does not seek to paint Forrest as an injured saint; he is, plainly enough, an admirer of Forrest's art, and not altogether a contemner of his career, but he does not try to hide the stains on Forrest's record, or to palliate the violence into which public disapproval and private disagreement often roused the tragedian. For these reasons we are inclined to think Mr. Barrett's the best biography of Forrest yet written, and the one which is likely to do most for the tragedian's future fame. Shortly after Forrest died, an humble follower of his, Mr. James Rees, of Philadelphia, who had published a book on the "Dramatic Authors of America," forty years ago, when dramatic authors were even scarcer than they are now, rushed into print with a hastily patched up book about the actor. Later, the Rev. Mr. Alger put forth two ponderous tomes, in which the young giant Forrest was swaddled in immense robes of redundant rhetoric. Mr. Rees's book was shapeless and Mr. Alger's was unwieldy; neither had the elements of popularity; compared with either of these, Mr. Barrett's book is a model. Specially to be recommended are the chapter in which is sketched the state of the American stage when Forrest first appeared, and that in which are cited the opinions of many competent critics on Forrest's acting—opinions often conflicting, but taken together serving well to guide the reader to a right judgment of his own.

Mr. Winter's book about the Jeffersons is a book of another sort altogether; it is an elaborate and painstaking family history, by a thoroughly competent investigator. Five generations of the Jeffersons have adorned the stage; the first was the Thomas Jefferson who served with Garrick, and the fifth is the Thomas Jefferson who plays *Fag* now to his father's *Bob Acres*. The second Jefferson was the Joseph Jefferson who was one of the chief comedians of the very remarkable company of actors, which was maintained for many years at the beginning of this century at the Chestnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia. The fourth Jefferson is the Joseph Jefferson who is known everywhere to-day as *Rip Van Winkle* and as *Bob Acres*. It is upon these last two that Mr. Winter dwells with especial sympathy; reviving the earlier Joseph out of the dust of the recorded past, and drawing the portrait of the living Joseph from the fullness of personal knowledge. The elder brother of the oldest Joseph Jefferson was a clergyman, and went as a missionary to China, where, as Mr. Winter dryly records, "he was immediately murdered by persons who differed with him in religious opinion." The youngest Joseph Jefferson has been a missionary also, as all who have seen "Rip Van Winkle" may testify; and of him Mr. Winter gives not a few interesting anecdotes; for instance, Mr. Jefferson once acted in Hobart Town, in Tasmania, as *Bob Brierly* in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," before an audience that included upward of six hundred ticket-of-leave men! To those who recall Mr. Jefferson's honorable connection with the event which gave its name to the "Little Church Around the Corner," we recommend a reading of page 109, from which they will be reminded that ecclesiastical intolerance existed also in the days of Mr. Jefferson's grandfather.

The third volume of the series is written by the daughter of Junius Brutus Booth, sister of Mr. Edwin Booth and wife of Mr. J. S. Clarke: yet it is less interesting than its predecessors. Mrs. Clarke published a volume of memorials of her father nearly a score of years ago, and in this, as in that, is to be noted a reticence and a dwelling on minor points of personal biography, both of which may fairly be looked for in any memoir by a relative. Though somewhat meager and lacking in color, the narrative is

valuable for its facts. It is pleasant to be reminded that when Charles Kean, the son of his old rival, came to act *Hamlet* at the theater which J. B. Booth was managing in Baltimore, in 1831, Booth cast the piece to the full strength of the company, himself taking the part of the *Second Actor*—just as Talma once played the *Second Porter* in the "Précieuses Ridicules."

The "American Actor Series" was planned and is edited by Mr. Laurence Hutton, of New York, the author of a lively and useful book on "Plays and Players." His work has been done with great care and skill. Particularly worthy of praise are the elaborate indexes which he has appended to each volume—indexes which really double the value of the book.

Dorman's "Origin of Superstitions."*

ONE is at a loss to see for what public purpose Mr. Rushton M. Dorman issues a handsome octavo of nearly four hundred pages under the title, "Origin of Primitive Superstitions." As an exercise and preparatory work for his own private use, it undoubtedly has a reason. Were he an outspoken opponent of revealed religion, stronger indications of arguments against religion might reasonably be looked for. Were he an indefatigable collector of the German type, we would have to have twenty volumes of evidence instead of one. Were he, once more, what the title-page might lead us to await, a philosopher who takes the great mass of material on hand and argues upon it, contenting himself with references to Bancroft, Müller, Humboldt, and the countless Spanish sources of another age, then, indeed, were we to be congratulated. The origin of primitive superstitions! What a fascinating subject! Herbert Spencer has been grappling with it after his fashion, and a very able if not entirely convincing fashion he certainly has. But Mr. Dorman does none of these three things. He leans all three ways, and comes to little result in consequence. The mere enumeration of singular freaks of superstition among the Indians of the Western Hemisphere occupies so much space that one loses the connection, and forgets to what it is that each quotation refers. It is true that Mr. Dorman has blocked out his material into some kind of sequence, and massed it about such centers as "Doctrine of Spirits," "Fetichistic Superstitions," "Rites and Ceremonies Connected with the Dead," "Animal Worship," "Worship of Trees and Plants." Further chapters are on the "Worship of Remarkable Natural Objects," "Sabaism," "Animistic Theory of Meteorology," "Priestcraft." It is also true that Mr. Dorman carries a thread of argument through the various chapters. He connects the fetich, for example, with the doctrine of spirits. Thus: "A fetich is not the inanimate, powerless, material thing to them that it is to us, but is redolent with life. The idol is filled with a spirit; it speaks in the oracle. So the fetich, whether a medicine-bag, or image, or claw of beast or bird, is filled with a spirit." And the worship of animals is referred to the same cause (page 221): "Among the natives of America animal worship has originated in animism, or spirit-worship. Among primitive peoples, all animals are supposed to be endowed with souls." And again (page 287): "The vegetable kingdom shared with other natural objects the superstitious belief in the animation of all nature by spirits. One of the causes that probably led to the prevalence of the superstition as to trees is the primitive custom of burying or suspending the dead in trees." The worship of the heavenly bodies, also, which Mr. Dorman calls Sabaism, is also referred to spirit-worship, but in a more general way, as embraced in the worship of nature. "Nature worship is wholly inexplicable if we assume that the different objects were worshipped as inanimate, and even the personifications of former mythologists have a flavor of materialism about them that are not truthful to the nature of the primitive mind. The earliest conception of all of these objects of worship was, that they were not inanimate, but animated by a spirit, and thus assumed the character of a living being as real as the human body." All of which is very well in its way, but leads one to ask why Mr. Dorman has thought it necessary to repeat what other men have said before. His tone is that of bringing forward new matter or new arguments.

In regard to the religious beliefs of the Indians, Mr. Dorman sides positively with those who say that the Indians had no conception of a single great God until the arrival of the whites. But neither his own book nor his authorities state the fact carefully. Do they mean to say that *no* Indian had such a conception, or merely that for the most part they were not far enough advanced to understand a universal god? Mr. Francis Parkman is his great backer in this idea. At the same time, Mr. Dorman writes of the Indians of North and South America before the coming of the whites: "All stages of progress are faithfully represented among them, from the most savage root-digger to the most civilized Peruvian. There were tribes of hunters, tribes of fishermen, and tribes of agriculturists. Art is also represented in all its forms. When we arise from a study of their mental characteristics, we cannot help being impressed with the fact that the human mind unfolds itself in all directions with as great regularity as does our physical nature." And again: "The American savages agree in their religious views with the savages of other continents more than with the civilized peoples of their own." Moreover, he agrees that no tribe has been proved to be without any religion at all. All these statements, joined to the well-known reticence of most nations regarding their actual religious beliefs, and to this fact (which Mr. Dorman does not allude to) that the Indians have taken pride in misleading inquisitive white men as to their actual beliefs, ought to make us wary of flat-footed statements to the effect that a universal god was a concept foreign to the Indian mind. Low tribes of negroes in Central Africa, untouched, apparently, by Arab or other white influence, have the idea of monotheism. Is it likely that the races which built temples like those of Palenque never rose to an equal level in religious thought when they overtopped such tribes in every other respect? We consider that Mr. Dorman does not argue as he should from the facts that he has laid before us, and that on a point of capital importance both to the Indians, as aborigines abused in a thousand other

* The Origin of Primitive Superstitions, and their Development into the Worship of Spirits and the Doctrine of Spiritual Agency among the Aborigines of America. By Rushton M. Dorman. Twenty-six Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ways by white men, and also to the whites, as inheritors of their lands and the natural defenders of the reputations of a conquered and impoverished race. When the Spaniards seized Mexico, they disliked to have their own vicious and degraded priests introduced to the Mexicans, because the Mexican priests were so much their superiors in morality and manners. It is bad enough to have treated the Indians as we did. All we can do now is to give them justice, and to allow that lofty religious thoughts and social virtues existed in their civilizations along with many horrors, just as we allow the same phenomena to have existed on the Nile and the Euphrates.

Merriam's "The Way of Life."*

MR. MERRIAM'S last book bears witness to a considerable change in his views of religious truth. Whether this movement be regarded as an advance or not will depend on the direction in which the reader is going. Between "A Living Faith" and "The Way of Life" there is not, indeed, any great difference so far as the affirmations of the two volumes are concerned; but the former book was mostly affirmative, while the latter contains many strong denials. It is in the emphasis put upon these negations that the change is most apparent.

"The Way of Life" consists of an introductory chapter, a historical portrait-sketch of "The Character of Jesus," and seven essays, in the form of open letters to a friend, on the religious life. In the first part of the book Mr. Merriam indicates his emphatic rejection of all supernatural elements in the story of the gospel and in the character of Jesus. He believes that the miracles of the New Testament are mythical stories that grew out of an oriental imagination in the first century; that Jesus himself was only a man; that the bodily resurrection of Christ is "a parable, under which lies an immortal truth." He finds in the portraiture which the Evangelists have left us, defective and misleading though it often is, signs of the limitations of Jesus, marks of narrowness and weakness in his character. Nevertheless, the view that is taken of him is, for the most part, reverent and sympathetic. If his life and teaching are not regarded as miraculous, they are acknowledged to be marvelous; if Jesus is not to be worshiped, it may truly be said of him that he spake as never man spake, and that in his moral greatness and his spiritual insight he is fitted to be the Teacher and Leader, if not the Ruler, of men.

The purpose of the writer is not controversial. He recognizes the fact that there are multitudes who regard Christ as God. He does not write for these. To such as are satisfied with this view he has "no word of dissuasion or dissent to utter." But he declares that for himself and many others "the thought of him as God starts questions which bring us straight to self-contradiction." No doubt of that; but those who still hold on to what Mr. Merriam has let go will be apt to ask him whether no such questions start along the line of thought that he is following. A stark materialism, they might answer him, may be perfectly logical; a spiritual faith never was, and never will be. Certain it is that we can love nothing that lacks personality; equally certain it is that to attribute the elements of personality to "that which we dare invoke to bless" starts all manner of unanswerable questions.

After dwelling upon the identification of Jesus with men in their woes, and declaring that this aspect of his life has made the most powerful appeal to human hearts, he says:

"Fancy and speculation have told the story in a way which reason cannot accept. They have represented Jesus as very God, descending into the world to literally bear in his own person the sorrows of the whole race. That conception expresses, in an allegory or picture,—which has been devoutly received as literal fact,—a truth of history and also a universal spiritual truth. Jesus, not as God, but as man, as the human son of God, did by his own sympathy enter into and suffer under the sorrows of men."

But, if there is here a "universal spiritual truth," namely, that God is compassionate, why should not that truth be shown to man in such a great "object lesson" as the incarnation? Does not reason affirm that to be the most effective method of bringing this truth home to men's hearts? This is a question which Mr. Merriam's critics will be sure to ask, and which he does not distinctly answer.

In the last paragraph of this chapter, Mr. Merriam undertakes to explain the marvelous change which took place in the characters of the apostles after the death of Jesus, and attributes it to some new view that then came to them of the moral and spiritual greatness of their Master, and of the undying influence of his life and work. It was this that made them say that he was not dead. It was this that grew into the story of his resurrection. That these apostles had the power to reach such a transcendental conception may well be doubted. Taking the account that they give of themselves, the theory of their gaining at once such a lofty spiritual idea and being transformed by it will seem to many much harder to believe than the common historical explanation.

The didactic part of Mr. Merriam's book contains much that will be helpful to all earnest seekers after the way of life. There may be a question as to whether "the friendliness of law" is not somewhat overstated in the chapter bearing that heading; and other theories broached may be open to criticism, but the spirit of all these counsels is of the highest. A lofty courage, a serene faith, a heroic cheerfulness, a large humanity breathe through all these pages. The chapters entitled "The Unfailing Resource," "Fullness of Life," and "Immortality" are full of stimulating suggestions; these are the words of a man who, though he may have parted with much that other men hold, still keeps a reverent spirit and a clear vision of highest truth. There is no attempt at fine writing, but many passages of these last chapters glow with genuine eloquence.

* The Way of Life. By George S. Merriam. Boston: George H. Ellis.

HOUSE CONSTRUCTION. III.

Precautions against Fire.

In a house built of stone or brick no floor-beams should extend more than four inches into the wall; this has been found by calculation and experiment to be sufficient for ordinary floor-beams. The ends of the beams should be cut beveling, as in the accompanying cut, Fig. 2. This is done to prevent the destruction of the wall by the fall of the floor in case of fire. If left square the part in the wall will act as the short arm of a powerful lever, whose long arm, as the floor falls, pries the wall out with considerable force. If there are interior brick walls care should be taken that the ends of the beams resting on such a wall do not abut, or that the beams do not run entirely through the wall. By means of abutting beams fire is often communicated from one part of a building to another.

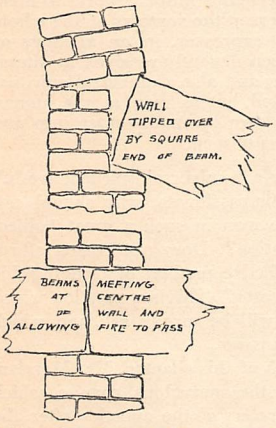


FIG. 1.—BAD METHODS OF RESTING BEAMS ON WALLS.

An undeafened floor, as ordinarily constructed, is from its form a dangerous ally of fire. Being nothing more than a series of boxes formed of the beams, the floor boards, and the ceiling, bristling with splinters, and often partly filled with shavings and chips left by careless workmen, the flames, when once they reach such a floor, become almost uncontrollable. The flames may travel from one floor to another, by way of the large number of small flues on the inside face of the brick or stone wall formed by furring strips, which are pieces of wood, usually an inch or more in thickness, placed vertically, about a foot apart, on the outside walls to support the laths and plaster, so that should any moisture strike through, the plastered surface will remain intact. A good way to overcome this difficulty is to run the floor-boards well up to the walls, and when the furring strips are on fill in between them to about a foot above the floor with gauged mortar, which is ordinary lime mortar and plaster-of-Paris. Or these open spaces may be filled to the same height with "mineral wool." If the furring is wide, or the space between the wall and the inside finish will permit, one or two courses of brick in mortar laid on the floor-boards would cut off communication between the cellar and the space behind the plastering. It is often advisable to stiffen the furring with angular bridging, the same as in partitions, and a second fire-stop may be procured by using coarse mortar and chips on top of the bridging all around the building, which, with floors properly deafened, would render its destruction by fire rather slow and difficult.

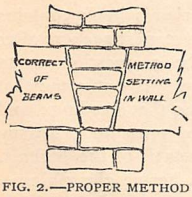


FIG. 2.—PROPER METHOD OF RESTING BEAMS ON WALLS.

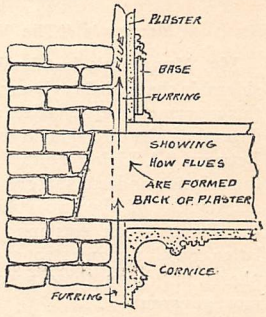


FIG. 3.—SPACE USUALLY LEFT BETWEEN PLASTERING AND BRICK WALL, WHICH MAY ACT AS A FIRE FLUE.

The floors should be deafened with "mineral wool," or with hollow brick flushed with mortar, the brick being laid on cleats between the beams; or with mortar and cinder deafening; or with an ordinary seven-eighth inch thick board floor, diagonally laid on the beams and then covered with iron plate or asbestos flooring felt, the finishing floor being laid on top. Somewhat similar methods may be employed for frame houses, care being taken not to forget the brick fire-stop under the first-story beams, which was described in the March number of this magazine.

In a frame house the outside surface of the chimney is usually plastered to lessen the danger of sparks passing through the joints of the masonry; particular and sharp lookout should be kept that no soft or half-burnt bricks are used, as in that case the chimneys may crack open at any moment after being inclosed by furring. Care should be taken, also, to have the chimneys come in the middle of the openings intended for them, as masons rarely think of questioning the accuracy of carpenters. The chimney is

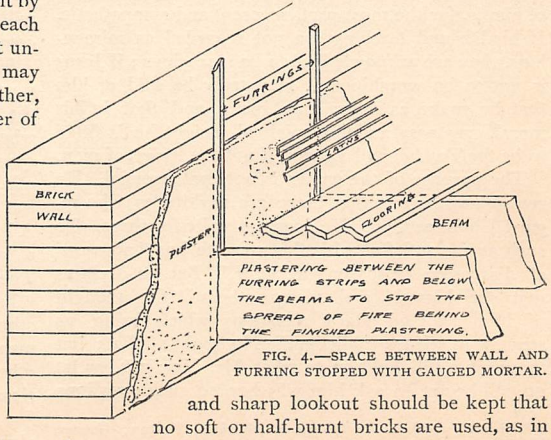


FIG. 4.—SPACE BETWEEN WALL AND FURRING STOPPED WITH GAUGED MORTAR.

carried up, on the supposition that the opening is right, but if the opening is found to be in the wrong position the chimney is shifted over, so that it rests on the trimmer beam. The trimmer beam runs at each side of, and should be twelve inches from, the inside face of the chimney flue; and the "header," or beam in front of the chimney, between the trimmer beams, should be four inches from the outside face, no matter whether the flues are smoke or air ducts. The header to an open fire-place is of course much further from the chimney. On the lower side of the header of a fire-place is nailed a strip of wood, and from this strip on the header to the chimney wall a brick arch four inches thick is turned, which is called the trimmer or hearth arch, the upper surface of which, when leveled with concrete, receives the hearth-stone. The smoke-flues of furnaces, steam boilers, bakers' ovens, large cooking ranges, laundry stoves, and of all fires of similar capacity, ought to have sides at least eight inches thick, unless there is a fire-clay pipe-lining inside, leaving an air-space, when the thickness of the flue may be four inches.

Flues with thin walls lose their heat more rapidly than those with thick walls, and consequently the

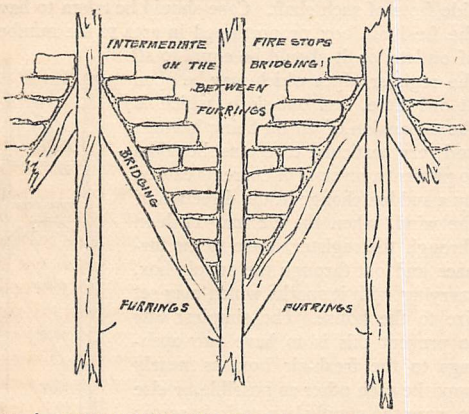


FIG. 6.—INTERMEDIATE FIRE-STOPS OF BRICK AND MORTAR.

draught is not so good. In building the chimney above the roof, care should be taken that the joints are made thoroughly waterproof with cement mixed with sand. The chimney should always be carried up at least three feet above the roof, and should never be constructed with a foot or base immediately above the opening in the roof, as the chimney is certain to settle, in which event the upper portion would be caught on the rafters, and the lower part, sinking away, would leave a dangerous opening. Irregular chimneys can be better bonded, are much stronger, and therefore resist wind-action better than those of the common form. It is a very common thing to see chimneys leaning out of the perpendicular, and they will generally be found to lean from the direction of the prevailing winds. Irregular chimneys are more stable, and they give opportunity for picturesque grouping. Chimney flues are sometimes built four by sixteen inches, inside measurement, but while the area is the same as a square flue eight by eight inches, the latter gives a better draught, and a circular shaft is better than either. If the flues are carried up nearly straight, and without being twisted, eight by eight inches is enough

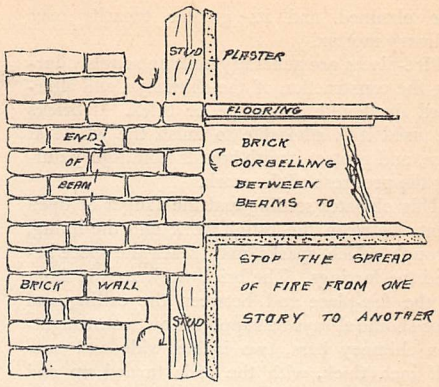


FIG. 5.—BRICK CORBELING BETWEEN BEAMS.

for any stove, or for an ordinary hot-air furnace or a medium-sized open fire-place; the danger of obstruction is so great, however, that prudence dictates flues eight by twelve inches, where practicable. It is necessary to be watchful during the construction of flues to make sure they are smooth and uniform in size.

The chimney partitions between the flues should be well bonded by being roughly mitered with the outside walls of the chimney. If this is not done the partition is formed of a series of superimposed bricks, depending on the feeble adhesion of the mortar for their support, so that not infrequently the partition loses its balance, and leans one way or the other, thus stopping up the adjoining flue. Hoop-iron or tin ties are sometimes used to sustain the partitions, but the mitered joint is better, especially in high chimneys, where a thorough interlocking of the partitions with the walls adds materially to the strength of the shaft. The inside of the flues is frequently plastered with mortar, producing a smooth inside surface, but the plastering may drop down and take with it the joints, and thus open a passage for sparks. Owing to the carelessness, and oftentimes criminal incompetency, of workmen, this practice is forbidden in some localities. Sometimes a plastering of one part lime to three parts fresh cow manure has been used with great success, owing to the polished sur-

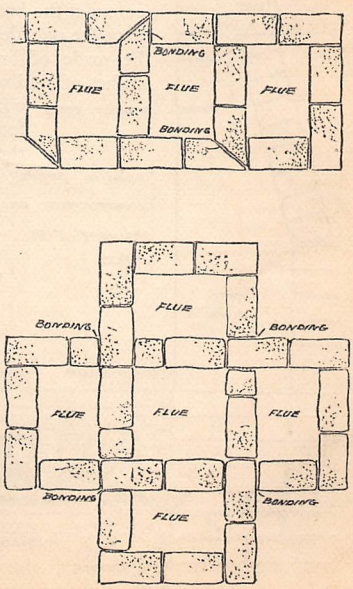


FIG. 7.—PROPER METHOD OF BONDING CHIMNEYS.

face obtained and its greater tenacity over ordinary mortar.

Fire-places are generally built up roughly during the construction of the chimneys, and afterward lined with soapstone or brick. If bricks are used it is advisable to finish the whole at once, and protect it with boards from injury during the progress of the work.

This obviates settling and the danger of open joints between the rough work and the lining, through which sparks may reach the space behind the furrings. The brick-work arch in front of the fire-place and between the ceiling and floor should always be supported on two wrought-iron chimney bars, two inches wide and one-half inch thick, with the ends turned up and down in the piers. Dependence should never be placed wholly on arches over the openings, as these are liable to open, while the wooden centering on which the arch rests while it is building is often left to communicate fire instead of being removed when the arches have set. This is due to thoughtlessness on the part of masons. A four-inch recess in the fire-place often suffices for small hard-coal grates, as the grates project three or four inches from the wall. These work well if the draught is good, but a recess eight inches deep is better, and for wood or soft coal a recess of twelve inches is necessary.

On the placing and construction of heaters depends much of the safety of buildings. The sides and top of brick hot-air furnaces should be kept four inches from any ceilings, floor beams, girders, or wooden partitions of any kind. When the cold air enters at the top of the furnace, and passes over the top of the hot-air chamber, the outside cover ought to be of brick, iron, or tin plate, supported by iron bars, and made perfectly tight. This cover is in addition to and six inches from the cover of the hot-air chamber. When the cold air enters at the bottom of the furnace the outside cover ought to be made of bricks, with two inches of sand on the top. This cover should be four inches from the hot-air chamber cover, which ought to be either a brick arch or two courses of brick supported on iron bars. The walls of the furnace ought to be built hollow, each wall four inches thick, with a four-inch air-space. The walls of a flue or shaft leading from the hot-air chamber, and supporting a register, should be eight inches thick, unless there is a metal pipe inside, when four inches will do. The floor beams should be kept four inches from the outside faces of such shaft. Care should be taken to have the fresh-air box proportioned in area to the number of outlets, or it should be equal to all the register pipes which may be open at one time, less one-sixth, which is the expansion of air on being heated; and very particular care must be taken to prevent a reversal of currents caused by a sudden change in the direction of the wind, when the air may rush in through the register, down to the furnace and out through the supply box, carrying with it sparks which may set fire to the house. The simplest way to prevent this is to have two openings to the fresh-air box, as nearly opposite each other as possible, or else to carry the supply box entirely across the building, at a little distance from the furnace, and connecting with the furnace by a short pipe. Then the wind may blow at will through the main pipe, as the small one alone supplies the necessary amount of air directly to the furnace. The supply box may be made either of wood or metal. Galvanized iron is the best material that can be used, but if it is made of wood the first three feet of the box nearest the furnace must be of iron or brick. Portable hot-air furnaces should be kept two feet from plastered partitions or ceilings, unless they are protected by a bright tin shield, when the distance may be one foot. A stone slab, or a course of bricks well laid in mortar and extending two feet in front of the ash-pan, ought to be placed under each portable furnace to protect a wooden floor.

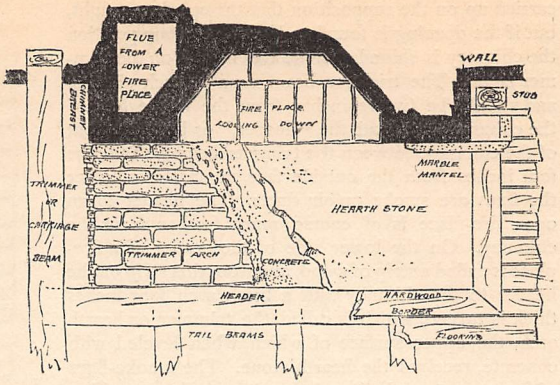


FIG. 9.—HORIZONTAL SECTION OF FIRE-PLACE.

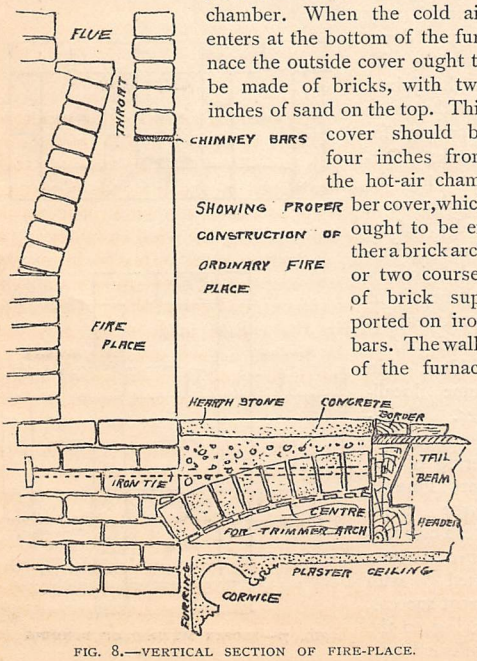


FIG. 8.—VERTICAL SECTION OF FIRE-PLACE.

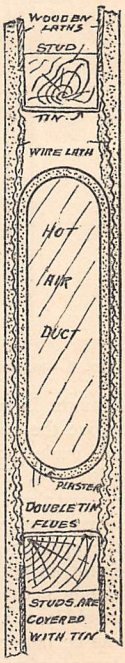


FIG. 10.—HOT-AIR FLUE OR DUCT IN PLASTERED PARTITION.

Smoke-pipes ought never to pass through the floors of a building. Stove-pipes should never be nearer than twelve inches to any ceiling or partition which can burn, unless a metal shield intervenes, when half

that distance will suffice. If it is necessary to carry stove-pipes through wooden partitions, double metal collars, three inches apart, pierced for ventilation, ought to be used, or soapstone rings three inches thick, or earthen rings two inches from the pipe, and extending through the partition. Where the products of combustion at high temperatures are disposed of, the distances from wood-work and for ventilation naturally require enlargement.

All hot-air pipes or registers should have at least four inches of solid masonry, whether of brick or stone, for outside casing, and if it is necessary to build such pipes in wooden partitions, a second and outside pipe ought to be placed around the hot-air duct, at least one-half inch distant, and this outside pipe should be three inches from the studding on each side, and the studding should be protected by tin-plate lining, while the spaces from one piece of studding to the next, and across the hot-air pipe, ought to be covered with wire-lath and plaster or slate. The partition, moreover, should be eight feet distant, in a horizontal direction, from the furnace, and if the partition is not on the same floor as the furnace, a plumb-line dropped from it should be the same distance from the furnace.

A small additional expense in using wire-lath throughout a house adds greatly to the security against fire. Besides, the powerful clinch or hold the mortar takes on the wire-lath prevents any force from detaching the plastering, which will not crack or sag. No violence can shake it down, while continued water-soaking will not detach it from ceilings.

For perfect safety, horizontal hot-air pipes should be at least six inches from the ceiling, unless protected by metal shields, when they may approach to three inches. And if they pass through stud partitions the collars previously mentioned should be employed. Under no considerations should hot-air pipes be allowed between any combustible floor and ceiling. Hot-air registers should be protected by soap-stone borders firmly set in plaster-of-Paris or gauged mortar. All register boxes should be of tin-plate, with a flange on top to fit the groove in the soapstone, upon which the register rests; there should be an open space of two inches on all sides of the register box, extending from the under side of the soapstone and through the ceiling below. This opening should be fitted with a tight tin casing turned under the soapstone, and having the lower end at the ceiling open. When a register in the floor is over a furnace, the open space should be three inches, and if this register is the only one connected with the furnace there should be no register valve with which careless persons could tamper.

Steam-pipes should never approach wood-work nearer than two inches, unless protected by a metal shield, when one inch is the limit. Covers to recesses in walls of brick or stone should be of metal, and these recesses should not be in depth more than a fourth part of the thickness of the wall, and all recesses should be built up solid at the floors.

Gas brackets should be kept at least three feet from any combustible ceiling or wood-work, unless a metal shield one-third the distance down intervenes, when half the distance will answer. All lights near window-curtains or any other combustible material should be protected by glass globes or suitable wire screens.

George Martin Huss.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Ship Ventilation.

PASSENGERS upon ocean steam-ships who occupy state-rooms placed below the spar deck frequently resort to temporary wind-sails to secure a supply of fresh air in their rooms. While the steamer is in motion the leeward rooms cannot be ventilated thoroughly by merely opening the ports. The air passing the smooth sides of the ship does not affect the atmosphere in the rooms, and it remains comparatively quiet. The same thing happens in all the rooms in a calm, and when the wind is ahead or astern. To direct the fresh air into the room, a piece of sheet-tin or a piece of card-board may be crowded into the side of the port, leaving a part to project outside, in the form of a scoop or ear. This makes a wind-sail to throw a current of air into the room. This familiar device has been made the basis of a ventilating apparatus designed to be permanently fixed to the state-rooms of a ship. It consists of a short telescopic tube passing through the side of the vessel, and opening into the state-room near the ceiling. The movable portion of the tube is cut away on one side and closed at the end, and it may be drawn in or out by means of a handle in the room. When not in use the tube is drawn in level with the side of the ship, and it is then closed water-tight. When in use the tube is pushed out, and as the open part faces the wind (or forward) it acts as a wind-sail, catching the wind and directing it into the room. A floating valve is placed inside the tube to prevent the entrance of water in case the ventilator should be submerged by the rolling of the ship. The only criticism that can be made of the apparatus is that, while the idea is a good one, the apparatus itself is heavy and clumsy, and badly designed. Better appliances upon the same system will no doubt soon be introduced.

The idea of using the rolling motion of a ship as a means of ventilating vessels was made the subject of experiments some years ago, that were described at the time in this department. A simple and comparatively inexpensive apparatus based on this idea has now been introduced upon a number of steam-ships. On the main deck, near the middle of the ship and close to the sides, are placed two upright iron cylinders, resembling common upright steam-boilers. The two cylinders or

tanks are joined together by means of a large iron pipe suspended from the ceiling of the deck below. No valves are used, so that water placed in one tank has a free passage into the other. From the top of each tank are taken smaller pipes that lead to the state-rooms, saloons, or other parts of the ship to be ventilated. These pipes are provided with check-valves opening into the tanks. Other pipes also lead from the top of each tank to the open air above the upper deck. These pipes are provided with valves opening outward. In operation, the pipe joining the two tanks is filled with water and closed air-tight, the water rising in each tank for a short distance. While the ship is at rest on an even keel no action takes place. When the ship rolls from side to side in the sea, the water flows through the connecting pipe from one tank to the other. If the right side sinks down, all the water flows through the pipe into the tank on that side. The air above the water is driven out through the escape-pipe. At the same time a vacuum is set up in the opposite tank, and under the pressure of the atmosphere the air-inlet pipes or ventilators open, and the foul air in the rooms is drawn into the tank. When the ship returns or rolls the other way the action is reversed. The water runs back into the other tank, driving out the foul air and causing the first tank to act as an inspirator to ventilate that side of the ship. This alternate inspiration and expiration is continuous as long as there is any rolling motion. The apparatus, it will be seen, is self-acting. As far as can be learned, one or two such pairs of tanks are sufficient to keep a ship of ordinary size free of foul air while the vessel is in motion.

Combined Gas Producer and Engine.

FOR places where a gas-engine may be useful, and where a supply of street gas is not available, a new combination of gas-producer and gas-engine has been devised. The aim has been to make a producer that should be cheap, simple, and easily managed, and yet capable of making a gas of sufficient richness to be of use in a gas-engine. It consists of a small vessel, lined with some refractory material, and having an opening at the top for inserting the coal. This top is closed by a cover having a rim or flange that fits into a joint filled with sand. At the bottom the vessel is provided with a fire-pot formed of inclined grate-bars. These bars rest at the top upon a circular pipe perforated with fine holes, and designed to spread a film of water over the bars to keep the apparatus cool and create a certain amount of steam. In the upper part of the producer is an annular hood, or cap, hanging down into the vessel. This serves to keep the fuel in the center of the vessel, and leaves an annular space at the top through which the products of combustion may escape. A gas-pipe joined to the top of the producer leads the gas to the scrubber, which is simply a vessel partly filled with water, through which the water bubbles upward on its way to the engine. This is all that is required for producing a sufficiently good gas for the purpose. On starting the apparatus, the producer is filled with coal and the fire lighted. At first, the products of combustion are allowed to escape through a chimney over the scrubber. Then the chimney is closed and the water is allowed to flow over the grate-bars. It is turned into vapor, and, together with a small quantity of air, enters the producer, the proper direction being given to the products of combustion by the exhaust caused by the engine in consuming the gas. The engine consists of two upright cylinders placed side by side, and having a set of valves common to them both in a circular chamber between them. There is also a reservoir for storing the gas, and a system of regenerators, formed of wire netting, for heating the gas before it is burned. On top of the engine is a small vessel, intended to hold a quantity of some light hydro-carbon for enriching the gas just before it is burned. The operation of the engine appears to be somewhat complicated. The upward movement of each piston draws a mixture of gas and air into the cylinder, and its return stroke compresses the explosive mixture and delivers it into the reservoir. The effective downward stroke is caused by admitting a portion of the gas from the reservoir above the pistons. At the same time a small portion of the hydro-carbon is added to it, and the mixture is fired by electricity. After the explosion, the waste gases pass through the regenerators into the exhaust-pipe and thus escape. The regenerators absorb a part of the heat of the exhaust, and they, in their turn, give it up again to the next supply of gas that is admitted. The engine, while it is complicated, has the merit of compactness and convenience of position, as it stands upright, and, having two cylinders, one is always doing effective work.

Portable Hydraulic Crane.

IN handling goods upon docks or in railroad yards hydraulic cranes are specially useful; but the objection that is commonly raised to them is that they are fixed and cannot be moved about. To overcome this objection, a portable apparatus has been built by mounting a crane on a platform-car designed to be used on ordinary rails. The water-main is laid between the rails along the track, and at convenient distances are placed small branch pipes. The car carrying the crane may be brought to any one of these branches and quickly connected with the main. A telescopic pipe is fitted under the car and provided with a joint free to turn in any direction, so that the connection can be made between the main and the crane at any point in reach of the sliding-pipe, and, at the same time, the crane can be turned completely round in a circle without moving the car or disconnecting the water-pipe. For such a railroad crane a small steam-pump and accumulator and the necessary pipes would be all that would be required in quite a large yard. Two cranes, one fixed and one portable, have been operated in this way in one yard, at an expense estimated at about one-half what would be required were the steam used direct in two ordinary steam-cranes.

Experiments in Horticulture.

EXPERIMENTS have been made from time to time in mulching garden plants heavily with straw, small stones, wood-chips, and other material, and keeping the ground entirely covered during the growing season. Even tiles and boards have been used to cover the ground in strawberry-beds, and in some instances

a heavy coat of cement or mortar has been spread over the soil, leaving only small openings immediately about each plant or bush. More recent experiments have been made with water-proof paper, spread in sheets over the ground, between the plants, in a fruit and flower garden. The paper used was prepared by soaking ordinary kinds of paper in sulphuric acid, and then washing in clear water to remove the acid. Paper prepared in this way is known as parchment paper. The advantages gained by mulching in this way appear to be a greatly increased rapidity of growth and increased crops, with a material saving of labor in keeping the soil clear of weeds.

New Form of Sidewalk Light.

IN the iron and glass pavements used on sidewalks to light basements and cellars, the openings in the iron frame or sash are filled with small pieces of glass, usually rounded or crowned slightly on top, and flat, or perhaps slightly pointed, below. A new shape has been recently given to these glass lights that greatly increases their value. They are made flat on top, and are designed to fit tightly into the openings in the sash. Below the sash they are formed in the shape of long pendants, flat on one side and rounded on the other, and bent at a slight angle in the direction in which it is desired to send the light. In the apparatus examined the glasses, or lenses as they are called, were designed to reflect the light in a horizontal direction into the building. While all the light that could enter the room was obtained from the sky directly overhead, the amount of light obtained was remarkable. Each lens appeared to act as a silvered mirror, reflecting nearly all the light that entered the glass from above. Compared with the ordinary sidewalk sash, the amount of light admitted to the room seemed to be at least double. The design of the lenses examined seemed to be somewhat defective, yet the results obtained were good. The idea is a simple one, and if properly worked out will prove of value. Roof and wall lights are also arranged in the same way, each lens in the sash acting as a reflector to throw the light downward or horizontally as required. The lenses can be fitted to any of the sidewalk or roof sashes now in use, without disturbing the sash.

Novel Separator.

THE success attending the various forms of magnetic separators for separating iron-waste and scraps from grain and particles of iron, or from iron sands and gravels, by means of magnets, has led to the invention of a method of separating particles of gold from sand. The best of the magnetic separators have already been described here, and the new apparatus is worthy of mention only as pointing out a new direction for experiment. The separator consists of a circular pan or vessel, having raised sides and a narrow rim around the bottom on the inside, the center of the pan being open. The pan is mounted upon arms or supports that meet in the center, and are here supported by a vertical axis. By means of the proper gearing or belting the pan may be given a rapid rotary motion. Within the pan is a flat disc, also connected with the axis, so that the disc will revolve with the pan. Above the apparatus is a cover and a hopper for guiding the mixed sand and gold-dust into the machine. While at rest the pan is partly filled with quicksilver, that rests in a ring next the sides of the pan and is kept in place by a ledge on the inside. This ledge can be raised or lowered as desired by means of suitable machinery. When the machine is in motion the centrifugal force causes the quicksilver to rise in a film up the sides of the pan, and this position it holds as long as the motion continues. At the same time the ledge on the inside is lowered automatically, so that anything falling against the inside of the pan would drop through the machine into a guiding spout below. When the sand bearing the gold is placed in the hopper, it falls upon the revolving disc and is driven by centrifugal force against the sides of the pan. Here it meets the film of quicksilver, and the particles of gold are caught and held by the quicksilver. The sand merely strikes the quicksilver and falls down below. When all the sand has passed and the machine is stopped, the interior ledge is raised to catch the quicksilver as it falls back into its original position. It may then be taken out, and the gold hidden in it may be extracted by any of the usual processes. The invention is interesting as pointing the way to a new field of work in the separating of mixed materials. Reports seem to show that the first machine is a practical one, and new experiments will no doubt find still wider application of this idea of separating substances by the affinity or attraction of one material for another, when by any means they are brought together. Taking all the separators together it appears that difference of gravity, as in the centrifugal dryers and milk and cream separators, magnetic attraction, as in the iron, sand, and grain separators, and electrical attraction, as in the bran separators, have been already employed. The new apparatus suggests the use of chemical affinity to the list and greatly extends the field.

Disposal of City Refuse.

THE necessity of getting rid of ballast, ashes, and waste material collected in sea-board cities has led to the invention of a class of boats called hopper barges, in which the refuse may be carried to sea and thrown overboard. A new boat, designed to overcome the great danger and expense following the use of open floats and scows, such as are used in New York, and the great cost of iron steam-driven hopper barges, has been recently made the subject of experiments. The new boat is designed to be self-discharging and, at the same time, sufficiently large to go to sea in all weather, and to carry large loads with speed and safety. From an examination of the boat, on her return from a trip to the sea, she appeared to be well designed and roughly but thoroughly constructed. The boat consists of two parts, called pontoons, joined together in such a way as to present the outside form of an ordinary ship's hull. The stem, keel, and stern-post are in one piece, as in any hull, but here the resemblance stops. The two halves of the boat are independent of the keel, and are joined together and kept in place by three heavy wooden bridges extending

across the boat from side to side. The outside of each pontoon is of the usual shape, sharp at the bow and rounded at the stern. The inside is, however, planked and calked water-tight and extends from the keel to the deck, near the outside. Thus the two parts, when in their normal position, form a V-shaped opening or well in the center of the boat and extending nearly the whole length. At each end are vertical partitions, extending from the keel up to the deck and inclosing a small space in each pontoon, that serves for cabins and lockers corresponding to the air-compartments used in metallic life-boats. Each pontoon is a complete boat in itself, and, while it would not stand alone in the water, when placed side by side, the buoyancy tends to force the lower parts together, embracing and firmly binding the stem, keel, and stern-post. At each end of the pontoons are large segments of wood, shod with iron and carrying a short piece of gearing. On the three bridges, and extending the whole length of the boat, is a shaft carrying wheels geared into the segments. There are also heavy iron rods hinged to the lower side of each pontoon, and connected with sliding bars under the bridges. Each bridge is supported on the pontoon by a journal, so that the pontoon may turn on its axis without disturbing the bridge. In using the boat it is brought to the dump, and the rubbish is shot into it till it is loaded. It is then towed to sea by a tug. On reaching the dumping-grounds, in deep water, one man standing on the center bridge between the pontoons, by the turning of a wheel unlocks the pontoons, and the weight of the load forces the two hulls apart. They turn under the bridges till the sloping sides within are vertical, when the entire load instantly drops out. The tug, meanwhile, steams rapidly ahead and drags the boat through the water, forcing a powerful current directly through it and washing it out thoroughly. The man who holds the pontoons in this position by means of the hand-wheel then releases them, and they swing together and lock themselves automatically. The whole operation takes only ten minutes, and while the tug is turning around to go home the cargo has been discharged. From an inspection of the boat at the dock it appears to be fully equal to its duty. It can be controlled by two men, one to steer and one to unload, and is sufficiently large and strong to go to sea at all times without endangering the lives of the crew. The design must be regarded as perhaps the best yet brought out, and it is capable of being applied to vessels of either wood or iron, and of any size that may be desirable. The boat examined is 34.65 meters (110 feet) long and 8.82 meters wide, and has a capacity of 500 tons.

Preservation of Wood.

THE increasing cost of wood in this country has led to a great number of experiments in preserving all kinds of wooden structures exposed to the weather from decay. Among the more recent plans suggested is one for impregnating wood with asphalt, combined with some antiseptic material. The finished wood, ready to be put together, is first submitted to heat to drive out the moisture, and is then placed in a hot bath composed chiefly of asphalt and carbolic acid. On cooling, the solvent of the asphalt evaporates, leaving a skin or coating of the asphalt on the surface of the wood that resists water and keeps the antiseptic material securely locked within the pores of the wood. The exterior of the wood presents a smooth, black surface that does not need to be painted. The process is about to be tried upon a large scale.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Fickle Mollie.

I THINK all day of Mollie, and I dream of her all night,
Yet I'm never quite contented even when she's in my sight;
For 'tis, "Ah, I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis, "Ah, I love you not!"
Until, pretty, fickle Mollie, I wish you were forgot.

She's a fair and lovely creature, the sweetest of her kind,
If she'd only be consistent, I ne'er a fault could find;
But 'tis, "Ah, I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis, "Ah, I love you not!"
Till I swear, O fickle Mollie, I wish you were forgot.

My heart is tossed this way and that, my feelings ebb and flow,
Till, wild with joy and mad with pain, I know not where to go;
For 'tis still, "I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis still, "I love you not!"
Till I vow that fickle Mollie by me shall be forgot.

Oh! Mollie, Mollie, Mollie love! why will you tease me so?
For you I never can forget, your love can ne'er forego:
And though you love me, Mollie, and though you love me not,
Full well you know, O Mollie dear, you'll never be forgot.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Sir Jones and his Ride.

SIR JONES he twisted his slight mustache,
And he gazed in the glass with pride,
"And if it were not," he said, "so hot,
I would take her this day to ride;
For she is wealthy and I am poor,
And she is fair to see,
And gayly she laughs at my little jokes,
And sweetly she smiles on me."

Sir Jones he pondered in thoughtful mood,
And he gazed in the mirror still,
Till at last right firmly he upstood,
And he said, "By St. George, I will!
For she hath ducats and I have none,
And she hath a house so brave,
While I in this garret must pine alone,
A woolen-goods-merchant's slave!"

Sir Jones he hired a stately steed,
And a buggy both narrow and high,
And he drove to the lady's door with speed,
And waited for her reply;
For it was a legal holiday,
Yclept the Fourth of July.

The lady graciously said him yea,
And she decked herself in white,
And he lashed the steed, and they went with speed,
Until they were out of sight.
And what he said will never be known,
Nor yet what she replied,
But he brought her back on that self-same track,
From a very short half-hour's ride.

Sir Jones he gazed from his window high,
And his face was sad to see,
And he ground his teeth, that Fourth of July,
Saying, "Curst shall this holiday be!
Yea, ever henceforth, this Fourth of July
Shall be a black-letter day,
For she said me nay, with scorn in her eye,
And I for the steed and the tall buggy
Must a whole week's salary pay!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

The Tryst.

(PANTOUM.)

SWEET love my willing footsteps led
Upon the brightest morn in May,
And o'er the dewy fields I sped—
A lover, hopeful, young, and gay.

Upon the brightest morn in May,
My love looked o'er the fields for me—
A lover hopeful, young, and gay—
How happy I! How anxious she!

My love looked o'er the fields for me;
I saw her, though she saw me not.
How happy I! How anxious she!
"*He must—he cannot—have forgot!*"

I saw her though she saw me not.
'Neath shading hand she strained sad eyes.
"*He must—he cannot—have forgot!*"
A tear has fall'n—she softly sighs!

'Neath shading hand she strained sad eyes.
Afar across the dewy lea
A tear has fall'n—she softly sighs.
* * * * * * *
"*I see him, though he sees not me!*"

Afar across the dewy lea
She saw her lover hastening on;
"*I see him, though he sees not me!*"
She laughed. "*I'll hide: he'll think I've gone!*"

She saw her lover hastening on.
I knew the spot which held my dear.
She laughed. "*I'll hide: he'll think I've gone!*"
* * * * * * *
"*In vain thou hidest, I am here!*"

I knew the spot which held my dear,
And to her side I quickly flew.
"*In vain thou hidest, I am here!*
My heart is fond, my eyes are true!"

And to her side I quickly flew,
And o'er the dewy fields I sped;
"*My heart is fond, my eyes are true—*
Sweet love my willing footsteps led!"

George Kirkhope.

Old Saws and See-saws.

FROM Eighth street up, from Eighth street down,
This is the manner of this great town:
From Eighth street up, the women are spurning it,
From Eighth street down, the men are earning it,

Borrowing, buying, begging it, lending it.
From Eighth street up, the women are spending it:
'Twill be the manner of this great town
Till Wall street's up and Harlem's down,

Till green grass grows in Tompkins Square,
Till all the L's reduce their fare;
From some street up, the women burning it,
From some street down, the men still earning it;

Father from son, if need be, rending it,
That daughter and wife may still be spending it.
From Eighth street up, from Eighth street down—
A see-saw rhyme and a see-saw town.

A. E. Watrous.

To a Stolen Fan.

ON this pinion, drooping idly,
Wing of many a lightsome word,
Repartee and murmured answers
Flew to ears that gladly heard;
Now no mistress bids its plying,
Folded like a moth 'tis lying.

Butterfly, no rougher tempest
Than a gale of mirth dost know;
Flutt'ring e'er on balmy breezes,
Hov'ring where her blushes glow,
Lips like flowers to thee confide
Perfumes that thou waftest wide.

Bird of Paradise, when weary
Thou dost brood upon her breast,
Shelt'ring rashly ardent whispers
That too far would leave the nest;
Mak'st thy wings a bridge of sighs,
Or an ambush for her eyes.

See! a message here is written,
Carrier-dove, beneath thy wing,
And a name—not mine—another's!
Vampire bat, 'tis thus I'll fling
From me one whose deadly art
Fanned my cheek and drained my heart!

H. J. B.

The Fair Copy-holder.

YON window frames her like a saint
Within some old cathedral rare;
Perhaps she is not quite so quaint,
And yet I think her full as fair!

All day she scans the written lines,
Until the last dull proof is ended,
Calling the various words and signs
By which each error may be mended.

An interceding angel, she,
'Twixt printing-press and author's pen—
Perhaps she'd find some faults in me!
Say, maiden, can you not read *men?*

Forgive me, gentle girl, but while
You bravely work I've been reflecting
That, somewhere in this world of guile,
There's some one's life needs your correcting.

Methinks 'tis time you learned this art,
Which makes the world's wide page read better;
For love needs proving, heart with heart,
As well as type with written letter.

Charles H. Crandall.

Cabin Love Song.

OH, listen to me, darkies,
I'll tell you a little story;
'Tis all about my true love,
De Flat Creek mornin'-glory;
She's nice as any jew-drap
Inside de open flower;
She's sof'er dan de moonshine,
An' I lubs her eb'ry hour!

CHORUS—Mag is a sunflower,
Mag is a daisy;
Mag is de very gal
To run a nigger crazy!

Her head is like de full moon,
Her lips is sweet as a cherry;
Her furrud's smoov as a lookin'-glass
An' slick as a huckleberry;
Her face is like a picter,
Her teef is white an' pearly;
Her eye is bright as a lightnin'-bug,
An' her h'ar is 'mazin' curly!

I like to chop de 'backer-patch
Wid Mag right close behind me;
I'd like to be a 'backer-wum
Ef Mag would only find me;
I'd like to be a flock o' sheep
Ef Mag would dribe me 'bout;
I'd like to be a 'tater-slip
Ef Mag would set me out!

I seed her for de fus' time
In thinnin' out de corn;
She made my feelin's flutterate
An' now my heart is gone;
Oh, I lubs her like de mischuf,
I's bound to tell her soon,
An' I'll cote her at de shuckin'
On de changin' ob de moon!

J. A. Macon.

Four Feet on a Fender.

IT is anthracite coal, and the fender is low.
Steel-barred is the grate—and the tiles
Hand-painted in figures:—the one at the top
Is a Japanese lady who smiles.
There's an ormolu clock on the mantel; above
Is a masterpiece; *fecit Gérôme:*
On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and mine,
Trimly shod, in a row, and—at home.

My slippers are broidered of velvet and silk—
The work of her fingers before
We stood at the altar. To have them made up
Cost me just a round five dollars more
Than a new pair had cost at my boot-maker's shop:
But each stitch was a token of love,
And *she* never shall know. Ah, how easy they are
On their perch the steel fender above.

Words fail me to tell of her own. There's a chest
In her father's old garret,—and there,
'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past,
She discovered this ravishing pair.
They are small, trim, and natty; their color is red,
And they each have the funniest heel.
White Balbriggan stockings, high-clocked, underneath,
These *decolletée* slippers reveal.

Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day
They led the old fellow a dance.
They were bought with Virginia tobacco, and came—
Who would guess it?—imported from France.
How odd that yon stern-faced ancestor of mine,
In the earlier days of his life,
Should have loved her who tripped in these red slippers then—
The young grandmamma of my wife!

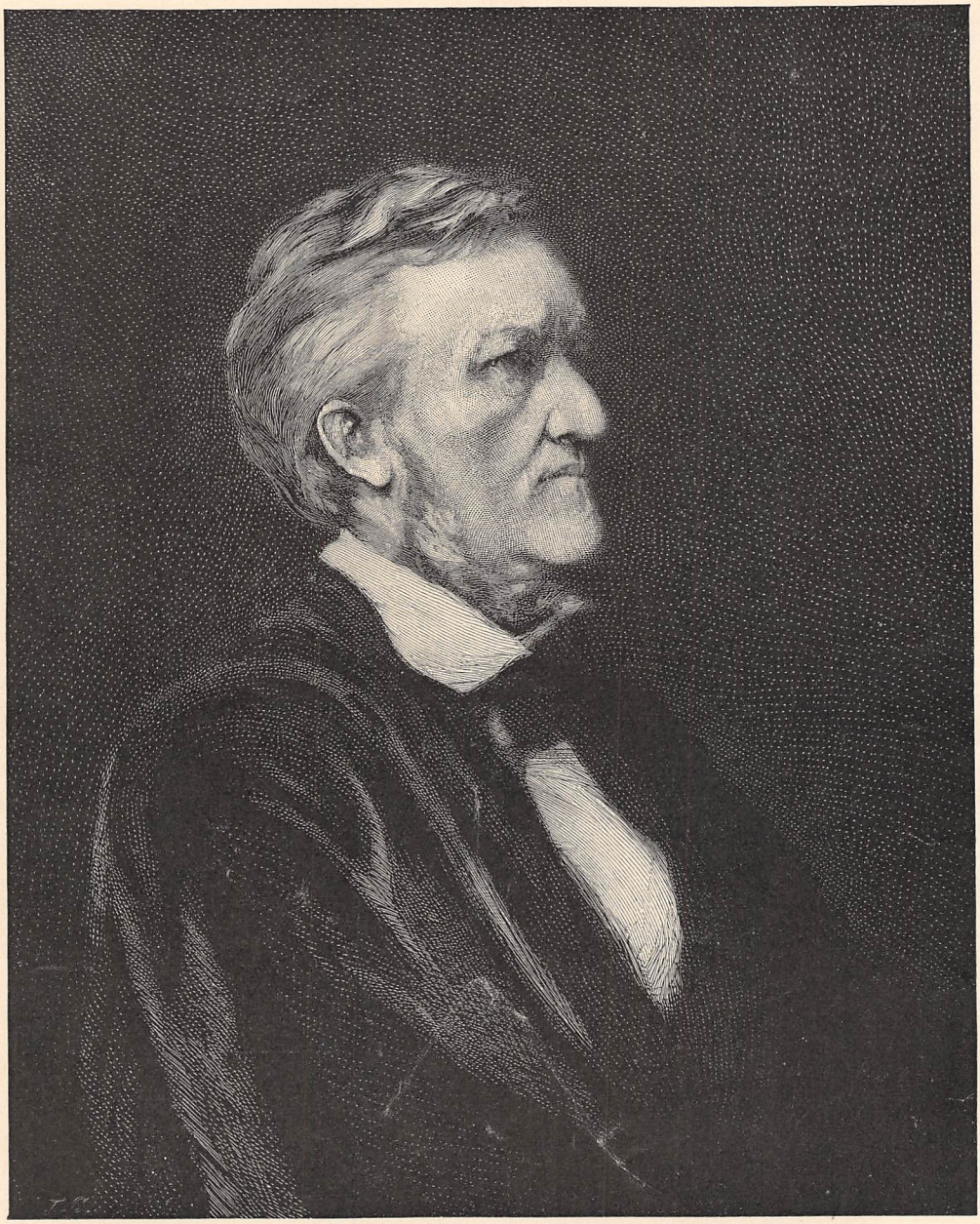
The course of some true loves, at least, runs not smooth;
And I'm glad that 'tis so when I see
The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there,
Which belong to my lady—and me!
Two short months ago in this snug little room
I sat in this soft-cushioned seat;
No companion was near save my pipe. Now, behold
On the polished steel fender four feet!

Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields
To the Moslem—the raptures that thrill
The soul of the Hindu whom Juggernaut takes—
The bliss of Gan-Eden; and still
I'll believe that no gladness which man has conceived
Can compare with the tranquilized state
That springs from two small feet alongside one's own,
On the fender in front of his grate.

L'ENVOI.

In vain the illusion. The trim feet are gone;—
They pass by my door every day—
Yet they stop not nor tarry, but swiftly pass on—
Nor can I persuade them to stay.
And a bachelor's dreams are but dreams at the best,
Be they never so fond or so sweet.
The anthracite blaze has burned low; and behold
On the fender *two* lonesome old feet!

A. C. Gordon.



Richard Wagner.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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THE BORDERLANDS OF SURREY.

SHOTTER MILL, a quaint hamlet of Southern England, is the key to three counties. It is at the point of a wedge of Surrey, that thrusts itself between Hampshire and Sussex, and there, on the meeting-ground of the three, are gathered its church, flour-mill, weather-beaten gray-stone tavern, village green, gentleman's house, three primitive shops, and a mere handful of cottages. The village grew up with the way-side flowers, and borders a country road leading from Guildford to Liphook. Several dwellings are scattered hither and thither to right and left, but most of them keep pretty much in a line, following the windings of the road and rising and descending with it. One triumphant, red, raw-looking house lifts itself a story higher than the low roofs of the good neighbors. It is the post-office and postal savings bank. The mail is brought by a little red cart twelve miles over the hills every day. The postmaster also keeps a general country store, and rooms in the upper stories are let to summer visitors. No motley mingled wares are exhibited in the windows, as at the less pretentious shops next door. The shelves are adorned with a stately frieze of Florentine sweet-oil flasks, and there is a dado full three feet high of biscuit or cracker boxes. Our American term cracker is unknown in England, except in connection with gunpowder and the 5th of November. Entering a grocer's store a few days after our arrival in England, we asked the apron-smothered young man behind the counter what sort of crackers he had. The youth replied, eyeing us suspiciously:

"We don't keep fire-works, mum."

Shotter Mill church is not a characteristic English edifice, with old grave-yard and ivy-covered tower. It is plain and Puritanic, white-washed within and gray without. Sunday is a delightful day on the borders, providing the weather be warm and fine. All is quiet on hill and highway until Sabbath-school time, when the cottagers and farmers' children pass down the lane. A glimpse at the green hat and purple dress of the first girl is enough in itself to assure us that only the "seventh day" could warrant such richness of color, while the boys all look dreadfully uncomfortable in their best clothes, which are generally made to allow for growing; whereas, when they pass on Monday morning the case is reversed, and many of the little fellows seem to be painfully long as to leg and arm. An hour after the children pass, their parents join the stream to one of the three churches—Episcopal, of course—within walking distance. Traversing the same road on a Saturday evening we would frequently meet two picturesque figures returning from work, who always touched their hats with a respectful "Good-even' to yer"; one, an old fellow in a finely embroidered smock frock and leather gaiters, the other a cheery, red-faced man, with a faded velveteen coat, old felt hat, and bag of tools over his shoulder. On Sunday morning we meet the same couple on their way to service, but how changed! The old man in a high silk hat, and suit of badly cut, shiny black; the other wearing plaid cloth, squeaking boots, and emerald-green neck-tie. Then for the first time we notice that their faces are coarse and their figures heavy.

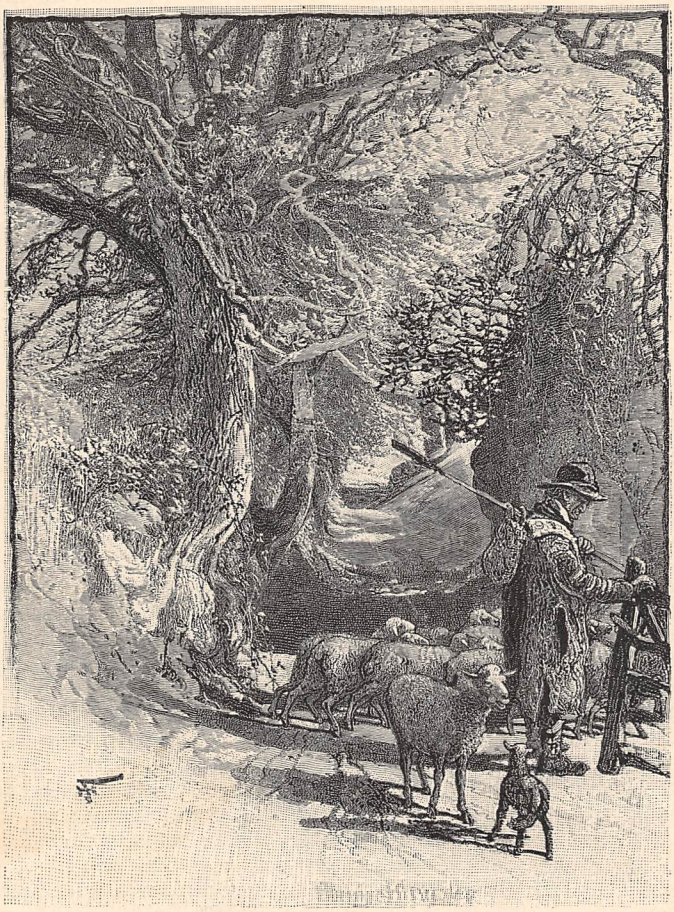
Many of the farmers have to drive in some distance, and arrive fresh and rosy at the church gate. They, too, appear very much pomaded as to the hair, and very much starched as to the shirt; not as their fathers, who used to come to church dressed, like Mr. Poyser, in a Sunday suit of drab, with red and green waistcoat, knee-breeches, and thick

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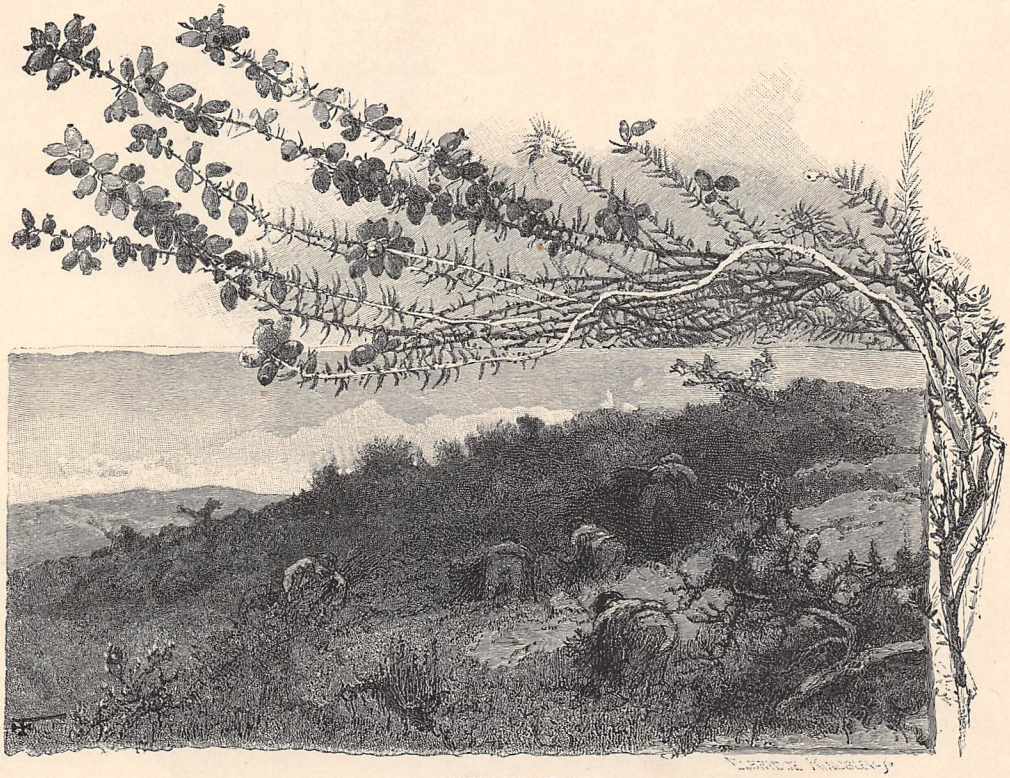
drab stockings knitted by Mrs. Poyser's own nimble hands, a yellow silk neckerchief, and green fob-ribbon with a large carnelian seal attached. Fickle fashion has dismissed fancy waistcoats. Mrs. Farmer has the best chance now for color, and turns out bristling with bugles, a bright, cheery dress, and tasteful bonnet of blue silk and roses.

English air is always resonant with sound on Sunday mornings, and long before we reach the village we can distinctly hear the bells, and a faint echo of chimes over the western common, which often reminds us of Rabelais' description of Britain, as an island "ever filled with the corybantic jingle, jangle of great, middle-sized, and little bells, wherewith the people seem to be as much charmed as a swarm of bees with the clanking of brazen kettles and drums"; and so we are charmed, providing the bells are good and we have one chime at a time.

On reaching church, we generally find a crowd of men around the gate discussing crops, between the arrival of the various carriages which bring the neighboring gentry. Two good old maids usually come early in a little donkey-chaise; then a pretty landau, several phaetons, and a heavy brougham follow in turn; the last and not least in importance being a coach and four with Sir John H——'s party. The venerable clergyman is a tall, robust, clean-shaved man, with bald head and upright carriage with all his three and seventy years. He belongs more to the last generation of fox-hunting parsons than to the present style of Church of England clergy—a good, hearty English gentleman, who doffs his ministerial black for six days in the week, and visits his parishioners on horseback, looking more like the squire than parson. All the country folks love him, and touch their hats respectfully as he passes with bright smile and cheery word for each, even to the smallest child, who bobs a curtsey and mumbles back a reply to the inquiry after mother, not a



A SURREY LANE.



A STRETCH OF HEATH.

trifle awed by the dancing and pawing of the rector's high-mettled mare, who objects to being pulled up for every little rustic that comes along. Indeed, it is whispered that the reverend gentleman was once seen down on his knee, taking aim—not at a buck in the Scottish Highlands—but at "five in a ring," or, in other words, "knuckling down" at marbles among half a score of boys on the hard Surrey road.

The rectory being just opposite the church, the parson often comes out and chats with the early members of the congregation on Sunday morning, as they loiter about. At the proper moment he retires to don his surplice, in which he walks from the house to the reading-desk in the chancel, the church possessing no vestry. He preaches his simple sermons both morning and afternoon, and reads the grand old prayers in a full, clear voice, the congregation joining heartily in the responses. The characteristic of country services, as of country manners, is simplicity.

In the heart of the village lives the Squire, a real English country gentleman, who possesses hounds and hunters, Alderney cows and tracts of meadow land. He is also justice of the peace and captain of the fire brigade. This makes the poorer classes stand in awe of him, though he is their good friend in time of need.

The quaint, antiquated look of an English village is only a part of its charm. The red tiles and thatch roofs give richness of color. It is the rarest thing to see a frame house through the length and breadth of Britain; brick or stone are almost invariably used. There were only two ugly wooden buildings on the outskirts of Shotter Mill, one a braid factory, and the other a tannery, which reminded us of American village architecture. The scenery surrounding the village is beautiful and varied. The peculiar landscape features of the three counties all show themselves more or less in the immediate neighborhood. From the hills that hem in the village, when one looks into Hampshire, there is a long vista of upland waste, hill and down, a blaze of reddish-purple heather, the monotony only broken here and there by solitary white birch-trees or clumps of pines; in fact, so wild is a spot several miles from our temporary home, that in wading through the deep bracken we have several times startled a genuine Scotch black



CARTING HEATHER.



DEAD BRACKEN.

cock, the place itself being called Little Scotland. Turning our faces toward Sussex, the foreground is the same—tracts of common land overrun with gorse, heath, and bracken. Beyond one sees undulating hill and dale, and in the far distance the Sussex downs, looking very bald and dark with their short herbage. Sometimes of an afternoon the buttresses of the downs stand out with marvelous distinctness, furnishing one of the natural barometers of the peasantry, who after that sight always prepare for heavy rain on the morrow. We have to cross the valley and climb another hill to procure a good view of Surrey, which displays itself in a long stretch of fertile fields, that look like a chess-board on account of the regularity of the bright dividing hedge-rows and the variety of color. One can see also green wooded slopes, church spires, the chimneys of great manors nearly buried in foliage, low, rambling barns, and red-tiled cottages. Such is the vicinity of a village whose rural quiet and beauty have attracted many people who are prominent in the literary and artistic world. George Eliot, Tennyson, White of Selborne, and Thomas Hardy; Alma-Tadema, Boughton, and Birket Forster have sojourned or lived on these borderlands.

The most picturesque house at Shotter Mill is just opposite the Squire's. It was inhabited

at one time by George Eliot. Brookbank, as it is called, is an old two-storied cottage, with tiled roof and lattice-paned windows, the front of the house being half-covered with trailing rose-trees. The rooms are low but pleasant, like all country dwellings of this kind, and furnished in a simple, comfortable manner. A thick hedge of laurel borders the garden, and is formed into an arch above the little wooden gate.



BROOKBANK, THE HOUSE IN WHICH GEORGE ELIOT ONCE LIVED.

Brookbank receives its name from a noisy little stream, which turns the flour-mill but a few yards below, and then rushes across the road on its way to another mill several miles farther on. Brookbank was occupied for many years by Mrs. Gilchrist after the death of her husband, and here she completed his famous work, "The Life of Blake." We have often endeavored to glean some information regarding George Eliot's life at Shotter Mill, but she and Mr. Lewes lived in such seclusion that there was very little to be told. They seldom crossed their threshold during the day, but wandered over the commons and hills after sundown. They were very anxious to lodge at the picturesque old farm, ten minutes' walk beyond Brookbank, on the same road, which was our home for two years, but all available room was then occupied. However, George Eliot would often visit the farmer's wife, and, sitting on a grassy bank just beside the kitchen door, would discuss the growth of fruit and the quality of butter in a manner so quiet and simple that the good country folks were astonished, expecting very different conversation from the great novelist. All the vegetables eaten at Brookbank were sent from the farm, and we have heard the old lady in speaking of it say: "It were wonderful, just wonderful, the sight o' green peas that I sent down to that gentleman and lady every week." They evidently knew what was good! Our old friend the farmer, who owns a neat horse and trap, was employed to drive them two or three times a week. They occasionally visited Tennyson, whose house is only three miles distant, though a rather tedious drive, since it is up-hill nearly all the way. George Eliot did not enjoy the ride much, for the farmer told us that, "withal her being such a mighty clever body, she were very nervous in a carriage—allays wanted to go on a smooth road, and seemed dreadful feared of being thrown out."

George Eliot was writing "Middlemarch" during her summer at Brookbank, and the term for which they had the cottage expired before they wished to return to London. The Squire was away at the time, so they procured permission to use his house during the remainder of their visit. In speaking of them to us he said:

"I visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewes several times before they went back to town, and found the authoress a very agreeable woman, both in manner and appearance; but her mind was evidently completely absorbed in her work; she seemed to have no time for anything but writing from morning till night. Her hand could hardly convey her thoughts to paper fast enough. It was an exception-



LINCHMERE COMMON.—FURZE AND BRACKEN.



GORSE OR FURZE.

ally hot summer, and yet through it all Mrs. Lewes would have artificial heat placed at her feet to keep up the circulation. Why, one broiling day I came home worn out, longing for a gray sky and a cool breeze, and on going into the garden I found her sitting there, her head just shaded by a deodora on the lawn, writing away as usual. I expostulated with her for letting the midday sun pour down on her like that.

"'Oh,' she replied, 'I like it! To-day is the first time I have felt warm this summer.' So I said no more, and went my way."

One person volunteered the information that "as how I've heerd say as Mrs. Eliot couldn't eat Dunce's bread" (Mr. A. Dunce being the baker as well as the miller of Shotter Mill), and no wonder! We well recollect the pang with which we saw one of those solid "quarterns" on the dinner-table, on our arrival at the farm.

And thus nearly all we could learn about George Eliot was that she loved to bask in the sun, and liked green peas. She visited some of the cottagers, but only those living in secluded places, who knew nothing of her. Just such people as these she used in her graphic and realistic sketches of peasant life, for she writes, in "Adam Bede": "I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence." And again: "I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who would create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real healthy men and women who can be chilled by your indifference, or injured by your prejudice, who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice."



ALFRED TENNYSON'S HOUSE.

With regard to the surrounding country, George Eliot said that it pleased her more than any she knew of in England. The landscape is so varied it is difficult to give a clear idea of its attractions. One season of the year the woods and lanes seem the most beautiful, and at another time the hills and commons outshine them, for each blooms in its season, and no artificial garden, however lovely, could rival the natural flora of upland or lowland. In early spring the hedge-rowed lanes are starred with primroses and violets. Later, the hedges themselves burst into May bloom. Then comes the intense green of summer, with here and there a shadowed spot where we rest with relief from the glare of color, amid quivering shadows on the sun-checkered sandy road, lined with daisies and blue-bells. Higher up are blackberries and wild roses, which, later on, brighten the same spot with red instead of green. Then there is the gray velvet moss, with its miniature corn-field of slender-stalked, capsuled seedlets, which lasts when all other vegetation has withered, and clings through the winter to the bare stones and trees.

The uplands, as a whole, are most beautiful in early October, when their garment of heath-bloom is fading into a dull purple, and the bright bracken is transformed from green to delicate yellow and burnt sienna, diffusing a softness of color which the more gorgeous American autumns lack. It is the marvelous blending of tint that lends such a charm to these long stretches of hill, in contrast to the even line of continuous woods on the left. Then there is the delightful sensation of elastic turf under foot, the sweet, fresh odor im-



BURNING THE FURZE.

parted to the breeze, and the hum of busy insects. We have no substitute for bracken in America, for, although our woods produce luxuriant ferns and finer wild flowers, there is nothing to take the place of the English and Scottish brakes, which are fairly carpeted with bracken. In appearance it is very much like a hardy fern, but branches off from a main stalk instead of each frond coming straight from the ground. It grows from one to three feet high.

Somewhere, just over the border, in the heart of these uplands, is the spot where Thomas Hardy came to study the phases of the land which he has so marvelously reproduced in "The Return of the Native."

The gorse commons extend for some miles on the Sussex border, and are one of the characteristics of the district. Furze and gorse are synonymous terms, one being used in the north and the other in the south. It is a low, shrubby, hardy evergreen plant, with numerous branches, spiny leaves, and yellow flowers, the fruit consisting of an inflated hairy pod, scarcely longer than the calyx. The broom and furze are perpetually associated; indeed, the latter is sometimes called the thorny broom. It has a larger flower than the furze, and is rather deeper in color, being a smooth, graceful plant. The twigs and young branches have been employed as a substitute for oak bark in tanning, and are also serviceable in thatching cottages and corn-ricks. This is the broom which St. Louis entwined with the enameled white lilies as an insignia of knighthood, and the same blossom has given fourteen English monarchs the name of Plantagenet, so it is a right royal flower, though only flourishing on barren heaths.

The gorse in the south makes an attempt to bloom all the year round, but its full glory is donned in June, when whole bushes are sometimes a perfect blaze of the most beautiful yellow, and we do not wonder that the enthusiast Linnæus, when he first caught sight of it on his visit here, fell on his knees enraptured. But often tracts of common, which ought to be in full bloom, lie waste and black, having been entirely consumed by fire. Invariably after a fire, women and children are seen busily employed for days cutting the "smuts" (burnt furze); but, of course, they never know anything about the burning!

Rising from our village on the west is Hindhead, with a long, sloping descent on this side, but precipitous on the other. Over Hindhead runs the old Portsmouth coach road, and many are the local stories of highwaymen attacking the mail as it came over the brow of the hill. Just beyond the reputed spot of attack a great gibbet was erected, in 1786, to hang three murderers. It stood for many years, but is now superseded by a stone raised to the memory of the victim. On the summit of Hindhead the late Judge Erle erected a large Irish cross, which with a powerful glass can be distinguished, it is said,

from Greenwich Observatory, about forty miles distant as the crow flies. There is a very extensive view from the cross looking north, and in clear weather can be seen the camp at Aldershot to the westward. To art-lovers, it may be interesting to know that this afforded a subject for Turner's "Liber Studiorum."

Some twelve years ago Tennyson built a house on the northern slope of Blackdown, a lordly hill two miles to the north-east of our village, and just opposite Hindhead, these being the two eminences which guard the valley east and west. The house is a large, imposing stone structure, built in a free treatment of domestic Gothic of the Tudor period, the entrance being a large porch with five pointed arches. The laureate can be as solitary here as the most confirmed anchorite, since his is the only residence on the hill. A carriage road winds up Blackdown on the western side as far as Tennyson's, enabling too many persons to come near the house for the poet's pleasure. Very many distinguished men are slowly drawn up that hill, on flying visits to the laureate—the Duke of Argyle and his Scotch gillie being on the ascent when we were last that way.

Tennyson naturally dislikes to find persons creeping around his grounds, and plucking leaves from his plants as mementos, as they constantly do at Freshwater. Once, seeing a face peering at him while eating his dinner, the exasperated poet left the table, exclaiming that he could no longer take his meals in comfort without being watched.



WITHERING THE BLOOM.

Not far from Tennyson's is the house of General Oglethorpe, who in 1732 was made Governor of Georgia. He took John and Charles Wesley out with him for the purpose of instructing the Indians. The General was an important man in his time on both sides of the water. In Parliament, by his opposition to the bill for withdrawing the charter from the city of Edinburgh, in consequence of the Porteous Riots, Walpole withdrew the obnoxious clauses, and a fine of ten thousand dollars was imposed, to be paid to the widow of Porteous. In America, James



BROOM-MAKER'S COTTAGE.

Oglethorpe made war on Florida, in consequence of annoyances received from the Spaniards, took several ports, and laid siege to St. Augustine. This old gentleman, whom Roger describes as having a face like parchment, lived to an immense age, was the friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Hannah More, and was eulogized by Pope and Thomson, while a city and county of Georgia bear his name. The house outside is small and very ugly, but delightful within, having a beautiful oak hall and staircase, which are highly appreciated by the present owner, an artist.

The Borderlands of Surrey abound in partridges and pheasants. Birds of all kinds, from the saucy midwinter robin-redbreast to the midsummer nightingale, are heard on every hand. The nightingale entertained us during the long June twilights, except when we were anxious to have a concert for our London or New York friends from the songsters of whom we had boasted so much, and then, no matter how long we listened, there was never a sound. The nightingale's song bursts out in a fine rich trill, followed by a low croaking sound several times repeated, the compass being eleven or twelve notes. On a bright, joyous spring morning the skylark's sweet song fills the air, and often the little warbler may be seen a mere dot in the sky. Its song can be heard when the songster is invisible among the clouds. We have a large family of chimney-swallows, which flutter busily past the windows all day, with a good deal of commotion, resting occasionally on the old weather-beaten tiled roof of our farmstead. The numerous and audacious blackbirds afford us much amusement in studying their manners and customs.

An industry of the Surrey hills which is fast passing away is that of broom-making, machinery having taken the place of manual work in this as in other industries. The conservative country folk, however, still cling to the ways of their forefathers, and the reign of the birch and heath broom is now confined to



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE.

farms and cottages. One always reads and thinks more of the birch than the heath broom, yet in this locality heather was nearly a monopoly. The former is used entirely for out-door or stable work, and the latter for household purposes. The broom-makers are also called "dashers" and "squatters." They gained the latter title about a hundred years ago, when a company of them settled near Hindhead, built canvas huts, and carried on their trade. No one interfered with them for a year or two, so they concluded that the land was theirs by right of possession. Consequently there was a great time when the landlord came forward and demanded rents, or their room. In the broil that followed the owner was shot at and wounded.

It was natural for the "dashers" to settle in Hampshire and Surrey, they being almost the only counties in southern England which luxuriate in heath. Just on the borderland they have built a hamlet, which is occupied almost exclusively by them. Hammer, as it is called, is but a few minutes' walk south-west of Shotter Mill. To reach it on leaving the main road we find ourselves, for a short distance, in one of those shady English lanes with high banks on either side and delightful old oaks, whose branches form a cool and shady avenue.

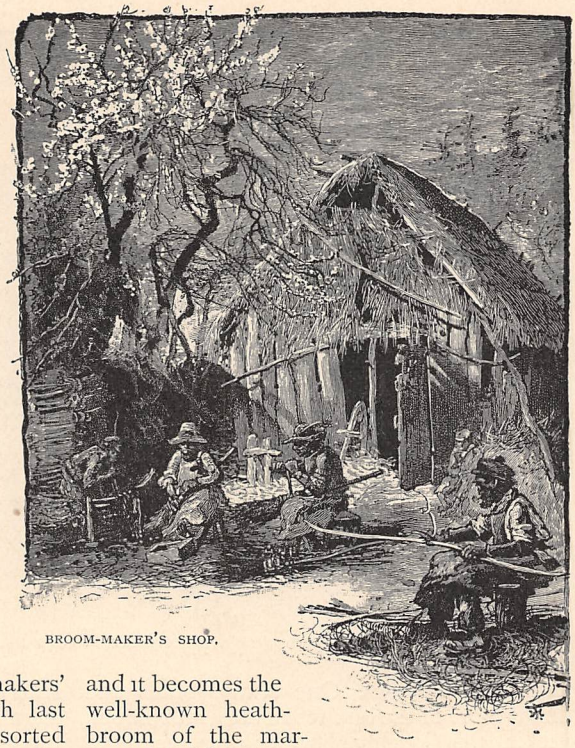
Hammer is not an imposing-looking place, and does not boast of a single store, though, of course, the necessary beer-shop is found there. This is merely a small house of respectable appearance, with no bar visible. Consequently the owner, who is known as the King of Hammer, feels justified in hanging out the large sign of "The Prince of Wales' Inn." The hamlet is built on the slope of a hill, up which the cottages straggle for a short distance, but, finding it rather steep, suddenly turn around and straggle down again. The boundary brook runs past Hammer, with a rural bridge for foot-passengers—merely two large rough-hewn stones thrown into the stream.

We made great friends with the broom-maker, who has the most attractive home and shed in the settlement. The cottage is in itself a picture—a long, low, characteristic English half-timbered, red-tiled dwelling. Its many windows are of all sizes and shapes—some square-latticed; others, diamond, the middle section always open. The door, which is propped back by a wooden chair or stone, is framed by a climbing plum-tree. To the left hangs a whistling starling in its wicker cage, and the old cat basks placidly on the sunlit step. The country poor always love flowers around them, and in this garden a deep row of marigolds surrounds the cabbage-bed.

At the end of the garden is the broom-maker's shop or shed, a pretty little thatched hut, at the door of which we find our old friend, week in, week out; and here, sitting on a log of wood, we have often enjoyed a chat with him. The poor man really makes very little money, though he works hard enough. A broom fetches only from two to ten cents, according to size and quality.

In the manufacture of brooms, to gather the heath is naturally the first step, and at

the proper season the men start off hay-making, as they term it. Women and boys are also employed, and a very pretty picture they make, kneeling in the deep heath on a downy upland, with the afternoon sun making happy lights and shadows on the figures. They pick out the heath best suited to their purpose and break off the plant at the root, tucking each piece in succession under the left arm until a bundle is gathered, when it is roughly tied together, thrown down, and the harvester passes on to the next clump. A track is thus left behind each harvester, and this is followed up the next day by a little square cart, drawn by the only animal that will or can do such work—the ill-used though useful donkey. The birch and other wood used for handles is procured from undergrowth in a neighboring copse, the withes for binders also being obtained near home.



BROOM-MAKER'S SHOP.

The process of making brooms is very simple, although it entails a great deal of labor. Outside the broom-makers' huts are piled stacks of heather, which last through the winter. The heath is first sorted into "longs" and "shorts," according to the size required. It then takes the form of a nosegay, bound about by a strip of willow, made pliable by soaking in the brook hard by, then dexterously split into thin lengths by an odd knife held upon the knee, the withy being drawn rapidly over it. When a large number of bunches are ready, they are put upon rafters. A fire of chips is then lighted beneath to wither the bloom, and what was yesterday the purple pride of the hill-side, now flies off in blinding dust about the head of the broom-maker as he strikes each bunch against the rafters. This dust, by the way, together with small chips of heather, is much esteemed for ham-smoking purposes, and a peep up the spacious chimney in the cottage reveals a goodly array of hams, sent by farmers from a long distance around to be cured, the smoldering bloom imparting a certain delicate flavor unattainable by any other method. Two blows of a sharp hatchet trim off the roots from the heath-stems projecting beyond the binder. A long, pointed stick, peeled with a spoke-shave, forming the handle, is inserted in the cleanly trimmed end, and hammered firmly in on the chopping-block. A peg is fastened through the binders, and it becomes the well-known heath-broom of the market. The birch-broom is made in exactly the same manner, with the exception of the withering, which is not required. They are not so fine or so pliable as the others, and are used for rougher work.

Packed in bundles of a dozen, the little donkey-cart is laden up with them, and they take their first sweep along the hedge-rows of the winding lanes to the nearest railway station, the destination of many being to sweep the street-crossings of London.

Before leaving the Surrey highlands, we made a pilgrimage to Selborne, a place which would be quite unknown had not Gilbert White lived and died there, leaving his world-famed letters to endear the name of Selborne to every lover of natural history. Lowell calls his books the "Journal of Adam in Paradise." The village is still a quiet, sleepy little place, lying in a sheltered vale, skirted by two rivulets, its one straggling street being nearly a mile in length. White's house is now under process of alteration by the present possessor. Selborne appears to be one of those places where the inroads of time and change make small effect, being left apparently out of the world of bustle and excitement.

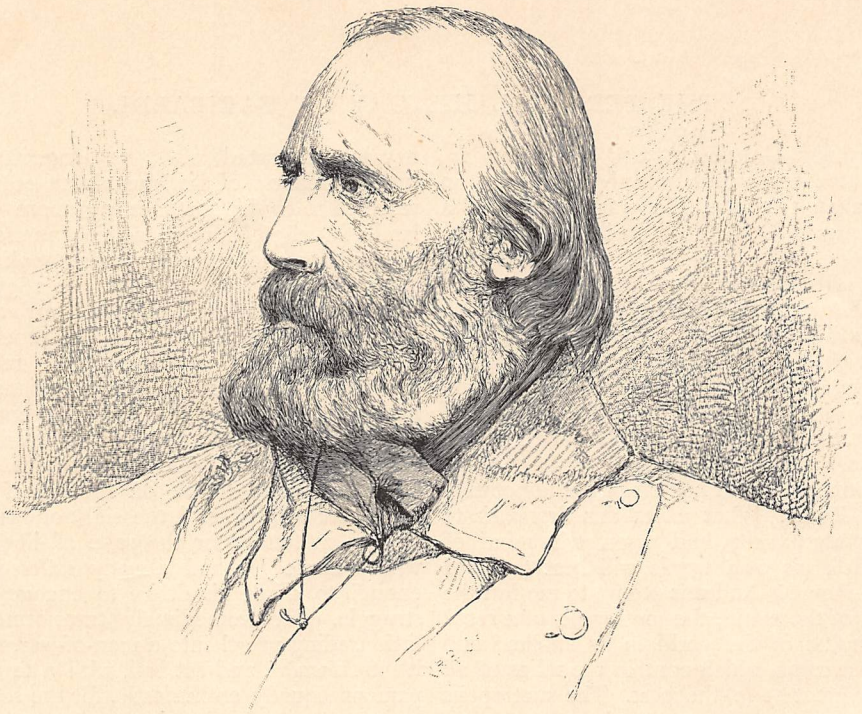
Alice Maude Fenn.



THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF GARIBALDI.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was born July 19, 1807, at Nice, which was then included in the Italian territory. He was the son of a sea captain, Domenico Garibaldi, and the descendant of a long line of soldiers and sailors, all renowned for courage, patriotism, and industry. His childhood was spent upon the Mediterranean and its shores; and when he was old enough to choose a profession, he seems to have had no hesitation in selecting that of his father and grandfather. His first voyage was to Odessa, his second to Civita Vecchia. The vessel lying a few days at the latter port, he could not resist the temptation to see Rome. What effect this first visit to the wonderful city had upon the mind of Garibaldi, his own words will best tell: "I was at Rome! And was Rome to me but the capital of the world, the metropolis of a sect? The capital of the world in its sublime and immense ruins, which contain the relics of all that is greatest in the past. The metropolis of a holy church, liberator of the oppressed, benefactor of the human race, whose priests, once truly the guides of the people, are to-day how degenerate! how truly the scourge of Italy which they would fain barter to strangers! No; the Rome of my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future, the saviour of a nation oppressed by jealous potentates because she was born great, and stands inscribed upon the list of the foremost nations whom she has herself guided to civilization. * * * Rome thenceforward became dear to me above all else on earth. I worshiped her with all the fervor of my soul."

Garibaldi passed some years in the business of coast traffic. In this pursuit he went to Constantinople, where he fell dangerously ill, and after his recovery remained there some months as preceptor in an Italian family, earning enough to pay the expenses of his sickness. Shortly afterward he became a member of the "Giovane Italia," a society founded by Mazzini, whose watchword, "*Dio e il Popolo*," could not fail to find an echo in his enthusiastic mind. Garibaldi suffered with this society in its defeat in Savoy in 1834, and returned to Nice an outlaw. Stopping only to catch a glimpse of his parents, he hastened his escape to Marseilles, and after some months of inaction there, which sorely tried his impetuous spirit, he entered the service of the Bey of Tunis, and was assigned the command of a vessel. But he soon became disgusted with the ignorance and insubordination of his Mussulman crew, and resolved to try his fortunes in a more distant land. In 1836 he went to Rio Janeiro, and in company with another Italian took up his old business of coast trading. In 1837, only nine months after Garibaldi's arrival, the province of Rio Grande do Sul proclaimed itself a republic, and armed in rebellion against Brazilian rule. Some Italians who had espoused the cause of the insurgents were taken prisoners at the first skirmish, and brought to Brazil loaded with chains. Garibaldi happened to be on the wharf when they were landed, and the sight of his countrymen in fetters for the sake of liberty, in whose name he had already suffered, was enough to kindle his desire to engage in the struggle. He immediately transformed his little trading vessel into a man-of-war, named it the *Mazzini*, and set sail, with a few companions equally enthusiastic, for the scene of action. A vessel belonging to the enemy was captured during the first days of their voyage, but no further prizes coming in their way, and their supplies falling short, they concluded to enter what they supposed to be the friendly port of Montevideo. Nearing the shore, they perceived two armed vessels awaiting them, and hardly had they begun to suspect that they were about to encounter enemies instead of friends, when a shower of balls fell upon the deck of the *Mazzini*. The man at the wheel was killed by the first discharge; a sharp combat ensued, in which Garibaldi himself was severely wounded. The *Mazzini* escaped at length and took refuge at Gualeguay, on the Parana. Scarcely did the unfortunate adventurers consider themselves in safety, when the vessel was seized by order of the provincial government, and all the crew were imprisoned. Garibaldi was spared the fetters with which the others were loaded, on account of his apparently dying condition. He slowly recovered, and, as if ashamed of their ungenerous conduct, the authorities released him on parole. But hearing that he was to be speedily sent to Bajada, he considered himself freed from all obligation, and made his escape. For three days he wandered in the forests, without a compass, and without knowledge of the locality. On the fourth he fell into the hands of the soldiers who had been sent out to search for him. This time the punishment was terrible. He



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

was hung up by the arms and flogged, and then was sent with a strong escort to Bajada. After two months of imprisonment he was set at liberty, and returned to Montevideo. But he was not intimidated by the ill success of this first enterprise, and soon after we find him with "three miserable ships" in the port of Laguna.

And now comes an episode of a different character. Disappointed in his hopes of accomplishing great things for liberty in South America, saddened by the death and imprisonment of his companions, and weary with his personal sufferings, Garibaldi was standing one day on the deck of his ship, when, among the women who came to the shore for water, one suddenly attracted his notice. "I gave orders," says he, "to be put on shore, and I approached the house pointed out to me as her dwelling, with a beating heart, but with that determined will which never fails to command success. A man" (her husband) "invited me to enter. I should have done so without his invitation. I had seen him previously. And to the young woman I said: 'Thou must be mine by a bond which only death can dissolve.' I had found a treasure, forbidden, indeed, but of what value! If there was blame it was wholly mine. And blame there was! Two souls were indissolubly bound together, and the heart of an innocent man was broken! But she is dead. He is avenged—avenged indeed! And I acknowledged my sin on that day when, striving still to detain her with me, I felt her failing pulse, and sought to catch her feeble breathing; but I pressed the hand and kissed the lips of the dead, and wept the tears of despair."

From this peculiar description of his courtship, if so that could be called which proceeded in such summary fashion, it may be inferred that Garibaldi's way of love was very similar to his way of warfare. "He took Anita Rivieras," says Ricciardi, "in pretty much the same manner that he did Palermo," and however little it might have been expected from such a commencement, to the end of poor Anita's life she was faithful to her hero. She bore him three children: Menotti, born in 1840; Teresita, in 1845; and Ricciotti, in 1847.

A day or two after Garibaldi had carried off his treasure, the Brazilian fleet, tired of waiting outside the harbor, resolved to force an entrance. Garibaldi, with the few men at his command, resisted stoutly. Anita stood by his side, fired the first cannon-shot, and encouraged the sailors. She then put off in a skiff to obtain reënforcements from the shore, but instead brought back word from the authorities to abandon and burn the ships. Garibaldi sent off his crew, remaining on

board with the fearless Anita, till he saw them safely landed, then setting a train to the powder magazine, he fired it, and escaped with her in safety, the vessel being blown to atoms before they reached the shore.

It would take too long to follow Garibaldi in detail through the rest of his South American career. It is a story of fightings, wounds, and imprisonments, with enforced pauses of peace, more distasteful to him than the most unequal conflict. The spring of 1848 found him in Italy, ready and longing to take part in the struggle against Austria which was then beginning. But there were difficulties in the way. His name had become known, indeed, and he had gained a reputation for valor and daring, but it had been chiefly acquired in rebellion against existing authorities, and, besides, his connection with Mazzini could not be forgotten, and this was anything but a recommendation in the eyes of the Minister of War to whom Garibaldi presented himself at Turin to offer his services for the cause of Italian liberty. He was sent to the king's headquarters at Roverbello, but Charles Albert, though he received him courteously, did not definitely accept his proposals, and referred him back to the Secretary of War. Garibaldi was not a man to endure patiently such diplomatic treatment; he had not come from South America to oscillate between Turin and Roverbello; so he settled the difficult question for himself by going straight to Milan and offering his services to the Provisional Government there, which gladly accepted them, without questioning his antecedents. He was sent to Bergamo, and in a few days three thousand volunteers rallied about his standard. At length he was to fight for Italy!

But disappointment was in store for him, for, after his troops had had a few skirmishes with the enemy, the news of the capitulation of Milan and of the armistice was received, and he was commanded to evacuate Lombardy. He refused to acknowledge the armistice; he desired to fight to the last, and for a short time he succeeded in animating his followers with the same spirit. But the hopelessness of their position soon made itself evident, and when the little army, distressed by forced marches and harassed by the enemy, arrived at Lugano, it was reduced to a handful of men. Here Garibaldi fell dangerously ill, and the enterprise was at an end. As soon as he recovered he went to Nice, where for some months he remained, bitterly reflecting on the darkening prospects of his beloved country. At length, unable longer to remain inactive, he was on his way to Venice, when the news of what was passing in Rome came to his ears and determined him to change his destination.

What followed is too well known to need recapitulation here. When Garibaldi arrived at Rome, Rossi had been assassinated, and the Pope had fled to Gaeta. It is needless to say that he threw himself with heart and soul into the conflict. During the memorable days of the defense of Rome, Garibaldi, undaunted alike by fatigue and danger, seemed omnipresent. Wherever the thickest of the fight was there was he, and when Rome surrendered and the French entered as victors, Garibaldi did not surrender, but gathering together the remnant of his troops, to the number of four or five thousand, withdrew from the city in the direction of Tivoli. Here undisheartened by misfortune, Garibaldi thus sought to animate his followers: "Wherever we are," he said, "there is Rome. I promise nothing, but what one man can do, that will I do, and the nation, reduced to our little band, shall live again in us. Let him who loves Italy follow me!"

Escaping the pursuit of the Austrians he led his little army into Tuscany, where he hoped to awaken a revolutionary movement. But Tuscany had had enough of insurrections for the time being, and preferred quiet under foreign rule to new agitations. Arezzo shut its gates against the Garibaldians, now diminished to about half the number that issued so full of courage from Rome. Discouragement and fatigue led to daily desertions. Florence was not to be tempted out of her momentary tranquility; and the Austrians were pressing on.

Repulsed at Arezzo, Garibaldi sought refuge for the time being at San Marino, but he and his band proved inconvenient guests. The enemy lay about the city, on the watch for them whenever they should issue forth. The local authorities interposed, and obtained of the Austrian commander, Gortschowsky, terms which included a safe conduct for Garibaldi and his officers, on condition of their going to America.

"The General," says one of the historians of that period, "concealing his indignation, assembled his soldiers in the public square, and read them the conditions. The officers responded unanimously, 'To Venice!' Many of the soldiers were silent. Garibaldi leaped on horseback, paused an instant, then shouting, 'Venice and Garibaldi do not surrender! Whoever will, let him follow me! Italy is not yet dead!' he dashed off at full speed."

By following mountain paths, and keeping away from the large towns on their route, Garibaldi and his little company of two hundred arrived safe at Cesenatico, on the shores of the Adriatic, where, for love and money, thirteen miserable fishing-barks were procured

to take them to Venice. The Austrians were watching the ports of Venice, and the little fleet became at once an object of suspicion. The captains, terrified, knew not which way to fly; eight of the boats fell into the hands of the enemy, and the remaining five, owing to the coolness and presence of mind of Garibaldi, were guided into small channels, where the Austrian ships could not follow. Showers of bullets, however, were sent after them, and boats were launched in pursuit.

Garibaldi saw that all hope was at an end, and bidding adieu to his followers, he fled with two or three companions through the marshy flats that border the lagoon. One of these companions,—his devoted Anita—perished through hardship in the flight. After thirty-five days of wandering in disguise, sometimes even in the midst of the enemy, forced often to subsist on fruits and berries, baffled, sorrowful, and weary, he arrived at Genoa.

Thence he went to Tunis; but, both there and at Gibraltar, he was forbidden to land. He remained six months at Tangiers, and then being offered a passage to America, he came to New-York.*

During the year 1855, being in Sardinia, Garibaldi explored the desolate island of Caprera, where he bought a tract of land, and having a wooden cottage constructed in Nice, set up on his new domain.

His personal appearance at this period is thus described by one who knew him well: "Garibaldi is of medium height, with broad, square shoulders, and strong limbs. His hair and beard are reddish, and slightly grizzled; his nose is straight; his eye is keen, yet mild. He walks with a firm and decided step, and his gestures, speech, and whole manner are those of a sailor. He converses with self-possession and simplicity, but is seldom garrulous; yet when he is speaking of Italy, or relating some daring exploit, he becomes animated and even eloquent."

As may be supposed, the peaceful pursuits in which Garibaldi was now engaged did not occupy the first place in his thoughts. Upon the proclamation of war with Austria in 1859, he, with his son Menotti, quitted Caprera, and at the solicitation of the Government, took command of a corps of Chasseurs, called the *Chasseurs des Alpes*. The following order of the day given by him is characteristic: "We have attained the fulfilment of our hopes; you are about to fight the oppressors of our country. To-morrow, even, I may bring you face to face with the Austrians, sword in hand, to demand satisfaction for wrongs and robberies too atrocious to detail. Of the new recruits I do not ask feats of valor so much as strict attention to discipline and perfect obedience to the veteran officers who have been spared to us from past conflicts. The sublime enthusiasm with which you have hastened to present yourselves at the call of the illustrious sovereign who controls the destinies of Italy is to me a pledge of your future conduct. Before long our countrymen shall name us with pride, and deem us worthy to belong to our brave army."

The Chasseurs proved themselves indeed worthy of their nation and their leader. At Varese, at Como, and at Camerlata, they covered themselves with glory. Their valor procured for them the thanks of the Government and the admiration of Italy, and when the news of the peace of Villafranca reached them, it was received with bitter regret. Garibaldi himself would have given little heed to it, but for a royal order relieving him of his command. He immediately quitted the army, and hastened to Bergamo to expostulate with Victor Emmanuel; but after a private interview with him, convinced that there was no hope of pursuing the campaign, he returned to Caprera.

In 1861, elected deputy by his native city, Garibaldi appeared for the first time in Parliament, to plead, or rather to protest, against the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. Their fate, however, was sealed, and he retired in disgust from the Chamber of Deputies. From that date he became the open enemy of Cavour and his policy.

And now comes the surprising success of the expedition to Sicily and Naples.

* Of Garibaldi's stay in America the accounts are confused. The impression heretofore has been that he went into business on Staten Island, with the intention of making a living, if not a fortune. As this appears in direct contradiction with his character, so we find, on the best authority, that he was never partner in any business, but, being of an active temperament, turned his energy to some account in the factory of the Italian friend with whom he was staying on Staten Island. Mr. Meucci was at that time operating a candle-factory, and Garibaldi refused to remain a mere idle guest in his family, but insisted on lending a hand. It was in 1851 that he came to this country, having left his children in Italy. He stayed in the house of Mr. Meucci until 1853, and, meanwhile, received at least one mark of the trust Italians and others placed in him: the league which then existed in New-York to assist the revolutionists of Cuba, composed of Italians, Cubans, Spaniards and Americans, sent him to Cuba on a tour of inspection. He returned with his report, and the fact that he returned at all, or without fighting, is good evidence that his report was not a favorable one. In 1853 he was offered command of the Italian ship the *Immaculate Conception*, which he accepted. She was bound for China, thence to Italy and to return to New York. Previous to sailing Garibaldi changed her name to the *Commonwealth*; he would not sail under a name dear to the detested Papacy. He made the round trip, bringing the ship into New York bay in 1856, when his American adventures came to an end.—ED. CENTURY.

Francis II., king of the Two Sicilies, had given Sicily into the hands of two wretches, Maniscalco and Salzano, and the island had suffered unheard of atrocities from these men. The revolutionary movement in other parts of Italy could not fail to find a response,—in the hearts, at least, of the oppressed Sicilians; but they were too closely watched, and every outbreak of rebellion was too severely punished, to afford much hope of a successful insurrection. Such a state of things could not fail to attract the attention and the efforts of the Garibaldian party, and on the night of the fifth of May, 1860, Garibaldi set sail from Genoa with a thousand volunteers. Two small steamships conveyed them. At the moment of departure he wrote to the King, announcing his project and his hope of "adding a new jewel to the crown." He landed his troops at Marsala, almost in the face of the Neapolitan fleet which was cruising about the island to protect it from continental interference. The commander of the fleet, returning to Marsala, saw with astonishment the two steamers in port. He gave immediate orders to destroy them, but they had already discharged their dangerous freight, and Garibaldi looked with indifference, almost with pleasure, upon their destruction. "Our retreat is cut off," he said exultingly to his soldiers; "we have no hope but in going forward; it is to death or victory!" In the city of Marsala they were received with every demonstration of joy and gratitude.

Garibaldi led his troops at once to Salemi, and by the invitation of the citizens proclaimed the royal government suspended, and declared himself dictator. He ordered a general levy of citizens between the ages of seventeen and fifty. Volunteers also poured in; the successful battle of Calatafimi raised the hopes of the insurrectionists; wherever the Garibaldians went they were received with open arms by the citizens. The Neapolitan army were deceived by the strategy and bewildered by the rapidity with which the insurgents pressed forward. Garibaldi was almost at Palermo while the royalists were sending dispatches to Naples that his troops were scattered and in flight. He arrived at Palermo at three in the morning of May 27th, overpowering the guard at the Termini gate, and entering the city while the authorities were peacefully dreaming of his speedy capture. The news of his presence acted like magic on the oppressed and disheartened citizens. They rushed from their houses half-dressed to welcome their deliverer. Household furniture, bales of merchandise, vehicles of every description, were freely offered for barricades against the royal army, and men, women, and children aided in the work of their construction. Garibaldi penetrated to the heart of the city, and established his head-quarters in the palace of the prefect, where he could cut off communication between the Neapolitan troops stationed in the Royal Palace at one end of the city and those in the fort of Castellamare at the other. That day and the next, Palermo was the scene of a horrible struggle. The royal soldiers, trained to cruelty, killed, pillaged, and burnt wherever they could effect an entrance, and the inhabitants defended themselves with the ferocity of long-suppressed hatred. At length, May 30th, by the efforts of the English consul and residents, Garibaldi and Lanza, the commander of the royal forces, had an interview on board an English ship, and a truce of twenty-four hours, to bury the dead, was agreed upon. Before this time had elapsed, instructions arrived from Naples, where confidence had given place to discouragement, for Lanza to evacuate Palermo.

From Palermo, Garibaldi advanced upon Messina. The hard-fought battle of Melazzo completed the conquest of Sicily. In the subsequent arrangement of its disordered finances, and the construction of a temporary government, Garibaldi was not so fortunate as he had been in his military achievements, nor was it an easy task. Leaving the administration in the hands of a sub-dictator, after a month spent in rest and preparation on the part of his troops, Garibaldi proceeded to carry out the second part of his project. Embarking with his army, he landed on the Calabrian coast. He found the inhabitants eager to coöperate with him in overthrowing the hated dynasty of the Spanish Bourbons.

On the 29th of October Victor Emmanuel, whose relations with Austria were becoming endangered by this unauthorized war upon Francis by an Italian subject, had an interview with Garibaldi. Truly noble at heart, and too sincerely devoted to the interests of his country to indulge a selfish ambition, the latter yielded up to his sovereign his temporary powers, and the dictator became once more a simple citizen. It is alike honorable to king and subject, that when on the 7th of November Victor Emmanuel made his public entry into Naples, Garibaldi, in red shirt and slouched hat, was by his side. The crisis was safely passed.

Refusing all the honors and emoluments offered him by the Government, and asking only a remembrance of the faithful services of his companions in arms, Garibaldi retired once more to Caprera.

But it was hardly possible that the ex-dictator could be satisfied with the course of na-

tional events. In the dissolving of his army of volunteers he saw nothing but injustice and ingratitude on the part of the ministry toward himself and them. The difficulties in the way of their incorporation with the regular army were to him utterly incomprehensible; the cession of Nice and Savoy still rankled in his mind; the opposition to his plans for the complete liberation of Italy irritated him. In his solitude he meditated on these things; and when, in 1861, he was offered a seat in Parliament, to represent the city of Naples, he accepted it gladly that he might declare these grievances before the nation. His attack upon the policy of the Government in regard to Southern Italy was violent in the extreme, and caused a tempestuous scene in the Chamber of Deputies. It seemed for a time impossible that the two great leaders of public opinion, Cavour and Garibaldi, between whom a disagreement was so much to be deplored, could ever be reconciled. Garibaldi, burning with indignation at what seemed to him weakness on the part of the ministry, and Cavour, defending his policy and asserting his patriotism, made the session of April, 1861, a memorable one in Italian parliamentary history. At length, through the efforts of friends and the explanations of Cavour himself, Garibaldi declared himself satisfied at least as to the motives of the ministry; and afterward in private the two combatants had a friendly interview. The news of their reconciliation was received with joy throughout Italy. Garibaldi had no further desire to remain at Turin, and returned once more home. To the view of the moderate party all was going well with the nation. Patient waiting was its policy in regard to Rome. But what was called the party of action could not be content to wait. The brightest jewel was still wanting to the crown of Victor Emmanuel; the city toward which all Italian hearts turn with loving pride, was still to be made free. In the beginning of 1862 signs of impatience were perceptible throughout the country. "*Viva Roma, capitale d' Italia; abbasso il papa Re!*" was the popular response to an imprudent expression of Cardinal Antonelli's, to the effect that the people were in favor of the pope's temporal sovereignty.

The episode which follows is one which every Italian would fain forget. In such a position of affairs it was natural that Garibaldi should side with the party of action. He at length identified himself wholly with it, and the prudent counsels which he had given at the beginning of the year were gradually changed into indignant appeals, until he found himself at the head of an army collected in Sicily to march against Rome. At this juncture the Government felt bound to interfere, and clear itself with the foreign princes from the accusation of collusion with Garibaldi. August 3d, 1862, Victor Emmanuel issued a proclamation declaring that when the time to complete the great work of Italian liberation should arrive, the voice of the king would call to arms, while every unauthorized movement must be treated as a rebellion against the Government. Urged on by unwise counsellors, Garibaldi turned a deaf ear to this warning, hoping that another victory, like those of Sicily and Naples, might condone his disobedience and procure him instead the thanks of the Government. A part of his soldiers left him after the promulgation of this manifesto, and the king, finding him resolved to persevere in his enterprise, sent a detachment of regular troops against him. What followed will best be told in the words of an Italian chronicler: "All Italy was in a state of anxiety and sorrowful foreboding, there being no room to suppose that Garibaldi and his soldiers could long escape from the regulars who pursued them so closely. There was in every mind a presentiment that a terrible misfortune must take place in order to obviate greater and more general calamity, and then came the news that Garibaldi, having taken position at Aspromonte, had been surrounded by the royal troops under Colonel Pallavicino; that there had been a sharp contest, in which twelve of the volunteers were killed and two hundred wounded; among the latter was General Garibaldi, who was struck by two balls, one wounding him in the thigh, the other in the foot."

Garibaldi was transported to Spezia, whither the best surgeons were called to attend him. His wounds were long in healing, and it was only after months of suffering that he was able to return to Caprera.

When war against Austria was again declared, in July, 1866, the Italian Government invited Garibaldi to take command of the volunteers. A less noble nature might have hesitated; but patriotism with Garibaldi meant entire forgetfulness of personal grievances, and he hastened to quit Caprera for the scene of action. From the moment of his landing upon the continent till his arrival at Lecco, when he assumed his command, his journey was made amid the acclamations of a grateful people. In this short but sharp struggle Garibaldi and his troops performed prodigies of valor, and he received, in the engagement at Monte Suello, a slight wound in the thigh, which, however, only kept him out of the saddle for a few days. While his troops, inspirited by their successes and the delight of

marching with Garibaldi as leader, had penetrated almost to the walls of Triest, the news of the stipulations of peace, through the intervention of foreign powers, fell upon them like a thunderbolt. When the order to suspend hostilities reached Garibaldi at his headquarters, the only reply he deigned to the unwelcome message was the single word: "*Obbedisco*" (I obey), and he turned his back upon the country from which it had been his ambition to expel the Austrians, with a contempt greater than ever for the diplomacy which had cheated him of such a splendid opportunity. Peace having been concluded by the cession to Italy of the Venetian territory, he returned in September to Caprera.

But new vicissitudes were in store for him. In 1867, for the first time for centuries, Italy was free from foreign rule, the French having, after eighteen years' occupation, retired from Rome, according to the terms of the treaty of September, 1864, and the Austrians having quitted Venetia. The thoughts of all Italy were now again turned toward Rome. The Ricasoli ministry hoped for reconciliation between the Pope and the new kingdom of Italy, by a separation of church and state; the Garibaldian party, so called, was for the immediate conquest of Rome by force of arms; the reactionary party would willingly have sacrificed Italian unity, and reseated upon their thrones the sovereigns whom the revolution had driven from them. After the fall of the Ricasoli ministry the agitation increased; Garibaldi was on the continent, hovering on the confines of the Pontifical territory, exciting the young men to don the red shirt and enroll themselves as volunteers for the enterprise of Rome. He attended the Peace Congress at Geneva, and on his return, a large body of volunteers having by this time enlisted, with arms in their hands, and in hot haste to cross the Papal frontiers, the Government deemed it time to interfere, and Garibaldi was arrested at Sinalunga, for infraction of the compact with France, and imprisoned in the citadel of Alessandria. Here he was treated with all due regard, and soon after was liberated on parole, and conducted to Caprera, where he arrived September 28th, several ships of war being stationed there to prevent his quitting the island.

But the arrest of their general did not discourage the Garibaldian volunteers, and under the lead of Menotti Garibaldi, Colonel Acerbi, and others, their numbers daily increased, and crossing the frontier, they gradually pushed back the Papal troops to the neighborhood of Rome. Meanwhile the General himself, eluding the vigilance of his watchers, crossed the narrow strait between Caprera and Maddalena in a small boat, and, embarking in a sailing vessel, landed at Leghorn, and reached Florence seven days after his departure from Caprera, arriving at the same time with a dispatch from the commander of the squadron at Caprera, which assured the Government that the prisoner was safe on his island. Amidst demonstrations of popular sympathy and without molestation by the Government, he proceeded immediately to place himself at the head of the volunteers, and took up his position at Monte Rotondo, about twelve miles from Rome. The compact being thus broken, the French troops received orders to land at Civita Vecchia, and entered Rome October 30th, uniting with the Papal forces against the Garibaldians. The result is well known. The bloody conflict of Mentana cost the Garibaldians six hundred killed and wounded, and sixteen hundred of them were taken prisoners. They fought with a courage worthy of older and more disciplined soldiers, and the General himself, as usual, seemed to be everywhere. He rode about amid the flying balls, crying, "*Avanti! avanti!*" to his men, till even the French commanders could not restrain their admiration at his utter disregard of danger. But when the chassepôt rifles began to make a wholesale slaughter in his ranks, he was unwilling to expose longer his brave but ill-armed men to the unequal fight, and reluctantly gave the order to retreat. But although he slept that night only two miles from Mentana, the enemy were so crippled that they made no attempt to pursue him till the next day, when they entered the town of Monte Rotondo about two hours after the Garibaldians had left it. Garibaldi himself was arrested by the Italian Government at Montevarchi, as he was returning to Florence, and was conveyed to the castle of Varignano at Spezia. Here he was treated with the greatest respect and attention to his comfort; and a council of physicians having declared that it was imperative, for the reëstablishment of his health, that he should return to Caprera, he was reconducted thither on parole. Early in December an amnesty was proclaimed to all concerned in the late invasion of Papal territory. The weak and vacillating conduct of the Italian Government in regard to the enterprise of Rome can only be explained by the fact of internal dissensions and changes in the ministry, combined with a natural reluctance to take severe measures against Garibaldi—a reluctance which had to be repaired in the sight of foreign nations by a tardy punishment actually more cruel to him than would have been the frustration of his schemes at the outset.

On the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war the thoughts of many Frenchmen turned to Garibaldi as to one whose help would not be invoked in vain. Nor were they deceived. Colonel Bordone, who went to Caprera to solicit the General's aid for France, found him suffering from the effects of wounds and hardships, but ready to throw himself, body and soul, into the cause. "What you call my valiant sword," said he, "is now but a staff; but such as I am, I place myself entirely at the disposition of the French Republic." And after a delay of only a day or two he set off in a French yacht which had been sent for him, as simply and unhesitatingly as if for a pleasure trip, delighted to give the slip once more to those who would have compelled him to remain inactive. He was enthusiastically received at Marseilles, and, after some difficulty, was assigned to the command of the light troops of the army of the Vosges, in which his sons Menotti and Ricciotti each commanded a regiment. As was to be expected, the Italian general had much to contend with in the jealousy and suspicion of his French brothers-in-arms, and he had also under him a mass of irregular troops, instead of the disciplined corps which he had anticipated, while his health was too infirm to allow of his undergoing such fatigue as in former days. Nevertheless, his presence alone did wonders in encouraging the troops, and Colonel Ricciotti's dislodgment of the Prussians from Châtillon was a daring and successful action.

Garibaldi remained in the service of the French until the armistice of February, 1871, when he resigned both his military command and the seat in the French National Assembly to which he had been elected, having understood that his admission to the chamber would be opposed by a majority of the deputies. His departure to Caprera, like his arrival, was attended with the greatest popular demonstrations of gratitude and affection.

In 1874 Garibaldi was again elected to Parliament. His appearance at Rome, now the capital, was at once desired and feared. The session had opened stormily. The opposition seemed bent on delaying, if they could not defeat, every measure proposed by the Government party. To the opposition Garibaldi would naturally belong. Would he come in peace or with a sword; to pacify or to foment the agitations of the moment?

He arrived at Rome, January 24, 1875. A crowd awaited him at the railway station; the streets were blocked; the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Several times the populace attempted to take the horses from his carriage and draw it themselves to the Via delle Coppelle, where he was to lodge. And no wonder, for the sight of Garibaldi in that Rome which he had so longed and striven to free from foreign usurpation and ecclesiastical tyranny, was one to awaken emotions of no ordinary kind.

His appearance in the Chamber of Deputies on the morrow was eagerly expected. He entered, leaning on two of his friends, and even then advancing with difficulty, such havoc had years and infirmities made with that once erect and agile form. As soon as the tumultuous cheering which greeted him had subsided, the member who had the floor hastened to conclude his speech, and as soon as he sat down the new Deputy was summoned to take the oath. In spite of all his efforts, Garibaldi was unable to rise to his feet alone. Supported on either side, he listened to the reading of the oath by the President, and then slowly lifting his right hand, he responded in a deep and solemn tone, "*Giuro!*" (I swear). This word, pronounced with an accent of indescribable humility and reverence, produced the most thrilling effect. Every mind reverted to the scenes of twenty-five years before; a load of apprehension was removed from every breast, and applause loud and long burst forth from all parts of the Chamber. Members as well as spectators shouted frantically; the Right side rose in a body and joined in the cheers. The old hero, much moved, bowed his thanks, and soon after retired.

In the spring of 1879 he came to Rome, with the avowed purpose of promoting certain reforms in the administration, which seemed to him and to the ultra republicans, by whom probably his coming had been instigated, of the greatest importance. These reforms related principally to the extension of suffrage, and the abolition of the parliamentary oath of fidelity to the king and Constitution. Garibaldi's health was at this time deplorable. He could hardly respond to the acclamations by which he was greeted on his arrival at Rome, and kept his bed for some days afterward. King Humbert did not wait for him to recover sufficiently to present himself at the Quirinal, but, accompanied by his general of staff, went to the humble home of Menotti Garibaldi, where the old hero was staying, and gave him a most affectionate welcome. But the projects of reform did not meet with the concurrence which Garibaldi expected. They were not radical enough to please the extremists, and, of course, could find no favor with monarchists; while the conservative republicans saw in them such contradictory elements that they could not zealously give them their

sanction. They seem more like the vagaries of an old man's solitude than aught else. Garibaldi, perceiving that he was likely to accomplish little, soon left Rome, going to Albano, and thence to Caprera.

One of Garibaldi's amusements, in the times of forced inaction and solitude, was the writing of political romances. One of these, "Clelia," was translated into English and published in London, under the title, "The Rule of the Monk." It is founded on the enterprise of Rome, and so is another, called "Il Volontario," while "I Mille" relates to the Sicilian campaign. It is hardly necessary to say more of Garibaldi as a novelist, than that he finds it easier to do brave deeds than to describe them,—the pungent, laconic style which often gives force and dignity to his letters, renders his other writings spasmodic and exaggerated. They are expressions of his political convictions, held together with a slender thread of romance.

In 1859 Garibaldi married the daughter of Count Raimondi, from whom he was divorced in 1879. His third wife was, before her marriage, the mother of his son Manlio and his daughter Clelia.

On Friday, the 2d of June, 1882, Garibaldi died at Caprera. He had not recovered strength since his last visit to Italy, and feeling that the end was at hand, he had sent for his friend and physician, Dr. Albanesi. All day long, lying in view of the sea, he had watched for the expected vessel, and when the sun begun to set, the weary eyes turned from the window and the great heart ceased to beat. Italy mourned for him as her noblest son. The legislative bodies adjourned: the public buildings were draped in black. King Humbert sent a kingly message, saying that his father had taught him in childhood to reverence Garibaldi, and when he grew to manhood he found that the reverence was turned to love. In the midst of a great storm of wind and rain the body, which had lain in simple state, was buried at Caprera, there to remain until, as the will directed, it could be burned to ashes. Provision was made by the nation to purchase the island which was part of Garibaldi's fame, and the Romans carried his bust through their streets and set it in the Capitol.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

SUMMER NOON.

THE dust unlifted lies as first it lay,
When dews of early morning dried away;
The spider's web stirs not with gentlest gale,
Nor thistle-down may from its mooring sail.

Only by spastic shutting of their wings
We know the butterflies are living things;
The grasshoppers with grating armor prone,
Vault low and aimlessly from stone to stone.

If blooms of mead or orchard lure the bee,
He journeys thither buzzing drowsily;
At last the humming-bird is pleased to rest—
All but the shifting brilliance on its breast.

The fern-leaves curl, the wild rose sweetness spends
Rich as at eve the honeysuckle lends;
While scattered pines and clustered spruces deep
Within grave boughs their exhalations keep.

Absorbed in sole fruition of the cool,
The heron steadfast eyes the reeded pool;
While overhead the hawk, till lost from sight,
Pursues the failing circles of its flight.

The rabbit brown peeps panting from the hedge,
The fawn-hued field-mouse from the haycock's edge;
The creeping cattle feed far up the hill,
The birds have hid, and field and wood are still.

John Vance Cheney.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

FIRST PAPER: THE DAKOTA WHEAT REGION, THE BAD LANDS, AND THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

THE Red River of the North is the frontier of what is commonly called the New North-west. It separates the State of Minnesota from the Territory of Dakota. A queer, disappointing, contradictory stream it is, making off due northward when all its neighbors run south, finding an outlet in distant and frigid Lake Winnipeg, and in a highly unpatriotic portion draining off the waters of one of the richest sections of Uncle Sam's farm into the dominions of the Queen. It is disappointing, because you expect from its imposing name and the great figure it cuts upon the map to find a stream of size and dignity, and discover when you cross it on the railroad bridge between Morehead and Fargo nothing but a dirty, narrow ditch, across which a small boy can pitch a stone. It looks more like a canal than a river, and is so narrow that coves are dug in the banks for the little steamboats to turn around in. Yet this sluggish drain carries off the surplus rainfall of a vast, rich plain, forty miles wide and nearly two hundred long, and has an uncomfortable way in the spring season of rising up to the top of its high banks in a few hours and spreading over the flat country. One day last April it rose thirty-eight feet in a single day and night, submerging the farms and villages. The people do not seem to mind these inundations much, however. There is scarcely any current in the widened stream, and if it lifts a settler's cabin off the ground it sets it down again not far from the original location, and no great harm is done. With the cheerful philosophy of all pioneers the inhabitants of the valley call the river the "Nile of America," and try to convince the new-comer, and themselves too, no doubt, that the overflows are good for the land, while deploring that they are due to the northward course of the river, which breaks up first on its upper waters and is dammed below by the ice in Manitoba.

The two smart towns of Fargo and Morehead look at each other across the muddy Red River ditch with jealous eyes. They will not bridge the stream, because each is afraid the other would profit by a convenient crossing. Vehicles ferry over on a rude flat-boat, worked by hand-power applied to a rope stretched from bank to bank, and pedestrians are beholden to the railroad company for the use of its bridge. Morehead, the Minnesota town, has three thousand inhabitants; Fargo, the Dakota town, boasts of six thousand, and styles itself the Red River metropolis. Both welter in a sea of black mud in the season of thaws and rains; both are largely devoted to speculation in lots and lands, and both are equally unattractive to the eye. They are in reality a single town, commercially speaking, and a remarkably prosperous one too. The railroad system has made them the business center and distributing-point for the entire Red River Valley, and out of their present jumble of muddy streets, cheap-pine cottages and shanties, vacant lots, saloons, stores, and lumber-piles, will grow up a handsome city of fifty thousand inhabitants within the present generation. Already there is a handsome hotel, rejoicing in the architectural oddities of the Queen Anne craze, a street railway, an electric light company, water-works, half a dozen banks, a daily newspaper, a number of creditable churches and school buildings, and a few pretty dwellings. Real estate speculation runs wild. Visions of a second change have turned the heads of the inhabitants. The talk is all about lots and values—how much this or that corner is worth, what Jones paid for his strip of mud, or what Smith holds his at. The real-estate agents have their offices in the hotels, in order to watch the arrival of guests and seize upon the supposed capitalist seeking investments, or the immigrant looking for a farm. No well-dressed stranger need wait long for the offer of a free ride about the future city and a valuable guide to explain the many choice openings waiting for him and his money.

The spirit of all these far western towns seems essentially sordid. One wearies of the never-ending talk of speculation and schemes for money-getting, but on further acquaintance with these eager, pushing pioneers, each with his exaggerated estimates of his own particular town, he finds that they have as much heart and generosity as the people of old communities, and a great deal more public spirit. Much of their boasting of lucky investments and the rapid growth of values is not altogether in their own selfish interest. They are on the skirmish line of civilization, and they feel bound to make a noise to attract

the attention of the main army and induce it to move up to them.

The Red River Valley is an enormous deposit of rich black loam, almost perfectly level, bounded on the east by the lake-dotted forest region of Northern Minnesota, and on the west by a rolling prairie belt, but of almost equal fertility. There is no waste land save in little depressions which collect surface drainage and are called "slews" (sloughs) in the local parlance. There is a scattered belt of settlement in the valley extending back about ten miles on both sides of the river clear down to Winnipeg, and from east to west across the valley the land is cultivated for about the same distance on each side of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad runs a line down the eastern side of the valley to Winnipeg, and has a second line on the western bank to Grand Forks, the chief town between Fargo and Pembina. The same company is projecting or building two or three other branch lines in the valley, and the Northern Pacific has thrown a branch northward from Casselton, a little town twenty miles west of Fargo, which is working toward south-western Manitoba; it is also building a diagonal line from Fargo southwest to the valley of the James. The competition of railroad lines for the traffic of the Red River country is the best evidence of its great productiveness. Nowhere else in the United States, unless it be in the distant and little known valleys of Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, are such large crops of wheat raised with such small expense and such certainty of success year after year. The grain is sown late in the spring, as soon as the hot suns of the northern latitude have dried the soaked lands, and grows with marvelous rapidity. By August it is fully mature and ready for reaping. All the farm-work is done by machinery. The plowman rides upon a sulky-plow; the grain is sown with a drill or a broad-caster; the reaping-machines bind the sheaves as they move over the ground, and the threshers do their work in the fields driven by portable steam-engines that burn the straw for fuel. The grain is hauled at once to elevators at the nearest railway station, and then the whole farm equipment of apparatus is left standing in the fields until needed the next year. Except on the big "bonanza farms," owned and operated by capitalists, it is rare to find any sheds for implements, or, indeed, any farm-buildings save a little bare box of a dwelling, and a rude stable of boards, sod and straw, to shelter the horses from the winter blizzards. The red barns of the bonanza farms make a great show upon the wild, vacant prairie, but they are not much larger than thrifty Pennsylvania farmers, who till a hundred acres, build to house their crops and stock.

It is within bounds to say that, taking one year with another, a profit of ten dollars an acre is made on the Red River wheat-lands, after paying all expenses of seed, cultivation, and marketing. The great merit of this magnificent grain-field does not lie wholly in its richness, however. Its structure is peculiarly favorable for the transportation of its product to the seaboard. Two hundred and fifty miles of rail transit brings the Red River wheat to Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, from whence there is water-carriage all the way to New York harbor. Dakota seems to have been fitted by nature for a vast, permanent wheat-field. The conditions of climate and soil exist for producing the best grade of wheat and the largest average crops harvested for a succession of years in the United States, except, perhaps, Washington Territory.

From Fargo to Bismarck by rail is a day's journey, the distance being one hundred and ninety-seven miles, and the road running almost as straight as the crow flies. For about forty miles the country is flat, and the landscapes seen from the car-windows would be tame were it not for the vast sweep of vision, which produces upon the mind something of the exhilarating effect of the view from the deck of a ship at sea. All objects on the horizon, the homesteader's shanty, the straw stack, or the plowmen at work with their teams, stand out sharply against the sky and seem magnified to more than twice their real size. Here are no trees save the belts of alders and cottonwoods that fringe the Cheyenne and the Maple rivers, two pretty streams that wander here and there over the plain as if in doubt where to go, and finally, after doubling again and again in their tracks, manage to find the Red River. They serve but scantily the purpose of drainage, however, for when I traversed Dakota in early May (1882), many square miles of land near their banks were submerged by the spring rains and thousands of acres of wheat-fields were converted into lakes and ponds. The farmer suffers small detriment from these inundations, however, for the sun and wind working together rarely fail to dry the ground in time for plowing.

Casselton, twenty miles west of Fargo, is a smart little market town of perhaps one thousand inhabitants. Beyond, the country gradually changes from flat to rolling prairie, and is much more agreeable to the eye. A little hamlet, living upon buying wheat and selling goods, is found every ten or fifteen miles. Each aspires to be a city, and each

ridicules the pretensions of its neighbors unmercifully. Tower City boasts of its artesian well and of its prohibition ordinance, which keeps out the saloon, that curse of frontier towns. It has a weekly newspaper. So has Valley City, which got down too close to a stream and was flooded in the May freshet. The Tower City editor taunted his *confrère* of the neighboring town with being forced to "paddle to his grub-counter in a wagon-box." Whereupon the Valley City editor remarked in his next issue that it was true that his place was not as "dry" as Tower City, and he hoped it never would be. Both these active, ambitious little settlements are surpassed in population by Jamestown, which has a pretty situation on a high shale shelf in a bend of the James or Dakota river, in an amphitheatre formed by a sweep of bold green bluffs that look like the glacis of some immense fortification. The place used to be called Jimtown, but has quite outgrown the nickname. It has perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, and already supports a daily paper. In older communities, a town of ten thousand with a thickly populated country tributary to it will barely sustain a little daily, but in the far West the daily appears about as soon as the church-steeple. How these sheets live is a mystery to journalists. They are probably sustained by merchants and real-estate owners as an appliance for "booming" a town. To "boom" a town in Dakota is an art requiring a little money, a good deal of printers' ink, and no end of push and cheek. Dropping the quotation-marks, for the word in its various forms is one of the most common in northwestern phraseology and answers equally well for a noun or a verb, the object of a boom is to attract settlers, advance the price of real estate, and promote speculation. Fargo is said to be the best-boomed town in Dakota. As a specimen of skillful booming, here is a paragraph from the circular of a Fargo real-estate operator:

"We have anything you want, and at any price. We can sell you a City or Country Home, and if you ever come near our office, we will do it. The preachers will look after your moral and spiritual welfare and we will take care of your temporal affairs; and if you come our way, it shall never be said, when a final settlement is had, that you were like one of the foolish virgins of old who wrapped her talent in a napkin and sunk it in a well. (See New Version.) On the contrary, your record shall be that of the good husbandman, who put his wheat in good, rich Red River valley soil, and it produced a thousand fold, and it came to pass that he, who had nothing, had more ducats than he knew what to do with."

Another real-estate dealer bursts with rhyme in the heading of his announcements in this fashion:

"No Other Land, No Other Clime On Top of God's Green Earth, Where Land is Free as Church Bells' Chime, Save the Land of Dakota Dirt. Here, For a Year of Honest Toil A Home You May Insure, And From the Black and Loamy Soil a Title In Fee Mature. No Money Needed until the Day When the Earth Itself Provides; Until You Raise a Crop, No Pay:—What Can You Ask Besides?"

Perhaps the future American poet is to come from these breezy plains. Whether it is the prairie air or the prospect of large profits on small investments, I cannot say, but the readiness with which people in Dakota "soar into song" is surprising.

Jamestown has a "boom" on account of the rapid settlement of the wheat-region around it, the building of a railroad northward and the approach of another road from the south. It expects to be the capital of the territory of Northern Dakota, and of the new State, which in another year, if immigration continues to come in as rapidly as the present season, will be ready for admission. The James River, by the way, is a mere creek, hardly big enough to turn the wheel of a small flour-mill in summer. None of the Dakota streams between the Red and the Missouri deserves the name of river, save in the seasons of rains and melting snow. A large portion of the surface-water drains into shallow ponds, which dry up in warm weather.

I have pleasant memories of a Sunday spent in Jamestown: a morning walk over the prairies, treading upon wild crocuses at almost every step, the soil just taking on its first hue of green, elastic under my feet; the strong south wind bringing odors of spring from the far South over a thousand leagues of plain; at service in a handsome little Presbyterian church in the morning; a dignified, earnest man in the pulpit, speaking without manuscript or note, a pretty face at the organ, and a quartette of young men in the choir. No trace of the frontier was here, save a noticeable plainness and carelessness of dress in the congregation. This was more evident in the Methodist church where I went in the evening, and where a minister of rather uncouth and eccentric manner, but of bright, original mind, talked to a churchful of young people. Nor was there trace of the frontier in the comfortable and handsome cottage, where I dined on fresh vegetables and strawberries that must have traveled fifteen hundred miles by rail to reach the table of my host. Indeed, it is one of the pleasant disappointments of far western travel that you never get quite over the verge of civilization, and on its extreme edges are often found the features of its best development. You travel hundreds of miles across vast steppes, seeing nothing but a settler's cabin

at long intervals, and then down into a pretty village, with neat houses, and well-dressed people, who read the eastern papers and magazines, get their carpet and furniture from Chicago, and know what is going on in the great world which seems to you so far off, quite as well as yourself.

The rolling prairies of Northern Dakota have an elevation of nine hundred feet above Lake Superior and of about one thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. They are absolutely treeless, and the fuel problem would be a serious one to settlers were it not for railroad transportation. A ton of Pennsylvania anthracite is sold at Jamestown for $13.50, and the soft, crumbling lignite coal, mined west of the Missouri River, is delivered there for about $5. Stoves have recently been invented to overcome the difficulty of burning lignite,—a matter of longer fire-boxes and closer grate-bars only,—and the fuel which abounds in Western Dakota and Eastern Montana is fast coming into general use. Lumber is brought from the prairies of Northern Minnesota. The lack of timber is the most serious drawback of the whole region. Perhaps the sentiment in favor of tree-planting, growing stronger year by year all through the West, and showing itself in the formation of local societies to encourage forest culture, will in a generation or two change and beautify the bare plains with patches of woodland and rows of trees by roadsides and around farmsteads. Much is being done in this direction from selfish motives, under the stimulus of the law of Congress, which gives one hundred and sixty acres to anybody who will plant ten of them in trees and protect the growth for eight years. Important and beneficial climatic changes will unquestionably be produced by the culture just begun, but we will have to wait half a century for their full effect. The high winds of spring and autumn which sweep over the whole vast interior plain from Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico will perhaps be abolished, and the terrible blizzard of the north-western winter, which, under the name of the Norther, is almost as much dreaded in Texas, may be robbed of its force and tempered to an ordinary gale.

The Dakota blizzard usually blows for three days from the north, and then shifts about to the south and continues for three more. It drives the dry snow before it with such force that the particles sting the face as though a storm of needles was raging. It is impossible to see any object a dozen rods away. While the storm lasts people shut themselves in their houses, and all business in the towns comes to a stop. The whirling snow filling the air and bombarding the eyes is so blinding and so confusing to the sense of locality that there have been instances of farmers losing their way in attempting to go from their dwellings to their stables, and wandering about on the prairies until they perished. In the course of a winter in Northern Dakota there are usually five or six blizzards. Last winter there was but one, and it did not come until March. The cold season when the blizzard does not blow is, by all accounts, much more agreeable than in the Mississippi Valley or the Atlantic coast region, the dryness of the atmosphere modifying the effects of low temperature to such an extent that there is less discomfort in being out of doors with the mercury at 20° or even 40° below zero, than is felt in the East when it ranges between 10° and 20° above. Wrapped in a big coat of buffalo-skin which reaches to his heels, and with fur mittens and a fur cap, the Dakotan laughs at cold weather, if it is only still; for the blizzard he has respect, and at the first sign of its approach he takes to cover.

West of the James River Valley, and seen from it as a deep blue line upon the horizon, are the Coteaus. The name suggests nothing definite to the mind; consequently it is rare to find anybody even in Eastern Dakota who has any correct notion of what the Coteaus are, unless he has traversed them. The general notion seems to be that the term designates a broken and sterile country. It is a case of giving a dog a bad name. The Coteaus is not the full name of the region. On the larger maps the term is "*Plateau du Coteau du Missouri.*" Here we have a meaning and one that is not misleading. The region is a high plateau, about eighty miles broad, which skirts the Missouri River all the way around its great bend for a distance of about four hundred miles. From the James River the ascent to the highest point on the plateau crossed by the railroad is about five hundred feet, and the average elevation of the plateau above the sea-level is about one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet. This elevation is by no means too great for successful agriculture, and the question of the value of a belt of country embracing over thirty thousand square miles will soon become one of importance. I doubt whether there are now five hundred persons living upon the whole of this great territory. The broad band of settlement pushing across Dakota along both sides of the Northern Pacific Railroad has already reached its eastern slope, however, and a few adventurous settlers, discovering that the soil on the Coteaus is just as good as on the rolling prairie below, have opened farms this season, encouraged by the success last year of three "bonanza wheat-farms," the Troy, the Steele,

and the Clark, at each of which nearly two thousand acres are under cultivation.

If the surface of the Red River Valley reminds one of a sea in a dead calm, that of the Coteaus invites the simile of a sea lashed by a storm with gigantic waves, and changed in an instant by a miracle to solid turf-covered earth. Nothing less noble than water swept by strong winds can convey an idea of the myriad different outlines of these billowy hills. Even the foam on the crests of the waves is imitated by the masses of loose bowlders on the crests and summits of the ridges and peaks. On the slopes and in the little valleys the land is all a good brown loam, about eighteen inches deep, resting upon a dry subsoil. Only the heights are barren, and they are valuable to the settler for the stones caught by them from the glaciers in the great ice period. The whole Coteau belt is destitute of trees and of running streams. All the drainage runs into little ponds in the hollows. Good water is found by sinking wells, however, and many of the ponds do not dry up in summer. For wheat and oats the region is only second in its productive capacity to the Red River Valley, and for stock-raising it is much better, because the animals can find shelter from the blizzards in the valleys. It is much surpassed as a range by the bad lands west of the Missouri and the valleys of Montana, of which I shall speak farther on.

Traveling westward on the railway, you notice toward evening that all the grades tend downward, and about six o'clock you emerge from the Coteaus and see in the distance the broad brown flood of the Missouri, bordered by the usual fringe of cotton-wood trees that marks the course of all large streams in the far West. On a shelf above the bottom-lands sits Bismarck, a blotch of black streets and mean little buildings on the green face of the landscape. Nearer acquaintance with the town does not give a much better impression than is made by the first view from the car-windows. It is called on the circulars of the real-estate agents the "Banner City" and the "Bride of Fortune," but it has little to show the tourist, save the glorious views from its hills. It is a prosperous place, however, decent and orderly as frontier towns go, and can boast of a good hotel, a pretty little Episcopal church, a free reading-room, and a Chamber of Commerce. It may have 2,500 inhabitants, living upon the railroad, the Government, and the trade of the upper Missouri, which employs a dozen steamboats. Only lately has anybody thought of farming, although the place is six years old. In the first stage of the growth of a frontier town, the inhabitants all try to live by speculation, or whisky-selling, or office-holding, or selling goods at exorbitant prices, or, if by hard work, it must be some kind that has a spice of adventure in it. A man will crawl a mile in the snow with the mercury at 20° below zero to kill a buffalo, but he will not plow a field or dig a cellar. He will drive a mule-team across the plains, in storm and dust, sleep on the ground, and eat hard-tack and jerked buffalo-meat, or he will carry the mail over bleak snow-wastes in the dead of winter, but no wages will tempt him to hoe potatoes. Later comes the period of substantial growth, when the drift-wood of gamblers, liquor-sellers, and desperadoes seeks a farther frontier, and the farmers and mechanics come in. Bismarck is just entering on this second stage of progress. The fertility of the Coteau lands back of it is its best dependence for the future. There are no valley lands proper along the Missouri, save the bottoms, which are subject to overflow. On one side or the other the high, grassy bluffs come close to the water's edge, and opposite, beyond the line of cotton-woods, is always a stretch of from half a mile to two miles of flat, rich bottom, valuable chiefly for the natural hay crop.

Bismarck has a "boomer." He is hired by the Chamber of Commerce, at a good salary, to ride upon the trains east of Fargo and talk to emigrants about the advantages of settling near the Banner City. In a word, he is a drummer for his town. When I was there he had not started upon his mission, and I found him plowing a field for oats on the only farm within sight of the town. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, he said, and he demonstrated his capacity for the business of booming by fifteen minutes of intelligent conversation on the capacity of the soil of Burleigh County and its attractions to people who by the plow would thrive. He was evidently what they call in Dakota a "rustler." To say that a man is a rustler is the highest indorsement a Dakotan can give. It means that he is pushing, energetic, smart, and successful. The word and its derivatives have many shades of meaning. To rustle around is to bestir one's self in a business way. "What are you going to do in Mandan?" asked one man of another in a Bismarck saloon. "Oh, I'll rustle around and pick up something," which meant that he would look about for a good business opening. "Rustle the things off that table," means clear the table in a hurry. To do a rustling business is to carry on an active trade. The word was coined by the Montana herdsmen to describe the action of cattle brushing the snow from the roots of the bunch-grass with their noses.

The mode of settlement and farming on the

plains of Dakota is by no means the best to promote comfortable living or to develop a high type of character. It is the American system of isolated farm-houses. Drearily isolated, indeed, are the little, bare dwellings that dot the wild prairies and rolling plateaux. Only in the summer season can the farmers move about to see each other or to visit the villages with any pleasure, and then they are too busy with their crops to leave home. The frost in the spring and the fall rains make the roads rivers of black wax, and in the winter there is the danger of the blizzard. How much more agreeable life would be for them if they borrowed the custom of the peasantry of Continental Europe and built their dwellings in groups, forming little hamlets at intervals of three or four miles, each with its church and school! Two obstacles stand in the way of this evident improvement: the habit of American farmers to live upon the tracts they cultivate, and the United States homestead and preëmption laws, which require actual residence upon the particular quarter-section claimed. Perhaps in course of time, after the Dakota settlers have obtained their titles from the Government, the manifest advantages of coming together in groups of families for social pleasures and for the protection of their homes by barriers of trees against the fierce winds, will lead them to adopt the village mode of life, copying from the Swiss rural communes the system of owning a pasture range and timber tract in common. The farm industry of the region being almost exclusively the raising of wheat, is peculiarly adapted for village farming. The farmer has no need to live in the midst of his grain-field, and as he threshes his crop where he harvests it, and usually hauls the grain to the railroad at once, he requires no barns or granaries. The village could build a granary for the use of all its inhabitants, and thus the wheat could be held to await favorable changes in the market. The care of cattle would be a lighter labor, for a common inclosure would answer for all the stock of the community; or if there were open country for herding, a single herdsman could look after the animals and protect the growing grain.

At Bismarck the Missouri is crossed on a transfer steamer, which does temporary duty in place of the great bridge now building, and ferries the cars over to the new town of Mandan just struggling into existence, and having nothing to boast of as yet save a commodious brick hotel. The Heart River empties into the "Big Muddy" at this point, and up its narrow valley and the narrow valley of its tributaries the Sweet Brier, the Curlew and the Green, one travels for half a day seeing nothing but the green walls of steep hills and greener floor of the level bottom-land through which the streams creep slowly along, twisting and curving, and often turning back as if loth to reach the end of their courses. The country is absolutely uninhabited save by the section hands and station-masters along the railroad and the laborers at its coal-mines. In the cuttings along the track one can see that the soil in the valley is a good, strong loam, and the grassy hills proclaim for themselves their value for pasturage. In a few years this region, forming a triangle between the Missouri and the Little Missouri, will doubtless be settled by people who will own wheat and vegetable farms in the valleys and cattle-ranges on the hills.

After dinner, in the embryonic town of Dickinson, on Green River—a hotel and three houses—you have time to smoke a cigar or two before the train climbs a sharp grade, runs through a deep cut, and rushes down into the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. The change in the scene is so startling, and the appearance of the landscape so wholly novel and so singularly grotesque, that you rub your eyes to make sure that you are not dreaming of some ancient geologic epoch, when the rude, unfinished earth was the sport of Titanic forces, or fancying yourself transported to another planet. Enormous masses of conglomerate—red, gray, black, brown, and blue, in towers, pyramids, peaks, ridges, domes, castellated heights—occupy the face of the country. In the spaces between are grassy, lawn-like expanses, dotted with the petrified stumps of huge trees. The finest effect of color is produced by the dark red rock—not rock in fact, but actual terra-cotta, baked by the heat of underlying layers of lignite. At some points the coal is still on fire, and the process of transforming mountains of blue clay into mountains of pottery may be observed from day to day. It has been going on for countless ages, no doubt. To bake one of these colossal masses may have required ten thousand years of smoldering heat. I despair of giving any adequate idea of the fantastic forms of the buttes or of the wonderful effects of color they offer. The pen and brush of a skillful artist would alone be competent for the task. The photographer, be he never so deft with his camera and chemicals, only belittles these marvelous views. He catches only bare outlines, without color, and color is the chief thing in the picture. He cannot get the true effect of distance, and his negatives show only staring blacks and whites in place of the infinite variations of light and shadow effects in valleys and gorges and hollows, and upon crags and pinnacles. Look, if you can, by

the feeble aid of written words upon a single butte, and see how impossible it is to photograph it satisfactorily. It rises from a carpet of green grass. Its base has a bluish hue, and appears to be clay solidified by enormous pressure. It is girdled by bands of light gray stone and black lignite coal. Its upper portion is of the rich red color of old Egyptian pottery. Crumbled fragments strew its sides. Its summit, rising three hundred feet above the plain, has been carved by the elements into turrets, battlements, sharp spires, grotesque gargoyles, and huge projecting buttresses —an amazing jumble of weird architectural effects, that startle the eye with suggestions of intelligent design. Above, the sky is wonderfully clear and blue, the rays of the setting sun spread a rosy tint over the crest, and just above its highest tower floats a little, flame-colored cloud like a banner. When I say there are thousands of these buttes, and that you ride on a fast train for more than an hour in the midst of them, the reader will perceive that the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri is a region of extraordinary interest to the tourist and artist. By another year there will no doubt be a summer hotel in Pyramid Park, as the section lying near the railroad is called. This summer visitors will have to take their own camp equipage. The term Bad Lands does not apply to the quality of the soil. The Indian name was accurately rendered by the early French voyageurs as *Mauvaises Terres pour traverser*—bad lands to cross. The ground between the buttes is fertile, and the whole region is an excellent cattle-range, the rock formations affording the best possible winter protection. Cattle come out of the Bad Lands in the spring as fat as though they had been stall-fed all winter.

Beyond these Mauvaises Terres is a stretch of fine prairie country so inviting in its appearance that it seems to say: "Come, plow, sow, and reap these broad, fertile, sunny acres." Toward evening the Yellowstone Valley bursts into view. The train has run two hundred and nineteen miles nearly due west from the Missouri River, and has reached Glendive, an ambitious little town of a year's growth, that has been overmuch boomed. The visitor is disappointed at its size, and, after a night spent in an execrable inn, is apt to go away with a grudge against the place. Nevertheless, Glendive has good prospects. Across the country is all rich, arable prairie, clear through to the Missouri, and the Yellowstone Valley is fertile and virgin soil down to its mouth, and for three hundred and fifty miles above Glendive. At least a hundred miles of the Valley will be tributary to Glendive, besides the prairie regions north and east of it. Travelers new to frontier life laugh at these droll and dirty congeries of shanties and "shacks," which make a figure as cities upon the railroad maps, forgetting that all the great towns of the older west have gone through the same primary stage of growth. They, too, wallowed in mud and were redolent of bad whisky. The dance-house, gambling-den, and vile variety show, were once the most conspicuous features of Omaha and Kansas City, as they are now of raw Montana settlements.

About three hours is consumed in running from Glendive up the valley to Miles City. Instead of the terra-cotta buttes, the hills that thrust their shoulders into the water on one side or the other of the stream are of streaky clay, and melt under a rain like so many cakes of soap. Nature seems to have formed them in the rough and forgotten to harden them. Back of these mud buttes (everything in the way of hill, rock, mountain, or clay-heap is called a butte in Montana) are immense stretches of grazing country, and in the narrow valley, usually from two to three miles wide, the bottom-lands lie in such excellent form for tillage, that one often forgets that he is in a country redeemed from the Sioux only five years ago, and involuntarily looks for neat farm-houses and church-spires in landscapes so pleasing to the eye and so civilized in appearance, if the word can be applied to a country almost destitute of population. The Yellowstone Valley has been settled, where it is settled at all, from the West, and its lower half has only just begun to attract emigrants.

Miles City was a good trading town before the railroad reached it, and is prospering in a steady way without any booming. It may have 2,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom seem to spend their leisure hours in the gaming-saloons, which are open day and night the week through. Saloons and stores also are open on Sunday. There were no church services in the place when I visited it in May, but a church building was almost finished, and there was a hopeful prospect of getting a settled minister from St. Paul. An itinerant had arrived on his way farther west, and services were held one Sunday in a carpenter's shop. In one corner was a pile of six coffins; in another a dog enjoyed a restless sleep on a pile of shavings. The audience, consisting of fifteen persons, sat on boards supported by saw-horses. At the same hour there were probably more than three hundred men congregated in the bar-rooms and gambling-hells.

With all the open and shameless dissipation, good order prevails, as a rule, in Miles City. There are few drunken brawls. A man is

killed now and then, but as a scuffle or a blow means a speedy resort to revolvers, the rudest characters are singularly circumspect in their behavior. I have seen the Texan frontier, and I find the north-western frontier much more orderly. There is as much drinking and gaming, and more vice of another sort, but much less rioting and shooting. In place of the cow-boy we find the buffalo-hunter, who comes into the town in the spring with the spoils of his winter's work, and lives merrily, after his fashion, so long as the money lasts. But, though as rude a barbarian in appearance as any wearing a white skin, he is rarely a boaster or a quarreler. His calling exposes him to great danger and severe hardship. Often he crawls for half an hour in the snow, with the mercury at 30° below zero, to get the wind of a herd and approach near enough to kill. He must have courage, presence of mind, and a sure aim, to escape the charge of a wounded bull. Usually he is grave and reticent. In his hideous, greasy garb he will sit for hours at the gaming-table playing faro or stud-poker, without moving a muscle of his face at either gains or losses.

Around Miles City, in the valleys of the Yellowstone and the Tongue, which there joins the larger stream, successful farming has been carried on for five years, without irrigation. The current notion in the East that the arid belt of Western Texas, Colorado, and Wyoming extends as far north as the Yellowstone is, I am convinced, a mistake. Large crops of wheat, oats, and potatoes are raised year after year at a hundred scattered ranches between Coulson and Miles City, and in the tributary valleys west of Coulson the rainfall is not always sufficient. For over three hundred miles the bottom-lands receive ample moisture for general farming, heavy showers falling as late as the middle of June. Farming in these valleys seems as pleasant and profitable as in any section of the United States. Sixty bushels of oats, thirty of wheat, and two or three hundred of potatoes, are raised to the acre on the smooth, sloping valley lands, and the hill country is all open as a stock-range. At the rate homesteading is progressing this summer, in five or six years the whole Yellowstone country will be well settled with prosperous farmers.

The scenery in the Valley is unique and striking, because of the sharp contrast between the smooth, grassy expanse of the bottoms, fringed on the water's edge with cotton-wood and dotted here and there with clumps of the same timber, resembling old New-England orchards, and the rugged, savage wall of the line of buttes that bounds the horizon. Sometimes there is a mantle of green on the heads of the buttes; often they are bare, and carved by the elements into an infinite variety of shapes. The rock is a sandstone of a gray color, which sometimes varies to sage-green or an indurated clay of a bluish-black hue, frequently banded with broad belts of lignite. The bottom-lands occur now on one side of the river, now on the other, rarely on both, and slope up gently to the cliffs, at the foot of which there are often living springs. The tawny river winds about, spreading out in broad pools or contracting into swift, narrow and angry rapids, very much in the fashion of its bigger brother, the Missouri. It is only navigable for two or three months of the year.

Shacks are the common dwellings of the Valley. A shack is a one-story house built of cotton-wood logs, driven in the ground like piles, or laid one upon another. The roof is of sticks and twigs covered with dirt, and if there is no woman to insist on tidiness the floor will be of pounded earth. Below the shack in social rank is the dug-out—a square cut in a bank, with a dirt roof and a door. In one of these kennels five or six men will frequently house. Above the shack is the shanty, a board dwelling containing one or two rooms. In the whole Valley outside of Glendive, Miles City, and Billings, and half a dozen smaller villages, there is no structure that deserves the name of house. I know of no equal extent of country in the United States so favored by nature in regard to soil and climate where the processes of civilization can be observed in so rudimentary a stage of development. One can see the building of a new State begun at the very bottom —in the mud.

The chief tributaries of the Yellowstone—the Powder, the Tongue, the Rosebud, and the Big Horn—all run through fertile valleys resembling that of the longer stream in their general features, and the whole region favors in a striking degree a combination of the two industries of tillage and herding. Cattle subsist on the dried grasses, without shelter, all winter. Sheep-raising begins to attract attention. The winters are cold and dry, and there is not much snow; the springs are rainy, the summers hot, and the autumns delightful. Some mysterious quality in the air gives a champagne effect on the blood and brain. One thinks fast, moves fast, cannot keep still, awakens at four o'clock in the early northern dawn and cannot sleep again, and feels a delightful sense of exhilaration all the time. Do people wear out quick as a compensation for this vigor and elasticity? The Territory has not been

settled long enough for an answer to be given to this question.

One bright, warm day in mid-May, journeying westward with a good team of bays and a stout spring-wagon, we climbed up from the valley to a high plateau near the mouth of the Big Horn River and saw on the southwestern horizon a sight that was welcomed with a spontaneous shout of enthusiastic delight. There were the mountains!—snow-clad mountains, too—a high ridge with bands and patches of white flecking their slopes, and one great dazzling field of snow. They were the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. Beyond them a sharp pyramid pierced the blue heavens—Clouds Peak, one hundred and fifty miles distant. Below us lay the smiling valley dotted with cosy, log-farmhouses, where we had just passed fields of oats and men planting potatoes in the dark, mellow loam. Yonder the snow-peaks; here the farms. There is then a belt of habitable country fitted for agriculture extending all the way from the fruitful prairies of Dakota to the very base of the outer bulwark of the Rocky Mountain system. No break need exist between the Missouri and the mountains in the chain of settlements now fast being formed link by link. Even the worst of the Bad Lands are excellent for pasturage, and the whole of the Yellowstone Valley is admirably adapted to careful farming on a small or large scale. No irrigation is required as far west at least as the 109th meridian. The old theory still entertained to a considerable extent in Kansas and Nebraska, that farming is unsafe west of the 100th meridian, does not apply to the valleys of the Yellowstone River system. I believe, however, it will be found to hold good as regards the hills and table-lands separating the valleys. The soil in the highlands is good, but the winds and hot June sun dry up the moisture too soon for the crops to mature. The greater part of the surface of Eastern Montana will always be what it is now—a vast pasture; but the buffalo herds which now roam over it will in a few years give place to fat cattle. It is estimated that 250,000 buffaloes were slaughtered in the Yellowstone country last winter.

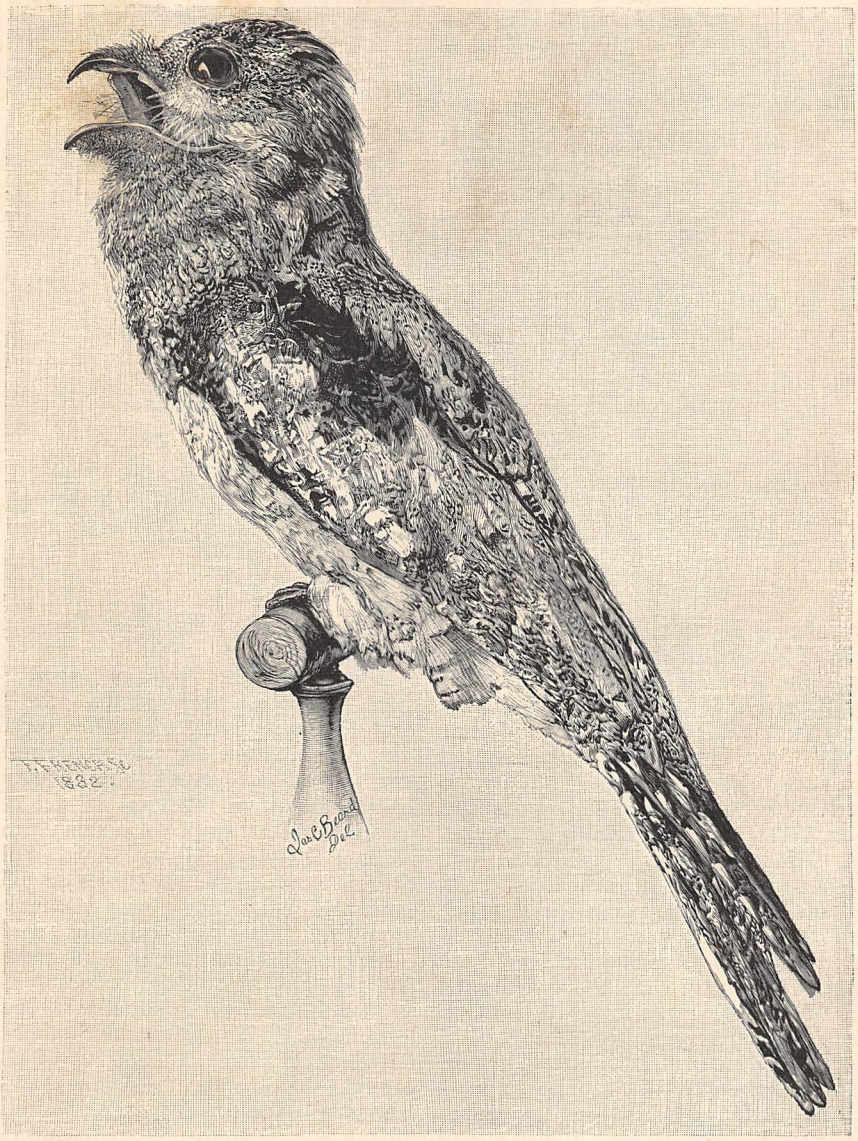
There is no lack of excitement in travel in Montana, though game is scarce and the Indians are quite harmless, unless they can catch a man alone and off his guard. The difficulties and the adventures of the road keep the mind on the alert. There are no bridges, and the only way to get over sloughs is to pull through. Sometimes a river must be crossed by swimming the horses and putting the wagon upon a crazy skiff. Soon after leaving the railway, which had brought our outfit eighty miles beyond Miles City, the Yellowstone had to be crossed. The boatmen were stout, daring fellows, but they took no risk on the property they transported. They loaded our wagon upon one skiff and tried to tow it across with another; but the current was running at a tremendous rate in mid-stream, and the heavily laden boat careened and spilled the wagon into the river. Here, it seemed, was a total shipwreck of all our plans for the journey. Nothing but the tongue of the vehicle remained in sight. But now the reserve forces of strength and skill of the two ferrymen came into play. They brought a long rope from their hut, rowed out and attached it to the tongue, and by a herculean tug drew the wagon ashore. Then they fished out seats, blankets, and valises—everything, in fact, but the harness, and that night there was a grand drying-bee in the log-huts of Krutzville. Next morning the horses were driven into the river with blows and shouts, as reluctant to enter the swift, muddy current as any sensible beast might well be. Twice they pulled the boat ashore by their halters. At last they got their knack of swimming, but getting loose from the skiff were carried down toward the rapids, struggling bravely for life, side by side, only their eyes and noses above the water. "They 're goners!" shouted the group of frontiersmen on the bank. But suddenly they struck upon a shallow in mid-stream, and soon were caught by the boatmen and towed safe to the northern bank.

The reader who sits in an easy-chair in a snug Eastern home, or perhaps the breezy veranda of some sea-side hotel, turning the pages of his favorite magazine, may think the momentary peril to the lives of two horses a small matter; but if upon those two had rested his hopes for compassing six hundred miles of mountain, plain, and valley, in the heart of the continent, he would have held his breath as we did, when they were battling with the Yellow River. For the worry and anxiety of the night and morning, however, there was compensation in the brisk drive up the valley and over the plateaux, the inspiring view of the mountains and the evening's repose in a railroad engineer's cabin on the Crow Indian Reservation. After supper, eaten with a keen appetite, stories of hunting adventures and Indians were told, the buffalo-robes and blankets were spread on the floor, and before the pine-logs had ceased to blaze in the great stone fire-place all were asleep. An owl kept up a dismal lament all night in a cotton-wood by the cabin-door, and a stray wolf came to the edge of the bluffs and set up a protest against the advance of civilization in a long, melancholy howl.

E. V. Smalley.

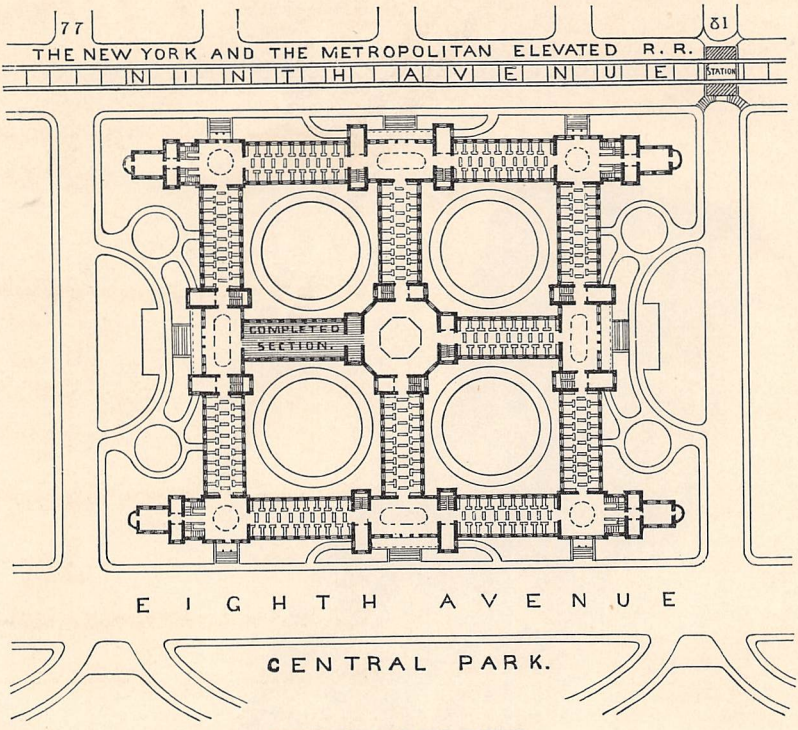
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CENTRAL PARK.



SOUTH-AMERICAN GOATSUCKER.

OUR country has been credited as being slow in founding and careless in maintaining institutions of science; and our metropolis has the reputation of being particularly deficient in this respect. The truth is, however, that in the matter of time the Old World is not, proportionately, in advance. The British Museum, that immense store-house of objects and literature, was first organized in 1753, the germ from which it developed being the private collections of Sir Hans Sloane. In America, several very reputable bodies in science date almost as far back. The Philosophical Society of Philadelphia published



GROUND PLAN OF THE MUSEUM.

its first volume in 1769. The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science was organized in 1812, and the New York Lyceum of Natural History in 1817. That dignified body, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of Boston, has been in existence for a hundred and two years. The names of naturalists so well and so honorably known as LeSeur, Audubon, Wilson, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, DeKay, Mitchell, George Lawrence, and many others equally distinguished, are sufficient to save our country from the reproach of complete indifference to this branch of science. About ten years ago the New York Academy of Sciences, then the Lyceum of Natural History, lost its cabinets by fire. Fortunately, the library was stored in a place of safety, and escaped destruction. Some prominent members of this society, among them several wealthy business men, recognized the importance of establishing a Museum of Natural History, and proposed that, in the event of a fire-proof building being erected, the library should be transferred to it. Mr. Andrew H. Green, then prominently identified with the progress of the Central Park, had expressed himself as favorable to the establishment of a museum within its limits, and had placed the nucleus of a collection, composed of objects presented to the city, in the old Arsenal building as the temporary depository.

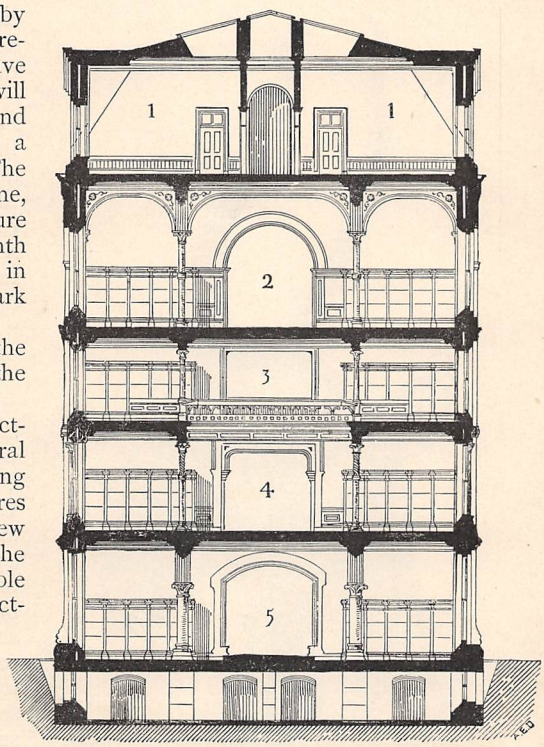
About this time Professor Albert S. Bickmore, then just returned from the Eastern Archipelago, solicited the aid of certain citizens interested in the subject. The scheme was favorably received, and, eventually, a board of trustees procured an act of incorporation under the title "American Museum of Natural History." John David Wolfe was elected president, and Professor Bickmore superintendent. The Park Commissioners promptly offered to bear the expenses of exhibiting the collections, and refitted the Arsenal building for the purpose. The sale at that time of two important European collections—one in France, the other in the museum of Prince Maximilian of Germany —made it possible to procure at a very moderate cost some valuable additions to the nucleus already in the Arsenal building. In course of time, the collections became so valuable that the city authorities established more permanent quarters in Manhattan Square, which is now incorporated with Central Park. Plans were adopted looking to the entire occupation of this land. The above diagram shows the area lying between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and bounded on the north and south by Eighty-first and Seventy-seventh

streets respectively. The section indicated by the dark lines is already erected, and the remaining portion of the plan shows the relative arrangement of the parts. The whole will form, in the event of completion, a grand structure, with four principal faces, and a central dome of imposing appearance. The entire building is to be constructed of stone, brick, and iron, thus affording a structure strictly fire-proof. At a point on the Eighth Avenue opposite a deep ravine, a bridge is in process of construction that will enable park carriages to pass to the museum grounds.

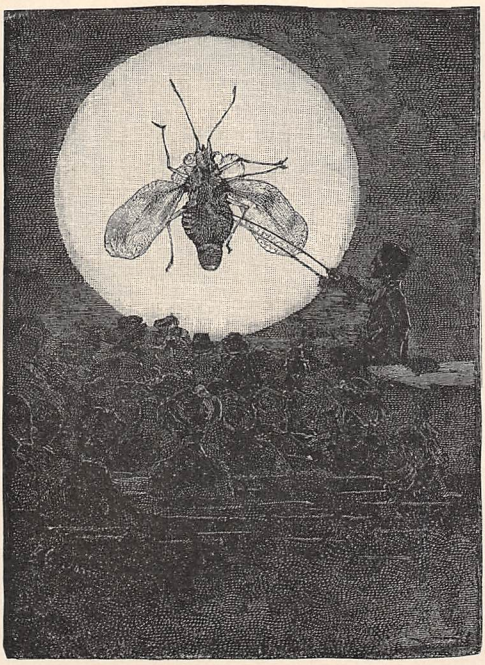
The first section of the new building is at the present time nearly filled with material of the most valuable description.

In accordance with the original plan, lectures are now given on subjects of natural science, a lecture-room and laboratory being established in the upper hall. The lectures are for the benefit of the teachers of the New York public schools, who are requested by the Board of Education to attend. The admirable means of illustration at hand render these lectures unusually attractive, and the attendance during the two years has been full.

Another hall on this story is fitted up handsomely for the library of the Academy of Sciences; and others contain the large and valuable libraries on conchology and ichthyology presented by Miss Wolfe and Mr. Stuart. The geological library, and that containing the miscellaneous natural history books, are well stored with desirable material. Elegant rooms on this floor are occupied by a division of the U. S. Geological Survey.



TRANSVERSE SECTION.—1. ATTIC STORY, WORK-ROOMS. 2. UPPER STORY, FOSSILS. 3. GALLERY, ANTHROPOLOGY. 4. PRINCIPAL STORY, BIRDS. 5. LOWER STORY, MAMMALS.



THE LECTURE-ROOM.

Our observation of the museum must necessarily be directed to the more unfamiliar or noteworthy objects, as it is impossible in such a limited space to give a coherent description of the whole. To keep, as far as possible, in mind the natural connection between forms as we proceed, the highest will first claim attention. Man is here represented—in his lowest estate, nearly, however—by skeletons of Maori natives, from New Zealand. A valuable collection of skulls from most of the ethnological regions occupy the same case.

The next lower form in the scale of life is shown in the group of orang-outans, consisting of an entire family, five in number. This is regarded as one of the most successful pieces of taxidermy yet produced. The operator is an intelligent observer and naturalist, and had the good fortune to capture the specimens in the wilds of Borneo. The full-grown male and female, and others of different ages, are here, including a baby which swings in the tree-top. The tree, foliage, and fruit are made in imitation of



HEAD OF SAIGA.

specimens brought from the East; and a rude platform, or nest of leaves and small boughs, is made to represent the exact method of construction. The strange aspect of the face in the male is due to a disc-like expansion which elongates the cheeks. This feature, with the black skin and hair, constitutes a marked difference between this species and the more familiar red orang.

Following the scale downward, we turn to the next case and find a series of apes and monkeys, many of them admirably set up, and so numerous as to species that an excellent idea may be obtained of the natural affinities existing between the orangs, apes, monkeys, the highest of the group of mammals, and that which is placed next in order—the bats. The lowest forms of the primates include the lemurs, and we are told that the anatomical structure of the flying lemur justifies its being placed immediately before the bats, singular as this association may seem. We have been forced to pass by several interesting forms which would repay closer inspection. The curious nosed-monkey and the prehensile-tailed South-American spider-monkeys are among them. Many of these stuffed specimens are the work of Verreaux of Paris, and admirably exhibit some characteristic attitude or habit of the living animal.

Following in the scale, after the bats, or as late authors have it, associated with them under the title insectivora, are the moles, hedgehogs, and several peculiar related creatures. Although the moles appear so lowly, and seem to possess such small heads, the skeleton here shows a large brain-cavity, nearly equal to that of the bat. These forms are, then, well up in the scale of life; for even the great "king of beasts" stands a little lower in the order of classification.

The large family of carnivorous animals is arranged next in order, with the lion at its head. The excellence of this specimen, as a work of art, is such that a gold medal of the Paris Exposition of 1867 was awarded it. A view of this animal from the rear reveals an attention to the expression of the muscles in action that is surprising, and indicates not only a great advance in the art of taxidermy, but such a knowledge of superficial anatomy as is shown in successful sculpture. It is not proposed, in an article like the present, to catalogue all the forms, or even the groups, represented in the museum, but only to give some suggestion of the objects to be seen, the mode of classification, and purposes of the collection.

To make this museum a means of conveying useful knowledge, care has been exercised in arranging the groups that an unbroken connection—so far as is possible in the present



YOUNG OWL.

light of science—may be preserved. Many of the great beasts not yet exhibited are represented by some important part, as the skeleton or skull, which is placed where the animal would belong, and suggests its alliance



HEAD OF SPECTACLED EIDER DUCK.

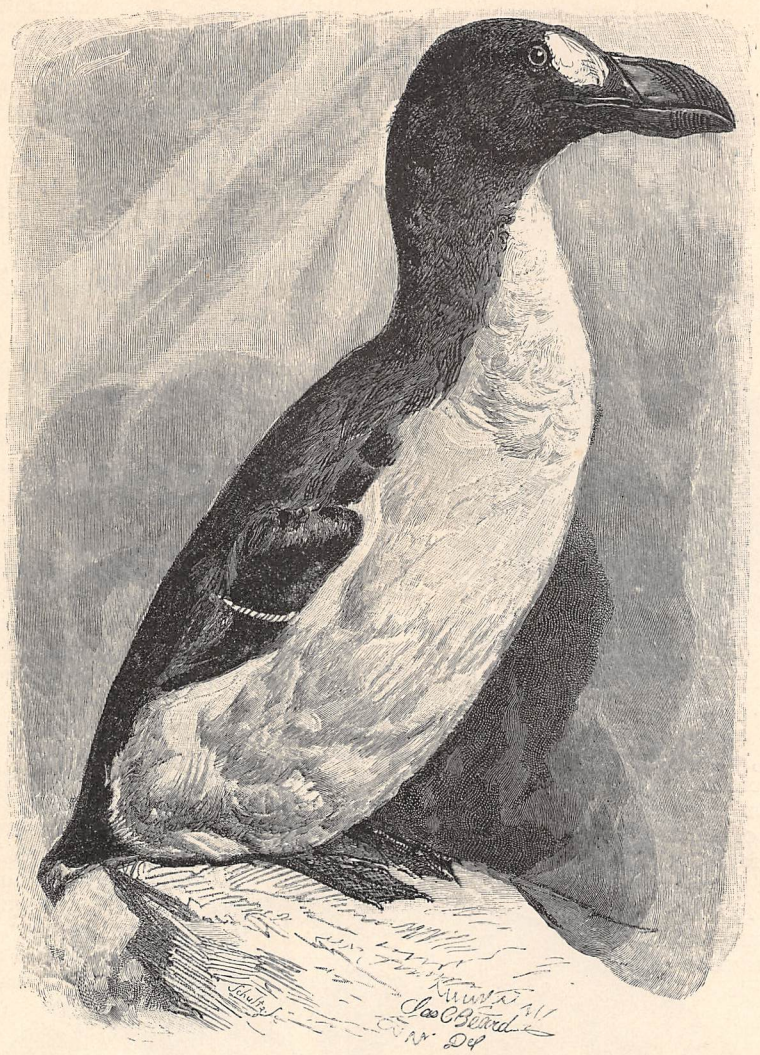
with others. The great Cetaceans, represented by various species of whales, dolphins, porpoises, etc., are duly represented by the jaws, or other portions of the anatomy. One perfect skeleton of a rare species of whale is in possession of the museum, and is now standing, temporarily, in the hall of Mount St. Vincent. The narwhal, a small whale-like form, having a long single tusk, which has earned for it the title of sea unicorn, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting examples; its skull, with the single long tusk, is in the collection. Through some freak of Nature, one tusk of the narwhal is arrested in growth, while the other becomes so bulky that there appears to be but one and a central organ. The rudiment of the other tooth remains undeveloped. Instances are given attesting the enormous power of the creature; the planking of vessels is shown, having the tusk of the narwhal projecting half its length on the inner side.

The Bos family, according to late classification, embraces great numbers of familiar and strange forms. The collection of antelopes claims more time than can be given in one visit. The saiga, or Siberian antelope, is remarkable, both for the extreme beauty of its lyre-shaped horns and for being the only antelope found in the cold regions. It also differs from all others in having a flexible snout, which gives it a strange aspect in profile.

It is the purpose of the trustees to secure, as rapidly as possible, the most perfect examples of our American mammals, not, by any means, neglecting others. The fact that some are threatened extinction renders this effort a very commendable one. The museum possesses already fine examples of the bison: male, female, and calf; of the wapiti, two fine adults; and also of the moose, now fast disappearing from the country. The Rocky Mountain sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat, unfamiliar animals, from the fact that they inhabit the most inaccessible peaks of



YOUNG GREBE—MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.



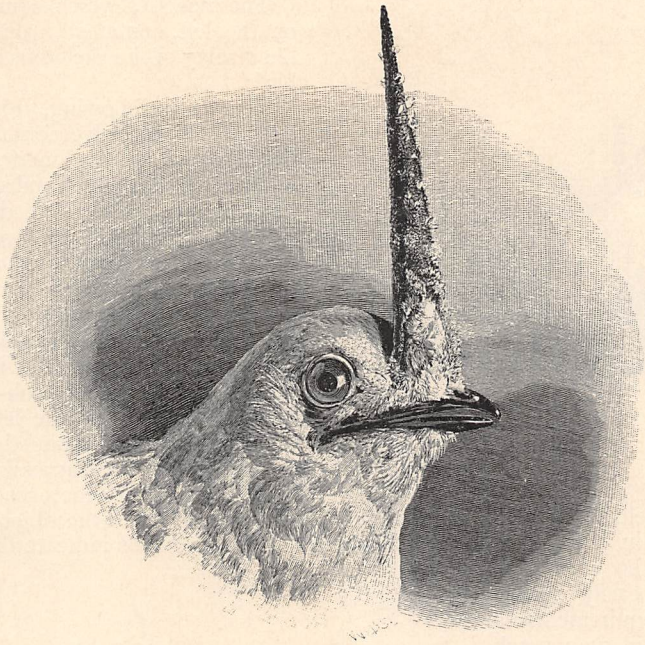
GREAT AUK.

the great range of the Pacific slope, are here represented by excellent specimens. The latter is regarded as quite closely allied to the chamois of the Alps.

An admirable idea, carried throughout the collections, is the introduction of mounted skeletons at certain places, a glance at which shows, in connection with the exterior development, the reason why the animals are so arranged. No one, by this aid, could fail to recognize a variety of the cat family, nor would affinities of the wolf or fox with the dog be questioned. There are many instances where the affinities are more obscure, and it is the purpose of the arrangement in cases to render the subject of classification more familiar to visitors. The specimens are the best that can be procured, and many are exceedingly rare. They are mounted on handsome polished cherry stands, and plainly labeled, the common name being placed more conspicuously than the scientific. Notes appertaining to the history of the specimens for the use of students are preserved on the bottom of the stands and in a book kept for that purpose.

The remarkably fine collection of marsupials, including twelve species of kangaroo, will be examined with great interest.

Very full collections of skeletons of mammals, reptiles, and fishes, and other anatomical preparations occupy two cases. The skeletons of fishes are among the gems of the museum, in the sense of mechanism as well as scientific value. They are split, and one-half is wired on a board, each bone independently,



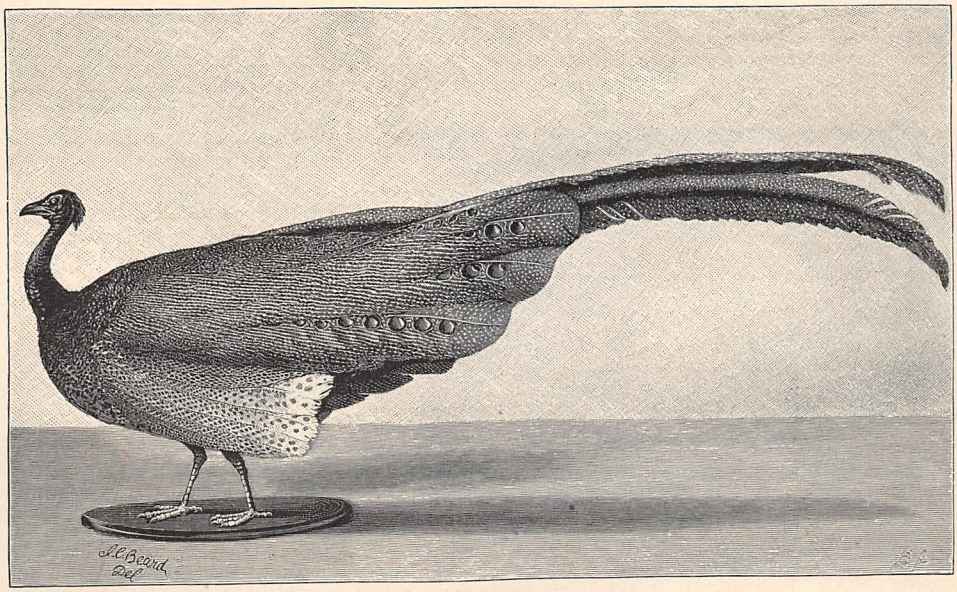
BELL-BIRD.

and so adjusted that it may be removed singly for examination.

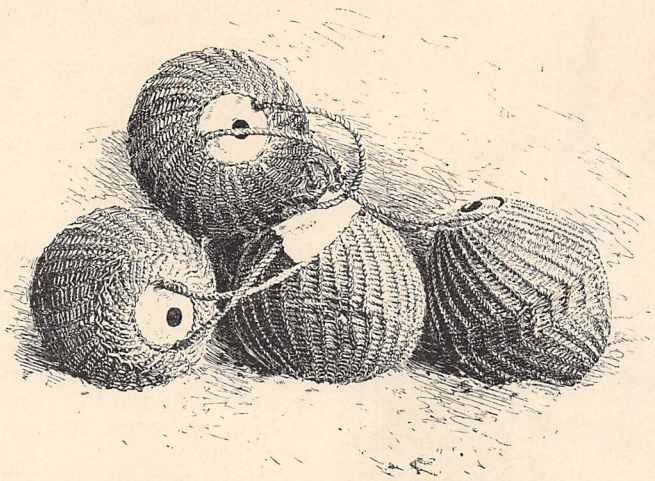
The second story is the Hall of Birds, which offers to view, on entering, the portrait of the first president of the museum, John David Wolfe. The visitor is next attracted by the display of several of the admirable, now historic, copper-plates, which bear the *facsimile* of Audubon's delightful and artistic drawings for the "Birds of America."

The cases are similar to those in the lower hall, but in addition to the admirable light obtained from the great windows of the alcoves, there is in the wall of each case a deep and narrow window, covered by ground glass, which aids in producing a diffused light that is ample at all times. The partitions of canvas, painted in a delicate French-gray color, give excellent contrasts, and the colors of birds are much strengthened thereby.

Earnest attention has been given here to a subject much neglected hitherto in museums: the tasteful adaptation of the necessary furniture. We see here that everything is subordinate to the purpose of exhibiting the objects in the best possible manner. The specimens, being of the best that can be obtained, the more satisfactorily stand the test behind the flood of light admitted through the great plate-glass doors. The old method of native bough and moss accessories is abandoned; its too naturalistic litter proves a nuisance in a well-ordered museum. According to the present method the objects are regarded as so many works of Art. They must be mounted



ARGUS PHEASANT.



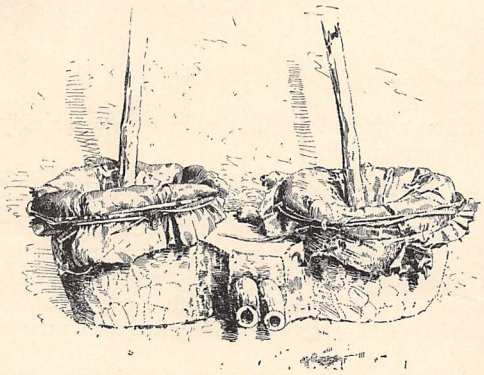
COVERED COCOANUTS FOR DRINKING-CUPS.

for exhibition and must be labeled, and subject to being placed readily in the course of classification. They must be separately mounted, that students may easily handle them. In view of these requirements a specimen, say a bird, is mounted on a perch or stand, and one that shall be in its proportions and purposes what the pedestal is to a bust or statue. These are planned to be proportionate to the specimen. The perch is sufficiently large to allow the feet to clasp naturally, and all mechanical supports are kept out of sight.

Unlike the usual custom the experiment has been tried here of placing the birds of each country in groups by themselves. This method is not only pleasing in its effect, but gives an impression to the great numbers who visit the museum of the distribution of life. Drawings, written descriptions, and classified skeletons will be added to aid the student of ornithology.

The case "A," which stands on the left, contains a valuable display of the skeletons of birds.

The cases following, from "B" to "F" inclusive, contain the birds of North America, of which over eight hundred species have now been described, including a very large proportion of small singing birds. The specimens are arranged systematically and labeled neatly and plainly. The plan is practically like that of an illustrated book—the highest form on the left, others succeeding from this to the right on successive rows, the printed labels reading like the text of a book, with the objects on the same page. Family labels indicate the proper limits, and the individual labels give the generic and other distinctions.



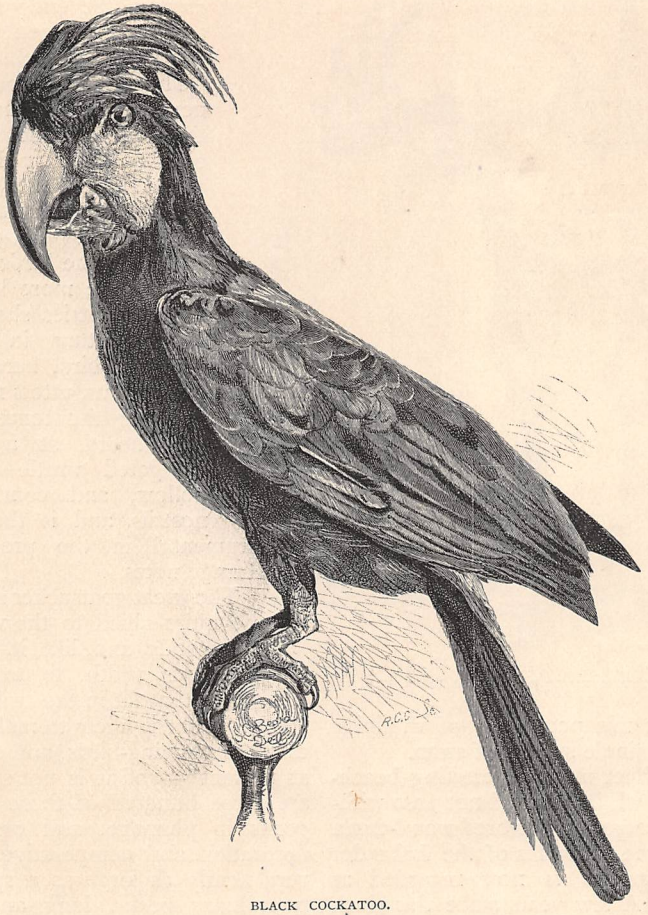
AFRICAN BELLOWS.

A careful study of the true relations of birds with each other determines that the thrushes rather than the birds of prey are the typical form; that they represent the highest ideal of bird organization, the brain having a good share in this consideration. We will not therefore encounter the great eagles and hawks, formerly assigned the first place in bird classification, until we have passed the groups of song-birds and sparrows.

The place of honor is given to the wood-thrush, the delightful songster of our woodland, and one of the most common birds in this region during the warmer months. Notwithstanding, he has the reputation of being only heard, not often seen. He is very frequently noticed in Central Park, where his delightful song attracts attention



YOUNG TROPIC BIRD.



BLACK COCKATOO.

from being uttered at evening and morning particularly. His musical notes are pleasantly described by Wilson, who likens them to the "double-tonguing of a German flute."

Among the crows the great American raven is noticeable, and is, probably, as much a rarity to the average visitor as any. A few are known to visit North-eastern Maine, but their principal habitat is in the far North-west.

The curious running cuckoo from California is unfamiliar; and two species of parrots from Texas are the only representatives of that group found north of the tropics.

The owl family now succeed, and we are attracted by a group of three examples of the great gray owl, arranged in such proximity as suggests a collection of judges.

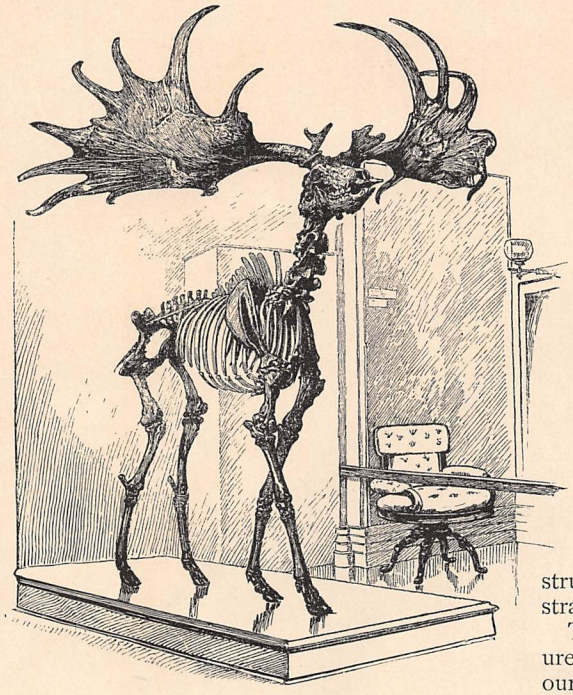
Following next in rank is a series of splendid specimens of the Greenland gerfalcon, a large white bird with dark slashes on its plumage.

The eagles are fine, particularly the golden variety.

The vultures follow, represented by two species: the turkey-buzzard and the great California vulture; the latter one of the newly discovered birds since the occupation of the Pacific slope.

Several magnificent wild turkeys lead the gallinaceous tribe. Many excellent specimens of the taxidermist's work are in this case—the collection of the chickens of prairie-hens, grouse, ptarmigan, and quail being very attractive.

Among the cranes, the great whooper is notable. If time permitted, the curator would show a prepared specimen of the breast-bone of this bird, which has the windpipe curved backward and elongated more than a foot, occupying the center of the keel of the breast, which separates to admit it, and then, coiling around the base, returns and enters the lungs, having been allowed all this elongation to increase its musical capacity. It is



FOSSIL SKELETON OF THE EXTINCT IRISH ELK.

remarkable that this peculiarity of windpipe occurs also in a single species of swan.

We must neglect many interesting beach-birds and sea-fowl, but should not pass without notice the gorgeously colored wood-duck. Close by are three examples of the Labrador duck, which species is now regarded as wholly extinct. A few years since this duck was known to be rather abundant on our North-eastern shores.

The eider is represented by several species. The spectacled eider is particularly curious, as our portrait of him shows.

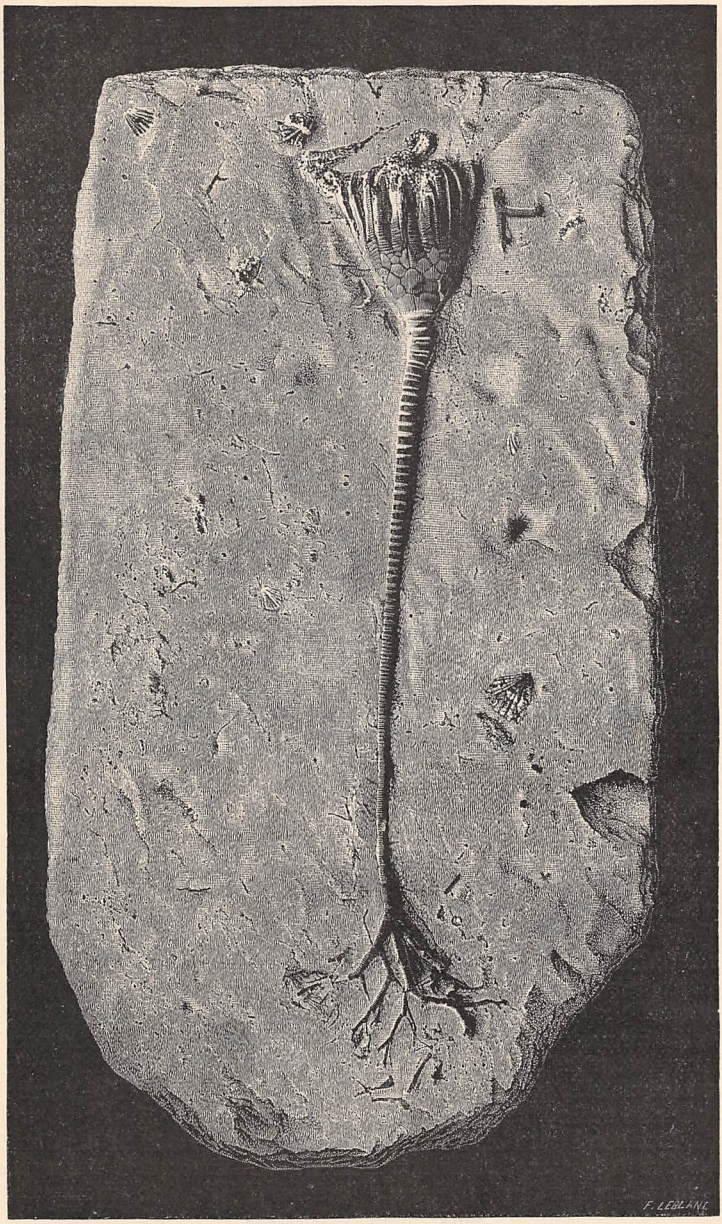
Well-nigh at the foot of the list, in the natural classification, we meet the great auk, well shown in the accompanying illustration. This bird is closely allied to the penguins, and, though they do not have the fin-like appendages corresponding to the wings, yet those members are not far removed from them in structure, being useful only as swimming organs. This bird has been extinct nearly fifty years, so far as our knowledge goes. Consequently, the few specimens now in possession of museums are regarded as extremely valuable. The present specimen was the gift of Mr. Robert L. Stuart. The price paid for it in 1868 was $625 gold. The species was abundant in the waters of our north-eastern coast as far south as Nahant, and, in Audubon's day, was remembered as not at all rare. Forty specimens only are known to science, four of them being in museums of this country. Several young marine birds are here represented, such as the Mother Carey's chicken.

The birds of South America are next arranged, where will be seen the same classification, the thrushes of that country leading. It will prove instructive to compare the family group or individual species with those of other countries. Although the birds of South America are the more brilliant in color, other countries show varieties quite as interesting in other respects. The bell-bird, here pictured, travelers tell us, utters notes that clearly simulate the tones of a convent-bell heard at a distance. The elongated wattle on its beak is hollow, and connected with the nostrils, and is thought to be instrumental in the production of the strange notes.

The great goatsucker is a notable creature quite allied to the whip-poor-will of our woods, and, like it, has a mouth of enormous width, to take in the great moths that flit in the twilight.

The visitor is likely to make a stand at the case of humming-birds, and say, "No farther at present"—and it is not surprising. There are three hundred of those little birds, gorgeous in plumage, and equally strange in decoration and comparative size. Some are very nearly as large as a sparrow, with extraordinary beaks, long and curved; and others are metallic-lustered morsels, marvelously diminutive, suggesting *Mercutio's* "team of little atomies," and his "waggoner, a small, gray-coated gnat"—they are so very small, and we find one now and then very sober in color. With the exception of three or four that visit the States as high as New England, the three hundred different species are natives of Central and South America—not a single species being native to the Old World.

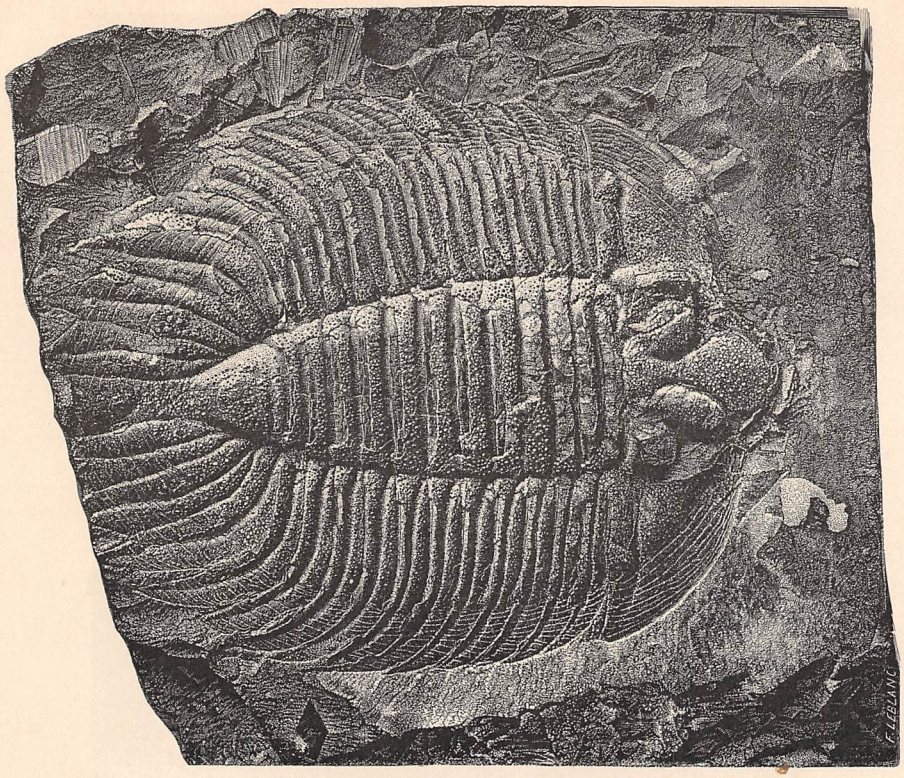
In the collection of birds of Europe and Asia we notice the little Japanese duck, or mandarin, and naturally compare it with the wood-duck of our waters; others are very closely allied, and the exquisite beauty of both will prevent a hasty judgment in favor of either. A wonderfully fine group of pheasants is also arranged here. The Argus-eyed must be seen to gain an adequate idea of its beauty. Coming to the smaller birds of Europe, we find two of the robin-redbreasts classified among the warblers, and not among the thrushes. Our bird which we call



FOSSIL ENCRINITE (STONE LILY), EUCALYPTOCRINUS CRASSUS.

robin is really a thrush, and quite different from the English robin, and much larger; the name was applied by the early English settlers, from a sentimental feeling in regard to the resemblance between the two.

The grand specimens of large walking birds in the African cases are notable. Then follow the birds of the Pacific Islands. The gorgeous display of color among the parrots is in many specimens most surprising. The colors seem to be indiscriminately thrown upon them, often in combinations which an artist would call inharmonious. In this particular we are apt to overlook the fact that they have not their legitimate surroundings of rich flowers, foliage, bough, or rock, with their accessories of parti-colored mosses and epiphytes. The great cockatoo is one of the rarer forms. The nearly equally large black ones, with yellow and red tail-feathers re-



A FOSSIL CRUSTACEAN (TRILOBITE), LICHAS BOLTONI.

spectively, are also very unfamiliar, and are strikingly contrasted with the pure white cockatoos with sulphur-colored crests.

The interest in birds seems to culminate at this juncture, for the birds of paradise exhaust all our stock of admiration; there seems to be nothing yet surpassing them. Some of these look and feel as if they were made up of velvet or seal-skin fur, nearly all the feathers being of this dark hue, with here and there a sharp contrast in a metallic green tail-feather or a crest of emerald scales, gleaming in all the richness of burnished metal. The next that catches the eye is just as beautiful, just as strange, yet as different in shape and ornamentation as if it was of another family. The essential features, however, that unite such strangely varied forms are anatomical. A porcupine and a beaver differ greatly in their external "make up," yet a comparison of their skeletons would readily show their close affinity. These birds exhibit the most remarkable differences of all. One pert-looking little fellow has a standing collar of the Queen Bess pattern, the material bearing a strong semblance to yellow spun glass. His mate is the shape of any other respectable bird, and almost without color or ornamentation. In many families of birds the sexual variation of color, ornament, and size is very remarkable. In the present family the females are all perfectly plain, while the males are highly ornamented. Among the gallinaceous birds, the bustard for instance, the hen is not over one-half the size of the male. Among the hawks the male is very much smaller.

We turn from the collection of birds to the gallery above, where we find the ethnological specimens. The picture by Bradford, representing the *Polaris* in winter quarters, hangs in the southern end, and fitly supplements the maps and the collections of Esquimau objects that are intended as guides to ethnology.

Arranged in accordance with this design are a very large number of implements and weapons from all known or inhabited parts of the earth, collected by Appleton Sturgis, Esq.

A large number of these articles from Central Africa have been lately added. The curious bellows, of which we give an illustration, is one of the number.

Porto Rico and several of the islands of the Antilles are noted for the finished character of the stone implements found there. The most wonderful among these are the

horse-collar shaped stones. They are handsome granite rings, oval, and shaped precisely like the collar of a horse, and one of them weighs more than eighty pounds. They are polished and carved with heraldic-looking figures. Other carved and polished stones are here, also found in the same localities. As none of these are familiar to archæologists no conception of their uses has yet been formed. Here, too, are models of the cliff houses of New Mexico, and those of the Lake-dwellers, besides vast numbers of flint implements found in the latter localities. The collection of ancient objects in flint from the Somme Valley in Northern France is one of the best in the world. The Stone period of North America is also remarkably well represented. Indeed, though but few years have passed since the organization of this Museum, it possesses one of the most valuable and useful archæological cabinets in this country.

The Geological Hall in the next story above is rather more imposing than the others: its high walls and great iron columns and girders—its large windows, admitting a flood of light, all impress the visitor very sensibly. The larger portion of this hall is devoted to the great collection of fossils which was purchased of Prof. Hall, of Albany, the results of a life of work in the field. Added to this are many foreign specimens of value.

A great slab of sandstone, from the Portland quarries on the Connecticut River, shows five distinct claw-like impressions made by some enormous reptile while the stone was still the soft sand of a beach. Other large slabs show foot-prints and trails unmistakable in character, and others again the phenomena of glacial action.

The giant bird skeleton, which stands at the entrance of this hall, is one of several species of extinct forms found in considerable numbers in New Zealand. They are the moas, so called by the native Maoris, who have a tradition that these creatures lived within the memory of their near ancestors. This is thought to be true, as the bones are found in some instances with traces of ligaments attached, and egg-shells with the lining membrane adhering. The largest specimen yet found measures fourteen feet in height.

The Irish deer, whose spread of antlers measures eight feet, is found fossil in the bogs of Ireland. The appearance of the specimens,



FOSSIL SKELETON OF DINORNIS MAXIMUS, AN EXTINCT BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND—AND APTERYX, A SPECIMEN OF ITS NEAREST LIVING REPRESENTATIVE.

as well as tradition, points to the conclusion that it has not been very long extinct.

The collection of minerals is arranged in the floor cases, and presents a rich exhibit of the principal forms.

One may tarry a long time in this hall with pleasure and profit. The large models of the State of New Hampshire, its geological features, etc., and of the great Western plains, should claim attention.

The figure of a trilobite on page 524 is one of numerous species found in New York State, and illustrates very well a singular extinct form, closely allied to the king-crab of the present day.

The crinoid which is represented on page 523 is one of myriads that cover the rocks of certain geological formations in New York State as elsewhere; it is easily recognized as star-fish or echinoderm, though having a stalk which held it on the sea bottom. One of the very few of these forms existing at the present day is seen preserved in alcohol within the case devoted to the numerous species of crinoids.

Although we have sketched this collection very briefly, we have perhaps said enough to show that it is too valuable to be exposed to the risk of destruction. The labor of a quarter of a century on the part of its managers would not suffice to restore it, even if it were possible to duplicate all the specimens, many of which are not to be had for love nor money.

J. B. Holder.

AN ABORIGINAL PILGRIMAGE.

THE Zuñi Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, are now a mere handful of people, but in their keeping is a wonderful history, which perpetuates an ancient cultus related to that of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, and the Incas. Mr. Frank H. Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, who by living among them has made a great gain for ethnological learning, will contribute to this magazine an account of his unique experiences. Our present purpose is to give an account of the remarkable pilgrimage of a number of the chief men of Zuñi to "the Ocean of Sunrise." For many years, it had been the dream of some of these men to visit the East, which was to them a land of fable. Tales of its marvels, incredible because inconceivable, from time to time had drifted to them. "The Apaches are bad, but they have been to Washington; the Navajos have been to Washington; all Indians have been to Washington but the still-sitting ones," said the Zuñis. The motives that prompted the expedition were various. On Mr. Cushing's part there was, first of all, the advancement of his work by strengthening the ties between the people and himself; and second, the good of the people by arousing them to a desire for education and advancement through what was to be seen in the East. With the Indian pilgrims the reasons were more complex. At their first council upon the subject, Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Order of the Bow, into which Mr. Cushing had been initiated the previous autumn, declared that whoever else was to be chosen he certainly must go; and he advanced what was agreed to be the most important of the reasons for undertaking the trip—namely, to bring back to Zuñi sacred water from "the Ocean of Sunrise" or "the Waters of the World of Day."

The primary reason for taking the "water that brings rain, and the water of the sacred medicine altar," as the Zuñis term it, from the Atlantic Ocean was the position of the latter with reference to the sun. Nai-iu-tchi promised Mr. Cushing entrance into the Order of the Kâ-kâ as a reward for the great service of conducting them to the ocean. Otherwise entrance could not have been obtained without marriage into the tribe. The Zuñis say that their gods brought them to a dry and sterile country for a home, but that their forefathers taught them the prayers and songs whereby that land might be blessed with rain. They therefore addressed their prayers to the spirits dwelling in the ocean, the home of all water, as the source from which their blessing came. They believe their prayers brought the clouds from the ocean, guided by the spirits of their ancestors, and the clouds gave the rain. These prayers could not be efficacious, however, without the help of a drop of ocean water to start them aright.

The Zuñis have had a knowledge of the oceans from time immemorial, and, besides the Atlantic and the "Ocean of Hot Water" (the Gulf of Mexico), they speak of the "Ocean of Sunset" and the "Ocean of the Place of Everlasting Snow," and they include

all four under the name of "The waters embracing the world." When asked how it was that they knew all about the ocean, one of them said to the writer: "Farther back than a long time ago, our fathers told their children about the ocean of sunrise. We ourselves did not know it. We had not seen it. We knew it in the prayers they had taught us, and by the things they had handed down to us, and which came from its waters."

At the council, when Nai-iu-tchi was told that he had been chosen to go, he repeated the ancient Zuñi tradition of the people that had gone to the eastward in the days when all mankind was one, and said that now "Our Lost Others," as they were called, might be coming back to meet them in the shape of the Americans. The councils now were filled with talk about the Americans, and all the traditions, reports, and rumors ever heard about them were repeated over and over again. Among these was one of the first accounts that had ever been brought to Zuñi concerning us, and it ran thus: "A strange and unknown people are the Americans, and in a far-off and unknown land live they. Thus said Our Old Ones. It is said that they are white, with short hair, and that they touch not their food with their fingers, but eat with fingers and knives of iron, and talk much while eating." At last it was decided who were to form the party. Ki-ä-si or Ki-ä-si-wa, the junior priest of the Order of the Bow, was to accompany his colleague; but only after protracted discussion, for it was firmly believed that, should these two priests by any accident not be back in time for the important ceremonies of the summer solstice, some great catastrophe would befall the entire nation. The other Zuñis chosen for the party were Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, the governor, or political head-chief of Zuñi, and Mr. Cushing's brother by adoption; Lai-iu-ai-tsai-lu, or Pedro Pino, as he is commonly known, the father of Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and formerly governor of Zuñi for thirty years, now a wrinkled old man of between eighty and ninety years; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, the priest of the temple and Mr. Cushing's father by adoption; and, finally, Na-na-he, a Moqui who had been adopted into the nation by marriage, a youthful-looking man of thirty-five years, and a member of the Order of the Lesser Fire.

At last the day for departure came, February 22, 1882. Before the Governor's house out-door services were held for the entire population, and the pilgrims were prayed over by the assembled priesthood within. With each there were the parting formalities of an embrace, heart to heart, hand in hand, and breath to breath. Just before the start, Nai-iu-tchi ascended to the house-top and blessed the multitude in a loud voice. The first night they encamped at the piñon-covered foothills beyond the summer *pueblo* of Las Nutrias. They arrived at Fort Wingate the next afternoon. In the evening Mr. Cushing exchanged the picturesque Zuñi costume, which had been his garb for nearly three years, for the dress of civilization. The question of his wearing "American clothes" on the trip had been a serious one with the Zuñis, and it was a subject of many deliberations. Assent was given only on the representation that it would displease his brothers the Americans should he not do it, their feeling for conventionality in dress being as strong as that of the Zuñis. This motive was one that appealed to them forcibly and was readily understood.

When they arrived at the railway station the next morning, they stood close beside the track as the locomotive came up, and though three of them, Pedro Piño, Ki-ä-si, and Na-na-he, had never seen a locomotive, they never flinched. As they settled into their seats in the passenger-coach they breathed a long sigh of gratitude, followed by their exclamation of thanksgiving, "*E-lah kwa!*" When the train started they raised the window-sash and prayed aloud, each scattering a pinch of their prayer-meal, composed of corn-meal with an admixture of finely ground precious sea-shells, which they always carried with them in little bags.

During the afternoon they passed the *pueblo* of Laguna, at the sight of which they marveled greatly, saying: "Can it be that the sun has stood still in the heavens? For here in these few hours we have come to a place to reach which it used to take us three days upon our fleetest ponies!" And when at sundown they passed the *pueblo* of Isleta on the Rio Grande, their wonder was greater still. For the next three days they kept pretty closely on board the train, taking their meals in the baggage-car. They had brought with them great quantities of Zuñi food, for fear that they might not like the American diet. It proved afterward that they liked many articles of our *cuisine*, but the variety was too much for them. They thought that the Americans ate too many things and "dared their insides." One of them said one day:

"My inside is not only filled with food, but also with much fighting."

On the second day of the journey, the chief engineer of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, who was on the train, wanted Mr. Cushing to take one of the Indians on the locomotive. Nai-iu-tchi, who was always



FRANK H. CUSHING.

ready for anything, was selected. He stood unmoved while the whistle was blown at its shrillest, and regarding reverently the action of the locomotive, he exclaimed:

"The Americans are gods, only they have to eat material food!"

They were deeply interested in the farms that lined the railroad and wondered at their great number, and were struck by the increasing number and size of the rivers as they proceeded eastward, greeting every new body of water with prayers. One day on the train they talked incessantly about their leader, both to him and among themselves. the burden of their talk was what a great man Té-na-tsa-li was; everything had turned out as he had said it would be, and they begged his pardon that they had not fully believed him in Zuñi, not deeming it possible that such wonders as he had described could exist. It showed that the Americans were truthful people, they said, and not liars like the Navajos.

At Quincy there was a long wait for the connecting train of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and the conductor who had come with them from Kansas City invited the party to come up into the square with him. This was the first American city into which they had been, and they looked excitedly from one thing to another, each seeing something different and all talking at once, like pleased children.

At the hotel in Chicago they essayed their first meal in American fashion, making laughable attempts with their knives and forks, which the most of them used for the first time. But they were determined to do as the Americans did while in their land, and to honor their customs. At the water-tower in Chicago they were awe-struck in the presence of the mighty engine, and became vexed with Mr. Cushing because he prevented them from touching it, as they wished to, in every part, even where the action was most swift and powerful, with the thought thus to absorb its influence. "What if it should hurt us? It would nevertheless be all right, and just about as it should be!" said they, with their strange fatalism. They prayed before the engine, but not to it, as might have been supposed by some; their prayers were addressed to the god through whom the construction of such a mighty work was made possible.

Chicago-Quin, as they termed it, they called a city of *pueblos*. They said their hotel was a *pueblo* in itself, and they wondered if each of the large blocks of buildings was the dwelling-place of a separate clan of Chicagoans.



ZUÑI AUTOGRAPH OF F. H. CUSHING. TÉ-NA-TSA-LI OR MEDICINE FLOWER, WAR CHIEF, ORDER OF THE BOW.

Driving through one of the parks they saw two sea-lions, or walruses, which were kept there. Recognizing that they were ocean animals they almost broke their drivers' arms in their impetuous haste to stop the carriages. They ran up to the animals, exclaiming: "At last, after long waiting, we greet ye, O our fathers!" considering them as "animal gods of the ocean," and began praying most fervently, first forcing a portion of prayer-meal into Té-na-tsa-li's hand. When they came in sight of the lake they could hardly be made to believe that it was not the ocean, and, until convinced that it was fresh water, they wanted to make their sacrifices and perform their ceremonies.

It was night when they arrived in Wash-

ington, and when told that they were there at last they repeatedly stretched their hands out into the evening air, drawing them to their lips and inhaling, thus absorbing the sacred influence of the place. Arrived at the hotel Mr. Cushing broached to his companions the subject of cutting his hair, which was eighteen inches long, and which was making him unpleasantly conspicuous. His *caciques* desired it, he said, and it would gratify his brothers the Americans, and show them that the Zuñis were considerate of their wishes. The Zuñis could not see how it was that the Americans objected to long hair, which was the crowning glory of a man. They were slow in consenting, and could only be made to at last by the promise from Mr. Cushing that he would have it made up, so that he could wear it beneath his head-band when back at Zuñi, "for," said they, "no one could become a member of the Kâ-kâ without long hair."

The Zuñis were highly gratified at their reception by President Arthur. Old Pedro Pino was moved to tears at thus "grasping the hand of Washington," which was the crowning event of his life, but his emotion was not so great as at the tomb of Washington, where he wept uncontrollably. The name of Washington was to him connected with the old army officers for whom he had such an affection years before. The old man took a severe chill on the steam-boat going down the Potomac. In his gallantry he refused to leave some ladies who were on deck, and the raw March air was too much for him. But he insisted that at the tomb of Washington, "while he was engaged in prayer, his heart wept until his thoughts decayed," and that was why he was made sick. He was too feeble to undertake the trip to Boston, and he was therefore left at the home of one of the stanchest friends of the Zuñis, Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. Cushing's colleague at the Bureau of Ethnology, and one of the bravest Rocky Mountain explorers of the Geological Survey. It was with Mr. Stevenson's expedition in 1879 that Mr. Cushing went to Zuñi. With Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson old Pedro quickly adapted himself to civilized ways, and even insisted on using a finger-bowl at the table. The old man's iron will was wonderful. One day, after the return of the others from Boston, his son, the Governor, took a notion while strolling out to climb the Washington Monument. He said that he went "up and up and up until his thighs said no," and his semi-humorous account of what he saw from the summit—"no longer the powerful Americans, but little men like ants creeping around on the



PEDRO PINO. LAI-IU-AH-TSAI-LA. FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI FOR THIRTY YEARS.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NAI-IU-TCHI, SENIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE EAGLES. SUN AND RATTLESNAKE, EMBLEMS OF HIS ORDERS.



THE ZUÑI'S "STORY." TOLD BY NAI-IU-TCHI AND TRANSLATED BY MR. CUSHING AT THE PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

ground below, and horses no larger than mice, and instead of the great Potomac, a little stream hardly larger than the Zuñi River,"—all this so excited the curiosity of the old fellow that the next day he went quietly out and made the climb himself. It exhausted him so that he could scarcely move, but he was all right again in twenty-four hours.

The ocean ceremony was to be performed at Boston on account of the desire of the Zuñis to get the water as far to the eastward as possible, and because of the interest felt in Mr. Cushing's work by his scientific friends there and in Cambridge. The journey through New England was by daylight, and there were so many streams to pass that before the Indians could put away their bags of prayer-meal they would be required again. Praying was therefore almost incessant.

Their first social experience was at the Paint-and-Clay Club, which thus reciprocated the hospitality shown two of its members at Zuñi the previous summer. It was a most picturesque evening, and the scene was one to delight both civilized and barbarous eyes. The ruddy walls glowed a cheery welcome, and two great high-reliefs upon them—the heads of an Indian and a Norseman, typical of the original possessors and discoverers of our soil—looked approvingly down. The Indians peered curiously about, exploring all nooks and corners, and when they saw the terra-cotta model of one of Barye's tigers, they formed a reverent group and prayed. The striking faces and brilliant native costumes of the Indians, almost wholly of articles made by themselves—beautifully woven serape shirts, deer-skin knee-breeches, and leggings adorned with rows of close-set silver buttons, moccasins and massive silver belts, necklaces of shell, coral, and turquoise—captivated the artists' eyes, and sketch-books and pencils were in use all the evening. The Governor, with his strong profile, was particularly in favor as a subject.

During their stay a thronged reception was held in the historic "Old South" Meeting-house, and Mr. Cushing told about Zuñi



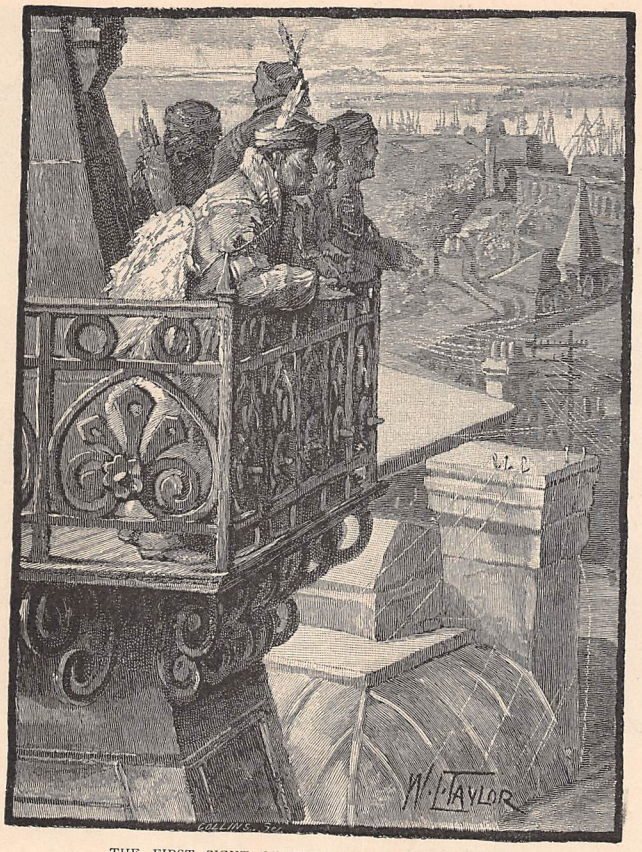
THE "SONG." ZUÑIS AT PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

customs, history, and mythology, while the Indians sang and danced. In one of the folk-lore stories he related there was a passage showing what seems to be an inherent knowledge of one of the great facts of the geological history of their country. It was a story of a young man who followed the spirit of his dead bride. He pursued her over the plains and mountains until he came to a cañon between two mesas, or table-lands. Now, *since the spirit of the earth was there*, the spirit crossed over, but the young man, being mortal, could not pass. Science tells us that the top of the mesas was the ancient level of the country, which has been reduced by the action of the elements, and this the Zuñis also appear to know. All stories seemed to show the intrinsic gentleness of the Zuñi faith, marked though it was by certain cruel and barbarous practices. A cardinal principle appeared to be that even evil things will ultimately become good, their very badness being an instrument to the attainment of that end.

One evening was spent at Wellesley College, with which the Indians were greatly pleased. "E-lu!" (enchantingly beautiful) was their constant exclamation. "What love must the Americans bear their children to send them so far away from home that they may become finished people!" they remarked, and they



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF KI-A-SI, JUNIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE BADGERS.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC, AT BOSTON.

dwelt on the beauty of the place and its surroundings, of the hundreds of pretty things there, of their "little land of summer" (the conservatory), and when the time for the train came they could hardly be dragged away.

They were taken to see the negro minstrels one night by invitation of Mayor Green, who took a deep interest in Mr. Cushing's work. At first they were enthusiastic over the clog-dancing and various other feats, and expressed themselves in peculiar shrill cries of approbation. But suddenly they became silent, for they conceived the idea that they were witnessing the mysterious rites of one of the secret orders of America, and they therefore repeatedly stretched out their arms to draw in the spirit of the "holy men" upon the stage.

A memorable day was spent at Harvard University. A visit to the Peabody Museum of Archæology resulted in the discovery by Mr. Cushing of a close relation between the religion of the Incas of Peru and that of the Zuñis. That afternoon there was an athletic tournament by the Harvard students in the gymnasium, at which the Indians were fairly beside themselves with delight at the performances. They maintained that the students must be members of a grand "order of the Elks," an athletic order of the Zuñis, since to achieve such skill they must surely be inspired by the gods.

After a short acquaintance the marked individuality of each Indian was noticeable. The Governor's grave face would occasionally light up with an expressive smile, betraying a decided feeling for humor. Nai-iu-tchi had a genial, contemplative look, a kindly placidity of countenance, and he was full of poetry, telling folk-lore stories charmingly. Ki-ä-si was of a stern, ascetic nature. Old Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia was characterized by extreme amiability and reflectiveness, and the striking resemblance of his profile to that of Dante was frequently spoken of. Na-na-he was a great favorite with the ladies.

They had a way of giving names to people with whom they were often in contact. A reporter who was constantly with them they called O-ma-tsa-pa, the Little Sunflower, which with them is an emblem of smiling cheerfulness. Three of Mr. Cushing's friends, of whom they saw a good deal, were adopted

formally, two by Nai-iu-tchi, and one by Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia. The names given them were K'ia-u-lo-ki (the Great Swallow), O-nok-thli-k'ia (the Great Dance Plume), and Thlí-a-kwa (the Blue Medicine Stone, or Turquoise), all names of great honor, being those of sacred objects. The following was the prayer said by Nai-iu-tchi on the adoption of the last:

"My child! this day I take you in my arms and clasp you strongly, and if it be well, then our father the sun will, in his road over the world, rise, reach his zenith, hold himself firmly, and smile upon you and me that our roads of life may be finished. Hence I grasp you by the hand with the hands and hearts of the gods. I add to thy wind of life, that our roads of life may be finished together. My child, may the light of the gods meet you! My child, *Thlí-a-kwa*."



THE RECEPTION AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

They visited Salem on the invitation of Professor E. S. Morse, and inspected his collection of Japanese articles. For Japanese art they had conceived a great veneration, saying that in one respect another people excelled the Americans—the art of making things beautiful to the eye. They here found many astonishing similarities to objects of their own mythology; among them the Great Swallow of the Sky, and their sacred turtles. The latter led them to mention a particularly revered mythological animal with them—the turtle with hair on his back; and great was their wonder when a Japanese representation of one was straightway produced.

They had been told of the persecution of the witches at Salem, and as witchcraft is a capital crime in Zuñi, they heartily commended the work, and said that it was on account of the energetic steps taken in those times that the Americans were prosperous to-day, and rid of the curse of witchery. At the public reception held for them in Salem, when told they were in the famous city of the witches, they fell into an animated discussion of the matter among themselves there on the platform. Ki-ä-si, when invited to address the audience, preached a little sermon on witchcraft, which would have pleased old Cotton Mather himself. He thanked the good people of Salem for the service they had done the world, and gave them some advice how to deal with witchcraft should it ever trouble them again. "Be the witches or wizards your dearest relatives or friends, consider not your own hearts," said he, "but remember your duty and spare them not; put them to death!"

They had been in Boston several days, and had not yet seen the ocean. One morning they were taken up into the tower of a lofty building. They stretched out their arms in adoration, and scattered their sacred meal. When the silence was broken, old Nai-iu-tchi



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF PA-LO-WAH-TI-WA, GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI, OR HEAD POLITICAL CHIEF. CLAN OF THE MACAWS.

exclaimed: "It is all as Our Old Ones said, and as I knew I should find it. The blue-black line out there is the ocean, and the marks of white are the foam it throws up when it is angry." They looked over the sea of buildings spreading out uninterruptedly, far beyond the city limits, and said: "See, on one side the ocean; on the other a world of houses—the great *pueblo* of Boston!"

After a week of sight-seeing, the day set for the rites at the sea-side arrived. It had been a week of chilly March weather, with rain and gray skies, fog, sleet, and few hours of sunshine, so that the Zuñis gave Boston the name of "the City of Perpetual Mists." It was, however, a fortunate city in their eyes to be blessed with so much moisture. In the afternoon, a special steamer took on board a company invited by the mayor and started for Deer Island. The Indians were given seats in the large pilot-house. As the boat sped out into the harbor the Indians fell at once to praying, and did not look up until the boat had nearly reached Deer Island.

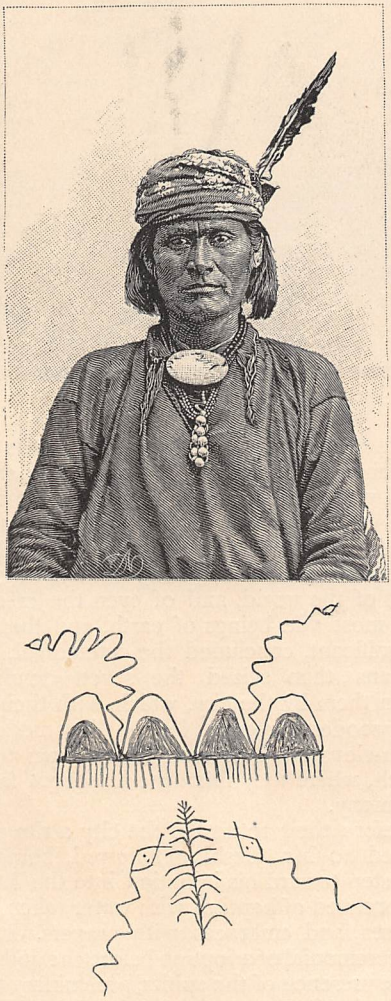
Here a tent had been provided, and in this the Indians and Mr. Cushing costumed themselves for the ceremonial in accordance with their sacred ranks in the various orders of the tribe. Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Bow and traditional priest of the Temple, was distinguished by a small bunch of feathers tied to his hair, over the crown of the head, composed like those of the plume-sticks sacrificed at the summer solstice, with added plumes to the gods of the ocean, or priest-god makers of the "roads of life." He—with the other three members of the Order of the Bow, Ki-ä-si, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and Mr. Cushing—was distinguished by bands and spots of a kind of plumbago filled with shining particles upon the face—the war-paint of the Zuñis, and probably representing the twinkling stars, which are the gods of war. Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia wore a plume like Nai-iu-tchi's, with an added white plume as medicine priest of the Order of the Little Fire. His only paint was a faint streak of yellow, the color of the Kâ-kâ. Ki-ä-si wore upon his war-bonnet his plume of membership in the Order of the Bow, and an eagle-feather as a member of the Order of Coyotes or Hunters. All the members of the Bow wore across their shoulders their buckskin badges of rank, and the two priests



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF LAI-IU-AH-TSAI-LUN-K'IA, PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE, OR MEDICINE CACIQUE. CLAN OF THE PARROTS.

of the order carried war-clubs, bows, quivers, and emblematic shields. Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa wore a red eagle plume, the mark of his rank as chief warrior of the Little Fire Order. Na-na-he wore also a red plume and white eagle

plume, indicating his rank in the Little Fire and Rattlesnake Orders, and for the same reason was painted with red about the eyes, with yellow of the Kâ-kâ beneath. After the arrangement of their paraphernalia they were faced to the east, and Nai-iu-tchi blew over them the sacred medicine-powder of the flowers (yellow pollen), designed not only to insure good feeling from the gods, but also to make the hearts of all strangers present happy toward themselves.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NA-NA-HE, OR CORNFLOWER. MOQUI, MEMBER OF LITTLE FIRE ORDER IN ZUÑI, RATTLESNAKE ORDER IN MOQUI.

Each member took in his left hand the plume-sticks of his order, while the plumes of special sacrifice to the deities of the ocean, as well as the sacred-cane cigarettes prepared and consecrated in Zuñi by the Priest of the Sun, were placed in a sacred basket brought for the purpose. Nai-iu-tchi, who headed the party, carried the ancient net-covered and fringed gourd which had held the water for centuries and was the vessel to be first filled; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia followed with the basket and two vases of spar; Ki-ä-si and Mr. Cushing came next, each with one of the sacred "whizzers" without which no solemn ceremonial would be complete in the presence of the gods. Last came Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa and Na-na-he. Proceeding at once to the beach, Nai-iu-tchi silently directed the rest to a stony point off to the left, which he deemed preferable to the sandy shore for two reasons: because it entered farther east into the ocean, and because stony points and wild places are considered more frequented by the animal gods, and more acceptable places for the sacrifice of plumes. Sacred meal was there scattered about to form the consecrated bed of the ceremonials, and all squatted in regular order, facing the east and the open sea. Each member grasped in both hands his plumes and began moving them up and down as though to keep time with the song which followed, which was low, plaintive, and filled with expressions of praise and entreaty to the gods of the ocean. At four intervals during the singing of each stanza sacred meal was scattered out over the waves. This song-prayer, or chant, was, like most music of the Zuñis, in perfect unison. With every incoming wave the tide rose higher and higher, soon covering their feet, and at last the rocks upon which they were sitting. Being ignorant of the tidal laws, they recognized in the tide the coming of the beloved gods of the ocean to greet them in token of pleasure at their work. As Mr. Cushing shrank back, they said: "Little brother, be prepared and firm; why should you fear our beloved mother?—for that it should be thus we came over the road unto the land of sunrise. What though the waves swallow us up? They would embrace us, not in anger, but in gratitude for our trust, and who would hesitate to have his light of life cut off by the beloved?" At the close of their song, and urged by Mr. Cushing, the Indians reluctantly moved back to the sandy beach. Here a double row was formed not far from the water, the sacred cigarettes were lit by the two high priests, and after puffs to the six points of the universe—North, West, South, East, and the upper and lower regions—they were handed around. After the saying of a prayer by each, according to rank in the religious orders, the plumed prayer-sticks were invested with the influence of prayer by breathing smoke from the cigarette deeply into the lungs, and then blowing it out among the feathers. These were then taken up, and cast upon the waters.



BURYING THE SACRED PLUME-STICKS IN THE OCEAN.

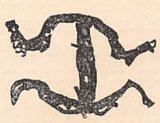
The vessels were then grasped by Nai-iu-tchi and Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, who, with bared legs and feet, waded into the sea and poured upon its surface the "meal of all foods," brought for the purpose from Zuñi. Then, first sprinkling water to the six regions and upon the assembled multitude, they dipped the sacred vessels full, and, while they were standing knee-deep engaged in prayer, Ki-a-si and Mr. Cushing advanced, dipping the points of their whizzers into the water, and followed them in prayer. The two priests started up out of the water, and the latter began, the one to the left and the other to the right, to whirl their whizzers, and followed the four others toward the tent. Inside, they formed in a row and sang a song celebrating the acquisition of the waters—a strange chant, which, from its regularity and form, Mr. Cushing considered traditional, yet which he had never before heard of. At the close of each stanza was the refrain:

"Over the road to the middle of the world [Zuñi] thou willst go!"

On each repetition of this their hands were stretched far out toward the west, and sacred meal was scattered still farther in that direction. A prayer in which consideration was asked for the children of the Zuñis, of the Americans, and of all men, of the beasts and birds of the world, and of even the creeping and most vile beings of earth, and the most insignificant, concluded the ceremonial. The Indians then seized the seven demijohns given them by the city, which, with their patent wooden covering, looked like models of grain-elevators, and took them down to the beach, where they filled them without farther ceremony.

Before their return to the city a rite unexpected to Mr. Cushing followed, being the first step toward his initiation into the Kâ-kâ. It consisted of baptism with water taken from the sea, and embraces, with prayers. It was the ceremonial of adoption before the gods and in the presence of the spirits, preliminary to introduction into any of the orders of the Zuñis.

Sylvester Baxter.



NATIONAL SEAL OF THE ZUÑIS.

THE LAMBS.

A TRAGEDY.

By the author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," etc.

Dramatis Personæ:

BRIGGS, a broker (Briggs, Brown & Co.)
HOBBS, clerk of Briggs.
CULLY, janitor of Briggs.
PHIPPS, a customer.
MIKE, a telegraph boy.
Choruses of Bulls, Bears, Shorn Lambs, etc.

[The scene of the tragedy is the outer office of Briggs, Brown & Co., "Bankers and Brokers in Stocks, Bonds, and other Securities," Wall street, New York. The rising of the curtain reveals the "ticker" in operation. The market has just opened. Upon the right and left of the stage, respectively, are arranged the choruses of bull and bear operators. In front, after the manner of the old Greek chorus, stand a group of speculators who have been sold out in former days, but still continue to shadow the tape as a chorus of shorn lambs. The office is handsomely furnished. The center-table is strewn with a variety of journals relating to money matters, such as the "Wall Street Daily Truth," "The Financial Independent," "The Investor's Electric Light," etc. Cully, the janitor, who has just finished sweeping, stands in the foreground, broom in hand.]

CULLY.—I am the Janitor of Briggs and Brown.
For many a day, year in, year out, have I
Guarded the threshold of this ancient firm
And earned my bread by sweeping. Time has scored
Deep furrows on this brow, and tinged these locks
That erst were brown, with silver. I have seen
Since first the boss engaged me as a boy
To run on errands and to fire the furnace,
Full many a mortal rise from rags and ruin
To ease and affluence and bonded greatness;
Full many a mortal fall from splurge and splendor
To care and debt and seedy unimportance,
Ere on the tape the shrill recording "ticker"
Has scored ten times its fate-abounding figures.
Ah, Destiny! grim ruler of the ages,
What boots it to resist thee? Thou art mighty.
Stern and relentless as the flame and falchion,
Thou hurriest man, the puppet, to his sorrow,
E'en as a leaflet by the storm is hurried.
Ah, venturous mortal! though the heavens be smiling,
And human plans prevail, trust not to seeming!
An hour will come—who can foretell its coming?—
When Até's torch shall blaze in cruel luster,
And Até's brazen sandal stamp in ashes
The fruit of man's endeavor. Lo! approaches
With fawn-like tread that speaks the soul that gambols
Upon the turf, nor dreams of wolf or vulture,
Another innocent toward these shambles.
Tears fill these ancient eyes, and fain would whisper:
"Begone, fair youth! Who enters these pale portals
Must leave all hope behind him." But I dare not,
For here I earn the bread that feeds my children,
Who, if I were shot out, would starve and perish.
One must be selfish in this world of salvage.

[*Enter Phipps, shyly.*]

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Oh! mark the worthy man, whose cheeks are moist
With anguish for another. Yet hot tears
Avail not in the face of Heaven's decree.

Whate'er the gods have willed will come to pass,
Though Titans roar. Behold the gentle youth,
Who hither moves with velvet steps of fate,
Nor dreads the net the wily fowler spreads
For grass-green freshness. But we know, we know.

PHIPPS.—I prithee tell me, venerable man,
Whose silver locks proclaim thee one whom time
Has drawn and bent as hunters bend a bow,
If Briggs and Brown the brokers hang out here?

CULLY.—Aye, gentle youth, they do. Wouldst aught with them?

PHIPPS.—I fain would speak with either Briggs or Brown.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

I.

'Tis the time for a "flyer,"
The "shorts" have been fooled,
And stocks will go higher,
According to Gould;
For the trunk lines have made an arrangement by which all the freights will be pooled.

II.

A syndicate strong
Will bull "Wabash preferred"
Up to par before long,
We have secretly heard;
And the worm falleth not to the late but the matutine bird.

HOBBS *(advancing from inner office)*.—

Pray take a seat, sir. Upon yonder table
You'll find the latest news. 'Twill not be long now
Ere Mr. Briggs returns. He's in the "board," sir.

PHIPPS.—How is the market?

HOBBS.— Strong, sir; strong as death
Through the entire list. Even the "fancies"
That yesterday a little sagged and languished,
Like summer blooms that droop through lack of water,
Record a sharp advance. 'Tis said the chinch-bugs
Have perished in the rains, and all looks hopeful
Among the farmers for the coming grain crop.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

I.

For much higher prices
We're looking all round.
The Western advices
Read "chinch-bugs are drowned,"
And the fields where they formerly fattened with promise of plenty are crowned.

II.

"Insiders" report
That "N. P." is the card,
And the "point," it is thought,
Cometh straight from Villard;
As the shaft from the bow of the hunter flies straight to the heart of the pard.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

STROPHE.—We once were as guileless and reckless as he.
To-day we are wiser; but shaven are we
Of our wool.
God tempers the wind to some lambs that are shorn.
But alas! for the lamb that is tossed by the horn
Of the bull.

We once were succulent as mountain kids;
We once were full of blush and lush as he,
And dreamed of fortunes made as fast as peas
Fall from the pods when summer clothes the fields
And maidens sit beside the kitchen door
Pea-podding. But the end is far from this.
There is a law as grim and grave as death,
Which now we know, but then we did not know,
That whosoever buys, though boasted cheap
As dirt from ditches, the accursed thing
For which he hath not in his private purse
The power to pay, shall surely come to grief.
And he who sells, although the market soar
High as the kite which kisses the chaste sky,
The baleful property he does not own
With hopes to cover his defenseless "shorts"
Before the advent of the settling day
Shall surely lick the dust. And this is fate.
Yet, though we know the law, and though we know
That, from oblivion of the iron rule
Of the dread gods who thunder through the sky,
We all have lost, and, poor as maudlin mice
Who house in churches, scamper hard for bread,
There is a fatal charm which ties us down
With soft yet stable fetter to the spot
Where suffering struck us, and from day to day
We hang about the tantalizing tape
And pipe quotations in prophetic key,
And make brash boasts of what we fain would do
If we had money. And they let us stay—
They who are masters of this sinful shop,
They who wring capital from others' sorrow
And batten upon grief; for well they know
The moth who sizzles in the candle's flare
Turns not his comrades from a garish doom;
And sticky papers, spread for dog-day flies,
Fright not survivors by their piles of dead. [*Enter Briggs.*]

ANTISTROPHE.—See hither approaching, with jubilant mien,
The fowler to gather this innocent green
In his net.
He's bullish to-day; he'll be bearish to-morrow,
As this woodcock will find to his infinite sorrow,
You may bet!

BRIGGS—*(portly, suave, sonorous, prominent check-suit and high standing collar with large points).*— What can I do for you, sir?

PHIPPS *(timidly).*— I should like
To ask what stock you think a prudent purchase.

BRIGGS.—I never give advice.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Ah! specious fairness!
He never gives advice! No, not for Joseph!

[*Enter Mike. He hands Briggs a telegram, and exit.*]

BRIGGS *(reading)*.—
Advices from Amsterdam say that the Dutch are investing in "Denver."
Its earnings for April show more than eighty per centum of increase
Over those for the same month last year, and the mileage is not any greater.

SEMI-CHORUS OF BULLS.

The earnings of "Denver" are something immense.
There's no ground to suspect there's a "nig" in the fence.
We put every reliance on Palmer; he's one of the squarest of gents.

PHIPPS.—Do you not think that "Denver" has a future?

BRIGGS.—It shows great strength. I think it will go higher
Before it goes much lower. The Dutch are buying.
They are a prudent race, and ne'er slop over.

PHIPPS.—I think myself it is a first-rate buy.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

He thinks it is a buy! O sapient lamb!
He read it in the "Wall Street Truth" this morning.

BRIGGS.—I am a bull upon the present market
And see an undertone of strength. I look
For higher prices in the immediate future.
There is no fear, I think, of shipping gold.
The prospects for the crops are most assuring.
The statement of the banks allays suspicion.
And, if there comes not some untoward feature,
Now unforeseen, to startle the investor,
I prophesy a boom.

PHIPPS.— Buy me a hundred
Of "Denver."
BRIGGS.— At what limit, sir?

PHIPPS.— The market.
I may be "left" if I prescribe a limit.
He ne'er grows rich who is afraid to climb.

[*Briggs sends an order to buy* 100 "*Denver*" *at market to Brown in the* "*Board.*"]

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Thus is it ever.
We have been there ourselves.
The innocent lamb
Delighteth to clam
At highest of water,
And thinks himself clever
While going to slaughter.
We have been there ourselves.

[*Enter Mike, with telegrams.*]

BRIGGS *(reading)*.—
Mr. Vanderbilt's brokers have orders to buy, at one hundred and twenty,
Every share of "Lake Shore" that is offered. He wishes to bolster the market
And strengthen the popular pulse, which of late has been weak and capricious.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

I.

Mr. V. in "Lake Shore"
Has inserted a "peg,"
Which, sooner than draw,
He'd go short of a leg,
For he means to do well by the public; he's not such a very bad egg.

BRIGGS *(reading)*.—
We hear that Jay Gould has displayed to a party of prominent magnates,
In order to prove that the rumors about him are wholly unfounded,
The stocks in his safe, and the showing reveals him surprisingly solvent.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

II.

Those taking a squint
At the state of Gould's stocks
Report there's a mint
Of strong stuff in his box;
And it's meet that the market should stiffen when the king-pin is rolling in rocks.

[*Enter messenger with report of purchase of "Denver."*]

BRIGGS.—We filled your order, but we had to climb.
We bought at seventy.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

It now is seventy-two.
O fortunate young man! freeze onto it,
And you will reap a bigger profit yet.

PHIPPS.—I knew that "Denver" was a first-rate purchase.
It will go higher, and I mean to hold.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

We have been there ourselves.
This lamb will, sure pop,
Hold on till the drop.
For to buy at the top
And sell out at hard pan
Is the favorite plan
Of the lamb.
We have been there ourselves.

PHIPPS.—Buy me two hundred "Lake Shore" at the market.

BRIGGS *(sends order)*.—
That "Denver" shows you quite a handsome profit.

PHIPPS.—I mean to hold; it will go higher still.

BRIGGS.—I see no cause for selling at the moment.

PHIPPS.—Is "Louisville and Nashville" a sound property?

BRIGGS.—Parties who claim to know are bullish on it.

HOBBS *(enters)*.—
Your order, sir, is filled. Two hundred "Lake Shore"
We bought at twenty.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

And it now is higher.
It will touch twenty-three before the close.

PHIPPS.—Buy me a hundred "Louisville and Nashville."
The profit I have made upon this "Denver"
Will help me out in case of a reaction.

HOBBS *(to Briggs)*.—
The market, sir, is feverish, Mr. Brown thinks.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

O luckless lamb!
The end is not far off. We understand
Thy fleece already by the butcher's hand
Is grasped, and soon the shears will make thee shorn.
Then wilt thou wish that thou hadst ne'er been born.
The crafty gains that looked so well on paper
Are fading now from sight as fades the taper
At breath of flame, or as the ripened corn
Falls 'neath the scythe.
We grieve to see thee writhe
Between the bear's paw and the base bull's horn.
O luckless lamb!

CHORUS OF BEARS.

The market weakens. See how "Western Union"
Sags on free selling. Sorely sick is "Denver,"
On rumors a receiver 'll be appointed.
The Granger stocks are "off," and "North-west" staggers
E'en as an overloaded ship when Boreas bellows.

PHIPPS.—Do you advise me, sir, to sell my "Denver"?

[*Enter Mike, with telegram.*]

BRIGGS.—We've bought one hundred "Louisville and Nashville"
For your account, at seventy-nine. The market
Looks very sick to me.

[*Going to ticker.*]

I see that "Denver"
Has no support. I think things will go lower
In the immediate future.

PHIPPS.—Do you think, sir,
It would be wise in me to sell my "Denver"?

[*Enter messenger, with telegram.*]

BRIGGS *(reading)*.—
We hear that insiders to-day have been sellers of "Denver,"
And have plastered the market with stock at the present high figures.
There is reason to think that the pool has unloaded completely
Its block on the public. We deem it an excellent short sale.

CHORUS OF BEARS.

I.

In "Denver" a break!
It is rotten as punk,
And the road-bed would make
A poor lot of old junk.
We've long had our eye upon Palmer; he's sly as a pot-bellied monk.

BRIGGS *(reading).*—
The latest reports from the West declare that the terrible chinch-bugs
Have climbed up the telegraph poles to escape from the violent rain-storms,
And are eating the tops of the poles, which makes "Western Union" unsteady.

CHORUS OF BEARS.

II.

The steamer *Britannic*
Will carry more gold.
We look for a panic,
And freely have sold
The market on news that the wheat crop is certainly nipped by the cold.

BRIGGS.—I've always said that "Denver" would sell lower.
Its management has caused me much suspicion.

PHIPPS.—Do you anticipate a large decline?

BRIGGS.—I am a bear upon the situation.

[*Hobbs enters and whispers to Briggs.*]

We need more "margin," Mr. Phipps, for "Denver"
Has broken six points in the last few minutes.

PHIPPS.—I think it best to let my "Denver" go.
Don't you?

BRIGGS.—How does it stand you in at present?

PHIPPS.—The last quotation is just three per cent.
Below the price at which I bought.

BRIGGS.— You might
Give a stop order. That, you know, would limit
Your loss. I'm much annoyed to think you didn't
Salt down your profit. It is always best
To take a moderate profit.

PHIPPS.— If it falls
To sixty-four I order you to sell.
Oh, wretched fool, to let my profit slide!

BRIGGS.—To get out at the top is only granted
The happy few. I think it will go lower
Before it goes much higher. The Dutch are selling.

[*Enter Mike, excitedly, with telegrams.*]

MIKE.—The "peg," sir, in "Lake Shore" 's been taken out.

CHORUS OF BEARS.

The shrimps have got caught
Who went into "Lake Shore,"
Supposing they bought
On an utter ground floor.
If they think it is cheap at that figure we're ready to give them some more.

[*Enter messenger.*]

BRIGGS.—We've sold your "Denver," sir, at sixty-four.

PHIPPS.—I am well out of it. It will go lower.

BRIGGS.—To sell it "short" might make you whole again.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Within that argument much cunning lies.
A specious bait conceals the bitter hook.

[*Enter messenger.*]

BRIGGS.—The bottom's dropping out of everything.
We need more "margin," Mr. Phipps, for "Lake Shore"
Has broken open. If this racket lasts
You'll see a panic.

PHIPPS.— Then tip out my "Lake Shore."

BRIGGS.—What do you think of selling "Denver" short?

PHIPPS.—Should you consider it a prudent move?

BRIGGS.—I see no reason for stocks selling higher.

PHIPPS.—I'll go short of two hundred at the market.

[*Briggs sends orders.*]

CHORUS OF BEARS.

We hear that "L. N."
Is encumbered with debt.
There ne'er was a hen
That was able to set
On more eggs than her body would cover, without some eggs rotting, you bet!

PHIPPS.—Is what they say of "Louisville and Nashville"
Authentic?

BRIGGS.— I have reason to believe so.
It has absorbed a host of other lines,
And is much watered. I should feel alarm
If I owned any at these fancy prices.

PHIPPS.—Tip out my "Louisville and Nashville," then,
And sell two hundred "Lake Shore" short. I fancy
I'll get it back at largely lower figures.

[*Briggs sends orders.*]

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

We have been there ourselves.
To sell what he's bought,
If he thinks himself caught
By the bears and go short,
When the market's hard pan
Is the favorite plan
Of the lamb.
We have been there ourselves.

[*Enter messenger.*]

BRIGGS.—We've sold your "Denver" short. We had to slaughter
Your "Lake Shore," as the best bid was eleven.

[*Hobbs enters and whispers to Briggs.*]

I think we're near the bottom. Mr. Brown
Sends word the market is a first-class buy.

SEMI-CHORUS OF BULLS.

The earnings of "Denver" are something immense.
There's no ground to suspect there's a "nig" in the fence.
We put every reliance on Palmer; he's one of the squarest of gents.

[*Enter Mike, with telegrams.*]

BRIGGS *(reading)*.—
No gold will be shipped by the steamer *Britannic* to-day, and the grain crop
Looks healthy, and only requires a little more rain to make certain
A plentiful harvest. We think that all sound stocks are cheap at these figures.

PHIPPS.—Perhaps it would be wise in me to cover.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

The market's whooping. "Denver" has advanced
Two points. The boastful bears will have to climb.

PHIPPS.—Do you advise me to take back my "Denver"
And "Lake Shore"?

BRIGGS.— I'm a bull upon this market.
I see an undertone of strength. I look
For higher prices in the immediate future.

[*Enter messenger.*]

The late advices say the Dutch are buying,
And Gould has told his friends that "Western Union"
Is good for par.

PHIPPS.— Then I prefer to cover
And stand the loss.

BRIGGS.— You'll just have time, I think,
Before the market closes. Hurry, Mike,
And fill these orders. Lively, now! Look sharp!

[*Exit messenger.*]

PHIPPS.—'Tis a cold day for me. This loss, I fear,
Will wipe me out.

BRIGGS.— 'Tis never wise to sell
The market short upon a large decline.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

For much higher prices
We're looking all round.
The Western advices
Read "Chinch-bugs are drowned."
And the fields where they formerly fattened with promise of plenty are crowned.

CHORUS OF BEARS.

The steamer *Britannic*
Will carry more gold.
We look for a panic,
And freely have sold
The market on news that the wheat crop is certainly nipped by the cold.

[*Enter Mike, with telegrams.*]

BRIGGS.—We filled your orders, but we had to climb.
We covered all your shorts—"Denver" at sixty-seven,
And "Lake Shore" at thirteen.

HOBBS *(coming from ticker).*—
The market sags
And closes weak.

[*The ticker stops.*]

PHIPPS.— Please make up my account.
I am cleaned out; no "margin" have I left
With which to venture further. I am dry
As summer brook beneath an August sun.
Thus, as we live, we learn. The hoarded gains
Of three long years of toil are swept away
E'en in a breath. Such is the fate of him
Who seeks to climb to fortune by short cuts.

[*Hobbs presents him with his account.*]

Three thousand out of pocket! Ah, Fifine!
How shall I wed thee now? Oh, hapless hour
When first I shadowed this seducing shop!

[*As, overcome with distress, he peruses the account, the choruses of bulls and bears pass off the stage, repeating their last stanzas. The market is closed.*]

BRIGGS *(putting on his overcoat).*—

The market has closed weak. I rather think
We shall see lower prices still to-morrow;
But yet there is an undertone of strength
That may at any time develop into
A buying movement. Well, I'm off. Good-night!

[*Exit Briggs.*]

CULLY *(advancing with broom).*—

The day declines. A silvern silence soon
Will hold these halls until to-morrow's sun
Awakes once more the "ticker's" tedious tune,
And, swathed in sleep, will weary mortals rest.
Who shall escape his fate? Fate never sleeps,
But ever stalks abroad, with Argus eyes,
And weaves the woof beneath the twinkling stars
As surely as at noon. Alas! poor lamb!
So falls the curse upon the head of him
Who seeks to garner wealth by ways the gods
Have interdicted to the race of man.
Nought in this world is stable save the fruit
Of honest industry. The sweat of brows
Is sweeter than the gambler's ardent breath.
Who delves in ditches, sleeps secure at night
Upon a falling market, and, though poor,
Laughs in the face of destiny; but what
Shall salve the spirit of the wretch who trades
On "margins"? Yet time flies. I must to work.
Who grieves too much for others suffers loss.

[*Phipps sinks into a chair, and covers his face with his hands.*]

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

I.

The gods who in heaven abide,
And preside o'er the planet of man,

To stimulate laudable pride
  In his heart, since time began,
For mortals a law have cast,
  As the pitcher is cast for the ewer,
That the slow alone shall last,
  The gradual only endure;
And that wealth which grows in a night,
  In a night shall fade away,
As the morning mists take flight
  At a glance of the eye of day.

II.

Success is labor's prize,
  Work is the mother of Fame,
And who on a "boom" shall rise
  To the height of an honest name?
The bee by industry reapeth
  The stores which enrich the hives;
All that is thrifty creepeth,
  For toil is the law of lives.
And he who reaps without sowing
  A bitter harvest reaps.
The law of gradual growing
  Is a law that never sleeps.

[CURTAIN.]

Robert Grant.

A SNOW-STORM.

THAT is a striking line with which Emerson opens his beautiful poem of the Snow-storm:

> "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
> Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
> Seems nowhere to alight."

One seems to see the clouds puffing their cheeks as they sound the charge of their white legions. But the line is more accurately descriptive of a rain-storm, as, in both summer and winter, rain is usually preceded by wind. Homer, describing a snow-storm in his time, says:

> "The winds are lulled."

The preparations of a snow-storm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. The movements of the celestial forces are muffled as if the snow already paved the way of their coming. There is no uproar, no clashing of arms, no blowing of wind trumpets. These soft, feathery, exquisite crystals are formed as if in the silence and privacy of the inner cloud-chambers. Rude winds would break the spell and mar the process. The clouds are smoother, with less definite outlines and slower movements than those which bring rain. In fact, everything is prophetic of the gentle and noiseless meteor that is approaching, and of the stillness that is to succeed it, when "all the batteries of sound are spiked," as Lowell says, and "we see the movements of life as a deaf man sees it—a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare." After the storm is fairly launched, the winds not infrequently awake, and, seeing their opportunity, pipe the flakes a lively dance. I am speaking now of the typical, full-born mid-winter storm that comes to us from the North or N. N. E., and that piles the landscape knee-deep with snow. Such a storm came to us the last day of January—the master-storm of the winter. Previous to that date we had had but light snow. The spruces had been able to catch it all upon their arms and keep a circle of bare ground beneath them where the birds scratched. But the day following this fall they stood with their lower branches completely buried. If the Old Man of the North had but sent us his couriers and errand-boys before! The old gray-beard appeared himself at our doors on this occasion, and we were all his subjects. His flag was upon every tree and roof, his seal

upon every door and window, and his embargo upon every path and highway. He slipped down upon us, too, under the cover of such a bright seraphic day,—a day that disarmed suspicion with all but the wise ones, a day without a cloud or a film, a gentle breeze from the west, a dry, bracing air, a blazing sun that brought out the bare ground under the lee of the fences and farm buildings, and at night a spotless moon near her full. The next morning the sky reddened in the east, then became gray, heavy, and silent. A seamless cloud covered it. The smoke from the chimneys went up with a barely perceptible slant toward the north. In the forenoon the cedar birds, purple-finches, yellow-birds, nuthatches, blue-birds, were in flocks, or in couples or trios about the trees, more or less noisy and loquacious. About noon a thin, white veil began to blur the distant Southern mountains. It was like a white dream slowly descending upon them. The first flake or flakelet that reached me was a mere white speck that came idly circling and eddying to the ground. I could not see it after it alighted. It might have been a scale from the feather of some passing bird, or a larger mote in the air that the stillness was allowing to settle. Yet it was the altogether inaudible and infinitesimal trumpeter that announced the coming storm, the grain of sand that heralded the ocean. Presently another fell, then another; the white mist was creeping up the river valley. How slowly and loiteringly it came, and how microscopic its first siftings! This mill is bolting its flour very fine, you think. But wait a little; it gets coarser by and by; you begin to see the flakes; they increase in numbers and in size, and before one o'clock it is snowing steadily. The flakes come straight down, but in a half-hour they have a marked slant toward the north; the wind is taking a hand in the game. By mid-afternoon the storm is coming in regular pulse-beats or in vertical waves. The wind is not strong, but seems steady; the pines hum, yet there is a sort of rhythmic throb in the meteor; the air toward the winds looks ribbed with steady-moving vertical waves of snow. The impulses travel along like undulations in a vast suspended white curtain, imparted by some invisible hand then in the northeast. As the day declines the storm waxes, the wind increases, and the snow-fall thickens. Then comes that

—— "tumultuous privacy of storm,"

of Emerson's famous line, which you feel outside as well as in. Out of doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out, near by objects are hidden; there is a white curtain above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm. Your friend leaves your door and he is wrapped away in white obscurity, caught up in a cloud, and his footsteps are obliterated. Travelers meet on the road and do not see or hear each other till they are face to face. The passing train, half a mile away, gives forth a near wraith of sound. Its whistle is deadened as in a dense wood. Still the storm rose. At five o'clock I went forth to face it in a two-mile walk. It was exhilarating in the extreme. The snow was lighter than chaff. It had been dried in the Arctic ovens to the last degree. The foot sped through it without hindrance. I fancied the grouse and quails quietly sitting down in the open places, and letting it drift over them. With head under wing and wing snugly folded they would be softly and tenderly buried in a few moments. The mice and the squirrels were in their dens, but I fancied the fox asleep upon some rock or log, and letting the flakes cover him. The hare in her form, too, was being warmly sepulchered with the rest. I thought of the young cattle and the sheep huddled together on the lee side of a haystack in some remote field, all enveloped in mantles of white.

"I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war,
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where will thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy ee?"

As I passed the creek I noticed the white woolly masses that filled the water. It was as if somebody up above had been washing his sheep and the water had carried away all the wool, and I thought of the Psalmist's phrase, "He giveth snow like wool." On the river a heavy fall of snow simulates a thin layer of cotton batting. The tide drifts it along, and where it meets with an obstruction along shore, it folds up and becomes wrinkled or convoluted like a fabric, or like cotton sheeting. Attempt to row a boat through it, and it seems indeed like cotton or wool, every fiber of which resists your progress.

As the sun went down and darkness fell, the storm impulse reached its full. It became a wild conflagration of wind and snow; the world was wrapt in frost flame; it enveloped one, and penetrated his lungs and caught away his breath like a blast from a burning city. How it whipped around and under

every cover and searched out every crack and crevice, sifting under the shingles in the attic, darting its white tongue under the kitchen door, puffing its breath down the chimney, roaring through the woods, stalking like a sheeted ghost across the hills, bending in white and even changing forms above the fences, sweeping across the plains, whirling in eddies behind the buildings, or leaping spitefully up their walls—in short, taking the world entirely to itself and giving a loose rein to its desire.

But in the morning, behold! the world was not consumed; it was not the besom of destruction, after all, but the gentle hand of mercy. How deeply and warmly and spotlessly Earth's nakedness is clothed!—the "wool" of the Psalmist nearly two feet deep. And, as far as warmth and protection are concerned, there is a good deal of the virtue of wool in such a snow-fall. How it protects the grass, the plants, the roots of the trees, and the worms, insects, and smaller animals in the ground! It is a veritable fleece, beneath which the shivering earth ("the frozen hills ached with pain," says one of our young poets) is restored to warmth. When the temperature of the air is at zero, the thermometer, placed at the surface of the ground beneath a foot and a half of snow, would probably indicate but a few degrees below freezing; the snow is rendered such a perfect non-conductor of heat mainly by reason of the quantity of air that is caught and retained between the crystals. Then how, like a fleece of wool, it rounds and fills out the landscape, and makes the leanest and most angular field look smooth.

The day dawned and continued as innocent and fair as the day which had preceded —two mountain-peaks of sky and sun, with their valley of cloud and snow between. Walk to the nearest spring run on such a morning, and you can see the Colorado valley and the great cañons of the West in miniature, carved in alabaster. In the midst of the plain of snow lie these chasms; the vertical walls, the bold headlands, the turrets and spires and obelisks, the rounded and towering capes, the carved and buttressed precipices, the branch valleys and cañons, and the winding and tortuous course of the main channel are all here—all that the Yosemite or Yellowstone have to show, but the terraces and the cascades. Sometimes my cañon is bridged, and one's fancy runs nimbly across a vast arch of Parian marble, and that makes up for the falls and the terraces. Where the ground is marshy I come upon a pretty and vivid illustration of what I have read and been told of the Florida formation. This white and brittle limestone is undermined by water. Here are the dimples and depressions, the sinks and the wells, the springs and the lakes. Some places a mouse might break through the surface and reveal the water far beneath, or the snow gives way of its own weight and you have a minute Florida well, with the truncated cone-shape and all. The arched and subterranean pools and passages are there likewise.

But there is a more beautiful and fundamental geology than this in the snow-storm: we are admitted into nature's oldest laboratory and see the working of the law by which the foundations of the material universe were laid, —the law or mystery of crystallization. The earth is built upon crystals; the granite rock is only a denser and more compact snow, or a kind of ice that was vapor once and may be vapor again. A little more time, a little more heat, and the hills are but April snow-banks. Nature has but two forms: the cell and the crystal—the crystal first, the cell last. All organic nature is built up of the cell; all inorganic of the crystal. Cell upon cell rises the vegetable, rises the animal; crystal wedded to and compacted with crystal stretches the earth beneath them. See in the falling snow the old cooling and precipitation, and the shooting, radiating forms, that are the architects of planet and globe.

We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is but the mark of the life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man—the tender, sculpturesque immaculate, warning, fertilizing snow.

John Burroughs.



DINAH MORRIS AND MRS. ELIZABETH EVANS.

AMONG the thousands of readers and admirers of George Eliot's great novel "Adam Bede," there were, until lately, comparatively few who knew with any certainty that the principal characters in that book were drawn from life. The attempt to identify the characters in the novel with real people has given rise to much discussion, and many contradictory statements have been made. When the novel appeared in 1859 there were several people who at once declared that Dinah Morris was intended to represent a Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, an aunt of George Eliot. The identification of other characters followed, Adam Bede being supposed to represent Robert Evans, the father of the author, and Seth his brother Samuel, both carpenters of Ellaston, near Ashbourne. Incident after incident was recognized as having occurred in the lives of these people, and great interest was excited throughout Derbyshire among the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

The opinion has been frequently expressed that Dinah was "an impossible character;" but that such a woman really did live and work among the Methodists of Derbyshire, there are many witnesses ready to testify.

In 1876 a book was published, entitled "George Eliot in Derbyshire," in which the writer pointed out some of the resemblances which have led to the identification of the various characters, quoting passages from a short account of Mrs. Evans's life, written by herself. The writer of this book received a letter, in which "George Eliot" begged him to understand that Dinah Morris was never intended to be a representation of Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, and that any identification of the two (or of any other characters in "Adam Bede," with real persons) would be protested against as not only false in fact and tending to perpetuate false notions about art, but also as a gross breach of social decorum." This letter was, I believe, written by the late Mr. G. H. Lewes.

Having been acquainted with the family of Mrs. Evans for many years, I am possessed of some facts which make it difficult for me to believe that George Eliot herself would have made such a statement; and I now propose to give a few incidents which came under my own notice some years ago, and which have not before been published. In doing this I have no intention of going over the same ground as that already trodden by Guy Roslyn in the book before mentioned, but it will be necessary to give a few of the comparisons made by him between the characters in the novel and real persons.

The description of Dinah's personal appearance and peculiar dress tallies almost exactly with that of Mrs. Evans. The scenes of their labor were identical (for I think no one will attempt to deny that the scenes in "Adam Bede" are laid in Derbyshire and Staffordshire), and the manner of the two women preachers was the same. Dinah felt a conviction that she was "called" to preach the Gospel, and that her life had been given her to "devote to the Lord, to help, to comfort and strengthen the little flock at Snowfield, and to call in many wanderers." And she says: "My soul is filled with these things from my rising up to my lying down." Mrs. Evans says: "I believe the kind hand of God had been upon me all the days of my life. I believe the Lord directed me to leave my father's house when I was little more than fourteen years old. * * * He blessed me with clear light concerning the nature of preaching." Dinah says: "My life is too short, and God's work is too great for me to think of making a home for myself in this world." Mrs. Evans writes: "I was powerfully impressed with the shortness of time. I saw it my duty to be wholly devoted to God, and to be set apart for the Master's use." We are told that Dinah and Seth were Methodists "of a very old-fashioned kind. They believed in present miracles, in instantaneous conversions, in revelations by dreams and visions. They drew lots and sought for divine guidance by opening the Bible at hazard." In like manner, Mrs. Evans says: "I saw in the night seasons the places I must speak in, the roads to some of those places, the people I must speak to, and the thing on which I must stand, together with the opposition I should meet with, before I took my journey. If I wanted to know anything I had only to ask, and it was given, generally in a moment, whether I was in the public street or at my work, or in my private room; and many—I think I may say hundreds of times—the Lord shone upon His word and shewed me the meaning thereof." The expression, "It has been borne in upon my mind," was an expression frequently used by both Dinah and Mrs. Evans. In Dinah's sermon on Hayslope Green

she singles out and addresses Bessie Cranage, and tells her of a young woman who "thought of her lace caps and saved all her money to buy 'em. * * * And one day, when she put her new cap on and looked in the glass, she saw a bleeding Face, crowned with thorns." This idea George Eliot has said she received from Mrs. Evans, who often told it as a miracle in which she firmly believed. In the description of Dinah's sermon on the green, the author speaks of "the charm of Dinah's mellow treble tones, which had a variety of modulation, like that of a fine instrument touched with the unconscious skill of musical instinct. * * * The effect of her speech was produced entirely by the inflections of her voice." No words could better describe the wonderful influence of Mrs. Evans's voice. Wherever she was people seemed compelled to listen, sometimes against their will. In support of this statement I will relate a circumstance which occurred at the time of Mrs. Evans's death in 1849. It was told me by an eye-witness, and I give it in her own words:

"I was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Evans almost every day during the latter years of her life, and I have sat for hours listening as she related her experience. The day after her death I was in the house when two strangers came to the door and asked if Mrs. Evans lived there, and upon hearing the news of her death expressed great sorrow. They said that many years ago she was preaching in the village where they lived, as young men, and they went to the place for the purpose of making fun of and persecuting her, even contemplating throwing stones at the woman preacher. They hid themselves behind a hedge, close to where Mrs. Evans was standing, and waited for her to begin. The moment she commenced speaking their attention was arrested; they did not know at first what she was saying, but felt compelled to listen; her voice seemed to fascinate them: it was like nothing they had ever heard before. They listened throughout the prayer and sermon and went home forgetting all about the purpose that had taken them to the spot. Soon after this they became local preachers, and they had searched almost throughout England to find the woman to whom they owed so much, thinking how pleased she would be to hear that her efforts had been so successful. They had only found her when it was too late, for she had died a few hours before their arrival."

The same person says, "I could have filled volumes with the remarkable stories she told me of her remarkable life, of her dreams and their alleged fulfillment, of the 'revelations' of the Divine Presence which she frequently experienced; of the way in which she had had strength given her to fulfill her duties, when it seemed impossible to carry out her plans. I well remember her telling me that one Sunday she was 'planned' to preach at Bakewell, ten miles from Wirksworth. The week before she was seized with a violent attack of rheumatic fever and could not move a limb; her body was full of pain, and her mind was disturbed about the following Sunday's duties. She prayed constantly, night and day—the impression was strong that she was needed at Bakewell. The pain continued until the Saturday night, when it suddenly left her, she fell into a deep, untroubled sleep, and arose the next morning perfectly free from pain. She walked to Bakewell through pouring rain, preached in her wet clothes, and returned home the same day, and felt no ill effects from her journey, but a blessed sense of having been given special strength to do the Lord's work.

"She also told me of her first meeting with her husband; how he followed her about from place to place, how for a long time she resisted his earnest pleading, but at last yielded and became his wife, and how she had found him a great help and not a hinderance in her work. Mr. Evans would sit in his corner by the fire and laugh in his own hearty way as his wife related the particulars of his courtship. Mr. Evans always enjoyed a joke, and would join in a laugh against himself with a heartiness which proved its sincerity. Sometimes, when several friends were in the house, laughing and talking, Mrs. Evans would express a fear that they were getting too worldly, and say, in her quiet, gentle way, 'My dear, shall we have a word of prayer?' 'Yes, dear, if thee likes,' her husband would reply; and I think no one could have failed to feel better for hearing her prayers. They were so simple, so loving, so full of faith; she never got excited, or shouted, but seemed to be speaking to some one present."

In the paragraph preceding Dinah's prayer on Hayslope Green it is said, "She (Dinah) closed her eyes, and hanging her head down a little, continued in the same moderate tones, as if speaking to some one quite near her."

If it were an ordinary character we are considering, one that may be met with in every-day life, these points of resemblance might be accepted as merely coincidences. But where throughout the length and breadth of England can such a woman be found? How many such women have the last two centuries given to the world?

It may be asked why has the world never heard of Mrs. Evans? How is it her life has never been written? The answer to this is, first, that it was Mrs. Evans's wish that it should not be done; and secondly, those of her friends who would or could have done it

said it would be superfluous to attempt a thing that had already been so well done. A life of Mrs. Evans could only be a repetition of Dinah Morris's, and no one could give to the world such a picture of Mrs. Evans as the writer of "Adam Bede" had done. The scenes and situations, and the circumstances, even to the veriest details, agree, and, fortunately, we have some evidence as to how and under what circumstances these particulars were obtained.

In a letter written by George Eliot to a friend, in 1859, she gives the dates of her visits to her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, at Wirksworth, the first being when she was quite a child, and again some years after, when she stayed *one night* at the "Wirksworth cottage." But, strange to say, she makes no mention of a visit in 1842, when she remained a week at the house of her cousin, Mr. Samuel Evans. During that visit Mary Ann Evans was with her aunt every day for several hours. They used to go to the house of one of Mrs. Evans's married daughters, where they had the parlor to themselves and had long conversations. These secret conversations excited some curiosity in the family, and one day Mrs. Evans's daughter said, "Mother, I can't think what thee and Mary Ann have got to talk about so much." To which Mrs. Evans replied. "Well, my dear, I don't know what she wants, but she gets me to tell her all about my life and my religious experience, and she puts it all down in a little book. I can't make out what she wants it for." While at Wirksworth Miss Evans made a note of everything people said in her hearing: no matter who was speaking, down it went into the note-book, which seemed never out of her hand. These notes she transcribed every night before retiring to rest. After her departure Mrs. Evans said to her daughter, "Oh dear, Mary Ann has got one thing I did not mean her to take away, and that is the notes of the first sermon I preached on Ellaston Green." The sermon preached by Dinah on Hayslope Green has been recognized as one of Mrs. Evans's. In the letter before referred to, Miss Evans, or George Eliot, mentioned some conversations she had with her aunt when the latter was on a visit to them, and particularly one from which she got the idea of Hetty Sorrel's character. This is what George Eliot wrote:

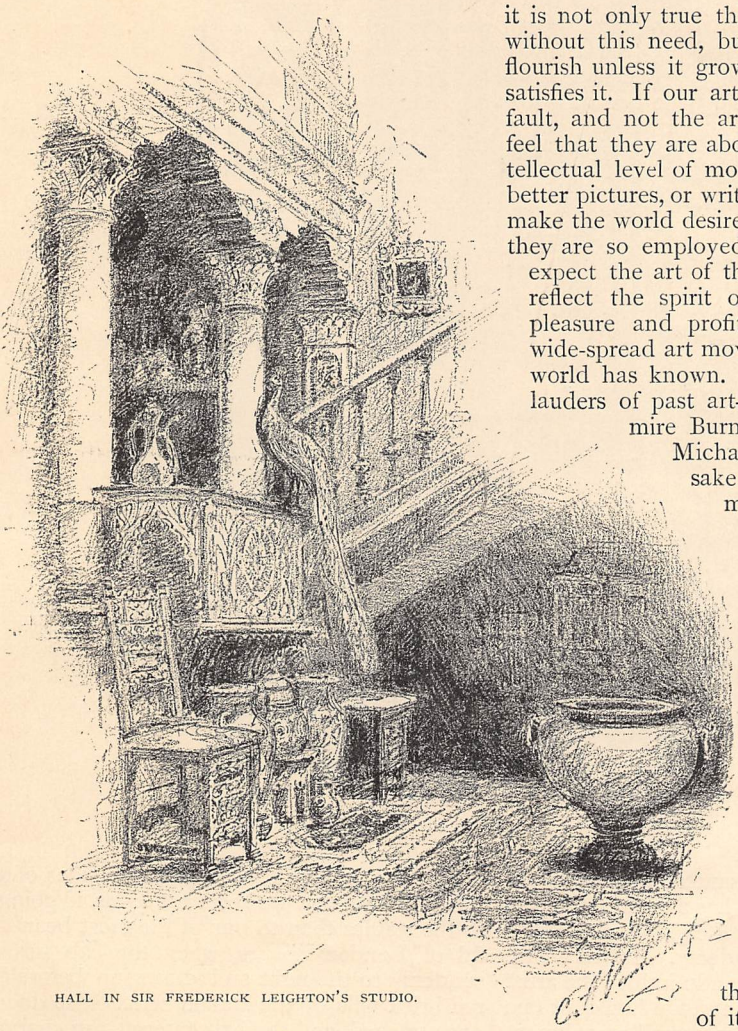
"As to my aunt's conversation, it is a fact, that the only two things of any interest I remember in our lonely sittings and walks, are her telling me one sunny afternoon how she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution, and one or two accounts of supposed miracles in which she believed—among the rest, *the face with the crown of thorns seen in the glass*. In her account of the prison scenes, I remember no word she uttered—I only remember her tone and manner, and the deep feeling I had under the recital. Of the girl she knew nothing, I believe—or told me nothing—but that she was a common, coarse girl, convicted of child-murder. The incident lay in my mind for years on years, as a dead germ, apparently—till time had made my mind a nidus in which it could fructify; it then turned out to be the germ of 'Adam Bede.'"

Whether, in Dinah Morris, George Eliot intended to represent Mrs. Evans or not, she did represent her faithfully and fully. The influence of her aunt's holy life and simple faith on the youthful but troubled mind of Mary Ann Evans was very great, as may be seen from her own words. In writing of her aunt, she says: "She was very gentle and quiet in her manners, very loving, and (what she must have been from the very first) a truly religious soul, in whom the love of God and love of man were fused together." This was written in 1859. I have had the pleasure and privilege of reading some letters from the great novelist to Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, written during the years 1839, 1840, and 1841, in which the writer regrets her inability to realize for herself the deep spiritual peace and happiness experienced by Mrs. Evans. That a great admiration and affection was felt by the writer of these letters for her aunt is evident, and when all form of religious belief was given up by George Eliot, the grief of Mrs. Evans can be better imagined than described. With such evidence before them, it is hardly to be wondered at if the public believe that Mrs. Elizabeth Evans more than "suggested" Dinah Morris. The only point at which the writer has deviated from fact is in the marriage of Dinah and Adam. As a matter of fact the real Dinah married Seth Bede (Samuel Evans). Adam was George Eliot's father, Robert Evans.

L. Bulkley.



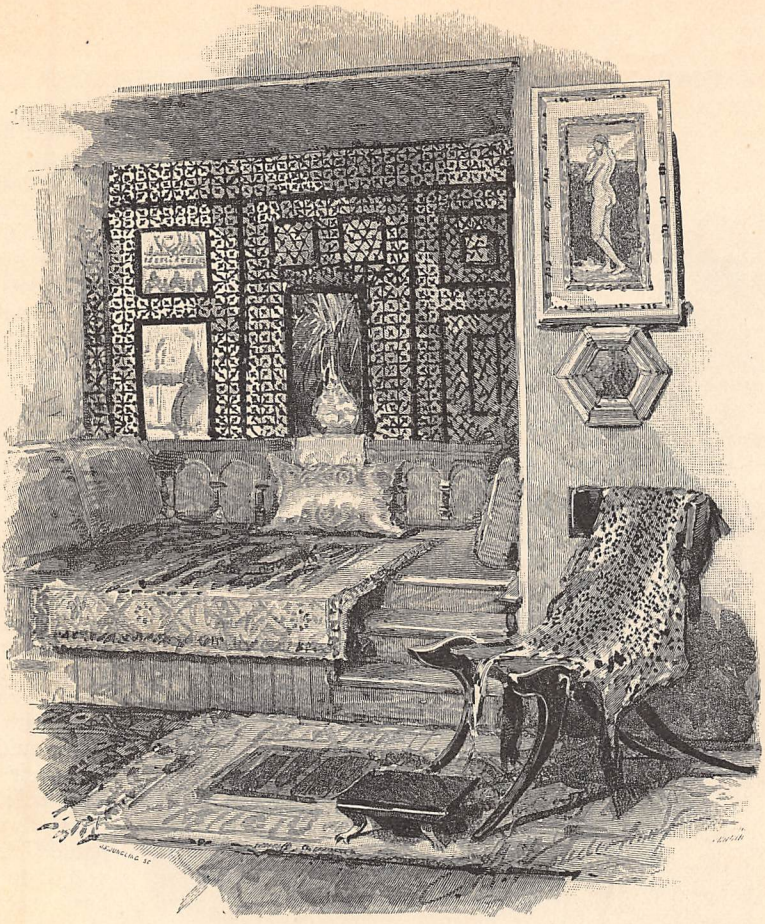
SOME ENGLISH ARTISTS AND THEIR STUDIOS.*



HALL IN SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

WHATEVER may be said against the art of the present day, its strongest detractor cannot deny that it is flourishing; and although art may flourish without many desirable elements, such as sincerity, moral refinement, and a high sense of beauty, there is one thing without which it cannot flourish, and that is a root. The root is in all cases a popular need, and it is not only true that art will not flourish without this need, but also that it will not flourish unless it grows out of that need and satisfies it. If our art is poor it is our own fault, and not the artist's, and if some men feel that they are above the spiritual and intellectual level of modern art, let them paint better pictures, or write nobler books, so as to make the world desire nobler pictures. While they are so employed, the rest, who do not expect the art of the nineteenth century to reflect the spirit of any other, may find pleasure and profit in studying the most wide-spread art movement that the modern world has known. The cry, indeed, of the lauders of past art—those who cannot admire Burne Jones for thinking of Michael Angelo, Watts for the sake of Titian, Millais for the memory of Leonardo—would have been the same in almost any age. Their minds imbued with Greek Art, they would have shaken their heads at Raphael; loving Raphael would have hated Velasquez; devoted to Velasquez have scorned Boucher, and charmed with Boucher despised Teniers. But there is not any excuse to-day for such narrow views of art. We can, or should, see the special interest of each of its phases, and admitting that each of the old schools has its peculiar excellence, and a *cachet* which is inimitable, we should not fail to observe, also, that the artists of the present day have found for us many ways of giving pictorial pleasure unknown to former generations. Here is a handful only of these artists, plucked almost at random out of one city.

* Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A., 2 Holland Park Road, Kensington.
John Everett Millais, R. A., 2 Palace Gate, Kensington.
John Pettie, R. A., The Lothians, Fitzjohn's Avenue, South Hampstead. Late 21 St. John's Wood Road.
Valentine Cameron Prinsep, A. R. A., Holland Park Road, Kensington.
George H. Boughton, A. R. A., West House, Campden Hill Road, Kensington.
Philip Richard Morris, A. R. A., 33 St. John's Wood Road.
James Drogmole Linton, Ettrick House, Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill.
Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., Townshend House, North Gate, Regent's Park.



WINDOW FROM CAIRO IN LEIGHTON'S RESIDENCE.

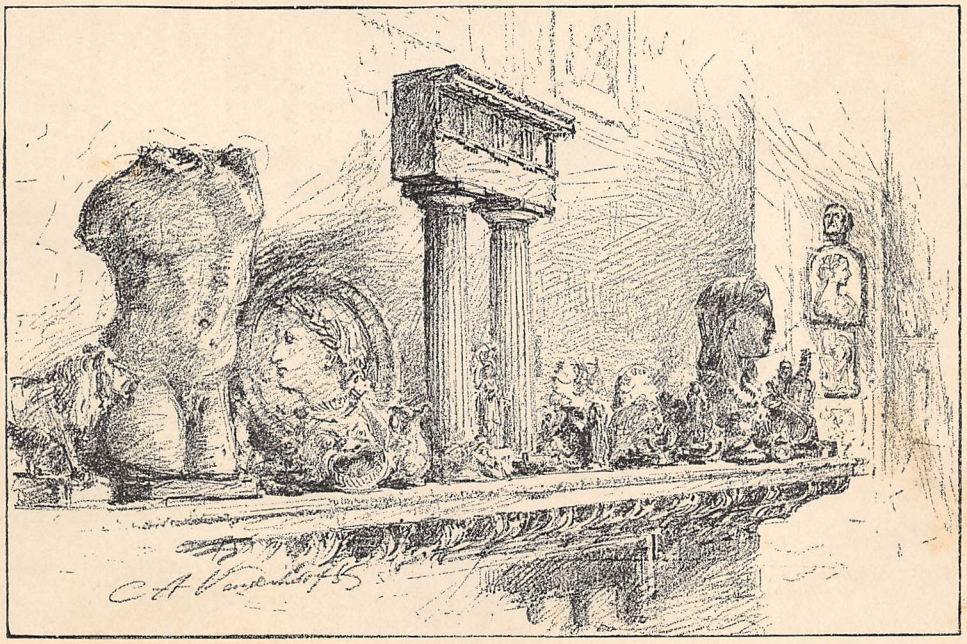
Studios are the pleasantest workshops in the world, and no artist has a more delightful one than Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy. In this case Diderot's maxim* applies admirably: the artist and the studio, the man and the house, fit one another—a fact which is no small compliment to either. If my duty were panegyric I could say some pretty things about both, which represent so well two of the characteristics of the century—desire for beauty and diligence in the search of it. In other words, known well to all of us, Sir Frederick's house is a temple of "sweetness and light," and he is the cultured priest thereof. It is possible that Number Two Holland Park Road might be passed without attracting any special attention, except for its tower; it is not pretentious, and it stands in a little-frequented thoroughfare. The approach to it skirts two sides of a public house, and we seem rather as if going to the stables than to one of the most beautiful of London houses, when the cab turns suddenly to the right and draws up before a red brick villa of the Italian style. The door once opened, and the hall entered, the charm works suddenly. It is "Open Sesame." What you see may be partially realized by looking at our picture of the hall. That large vase is in the very center of the hall. It is of brass, and was brought from India by Mr. Valentine Prinsep. Last summer a small palm spread from it on all sides and overhead, its broad, dentated leaves breaking the studied lines and fixed hues of art with the freshness and freedom of nature. This office is in winter and summer alike performed, in some sort, by the stuffed peacock which, with the Persian ewer, stands on that chest-like projection between the rich marble pillars. To ascend the stairs you have to pass behind these pillars, and then you see

* "Le milieu explique l'homme, l'atelier commente l'œuvre."

that this projection is a balcony, fitted with luxurious cushions—a pleasant place to sit, to chat, and to admire at your ease the many beauties around you. If you turn your back upon the scene of our engraving you have before you a broad passage, floored with cool mosaic and roofed with gold and silver, in whose richly glinting twilight you see a green-bronze statuette of Narcissus, standing on a plinth betweeen you and the blue-green tiles on the farther side of the famous Arab Hall. As you pass down this passage, if their doors be open, you catch glimpses of the library to the left and the drawing-room to the right, rich with pictures and china, and then the low gilt roof ends and you are in the Arab Hall itself. In the center a fountain plashes in its marble basin where gold-fish swim; on either hand are large windows, with divans cushioned with rich tissues and veiled with the elaborate woodwork of Egyptian *jalousies*. Above the arch by which we enter is a casement, the other side of which is given in our wood-cut of a bay of a room on the first floor. The walls are covered with Damascus tiles, with their subdued rich hues of green and blue and plum colors, and graceful patterns of bird and flower. Above, just before the fuller light of the lower story merges in the splendid gloom of the dome, bands of glass mosaic, made in Venice after designs by Walter Crane, show figures of deer entangled in elegant arabesques. The dome, which recalls the Alhambra, with its delicate elaboration of form and variegated color, is pierced with small windows of oriental glass, thick and rich, holding the light like uncut gems. Looking back from the charmed obscurity of this oriental chamber, through the gold-roofed passage with its marble columns, we see the hall of our illustration, with its black marble balustrade, in full light of day standing out against a plain background of peacock-blue tiles. Probably for pure luxury of light and color there is no such other sight in Christian Europe; and as we pass back and note the change of architecture from Oriental to Italian, and the various objects of art with which floors and tables are strewed, it seems as though the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and Lorenzo de' Medici had set up house together.

If, when Sir Frederick welcomes you at the top of the stairs, you express to him your admiration of what you have seen, he will probably hasten to assure you that the pleasure is none of his giving. He will tell you that all the merit of the building is due to the genius of Mr. Aitchison, his architect; that it is to Mr. De Morgan that he owes the perfection of the tiling of the Arab Hall—that many of the old tiles were missing and have been supplied by that gentleman, with perfect artistic sympathy; and that the designs of Mr. Walter Crane for the mosaics are the most beautiful things of the kind he has ever seen.

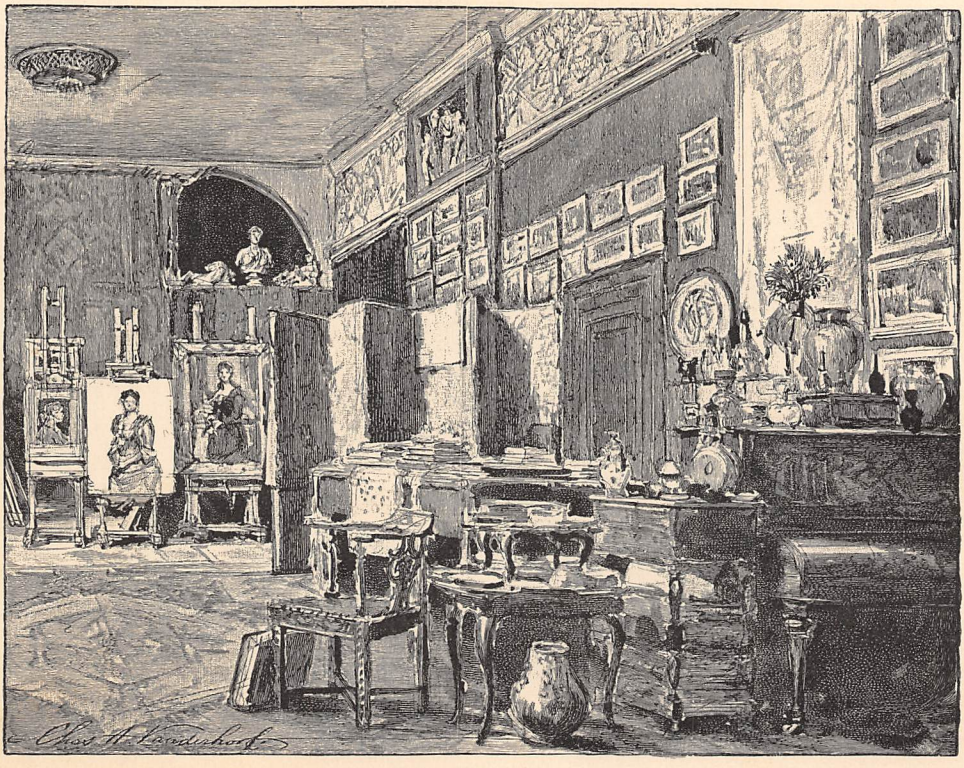
Once inside the studio and you become aware of that third kind of beauty which has delighted the artist's mind and senses and



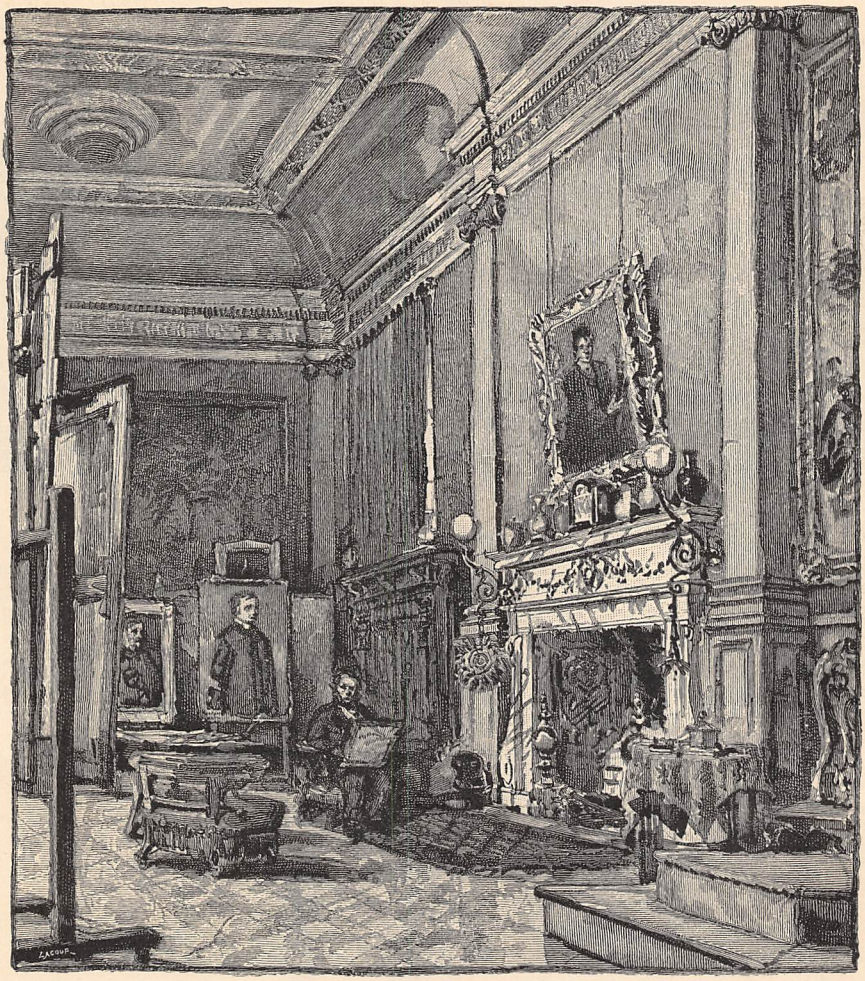
MANTEL IN LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

inspired his work—the beauty of precise form which reached perfection in the arts of ancient Greece. It is true that the Narcissus has given a hint of this before, but its influence has been drowned in the colored mystery of Eastern light and the grave splendor of Italian marbles. Here, however, though a chair may serve as a resting-place for a Persian tile, and majolica plates and bowls from Anatolia may lie on table and piano, a classic tone is distinctly felt if it does not prevail. The south wall of the room bears a cast of that famous Panathenaic frieze with which Phidias decorated the dim hall of the Parthenon, and on the sill of the gallery (which in our wood-cut is partially concealed by a curtain) are seen other casts of fragments of the same sculptor's work. Along the broad shelf, above one of the fire-places, are ranged (as shown in another of our illustrations) torso and medallion, bust and mask, mixed with little models of his own, including the sketch of his famous "Athlete Struggling with a Python."

All later art that seeks (like Leighton's) first of all things after beauty, and not the beauty that we all see, but the beauty which is ideal, must be in a measure eclectic, and the later it be the more eclectic it becomes, because there is more from which to choose. But there are different kinds of eclecticism, and that term, as applied to Leighton, means only that he has studied art of all times and in all places, and that his own natural feeling for what is beautiful has fed upon all he has seen and has assimilated all that was nutritious to itself. No artist has probably learned more from his precursors, and none is more individual, for he has loved nature as well as art, and has a true original faculty of poetic vision. The luxury of the East, the splendor of Italy, and the repose of Greece have all left their influence upon his work, but he is the follower of no particular school, still less of any particular master. Such pictures as his "Helios and Rhodos" or his "Theocritan Idyl" of last year show, by the largeness of their design and the harmony of their color, that his visual pleasures and pictorial aims are similar in quality to the pleasures and aims of the great Venetians; but he sees with nineteenth-century eyes and uses a scale of tints which is peculiarly his own. When we look at his grand composition of "Heracles Struggling with Death," his majestic "Helen" on the walls of Troy, or his "Clytemnestra" watching pitiless for the baleful fires, we are not reminded of any statue or bass-relief, but of the poetry of ancient Greece.



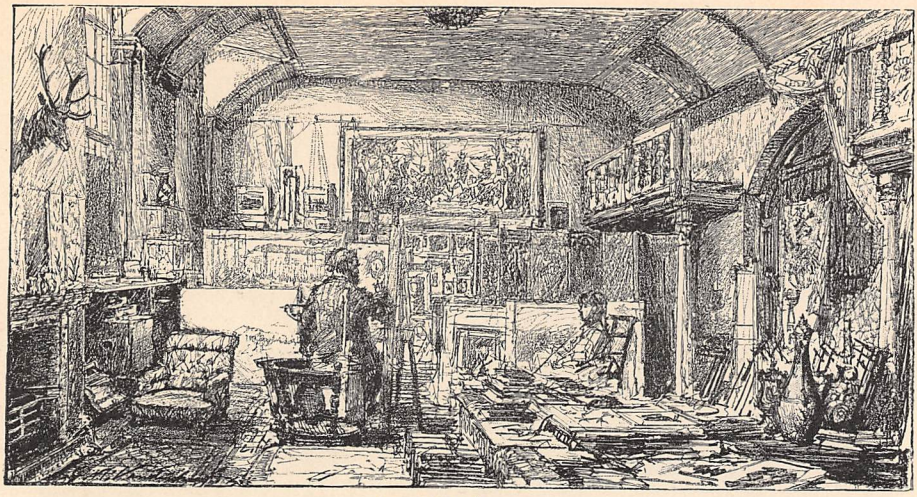
LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.



J. E. MILLAIS' STUDIO.

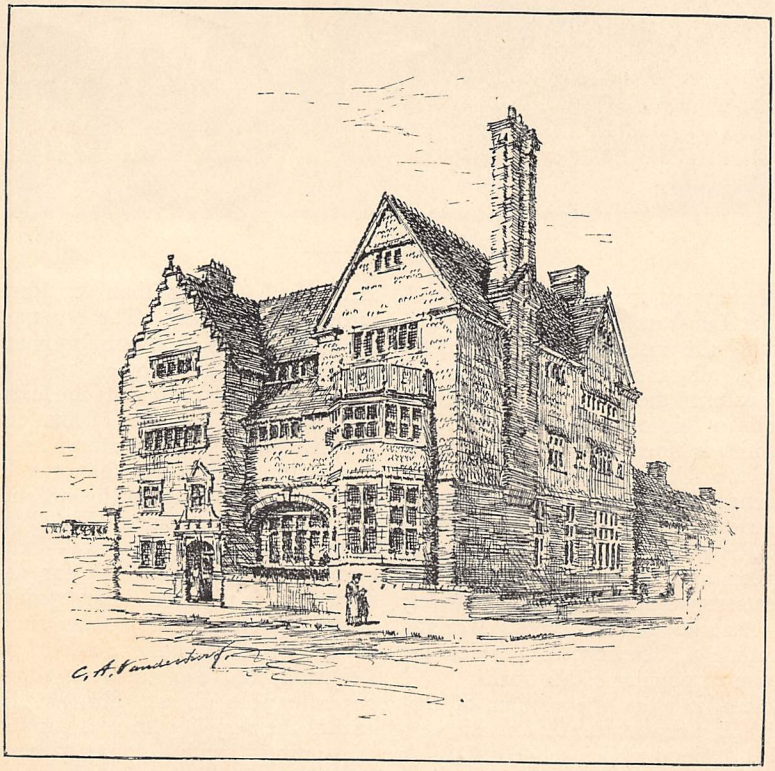
The portraits upon the easels in our wood-cut show that Leighton does not confine himself to painting the unseen. Like most of the best artists of all schools, he has helped to record for posterity the character and beauty of individuals of his own generation. None of his portraits is finer than that of himself, painted for the Uffizi at Florence, where, with his friends Watts and Millais, his effigy will hang surrounded by those of the greatest painters of Europe. Nor has he left the interval between such realistic work and his poetical creations unfilled. Witness the lovely gallery of beauties of all types, Moretta, Fatinia, Rubinella, Teresina, etc., which are perhaps the most popular of his works.

Nevertheless, it is as the painter of that beauty which is not seen (except in his pictures) that his distinction lies, while of Millais the reverse is true. This thoroughly modern artist finds rather than creates, expresses rather than idealizes. The one paints visions, the other sights; the one forms and drapery, the other men and women and their clothes. Leighton's work represents the learned culture and æsthetic appetite of his century, but Millais paints the century itself. Though more entirely a painter than any Englishman of his time, the range of his artistic interest is comparatively confined. Little pleasure in composition for its own sake—for purely decorative combinations of color and line—is shown in his pictures. They spring into their beautiful being by a process almost exactly converse to that of the minds of such men as Leighton, and each artist is supreme at his opposite pole of art. His peculiar gifts of seizing the very life he sees around him, and of painting it, with a power of expression and splendor of color never surpassed, hold the



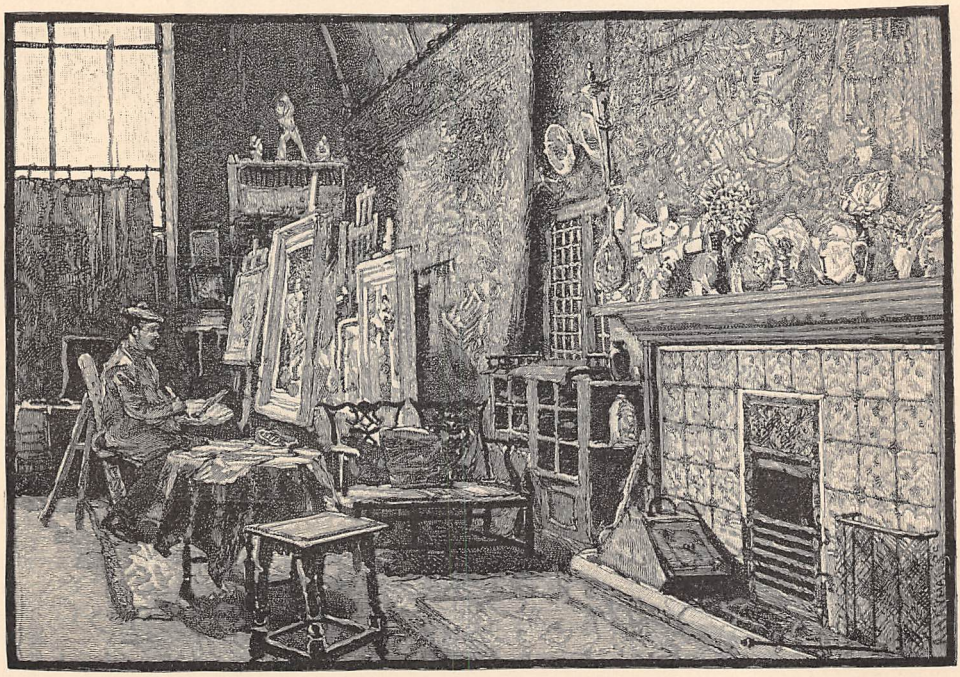
V. C. PRINSEP'S STUDIO.

secret of his great and deserved popularity—a popularity the like of which has never been seen in England since the death of Landseer. Nor is this confined to his own country. By means of engravings (and he has been singularly fortunate in his engravers) his name is a household word in the colonies and America, and has spread all over the world. Witnesses of his wide fame in the shape of letters from persons, great and obscure, at home and abroad, arrive daily. But the other day the note of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which we all read, spoke of him as "Apelles"; still more recently has arrived a command from the Queen to paint the portrait of Princess Marie, the daughter of the Duke of Edin-



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON'S HOUSE.

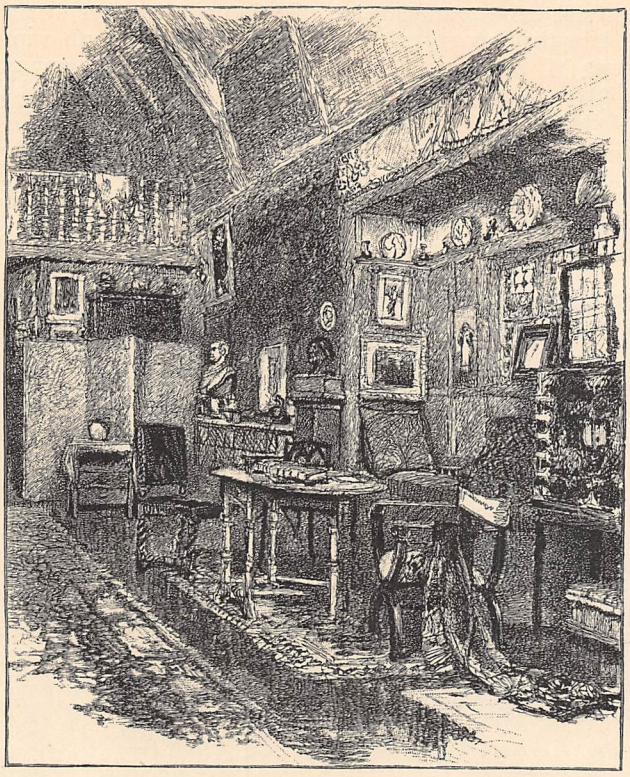
burgh; but perhaps still more gratifying are those epistles that show that his works penetrate, like the poems of Burns, into lowly cottages and uncultured minds, and there do their beneficent mission of happiness and beauty. Once a gentleman, of mean vocation but æsthetic tastes, wrote and offered his services for three years as a man-of-all-work, in return for board and lodging and the privilege of seeing Millais paint. He represented that his present employment, which was cutting the throats of pigs in a great bacon factory at Chicago, was uncongenial to a man of taste and imagination. He longed for brighter climes, in other words, and was willing to "work his passage." Was Millais right in rejecting so touching an appeal? Who knows? The fellow might have been another Pareja, or at least as good a painter as Murillo's Moor! But it was not to be. With sound sense, if imperfect sympathy, the artist advised him to stick to sticking pigs.



BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

Millais' house, a fine specimen of modern architecture, Italian in style, spacious, finely proportioned, full of light, elegant but not elaborate in decoration, was designed by Mr. Hardwick. There is nothing in its noble hall and staircase which expresses the personality of the artist, except his desire that each art should keep within its proper limits and have an uninterrupted field for the display of its peculiar beauty. Artistic properties do not encumber even his studio, which, but for its large north window, is like any spacious chamber in any rich man's house. The few Italian vases which decorate its chimney-piece are the only articles of bric-à-brac to be seen. Even the two fine oak cabinets have something more than an artistic interest. The one beyond the fire-place once belonged to Charles I., and has been painted in Millais' pathetic picture of that hapless Princess Elizabeth who died in the fifteenth year of her age and the eighth of her captivity.

Always defiant of convention, Millais' works have had an extraordinary effect on the art of his time. He has been a pioneer, seeking in all directions for unhackneyed combinations of the beautiful, and having found the track has often left it to be followed by others. Such works as the "Huguenot," "Autumn Leaves," and the "Vale of Rest" attain separate heights of beauty of expression and sentiment which he has scarcely endeavored to reach again; but these works have been the inspiration of thousands of pictures by younger men. His drawings on wood for "Once a Week" and the "Cornhill" are not only the starting-points of the modern style of illustration, but have also affected modern wood-cutting. The genius of those two young artists—beloved of the gods—Frederick Walker and George Mason is said to have owed much of its development to Millais,



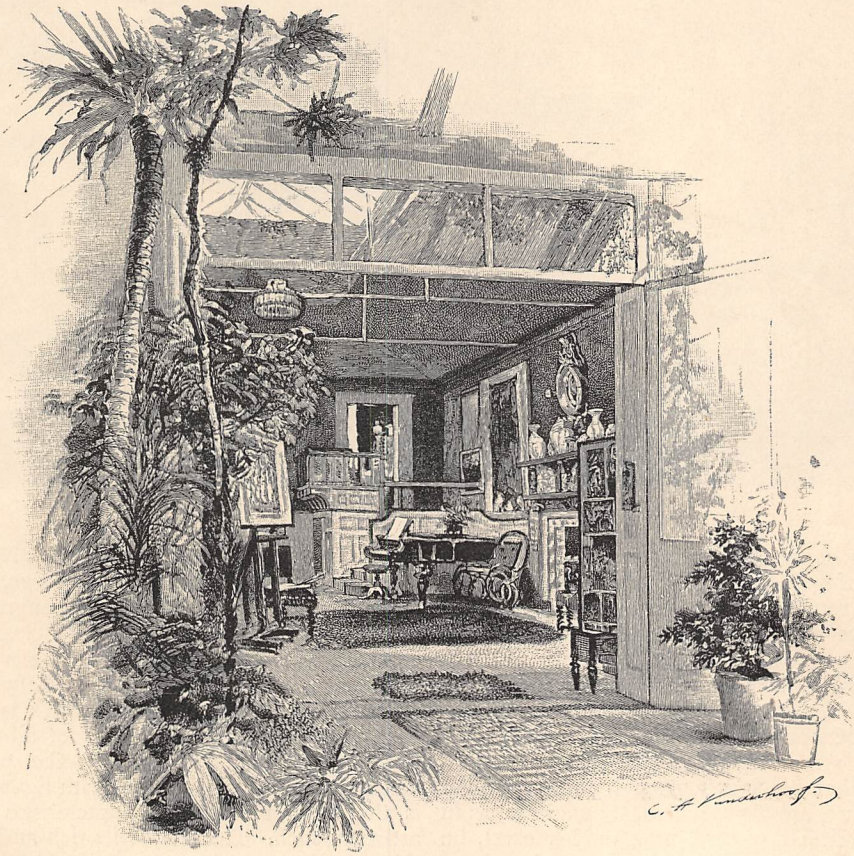
OTHER SIDE OF BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

and the influence of his later work, especially in portrait and expression of the beauty and sweetness of children, is likely to be as wide and as wholesome as that of his earlier and (apparently) more serious labors. I say "apparently," because, as a matter of fact, the splendid ease of his mature skill is not a sign of carelessness, but of admiration for the art of Velasquez and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He, like all great artists, is, and ever will be, a student—his "course" unfinished and his professional ambition unsatisfied. I have his own authority for saying that it is not because it is easy to paint a child, but because it is the most difficult of all artistic exercises, that he has devoted so much of his later years to expressing the innocence and sweetness of tender age.

Variety of artistic impulse, frankness, manliness, boldness of design, and decorative feeling are some of the characteristics of the art of Valentine Prinsep, A. R. A. At present it has been mainly tentative, and is representative of his age principally as an instance of that intellectual vacillation which results from the possession of natural gifts unaccompanied by a strong instinct as to the best way to employ them. Such at present seems to me the reason why Prinsep has not yet fulfilled the promise of such pictures as the elegant "Minuet" (1875), the poetical "Linen Gatherers" of the following year, or even his "Venetian Gaming House" of 1867. He is always showing originality, as in his remarkable picture of the "Gadarene Swine"; his manner, if hard, is strong; his color simple and effective, often crude but seldom disagreeable. Some of his studies of natives of India (Rajahs, Maharanas, and Nautch girls) have astonishing force of portraiture and color. His large picture of the imperial assemblage held at Delhi by Lord Lytton when Viceroy, which was exhibited in 1880, was a triumph over great artistic difficulties. Nevertheless, "What will he do with it?" is a question still to be asked in reference to the undoubted talent of Valentine Prinsep.

His house is remarkable, not so much for its beauty as its quaintness, and for being one of the first of those large red-brick houses with which not only the artists' quarter at Kensington but the whole of England is now studded. Its style is almost monastic in severity, and its quaint, long windows, with their heavy sashes and many panes, would give it as good a title to be called "Queen Anne" as many which have been so christened since. Built sixteen years ago, it was a daring innovation on the conventional and

featureless architecture of the day, and even now, in the midst of grander and more beautiful buildings, it maintains a striking and interesting character of its own. Our wood-cut gives the characteristic features of its spacious and curious studio, with its gallery and arched roof, its litter of bric-à-brac and "properties," and its large folding-doors. These separate the studio from the artist's bedroom, and the large aperture in the wall, which they close, boats, or peasants of France chatting over their midday meal. Acting on the imagination it conjures up scenes of the "good old times." Heavier wagons lumber more slowly along rougher lanes, the spinning-wheel sings at the door, the houses are more picturesque, the costumes strange, but human nature and "the country" are unchanged. In Boughton's work figures are no more subordinate to the landscape than landscape to figures; both are

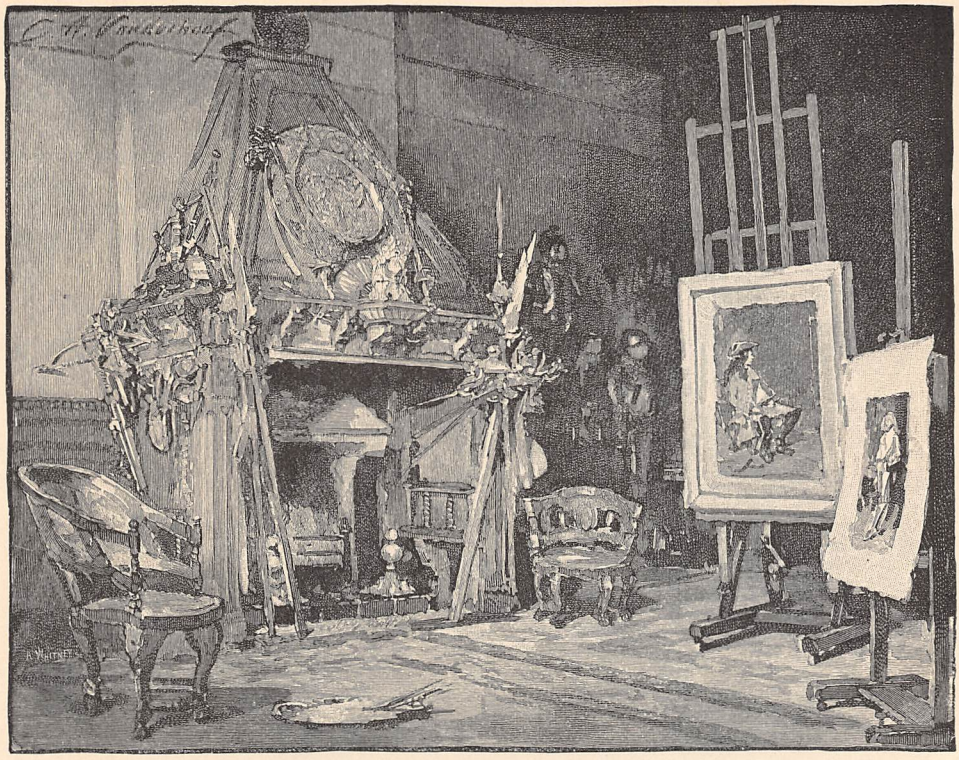


PHILIP R. MORRIS'S STUDIO.

was opened for the passage of the huge Indian picture before referred to.

Not far off, on the higher land called Campden Hill, is the beautiful new house of G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., an artist who found his line early and has kept to it. This line is the expression of a sentiment very characteristic of the age in which he lives. It may be called "idyllic," as that term is now used, and its source of pleasure is a sympathy with the out-door lives of ordinary persons, in states of society different from our own. This feeling, acting in the field of reality, gives interest to pictures of the fishwomen of Holland watching on the misty sands for the return of the

of equal importance, and the artist must be equally proficient in both. Conventional systems of art-teaching are of little use to a man who wishes to excel in "idyllic" *genre*, and so Boughton cut short his studies at the Royal Academy in London, and did not enter the *atelier* of any "professor" in Paris. Fruitful words of kindly help by Edouard Frère and other artists and unceasing study of nature have made him what he is—one of the most original and accomplished of modern English artists. A whole summer devoted to nothing but studies of sea has enabled him to make his waves break upon the shore as naturally as Mesdag can; and



JOHN PETTIE'S STUDIO.

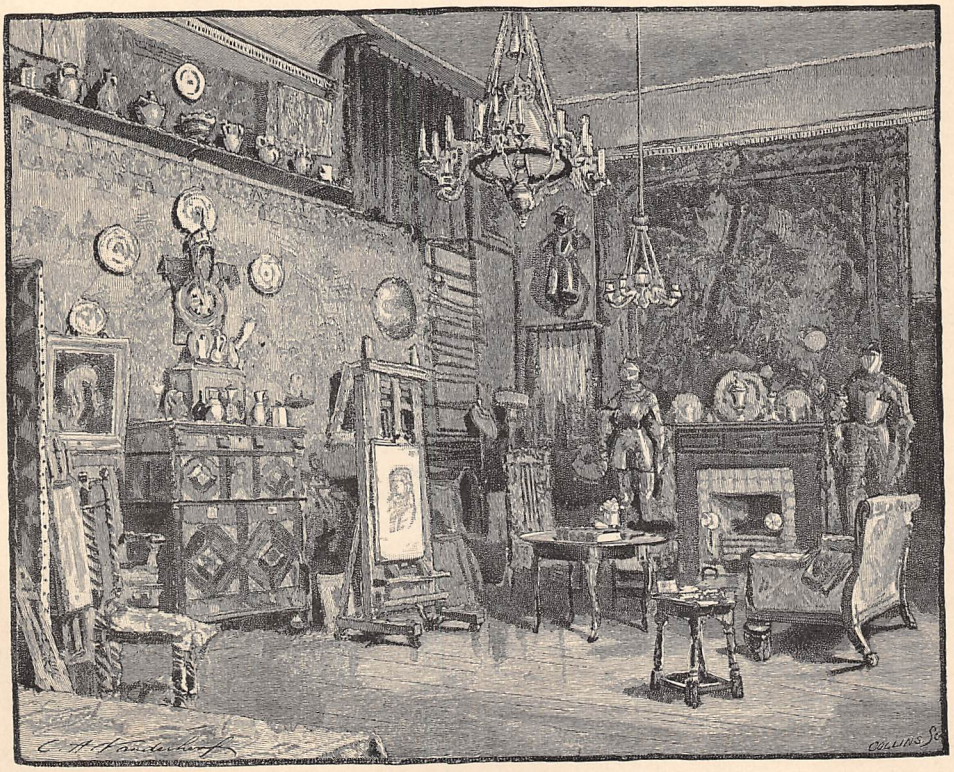
another occupied exclusively in sketching the forms of trees has made his woodland scenes no less remarkable for correctness in drawing than for a masterly generalization, which, if suggestive of the French school, is yet distinctly his own. Great facility for rapid sketching enables him, as his innumerable sketch-books bear witness, to seize in a moment any chance attitude which is expressive or beautiful, so that his figures, though generally quiet in gesture, are always alive. Sometimes, as in an unfinished picture now on his easel, he catches an attitude so grand and yet so natural as to be sculpturesque. Despite his changes of scene from New England to Brittany, from France to Scheveningen, from Holland to Cornwall, and corresponding changes in type of feature and costume, despite also great variety in motive-touching history in his "March of Miles Standish" and humor in his "Wane of the Honeymoon," "people say" his pictures are too much alike. It is difficult to decide in what this likeness consists, but it is chiefly, I think, in color and in an air of quietism which spreads from his "Priscilla" and "Hester Prynne" all over his pictures. To some it may appear "mannerism"; to me it is only a personal flavor of great charm.

The beautiful house which Mr. Norman Shaw has built for him and his large, bright studio are well represented in our engravings, but the art of Boughton and of his class, such as Philip Morris, A. R. A., which seeks for its inspiration out-of-doors, is not likely to be reflected in the studio. Boughton's is full of china, bronzes, and curiosities of all kinds, but it is the unusual size of the window which floods the whole room with light which is the thing in it most characteristic of the artist as such. The rest of its rich and beautiful appointments are personal to the man of travel and culture. So modern is the art of Morris, so identified with the streets and fields, that its little screen, covered with his beautiful copies of the old masters, seems almost out of place, and the green leaves of his conservatory a more appropriate decoration. Yet it is no doubt greatly due to the patience with which he has executed these careful studies of the masterpieces of Giorgione and Titian that he has been able to excel in pictures which do not remind you of them in the least. From the first Morris seems to have determined to express himself only, and himself in his own language. He studied his classics, but refused to compose in a dead tongue. His desire to be new led him to attempt success in so many direc-

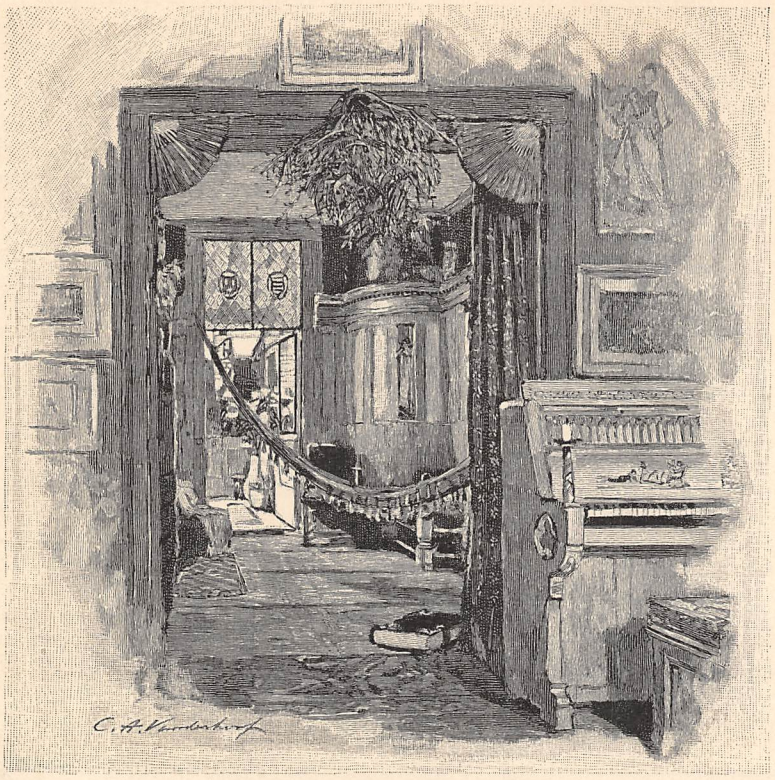
tions that his versatility was at one time a matter of danger. Nevertheless, he hit the mark more than once before his success was assured by his very original picture of "The Sailor's Wedding" (1876)—a procession by the sea in half a gale of wind, with the figures as lively as the bunting and the petticoats. The animation of a large group with one sentiment, popular and easily understood, has been the motive of his larger works, which abound in freshness of observation, both of nature and human expression. The idea is new and yet old. The "Kermesses" of Jan Steen are the ancestors of his "Sailor's Wedding," but the boorish excess is changed for the jollity of the tar. A sentiment still more refined and more modern, also in connection with art, inspired the white-robed maidens of his "Première Communion" (1878) and his "Sons of the Brave" (1880). The latter especially was sure to be popular. With its fresh boy faces and young limbs trained to march like real soldiers, with its pathos in a past of dead heroes and its hope in a future of young ones, it could not fail to strike home to the hearts, not only of fathers and mothers, but of all patriotic Englishmen. Like Boughton, Morris studies inanimate nature with the same care as men and women; and his many pastoral subjects, such as "The Mowers" or "Fording the Stream," are remarkable for their truthful rendering of the softer graces of English scenery.

The neighborhood of St. John's Wood, where Morris lives, has, like that of Kensington, long been a favorite resort of artists, and, as it happens, all who are the subjects of this article live in or near one or other of these two quarters.

It was in the same road as Morris that J. Pettie, R. A., lived a few months ago, but this famous Scotch artist has recently moved to a larger house, and the room represented in our engraving knows him no more. The new studio is a magnificent apartment, lofty and wide enough to contain a small house, and lit by two large windows (south and east). These are fitted with such an ingenious arrangement of curtains that the artist can flood his model with sunshine from one or the other window, and manage cross-light and *demi-teinte* at his will. But this studio is not the place where those fine works by which we know him were conceived, and the scene of our illustration makes up in interest what it misses in splendor. It was here that he painted his terrible "Hunted Down" (1877) and "Sanctuary" (1873), his powerful scene in that of the



JAMES D. LINTON'S STUDIO.

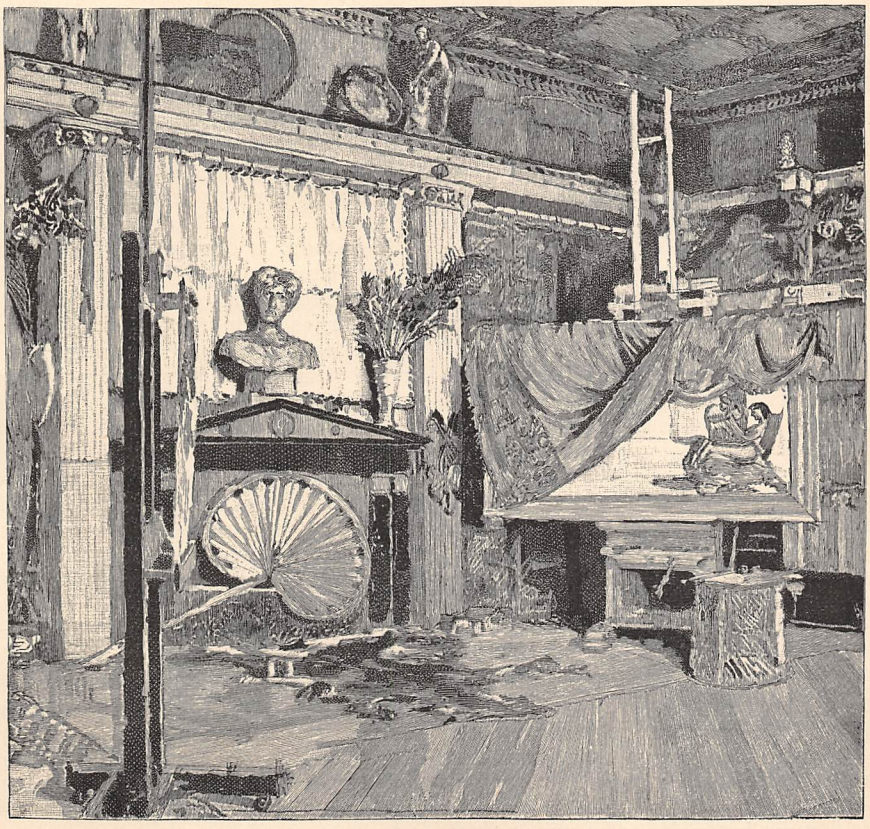


IN MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

"Wynd's Smithy" (1875), and that perhaps finest of all his pictures, "The Death Warrant" (1879). Few artists have won fame and honor with greater ease than Pettie. He received his art training in Edinburgh, and came to London when twenty-three. He has now been an Academician about eight years and is but forty-three. In skill and force, as a draughtsman and colorist, he has few rivals, and these qualities would be alone sufficient to account for the high esteem in which he is held by artists. If, however, to his power as a painter he did not unite a vigorous and sometimes almost passionate imagination, he might, indeed, have become an Academician, but he would never have been the great and popular artist that he is. His, unlike those of the artists whose homes we have just visited, is essentially the art of romance and drama. His pictures recall for us the stirring scenes of hot blood, the pomp of attire, the cruel statecraft, and all the splendor and crime of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He also recalls many of the great artists of those days,—Titian, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Vandyke,—now one, now the other, or more frequently two or more together. It is not, therefore, directly that he appeals to the present generation, but his art is modern for all that, and the source of its attraction the same as that of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. As his palette is richer and fuller than those of most men, so is his range of feeling wider. He does not confine his steps to the easy paths of modern sentiment, its commonplace courtings, its mean vice, and pretty piety, and the public follows him gladly to times less civilized and more frank, when men gave blow for blow, without bringing actions for assault, and dared crime without fear of the policeman. The search for unsophisticated feeling, when passion had not lost its splendor and guilt could be grand, is common to all art, but old times, good or bad, are especially dear to painters for the richness and strangeness of their costumes and the strength of their human types. The pictorial sense is strongly developed in Pettie. He likes to set even the modern faces of his friends in some splendid or quaint costume of their forefathers. "Every one his own ancestor" was the humorous subscription of a clever caricature of one of these portraits, in the costume of this or that century, which he has from time to time exhibited; and the rich contrasts, both of color and texture, afforded by

black velvet and gray steel, blue ribbon and *écru* lace, scarlet cope and buff jerkin, are the luxuries of his art both to himself and the public. It is, however, in his power of expression and in its tenderness, no less than its force, that his highest merit lies. Few who have seen them will ever forget either the face or figure of Wolsey in his disgrace, or those of the delicate young king, summoned from his playmates to the council chamber to dip his innocent pen in human blood. This incident of "The Death Warrant" is one of many, true only to days long dead, which Pettie has painted for us for the first time in the days that are.

In Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill, a debatable land, which is neither Hampstead nor St. John's Wood, but is about equidistant from either, lives James Drogmole Linton, who, after achieving very high success as a water-color painter, has only of late years taken to oils, and twice only (in 1878 and last year) exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-colors in 1871, and was appointed one of the artists of the "Graphic" during the Franco-German war. In 1873, he obtained a medal at Philadelphia for his picture of the Emperor and Empress of Austria washing the feet of beggars on Maunday Thursday, according to custom. Though he has changed his medium he has not changed his method, and his pictures in oil have much the same qualities as his water-colors, being singularly bright and pure in color and painted with a technical skill which is almost unrivaled. In an important series of six pictures which he is now engaged upon, illustrating the life of a soldier of the sixteenth century, he shows much of the feeling of the great Venetian artists for grandeur of composition and beauty of color. The first, called "Victorious," was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880, and the second, "Benediction," at the Royal Academy of last year. Both of them attracted much attention, and the latter has had the honor of a full-page engraving in "L'Art." The picture upon which he is now engaged, the third of this series, will have more movement than the others. It represents a banquet in a grand hall with long table, at which a number of gayly dressed guests are assembled. Between them and the spectator a beautiful girl is dancing for their



ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

amusement. In general composition and glow of color it reminds one of Paul Veronese; in precision of execution and clarity of pigment, of the early Flemish masters.

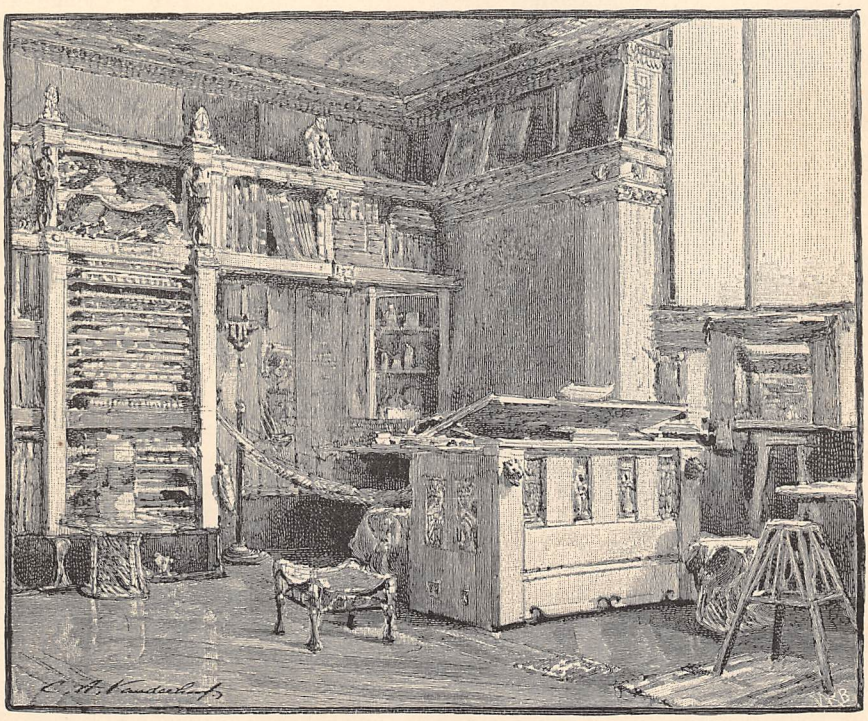
Linton's studio, as will be seen from our engraving, is full of armor and weapons, tapestry, china, and Venetian glass. It has also at this moment some very fine specimens of Etty, an artist whom Linton justly values very highly. Of Linton's future much may be expected, because he has spent so much careful labor in perfecting himself in the grammar of his art. Whatever he may paint will be valuable for its purely artistic qualities, but at present he has shown no strong individuality, and his pictures have been deficient in human interest. He must therefore remain in this article as the representative not so much of his age as of that thoroughly English quality—good work.

If, however, Linton has at present given us little that is new, this charge cannot be laid against Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., the most original artist of the day. The sixteenth century painted itself, but what visible objects have we to recall the life and heat, the costume and the color, the manners and the customs, of Egypt, Athens, Rome, before their fall? Nothing but mutilated statues, crushed columns, scattered mosaics, broken pottery, and buried bones. Even Alma-Tadema could have done little with these alone. But Nature, "careless of the single life" in one sense, is very "careful of the type" in another, and suffers little to die without some written record. Without both the material fragments and spiritual letters no artist could have done what Alma-Tadema has done—reconstructed not only the "buried cities," but raised their denizens from the grave. Nor could this unique artist's strange imagination have done its special work in any other of former generations. His art is essentially the product of his time. His ground has been prepared for him by hundreds of patient archæologists and scholars, and his work, deal as it does with "ages ago," is as modern as an Edison lamp.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Alma-Tadema is that all his learning seems to have refreshed rather than dulled his imagination, so that he is no more a pedant in his art than in his home. This is because he has studied for a definite purpose, and has not allowed his love of knowledge to become an end to itself. Coleridge, when once asked why he attended lectures on some science which the questioner thought out of his line, answered that it was to increase his stock of images. So Tadema has studied, and what a stock of images he has! As his mind, so his house—not a corner of which does not contain a suggestion for a picture. Although it is but an ordinary house outside, built not for him, the door of brilliantly polished oak, with its brass mask for a knocker, gives a suspicion that all is not ordinary within—and the suspicion is well grounded. If, instead of passing through the hall and going up the staircase, with their walls covered with framed photographs of the artist's pictures, difficult to number, we turn to the left, we find ourselves in the studio of Mrs. Alma-Tadema. This, as shown in our wood-cut, is divided into three. The largest of the small chambers, with its oak piano fitted with candlesticks of *cloissonée* enamel, is that from which the view is taken. In each of the lower panes of its windows is inserted a portrait of one of the artist's two daughters, painted on glass. On the right wall hangs the weird picture of "The Death of the First-born"; on the right, portraits of Mrs. Alma-Tadema by Bastien-Lepage and John Collier. In the next small room, where the hammock hangs, the panels of the door (on the right, and not shown), as well as those between the columns of the temple-like press in the corner, are being painted with landscape, each by one of the artist's friends, Mesdag, Boughton, Bastien-Lepage, etc. The third is a little yard, which has been converted into a room with glass roof and sides, and it is here that Mrs. Alma-Tadema paints in the summer. Like Mrs. Bisschop (also an English lady), the wife of the famous Dutch painter, who was a school-fellow of Alma-Tadema, she paints almost as well as her husband.

His studio is on the first floor. You can enter it either up the brazen stairs, which lead from a little room furnished in the Dutch style, or through the drawing-room. Our view is taken near the drawing-room door, and a year ago you might have seen what you see there: the bust of Mrs. Alma-Tadema, by Amendola, and a glimpse of the artist's beautiful picture of "Sappho," which delighted visitors to the Academy and has since been etched by C. O. Murray, for "L'Art." The room is like a room in ancient Rome, with classical cupboards and pigeon-holes, and its ceiling painted like that of a famous bath in the Imperial City. The artist appears to have been even more than usually industrious lately, and there are many pictures finished and unfinished, on easels and off them. One of the most interesting is of Antony abandoning his fleet to join Cleopatra in her gorgeous galley bestrewed with roses. The completion of this picture has given the artist great trouble. "You do not know how difficult it is to paint pictures," he said to me.

The principal difficulty in his case is, I suspect, to select the best of the many visions conceived by his teeming fancy. One of the most gifted female artists of the day, Miss Clara Montalba, informed me that she had seen four or five different backgrounds to this very picture. Now it is all sea and shipping, once there was land and a town in the distance. Alma-Tadema alters much and never makes a drawing. On the other hand he *plans* his pictures with the greatest accuracy—a precaution of absolute necessity in designs like his, in which one plane is seen so often pressed science with such telling effect into the service of art. Both these will be fine pictures in his peculiar style, but he has some others which will be a greater surprise to the public, on account of their scale, which is life-size, and their period, which is to-day. These are portraits. One is of Herr Barnay, the celebrated actor, in a toga, with the pediment of a temple introduced as a background in a bold and original manner. This temple has its ornaments decorated with colors, and while its striking architecture does not distract the attention from the fine face of the tragedian, it



TADEMA'S DESIGNING-ROOM.

through, as it were, a hole cut in another, without any gradually lessening objects to help the eye.

"'How do I manage to hit the right height of that figure seated in a chariot on the hill?' I know it," he said, "because the road there is exactly thirty feet below the level of the mosaic pavement of the hall in the foreground." This was with reference to another unfinished painting, to be called "The Parting Kiss," or some such title, in which we see a Roman mother embracing her young daughter before going out to take a drive in the *barouche* of the period that is standing at the door. Of course, calculations of this sort are made by many artists, but few, if any, have adds greatly to the effect of the composition.

I have no space to write much of the wonders of the artist's house. The celebrated piano, the drawing-room, with double row of pillars, onyx window, and dado hung with rich Persian embroidery; the dining-room, with papered ceiling and great oak cabinets crowned with dishes and bowls of rare china; the library, with portraits of host and hostess on the door, the air of culture, design, learning, and beauty everywhere must be imagined. I will only mention specially its numerous divisions, and absence or concealment of doors, so that as in his pictures there are vistas everywhere, and from each room you can see another, if not more. This



ENTRANCE TO TADEMA'S STUDIO.

is not only characteristic of his own art but of that of his nation. "One room beyond another, and an open yard beyond that, giving different strata of light, of various intensities and endless accidents of color," is a general description of the pictures by De Hooch, and such effects are dearly loved by Alma-Tadema, who, naturalized in England, and painting Rome, is Dutch still.

Tadema may be said to be without a rival in satisfying the desire of all the cultivated minds of his day to realize what ancient life was like. Gérôme is the only artist who can be compared with him in this, while as a colorist he is greatly Tadema's inferior. Moreover, though Gérôme is great, he is theatrical; though his efforts are grand, they are forced. These restorations possess probably many anachronisms, and there is a limit even to his invention; but, except, perhaps, to a few men still more deeply learned than himself, there is no ignorance discoverable and his revelations are without end. And all this learning and magic are, it may be observed, little more than surplusage to his art, which does not need such aids to popularity and fame. If, like some of his ancestors of the seventeenth century, he had confined himself to painting interiors, with ugly women peeling carrots, he could not have failed to make his mark, for he is, if not first of all things, at least supremely, a painter; and charmed as we are to enter with him the studio of Apelles, the temple of Minerva, or the galley of Cleopatra, we could follow him to a modern cottage or drawing-room with equal artistic, if not the same intellectual, pleasure.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

REALITY.

LIFT me, loved Jesus! for the time is nigh
That I must climb unto thy cross at last;
The world fades out, its lengthening shadows fly;
Earth's pomp is passing, all its joys have past;
Phantoms flock round me, multiplying fast;
Nothing seems tangible. The good I thought
Most permanent hath perished. Come away,
O sated Spirit! from the vacant scene;
The curtain drops upon the mimic play,
The benches are deserted, we will go—
Forget the foolish clown, the king, the queen,
The idle story, with its love and woe.
I seem to stand before a minster screen,
And hear faint organs in the distance blow.

Thomas W. Parsons.

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

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XXVII.

"Of course," said Marcia, when she and Bartley recurred to the subject of her visit to Equity, "I have always felt as if I should like to have you with me, so as to keep people from talking, and show that it's all right between you and father. But if you don't wish to go, I can't ask it."

"I understand what you mean, and I should like to gratify you," said Bartley. "Not that I care a rap what all the people in Equity think. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll go down there with you and hang round a day or two; and then I'll come after you, when your time's up, and stay a day or two there. I *couldn't* stand three weeks in Equity."

In the end, he behaved very handsomely. He dressed Flavia out to kill, as he said, in lace hoods and embroidered long-clothes, for which he tossed over half the ready-made stock of the great dry-goods stores; and he made Marcia get herself a new suit throughout, with a bonnet to match, which she thought she could not afford; but he said he should manage it somehow. In Equity he spared no pains to deepen the impression of his success in Boston, and he was affable with everybody. He hailed his friends across the street, waving his hand to them, and shouting out a jolly greeting. He visited the hotel office and the stores to meet the loungers there; he stepped into the printing-office and congratulated Henry Bird on having stopped the "Free Press" and devoted himself to job-work. He said "Hallo, Marilla! Hallo, Sally!" and he stood a good while beside the latter at her case, joking and laughing. He had no resentments. He stopped old Morrison on the street and shook hands with him. "Well, Mr. Morrison, do you find it as easy to get Sally's wages advanced nowadays as you used to?"

As for his relations with Squire Gaylord, he flattened public conjecture out like a pancake, as he told Marcia, by making the old gentleman walk arm-and-arm with him the whole length of the village street the morning after his arrival. "And I never saw your honored father look as if he enjoyed a thing less," added Bartley. "Well, what's the use? He couldn't help himself." They had arrived on Friday evening, and after spending Saturday in this social way, Bartley magnanimously went with Marcia to church. He was in good spirits, and he shook hands, right and left, as he came out of church. In the afternoon he had up the best team from the hotel stable, and took Marcia the Long Drive, which they had taken the day of their engagement. He could not be contented without pushing the perambulator out after tea, and making Marcia walk beside it, to let people see them with the baby.

He went away the next morning on an early train, after a parting which he made very cheery, and a promise to come down again as soon as he could manage it. Marcia watched him drive off toward the station in the hotel barge, and then she went upstairs to their room, where she had been so long a young girl, and where now their child lay sleeping. The little one seemed the least part of all the change that had taken place. In this room she used to sit and think of him; she used to fly up thither when he came unexpectedly, and order her hair or change a ribbon or her dress, that she might please him better; at these windows she used to sit and watch and long for his coming; from these she saw him go by that day when she thought she should see him no more, and took heart of her despair to risk the wild chance that made him hers. There was a deadly, unsympathetic stillness in the room, which seemed to leave to her all the responsibility for what she had done.

The days began to go by in a sunny, still, midsummer monotony. She pushed the baby out in its carriage, and saw the summer boarders walking or driving through the streets; she returned the visits that the neighbors paid her; in-doors she helped her mother about the house-work. An image of her maiden life reinstated itself. At times it seemed almost as if she had dreamed her marriage. When she looked at her baby in these moods, she thought she was dreaming yet. A young wife, suddenly parted for the first time from her husband, in whose intense

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possession she has lost her individual existence, and devolving upon her old separate personality, must have strong fancies, strange sensations. Marcia's marriage had been full of such shocks and storms as might well have left her dazed in their entire cessation.

"She seems to be pretty well satisfied here," said her father, one evening when she had gone upstairs with her sleeping baby in her arms.

"She seems to be pretty quiet," her mother non-committally assented.

"M-yes," snarled the Squire, and he fell into a long revery, while Mrs. Gaylord went on crocheting the baby a bib, and the smell of the petunia-bed under the window came in through the mosquito-netting. "M-yes," he resumed, "I guess you're right. I guess it's only quiet. I guess she aint any more likely to be satisfied than the rest of us."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be," said Mrs. Gaylord, resenting the compassion in the squire's tone with that curious jealousy a wife feels for her husband's indulgence of their daughter. "She's had her way."

"She's had her way, poor girl,—yes. But I don't know as it satisfies people to have their way always."

Doubtless Mrs. Gaylord saw that her husband wished to talk about Marcia, and must be helped to do so by a little perverseness.

"I don't know but what most of folks would say't she'd made out pretty well. I guess she's got a good provider."

"She didn't need any provider," said the Squire haughtily.

"No; but so long as she would have something, it's well enough that she should have a provider." Mrs. Gaylord felt that this was reasoning, and she smoothed out so much of the bib as she had crocheted across her knees with an air of self-content. "You can't have everything in a husband," she added, "and Marcia ought to know that by this time."

"I've no doubt she knows it," said the Squire.

"Why, what makes you think she's disappointed any?" Mrs. Gaylord came plump to the question at last.

"Nothing she ever said," returned her husband promptly. "She'd die first. When I was up there I thought she talked about him too much to be feeling just right about him. It was Bartley this and Bartley that, the whole while. She was always wanting me to say that I thought she had done right to marry him. I *did* sort of say it, at last—to please her—but I kept thinking that if she felt sure of it, she wouldn't want to talk it into me so. Now, she never mentions him at all, if she can help it. She writes to him every day, and she hears from him often enough—postals, mostly—but she don't talk about Bartley. Bartley!" The Squire stretched his lips back from his teeth, and inhaled a long breath, as he rubbed his chin.

"You don't suppose anything's happened since you was up there," said Mrs. Gaylord.

"Nothing but what's happened from the start. *He's* happened. He keeps happening right along, I guess."

Mrs. Gaylord found herself upon the point of experiencing a painful emotion of sympathy, but she saved herself by saying:

"Well, Mr. Gaylord, I don't know as you've got anybody but yourself to thank for it all. You got him here, in the first *place*."

She took one of the kerosene lamps from the table and went upstairs, leaving him to follow at his will.

Marcia sometimes went out to the Squire's office in the morning, carrying her baby with her, and propping her with law-books on a newspaper in the middle of the floor, while she dusted the shelves, or sat down for one of the desultory talks or the satisfactory silences which she had with her father.

He usually found her there when he came up from the post-office, with the morning mail in the top of his hat: the last evening's "Events,"—which Bartley had said must pass for a letter from him when he did not write,—and a letter or a postal card from him. She read these, and gave her father any news or message that Bartley sent; and then she sat down at his table to answer them. But one morning, after she had been at home nearly a month, she received a letter for which she postponed Bartley's postal. "It's from Olive Halleck!" she said, with a glance at the handwriting on the envelope; and she tore it open, and ran it through. "Yes, and they'll come here, any time I let them know. They've been at Niagara, and they've come down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and they will be at North Conway the last of next week. Now, father, I want to do something for them!" she cried, feeling an American daughter's right to dispose of her father and all his possessions for the behoof of her friends at any time. "I want they should come to the house."

"Well, I guess there wont be any trouble about that, if you think they can put up with our way of living." He smiled at her over his spectacles.

"Our way of living! Put up with it! I should hope as *much!* They're just the kind of people that will put up with anything, because they've had everything, and because they're all as sweet and good as they can be.

You don't know them, father, you don't half know them! Now, just get right away"—she pushed him out of the chair he had taken at the table—"and let me write to Bartley this instant. He's *got* to come when they're here and I'll invite them to come over at once before they get settled at North Conway."

He gave his dry chuckle to see her so fired with pleasure, and he enjoyed the ardor with which she drove him up out of his chair and dashed off her letters. This was her old way; he would have liked the prospect of the Hallecks' coming, because it made his girl so happy, if for nothing else.

"Father, I will tell you about Ben Halleck," she said, pounding her letter to Olive with the thick of her hand to make the envelope stick. "You know that lameness of his?"

"Yes."

"Well, it came from his being thrown down by another boy when he was at school. He knew the boy that did it; and the boy must have known that Mr. Halleck knew it; but he never said a word to show that he was sorry, or did anything to make up for it. He's a man, now, and lives there in Boston, and Ben Halleck often meets him. He says that if the man can stand it *he* can. Don't you think that's grand? When I heard that I made up my mind that I wanted Flavia to belong to Ben Halleck's church—or the church he did belong to; he doesn't belong to any now!"

"He couldn't have got any damages for such a thing anyway," the Squire said.

Marcia paid no heed to this legal opinion of the case. She took off her father's hat to put the letters into it, and replacing it on his head,—"Now, don't you forget them, father," she cried.

She gathered up her baby and hurried into the house, where she began her preparations for her guests.

The elder Miss Hallecks had announced with much love, through Olive, that they should not be able to come to Equity, and Ben was to bring Olive alone. Marcia decided that Ben should have the guest chamber and Olive should have her room; she and Bartley could take the little room in the L, while their guests remained.

But when the Hallecks came, it appeared that Ben had engaged quarters for himself at the hotel, and no expostulation would prevail with him to come to Squire Gaylord's house.

"We have to humor him in such things, Mrs. Hubbard," Olive explained to Marcia's distress. "And most people get on very well without him."

This explanation was, of course, given in Halleck's presence. His sister added, behind his back:

"Ben has a perfectly morbid dread of giving trouble in a house. He wont let us do anything to make him comfortable at home, and the idea that you should attempt it drove him distracted. You *mustn't* mind it. I don't believe he'd have come if his bachelor freedom couldn't have been respected; and we both wanted to come very much."

The Hallecks arrived in the forenoon and Bartley was due in the evening. But during the afternoon Marcia had a telegram, saying that he could not come till two days later, and asking her to postpone the picnic she had planned. The Hallecks were only going to stay three days, and the suspicion that Bartley had delayed in order to leave himself as little time as possible with them, rankled in her heart so that she could not keep it to herself when they met.

"Was that what made you give me such a cool reception?" he asked, with cynical good-nature. "Well, you're mistaken; I don't suppose I mind the Hallecks any more than they do me. I'll tell you why I staid. Some people dropped down on Witherby, who were a little out of his line—fashionable people that he had asked to let him know if they ever came to Boston; and when they did come and let him know he didn't know what to do about it, and he called on me to help him out. I've been almost boarding with Witherby for the last three days; and I've been barouching round all over the moral vine-yard with his friends: out to Mount Auburn and the Washington Elm and Bunker Hill and Brookline and the Art Museum and Lexington; we've been down the harbor, and we haven't left a monumental stone unturned. They were going north, and they came down here with me; and I got them to stop over a day for the picnic."

"You got them to stop over for the picnic? Why, *I* don't want anybody but ourselves, Bartley! This spoils everything."

"The Hallecks are not ourselves," said Bartley. "And these are jolly people; they'll help to make it go off."

"Who are they?" asked Marcia, with provisional self-control.

"Oh, some people that Witherby met in Portland at Willett's, who used to have the logging camp out here."

"That Montreal woman!" cried Marcia, with fatal divination.

Bartley laughed.

"Yes, Mrs. Macallister and her husband. She's a regular case. She'll amuse you."

Marcia's passionate eyes blazed.

"She shall never come to my picnic in the world!"

"No?" Bartley looked at her in a certain way. "She shall come to mine, then. There will be two picnics. The more the merrier."

Marcia gasped, as if she felt the clutch, in which her husband had her, tightening on her heart. She saw that she could only carry her point against him at the cost of disgraceful division before the Hallecks, for which he would not care in the least. She moved her head a little from side to side, like one that breathes a stifling air. "Oh, let her come," she said quietly, at last.

"Now you're talking business," said Bartley. "I haven't forgotten the little snub Mrs. Macallister gave me, and you'll see me pay her off."

Marcia made no answer, but went down stairs to put what face she could upon the matter to Olive, whom she had left alone in the parlor, while she ran up with Bartley immediately upon his arrival to demand an explanation of him. In her wrathful haste she had forgotten to kiss him, and she now remembered that he had not looked at the baby, which she had all the time had in her arms.

The picnic was to be in a pretty glen three or four miles north of the village, where there was shade on a bit of level green, and a spring bubbling out of a fern-hung bluff: from which you looked down the glen over a stretch of the river. Marcia had planned that they were to drive thither in a four-seated carryall, but the addition of Bartley's guests disarranged this.

"There's only one way," said Mrs. Macallister, who had driven up with her husband from the hotel to the Squire's house in a buggy. "Mr. Halleck tells me he doesn't know how to drive, and me husband doesn't know the way. Mr. Hubbard must get in here with me, and you must take Mr. Macallister in your party." She looked authoritatively at the others.

"First-rate!" cried Bartley, climbing to the seat which Mr. Macallister left vacant. "We'll lead the way."

Those who followed had difficulty in keeping their buggy in sight. Sometimes Bartley stopped long enough for them to come up, and then, after a word or two of gay banter, was off again.

They had taken possession of the picnic grounds, and Mrs. Macallister was disposing shawls for rugs and drapery, while Bartley, who had got the horse out, and tethered where he could graze, was pushing the buggy out of the way by the shafts when the carryall came up.

"Don't we look quite domestic?" she asked of the arriving company, in her neat English tone, and her rising English inflection. "You know I like this," she added, singling Halleck out for her remark, and making it as if it were brilliant. "I like being out of doors, don't you know. But there's one thing I don't like: we weren't able to get a drop of champagne at that ridiculous hotel. They told us they were not allowed to keep 'intoxicating liquors.' Now I call that jolly stupid, you know. I don't know whatever we shall do if you haven't brought something."

"I believe this is a famous spring," said Halleck.

"How droll you are! Spring, indeed!" cried Mrs. Macallister. "Is *that* the way you let your brother make game of people, Miss Halleck?" She directed a good deal of her rattle at Olive; she scarcely spoke to Marcia, but she was nevertheless furtively observant of her. Mr. Macallister had his rattle, too, which after trying it unsatisfactorily upon Marcia he plied almost exclusively for Olive. He made puns; he asked conundrums; he had all the accomplishments which keep people going in a lively, unintellectual, colonial society; and he had the idea that he must pay attentions and promote repartee. His wife and he played into each other's hands in their *jeux d'esprit;* and kept Olive's inquiring Boston mind at work in the vain endeavor to account for and to place them socially. Bartley hung about Mrs. Macallister, and was nearly as obedient as her husband. He felt that the Hallecks disapproved his behavior, and that made him enjoy it; he was almost rudely negligent of Olive.

The composition of the party left Marcia and Halleck necessarily to each other, and she accepted this arrangement in a sort of passive seriousness; but Halleck saw that her thoughts wandered from her talk with him, and that her eyes were always turning with painful anxiety to Bartley. After their lunch, which left them with the whole afternoon before them, Marcia said, in a timid effort to resume her best leadership of the affair:

"Bartley, don't you think they would like to see the view from the Devil's Backbone?"

"Would you like to see the view from the Devil's Backbone?" he asked in turn of Mrs. Macallister.

"And *what* is the Devil's Backbone?" she inquired.

"It's a ridge of rocks on the bluff above here," said Bartley, nodding his head vaguely toward the bank.

"And *how* do you get to it?" asked Mrs. Macallister, pointing her pretty chin at him in lifting her head to look.

"Walk."

"Thanks; then I shall try to be satisfied with me own backbone," said Mrs. Macallister, who had that freedom in alluding to her anatomy which marks the superior civilization of Great Britain and its colonial dependencies.

"Carry you," suggested Bartley.

"I dare say you'd be very sure-footed; but I'd quite enough of donkeys in the hills at home."

Bartley roared with the resolution of a man who will enjoy a joke at his own expense.

Marcia turned away, and referred her invitation with a glance to Olive.

"I don't believe Miss Halleck wants to go," said Mr. Macallister.

"I couldn't," said Olive, regretfully. "I've neither the feet nor the head for climbing over high rocky places."

Marcia was about to sink down on the grass again, from which she had risen in the hopes that her proposition would succeed, when Bartley called out:

"Why don't you show Ben the Devil's Backbone? The view is worth seeing, Halleck."

"Would you like to go?" asked Marcia, listlessly.

"Yes, I should, very much," said Halleck, scrambling to his feet, "if it wont tire you too much?"

"Oh, no," said Marcia, gently, and led the way. She kept ahead of him in the climb, as she easily could, and she answered briefly to all he said. When they arrived at the top, "There is the view," she said coldly. She waved her hand toward the valley; she made a sound in her throat as if she would speak again, but her voice died in one broken sob.

Halleck stood with downcast eyes and trembled. He durst not look at her, not for what he should see in her face, but for what she should see in his: the anguish of intelligence, the helpless pity. He beat the rock at his feet with the ferule of his stick, and could not lift his head again. When he did, she stood turned from him and drying her eyes on her handkerchief. Their looks met, and she trusted her self-betrayal to him without any attempt at excuse or explanation.

"I will send Hubbard up to help you down," said Halleck.

"Well," she answered, sadly.

He clambered down the side of the bluff, and Bartley started to his feet in guilty alarm when he saw him approach. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. But I think you had better help Mrs. Hubbard down the bluff."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Macallister, "A panic! How interesting!"

Halleck did not respond. He threw himself on the grass, and left her to change or pursue the subject as she liked. Bartley showed more *savoir-faire* when he came back with Marcia, after an absence long enough to let her remove the traces of her tears.

"Pretty rough on your game foot, Halleck. But Marcia had got it into her head that it wasn't safe to trust you to help her down, even after you had helped her up."

"Ben," said Olive, when they were seated in the train the next day, "why *did* you send Marcia's husband up there to her?" She had the effect of not having rested till she could ask him.

"She was crying," he answered.

"What do you suppose could have been the matter?"

"What you do: she was miserable about his coquetting with that woman."

"Yes. I could see that she hated terribly to have her come; and that she felt put down by her all the time. What kind of person *is* Mrs. Macallister?"

"Oh, a fool," replied Halleck. "All flirts are fools."

"I think she's more wicked than foolish."

"Oh, no, flirts are better than they seem—perhaps because men are better than flirts think. But they make misery just the same."

"Yes," sighed Olive. "Poor Marcia, poor Marcia! But I suppose that if it were not Mrs. Macallister it would be some one else."

"Given Bartley Hubbard,—yes."

"And given Marcia. Well,—I don't like being mixed up with other people's unhappiness, Ben. It's dangerous."

"I don't like it either. But you can't very well keep out of people's unhappiness in this world."

"No," assented Olive, ruefully.

The talk fell, and Halleck attempted to read a newspaper, while Olive looked out of the window. She presently turned to him.

"Did you ever fancy any resemblance between Mrs. Hubbard and the photograph of that girl we used to joke about—your lost love?"

"Yes," said Halleck.

"What's become of it—the photograph? I can't find it any more; I wanted to show it to her, one day."

"I destroyed it. I burnt it the first evening after I had met Mrs. Hubbard. It seemed to me that it wasn't right to keep it."

"Why, you don't think it was *her* photograph!"

"I think it was," said Halleck.

He took up his paper again, and read on till they left the cars.

That evening, when Halleck came to his sister's room to bid her good-night, she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed his plain, common face, in which she saw a heavenly beauty.

"Ben, dear," she said, "if you don't turn out the happiest man in the world, I shall say there's no use in being good!"

"Perhaps you'd better say that after all I wasn't good," he suggested, with a melancholy smile.

"I shall know better," she retorted.

"Why, what's the matter, now?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking. Good-night!"

"Good-night," said Halleck. "You seem to think my room is better than my company, good as I am."

"Yes," she said, laughing, in that breathless way, which means weeping next, with women. Her eyes glistened.

"Well," said Halleck, limping out of the room, "you're quite good-looking with your hair down, Olive."

"All girls are," she answered. She leaned out of her door-way to watch him as he limped down the corridor to his own room. There was something pathetic, something disappointed and weary in the movement of his figure, and when she shut her door, and ran back to her mirror, she could not see the good-looking girl there for her tears.

XXVIII.

"HELLO!" said Bartley, one day after the autumn had brought back all the summer wanderers to the city, "I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays." He had Ricker by the hand, and he pulled him into a door-way to be a little out of the rush on the crowded pavement, while they chatted.

"That's because I can't afford to go to the White Mountains, and swell round at the aristocratic summer resorts like some people," returned Ricker. "I'm a horny-handed son of toil, myself."

"Pshaw!" said Bartley. "Who isn't? I've been here hard at it, except for three days at one time and five at another."

"Well, all I can say is that I saw in the 'Record' personals, that Mr. Hubbard, of the 'Events,' was spending the summer months with his father-in-law, Judge Gaylord, among the spurs of the White Mountains. I supposed you wrote it yourself. You're full of ideas about journalism."

"Oh, come! I wouldn't work that joke any more. Look here, Ricker, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to dine with me."

"Dines people!" said Ricker, in an awe-stricken aside.

"No,—I mean business! You've never seen my kid yet, and you've never seen my house. I want you to come. We've all got back, and we're in nice running order. What day are you disengaged?"

"Let me see," said Ricker, thoughtfully. "So many engagements! Wait! I could squeeze your dinner in some time next month, Hubbard."

"All right. But suppose we say next Sunday. Six is the hour."

"Six? Oh, I can't dine in the middle of the forenoon that way! Make it later!"

"Well, we'll say one P.M., then. I know your dinner hour. We shall expect you."

"Better not, till I come." Bartley knew that this was Ricker's way of accepting, and he said nothing, but he answered his next question with easy joviality. "How are you making it with old Witherby?"

"Oh, hand over hand! Witherby and I were formed for each other. By-by!"

"No, hold on! Why don't you come to the club any more?"

"We-e-ll! The club isn't what it used to be," said Bartley, confidentially.

"Why, of course! It isn't just the thing for a gentleman moving in the select circles of Clover street, as you do; but why not come, sometimes, in the character of distinguished guest, and encourage your humble friends? I was talking with a lot of the fellows about you the other night."

"Were they abusing me?"

"They were speaking the truth about you, and I stopped them. I told them that sort of thing wouldn't do. Why, you're getting fat!"

"You're behind the times, Ricker," said Bartley. "I began to get fat six months ago. I don't wonder the 'Chronicle-Abstract' is running down on your hands. Come round and try my Tivoli on Sunday. That's what gives a man girth, my boy." He tapped Ricker lightly on his hollow waistcoat, and left him with a wave of his hand.

Ricker leaned out of the door-way and followed him down the street with a troubled eye. He had taken stock in Bartley, as the saying is, and his heart misgave him that he should lose on the investment; he could not have sold out to any of their friends for twenty cents on the dollar. Nothing that any one could lay his finger on had happened, and yet there had been a general loss of confidence in that particular stock. Ricker himself

had lost confidence in it, and when he lightly mentioned that talk at the club, with a lot of the fellows, he had a serious wish to get at Bartley some time, and see what it was that was beginning to make people mistrust him. The fellows who liked him at first and wished him well, and believed in his talent, had mostly dropped him. Bartley's associates were now the most raffish set on the press, or the green hands; and something had brought this to pass in less than two years. Ricker had believed that it was Witherby; at the Club he had contended that it was Bartley's association with Witherby that made people doubtful of him. As for those ideas that Bartley had advanced in their discussion of journalism, he had considered it all mere young man's nonsense that Bartley would outgrow. But now, as he looked at Bartley's back, he had his misgivings; it struck him as the back of a degenerate man, and that increasing bulk seemed not to represent an increase of wholesome substance, but a corky, buoyant tissue, materially responsive to some sort of moral dry-rot.

Bartley pushed on to the "Events" office in a blithe humor. Witherby had recently advanced his salary; he was giving him fifty dollars a week now; and Bartley had made himself necessary in more ways than one. He was not only readily serviceable, but since he had volunteered to write those advertising articles for an advance of pay, he was in possession of business facts that could be made very uncomfortable to Witherby in the event of a disagreement. Witherby not only paid him well, but treated him well; he even suffered Bartley to bully him a little, and let him foresee the day when he must be recognized as the real editor of the "Events."

At home everything went on smoothly. The baby was well and growing fast; she was beginning to explode airy bubbles on her pretty lips that a fond superstition might interpret as papa and mamma. She had passed that stage in which a man regards his child with despair; she had passed out of slippery and evasive doughiness into a firm tangibility that made it some pleasure to hold her.

Bartley liked to take her on his lap, to feel the spring of her little legs, as she tried to rise on her feet; he liked to have her stretch out her arms to him from her mother's embrace. The innocent tenderness which he experienced at these moments, was satisfactory proof to him that he was a very good fellow, if not a good man. When he spent an evening at home, with Flavia in his lap for half an hour after dinner, he felt so domestic that he seemed to himself to be spending all his evenings at home now. Once or twice it had happened, when the house-maid was out, that he went to the door with the baby on his arm, and answered the ring of Olive and Ben Halleck, or of Olive and one or both of the intermediary sisters.

The Hallecks were the only people at all apt to call in the evening, and Bartley ran so little chance of meeting any one else, when he opened the door with Flavia on his arm, that probably he would not have thought it worth while to put her down, even if he had not rather enjoyed meeting them in that domestic phase. He had not only long felt how intensely Olive disliked him, but he had observed that somehow it embarrassed Ben Halleck to see him in his character of devoted young father. At those times he used to rally his old friend upon getting married, and laughed at the confusion to which the joke put him. He said more than once afterward that he did not see what fun Ben Halleck got out of coming there; it must bore even such a dull fellow as he was to sit a whole evening like that and not say twenty words. "Perhaps he's livelier when I'm not here, though," he suggested. "I always did seem to throw a wet blanket on Ben Halleck." He did not at all begrudge Halleck's having a better time in his absence if he could.

One night when the bell rung Bartley rose, and saying, "I wonder which of the tribe it is this time," went to the door. But when he opened it, instead of hearing the well-known voices, Marcia listened through a hesitating silence, which ended in a loud laugh from without, and a cry from her husband of "Well, I swear! Why, you infamous old scoundrel, come in out of the wet!" There ensued, amidst Bartley's voluble greetings, a noise of shy shuffling about in the hall, as of a man not perfectly master of his footing under social pressure, a sound of husky, embarrassed whispering, a dispute about doffing an overcoat, and question as to the disposition of a hat, and then Bartley re-appeared, driving before him the lank, long figure of a man who blinked in the flash of gaslight, as Bartley turned it all up in the chandelier overhead, and rubbed his immense hands in cruel embarrassment at the beauty of Marcia, set like a jewel in the pretty comfort of the little parlor.

"Mr. Kinney, Mrs. Hubbard," said Bartley, and, having accomplished the introduction, he hit Kinney a thwack between the shoulders with the flat of his hand that drove him stumbling across Marcia's foot-stool into the seat on the sofa to which she had pointed him. "You old fool, where did you come from?"

The refined warmth of Bartley's welcome

seemed to make Kinney feel at home, in spite of his trepidations at Marcia's presence. He bobbed his head forward, and stretched his mouth wide, in one of his vast, silent laughs. "Better ask where I'm goin' to."

"Well, I'll ask that, if it'll be any accommodation. Where you going?"

"Illinois."

"For a divorce?"

"Try again."

"To get married?"

"Maybe, after I've made my pile." Kinney's eyes wandered about the room, and took in its evidences of prosperity, with simple, unenvious admiration; he ended with a furtive glimpse of Marcia, who seemed to be a climax of good-luck too dazzling for contemplation; he withdrew his glance from her as if hurt by her splendor, and became serious.

"Well, you're the *last* man I ever expected to see again," said Bartley, sitting down with the baby in his lap, and contemplating Kinney with deliberation. Kinney was dressed in a long frock coat of cheap diagonals, black cassimere pantaloons, a blue neck-tie, and a celluloid collar. He had evidently had one of his encounters with a cheap clothier, in which the Jew had triumphed; but he had not yet visited a barber, and his hair and beard were as shaggy as they were in the logging camp; his hands and face were as brown as leather. "But I'm as glad," Bartley added, "as if you had telegraphed you were coming. Of course, you're going to put up with us." He had observed Kinney's awe of Marcia, and he added this touch to let Kinney see that he was master in his house, and lord even of that radiant presence.

Kinney started in real distress.

"Oh, no! I couldn't do it! I've got all my things round at the Quincy House."

"Trunk or bag?" asked Bartley.

"Well, it's a bag; but ——"

"All right. We'll step round and get it together. I generally take a little stroll out, after dinner," said Bartley, tranquilly.

Kinney was beginning again when Marcia, who had been stealing some covert looks at him under her eyelashes, while she put together the sewing she was at work on, preparatory to going up-stairs with the baby, joined Bartley in his invitation.

"You wont make us the least trouble, Mr. Kinney," she said. "The guest-chamber is all ready, and we shall be glad to have you stay."

Kinney must have felt the note of sincerity in her words. He hesitated, and Bartley clinched his tacit assent with a quotation:

"'The chief ornament of a house is the guests who frequent it.' Who says that?"

Kinney's little blue eyes twinkled.

"Old Emerson."

"Well, I agree with him. We don't care anything about your company, Kinney; but we want you for decorative purposes."

Kinney opened his mouth for another noiseless laugh, and said:

"Well, fix it to suit yourselves."

"I'll carry her up for you," said Bartley to Marcia, who was stooping forward to take the baby from him, "if Mr. Kinney will excuse us a moment."

"All right," said Kinney.

Bartley ventured upon this bold move, because he had found that it was always best to have things out with Marcia at once, and if she was going to take his hospitality to Kinney in bad part, he wanted to get through the trouble.

"That was very nice of you, Marcia," he said, when they were in their own room. "My invitation rather slipped out, and I didn't know how you would like it."

"Oh, I'm very glad to have him stay. I never forget about his wanting to lend you money that time," said Marcia, opening the baby's crib.

"You're a mighty good fellow, Marcia!" cried Bartley, kissing her over the top of the baby's head as she took it from him. "And I'm not half good enough for you. You never forget a benefit. Nor an injury, either," he added, with a laugh. "And I'm afraid that I forget one about as easily as the other."

Marcia's eyes suffused themselves at this touch of self-analysis which, coming from Bartley, had its sadness; but she said nothing, and he was eager to escape and get back to their guest. He told her he should go out with Kinney, and that she was not to sit up, for they might be out late.

In his pride, he took Kinney down to the "Events" office, and unlocked it, and lit the gas, so as to show him the editorial rooms; and then he passed him into one of the theaters, where they saw part of an Offenbach opera; after that they went to the Parker House and had a New York stew. Kinney said he must be off by the Sunday-night train, and Bartley thought it well to concentrate as many dazzling effects upon him as he could in the single evening at his disposal. He only regretted that it was not the club night, for he would have liked to take Kinney round and show him some of the fellows.

"But never mind," he said. "I'm going to have one of them dine with us to-morrow, and you'll see about the best of the lot."

"Well, sir," observed Kinney, when they had got back into Bartley's parlor, and he was again drinking in its prettiness in the subdued

light of the shaded Argand burner. "I hain't seen anything yet that suits me much better than this."

"It isn't bad," said Bartley. He had got up a plate of crackers and two bottles of Tivoli, and was opening the first. He offered the beaded goblet to Kinney.

"Thank you," said Kinney. "Not any. I never do."

Bartley quaffed half of it in tolerant content.

"I *always* do. Find it takes my nerves down at the end of a hard week's work. Well, now, tell me something about yourself. What are you going to do in Illinois?"

"Well, sir, I've got a friend out there that's got a coal mine, and he thinks he can work me in somehow. I guess he can; I've tried pretty much everything. Why don't you come out there and start a newspaper? We've got a town that's bound to grow."

It amused Bartley to hear Kinney bragging already of a town that he had never seen. He winked a good-natured disdain over the rim of the goblet which he tilted on his lips. "And give up my chances here?" he said, as he set the goblet down.

"Well, that's so!" said Kinney, responding to the sense of the wink. "I'll tell you what, Bartley, I didn't know as you'd speak to me when I rung your bell to-night. But thinks I to myself, 'Dumn it! look here! He can't more'n slam the door in your face, anyway. And you've hankered after him so long—go and take your chances, you old buzzard!' And so I got your address at the 'Events' office pretty early this morning; and I went round all day screwing my courage up, as old Macbeth says—or Ritchloo; *I* don't know which it was—and at last I *did* get myself so that I toed the mark like a little man."

Bartley laughed so that he could hardly get the cork out of the second bottle.

"You see," said Kinney, leaning forward, and taking Bartley's plump, soft knee between his thumb and forefinger, "I felt awfully about the way we parted that night. I felt *bad*. I hadn't acted well, just to my own mind; and it cut me to have you refuse my money; it cut me all the worse because I saw that you was partly right; I *hadn't* been quite fair with you. But I always did admire you, and you know it. Some them little things you used to get off in the old 'Free Press'—well, I could see't you was *smart*. And I liked you; and it kind o' hurt me when I thought you'd been makin' fun o' me to that woman. Well, I could see't I was a dumned old fool, afterward. And I always wanted to tell you so. And I always *did* hope that I should be able to offer you that money again, twice over, and get you to take it just to show that you didn't bear malice." Bartley looked up, with quickened interest. "But I can't do it now, sir," added Kinney.

"Why, what's happened?" asked Bartley, in a disappointed tone, pouring out his second glass from his second bottle.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, with a certain reluctance, "I undertook to provision the camp on spec, last winter, and,—well, you know, I always run a little on food for the brain"—Bartley broke into a reminiscent cackle, and Kinney smiled forlornly,—"and thinks I 'Dumn it, I'll give 'em the real thing, every time.' And I got hold of a health-food circular; and I sent on for a half a dozen barrels of their crackers and half a dozen of their flour, and a lot of cracked cocoa, and I put the camp on a health-food basis. I calculated to bring those fellows out in the spring physically vigorous and mentally enlightened. But my goodness! After the first bakin' o' that flour and the first round o' them crackers it was all up! Fellows got so mad that I suppose if I hadn't gone back to doughnuts and sody biscuits and Japan tea, they'd 'a' burnt the camp down. Of course I yielded. But it ruined me, Bartley; it bu'st me."

Bartley dropped his arms upon the table, and, hiding his face upon them, laughed and laughed again.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, with sad satisfaction, "I'm glad to see that you don't need any money from me." He had been taking another survey of the parlor and the dining-room beyond. "I don't know as I ever saw anybody much better fixed. I should say that you was a success; and you deserve it. You're a smart fellow, Bart, and you're a good fellow. You're a generous fellow." Kinney's voice shook with emotion.

Bartley having lifted his wet and flushed face, managed to say: "Oh, there's nothing mean about *me*, Kinney," as he felt blindly for the beer bottles, which he shook in succession with an evident surprise at finding them empty.

"You've acted like a brother to me, Bartley Hubbard," continued Kinney, "and I shan't forget it in a hurry. I guess it would about broke my heart if you hadn't taken it just the way you did to-night. I should like to see the man that didn't use you well; or the woman, either!" said Kinney, with vague defiance. "Though *they* don't seem to have done so bad by you," he added, in recognition of Marcia's merit. "I should say *that* was the biggest part of your luck. She's a lady, sir, every inch of her. Mighty different stripe from that Montreal woman that cut up so that night."

"Oh, Mrs. Macallister wasn't such a scamp, after all," said Bartley, with magnanimity.

"Well, sir, *you* can say so. I ain't going to be too strict with a *girl;* but I like to see a married woman *act* like a married woman. Now, I don't think you'd catch Mrs. Hubbard flirting with a young fellow the way that woman carried on with you, that night?"

Bartley grinned.

"Well, sir, you're getting along, and you're happy."

"Perfect clam," said Bartley.

"Such a position as you've got—such a house, such a wife, *and* such a baby. Well," said Kinney, rising, "it's a little too much for *me*."

"Want to go to bed?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, I guess I better turn in," returned Kinney, despairingly.

"Show you the way."

Bartley tripped upstairs with Kinney's bag, which they had left standing in the hall, while Kinney creaked carefully after him; and so led the way to the guest chamber, and turned up the gaslight, which had been left burning low.

Kinney stood erect, dwarfing the room, and looked round on the pink chintzing and soft carpet and white coverleted bed and lace-hooded dressing-mirror, with meek veneration.

"Well, I swear!"

He said no more, but sat hopelessly down, and began to pull off his boots.

He was in the same humble mood the next morning, when, having got up inordinately early, he was found trying to fix his mind on a newspaper by Bartley, who came down late to the Sunday breakfast, and led his guest into the dining-room. Marcia, in a bewitching morning-gown, was already there, having put the daintier touches to the meal herself, and the baby in a fresh white dress was there, tied into its arm-chair with a napkin, and beating on the table with a spoon. Bartley's nonchalance amidst all this impressed Kinney with yet more poignant sense of his superiority, and almost deprived him of the powers of speech. When, after breakfast, Bartley took him out to Cambridge on the horse-cars, and showed him the College Buildings and Memorial Hall and the Washington Elm and Mount Auburn, Kinney fell into such a cowed and broken condition that something had to be specially done to put him in repair against Ricker's coming to dinner. Marcia luckily thought of asking him if he would like to see her kitchen. In this region Kinney found himself at home, and praised its neat perfection with professional intelligence. Bartley followed them round with Flavia on his arm, and put in a jocose word here and there, when he saw Kinney about to fall a prey to his respect for Marcia, and so kept him going till Ricker rang. He contrived to give Ricker a hint of the sort of man he had on his hands, and by their joint effort they had Kinney talking about himself at dinner before he knew what he was about. He could not help talking well upon this theme, and he had them so vividly interested, as he poured out adventure after adventure in his strange career, that Bartley began to be proud of him.

"Well, sir," said Ricker, when he came to a pause, "you've lived a romance."

"Yes," replied Kinney, looking at Bartley for his approval, "and I've always thought that if I ever got run clean ashore, high and dry, I'd make a stagger to write it out and do something with it. Do you suppose I could?"

"I promise to take it for the Sunday edition of the 'Chronicle-Abstract,' whenever you get it ready," said Ricker.

Bartley laid his hand on his friend's arm.

"It's bought up, old fellow. That narrative—'Confessions of an Average American'—belongs to the 'Events.'"

They had their laugh at this, and then Ricker said to Kinney:

"But look here, my friend! What's to prevent our interviewing you on this little personal history of yours, and using your material any way we like? It seems to me that you've put your head in the lion's mouth."

"Oh, I'm amongst gentlemen," said Kinney, with an innocent swagger. "I understand that."

"Well, I don't know about it," said Ricker. "Hubbard, here, is used to all sorts of hard names; but I've never had that epithet applied to me before."

Kinney doubled himself up over the side of his chair in recognition of Ricker's joke; and when Bartley rose and asked him if he would come into the parlor and have a cigar, he said, with a wink, no, he guessed he would stay with the ladies. He waited with great mystery till the folding-door were closed and Bartley had stopped peeping through the crevice between them, and then he began to disengage from his watch-chain the golden nugget, shaped to a rude sphere, which hung there. This done, he asked if he might put it on the little necklace—a christening gift from Mrs. Halleck—which the baby had on, to see how it looked. It looked very well, like an old Roman *bolla*, though neither Kinney nor Marcia knew it.

"Guess we'll let it stay there," he suggested, timidly.

"Mr. Kinney!" cried Marcia, in amaze, "I can't let you!"

"Oh, *do* now, ma'am!" pleaded the big

fellow, simply. "If you knew how much good it does me, you would. Why, it's been like heaven to me to get into such a home as this, for a day; it has indeed."

"Like heaven?" said Marcia, turning pale. "Oh, my!"

"Well, I don't mean any harm. What I mean is, I've knocked about the world so much, and never had any home of my own, that to see folks as happy as you be makes me happier than I've been since I don't know when. Now, you let it stay. It was the first piece of gold I picked up in Californy when I went out there in '50, and it's about the last; I didn't have very good luck. Well, of course! I know I aint fit to give it; but I want to do it. I think Bartley's about the greatest fellow, and he's the best fellow this world can show. That's the way I feel about him. And I want to do it. Sho! the thing wa'n't no use to me!"

Marcia always gave her maid of all work Sunday afternoon, and she would not trespass upon her rule because she had guests that day. Except for the confusion to which Kinney's unexpected gift had put her, she would have waited for him to join the others before she began to clear away the dinner; but now she mechanically began, and Kinney, to whom these domestic occupations were a second nature, joined her in the work, equally absent-minded in the fervor of his petition.

Bartley suddenly flung open the doors. "My dear, Mr. Ricker says he must be go——" He discovered Marcia with the dish of potatoes in her hand, and Kinney in the act of carrying off the platter of turkey. "Look here, Ricker!"

Kinney came to himself, and opening his mouth above the platter, wide enough to swallow the remains of the turkey, slapped his leg with the hand that he released for the purpose, and shouted, "The ruling passion, Bartley, the ruling passion!"

The men roared; but Marcia, even while she took in the situation, did not see anything so ridiculous in it as they. She smiled a little in sympathy with their mirth, and then said, with a look and tone which he had not seen or heard in her since the day of their picnic at Equity, "Come, see what Mr. Kinney has given baby, Bartley."

They sat up talking Kinney over after he was gone; but even at ten o'clock Bartley said he should not go to bed; he felt like writing.

XXIX.

Bartley lived well, now. He felt that he could afford it, on fifty dollars a week; and yet somehow he had always a sheaf of unpaid bills on hand. Rent was so much, the butcher so much, the grocer so much; these were the great outlays, and he knew just what they were; but the sum total was always much larger than he expected. At a pinch, he borrowed; but he did not let Marcia know of this, for she would have starved herself to pay the debt; what was worse, she would have wished him to starve with her. He kept the purse and he kept the accounts; he was master in his house, and he meant to be so.

The pinch always seemed to come in the matter of clothes, and then Marcia gave up whatever she wanted, and said she must make the old things do. Bartley hated this; in his position he must dress well, and as there was nothing mean about him, he wished Marcia to dress well too. Just at this time he had set his heart on her having a certain sacque which they had noticed in a certain window one day when they were on Washington Street together. He surprised her a week later by bringing the sacque home to her, and he surprised himself with a sealskin cap which he had long coveted: it was coming winter, now, and for half a dozen days of the season he would really need the cap. There would be many days when it would be comfortable, and many others when it would be tolerable; and he looked so handsome in it that Marcia herself could not quite feel that it was an extravagance. She asked him how they could afford both of the things at once, but he answered with easy mystery that he had provided the funds; and she went gaily round with him to call on the Hallecks that evening and show off her sacque. It was so stylish and pretty that it won her a compliment from Ben Halleck, which she noticed because it was the first compliment, or anything like it, that he had ever paid her. She repeated it to Bartley. "He said that I looked like a Hungarian Princess that he saw in Vienna."

"Well, I suppose it has a hussar kind of look, with that fur trimming and that broad braid. Did anybody say anything about my cap?" asked Bartley with burlesque eagerness.

"Oh, poor Bartley!" she cried in laughing triumph. "I don't believe any of them noticed it; and you kept twirling it round in your hands all the time to make them look."

"Yes, I did my level best," said Bartley.

They had a jolly time about that. Marcia was proud of her sacque; when she took it off and held it up by the loop in the neck, so as to realize its prettiness, she said she should make it last three winters at least; and she leaned over and gave Bartley a sweet kiss of gratitude and affection, and told him not to try to

make up for it by extra work, but to help her scrimp for it.

"I'd rather do the extra work," he protested. In fact he already had the extra work done. It was something that he felt he had the right to sell outside of the "Events," and he carried his manuscript to Ricker and offered it to him for his Sunday edition.

Ricker read the title and ran his eye down the first slip, and then glanced quickly at Hubbard. "You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said Bartley. "Why not?"

"I thought he was going to use the material himself some time."

Bartley laughed. "He use the material! Why he can't write, any more than a hen; he can make tracks on paper, but nobody would print 'em, much less buy 'em. I know him; he's all right. It wouldn't hurt the material for his purpose, any way; and he'll be tickled to death when he sees it, if he ever does. Look here, Ricker!" added Bartley, with a touch of anger at the hesitation in his friend's face, "if you're going to spring any conscientious scruples on me, I prefer to offer my manuscript elsewhere. I give you the first chance at it; but it needn't go begging. Do you suppose I'd do this if I didn't understand the man and know just how he'd take it?"

"Why, of course, Hubbard! I beg your pardon. If you say it's all right I'm bound to be satisfied. What do you want for it?"

"Fifty dollars."

"That's a good deal, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. But I can't afford to do a dishonorable thing for less money," said Bartley with a wink.

The next Sunday, when Marcia came home from church, she went into the parlor a moment to speak to Bartley, before she ran upstairs to the baby. He was writing, and she put her left hand on his back while with her right she held her sacque slung over her shoulder by the loop, and leaned forward with a wandering eye on the papers that strewed the table. In that attitude he felt her pause and grow absorbed, and then rigid; her light caress tightened into a grip. "Why how base! How shameful! That man shall never enter my doors again! Why, it's stealing!"

"What's the matter? What are you talking about?" Bartley looked up with a frown of preparation.

"This!" cried Marcia, snatching up the "Chronicle-Abstract" at which she had been looking. "Haven't you seen it? Here's Mr. Kinney's life all written out! And when he said that he was going to keep it, and write it out himself. That thief has stolen it!"

"Look out how you talk," said Bartley. "Kinney's an old fool, and he never could have written it out in the world ——"

"That makes no difference. He said that he told the things because he knew he was among gentlemen. A great gentleman Mr. Ricker is! And I thought he was so nice!" The tears sprang to her eyes, which flashed again. "I want you to break off with him, Bartley; I don't want you to have anything to do with such a *thief!* And I shall be proud to tell everybody that you've broken off with him *because* he was a thief. Oh, Bartley——"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted her husband.

"I *wont* hold my tongue! And if you defend ——"

"Don't you say a word against Ricker. It's all right, I tell you. You don't understand such things. You don't know what you're talking about. I—I—I wrote the thing myself."

He could face her, but she could not face him. There was a subsidence in her proud attitude, as if her physical strength had snapped with her breaking spirit.

"There's no theft about it," Bartley went on. "Kinney would never write it out, and if he did, I've put the material in better shape for him here than he could ever have given it. Six weeks from now nobody will remember a word of it; and he could tell the same things right over again, and they would be just good as new." He went on to argue the point.

She seemed not to have listened to him. When he stopped, she said in a quiet, passionless voice:

"I suppose you wrote it to get money for this sacque."

"Yes; I did," replied Bartley.

She dropped it on the floor at his feet.

"I shall never wear it again," she said in the same tone, and a little sigh escaped her.

"Use your pleasure about that," said Bartley, sitting down to his writing again, as she turned and left the room.

She went upstairs and came down immediately, with the gold nugget, which she had wrenched from the baby's necklace, and laid it on the paper before him.

"Perhaps you would like to spend it for Tivoli beer," she suggested. "Flavia shall not wear it."

"I'll get it fitted on to my watch-chain." Bartley slipped it into his waistcoat pocket.

The sacque still lay on the floor at his feet; he pulled his chair a little forward and put his feet on it. He feigned to write awhile longer, and then he folded up his papers and went out, leaving Marcia to make her Sunday dinner alone. When he came home

late at night, he found the sacque where she had dropped it, and with a curse he picked it up and hung it on the hat-rack in the hall.

He slept in the guest-chamber, and at times during the night the child cried in Marcia's room and waked him; and then he thought he heard a sound of sobbing which was not the child's. In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, Marcia met him with swollen eyes.

"Bartley," she said tremulously, "I wish you would tell me how you felt justified in writing out Mr. Kinney's life in that way."

"My dear," said Bartley, with perfect amiability, for he had slept off his anger, and he really felt sorry to see her so unhappy, "I would tell you almost anything you want on any other subject; but I think we had better remand that one to the safety of silence, and go upon the general supposition that I know what I'm about."

"I can't, Bartley!"

"Can't you? Well, that's a pity." He pulled his chair to the breakfast-table. "It seems to me that girl's imagination always fails her on Mondays. Can she never give us anything but hash and corn-bread when she's going to wash? However, the coffee's good. I suppose *you* made it?"

"Bartley!" persisted Marcia, "I want to believe in everything you do—I want to be proud of it——"

"That will be difficult," suggested Bartley, with an air of thoughtful impartiality, "for the wife of a newspaper man."

"No, no! It needn't be! It mustn't be! If you will only tell me——"

She stopped, as if she feared to repeat her offense.

Bartley leaned back in his chair and looked at her intense face with a smile.

"Tell you that in some way I had Kinney's authority to use his facts? Well, I should have done that yesterday if you had let me. In the first place, Kinney's the most helpless ass in the world. He could never have used his own facts. In the second place, there was hardly anything in his rigmarole the other day that he hadn't told me down there in the lumber camp, with full authority to use it in any way I liked; and I don't see how he could revoke that authority. That's the way I reasoned about it."

"I see—I see!" said Marcia, with humble eagerness.

"Well, that's all there is about it. What I've done can't hurt Kinney. If he ever does want to write his old facts out, he'll be glad to take my report of them, and—spoil it," said Bartley, ending with a laugh.

"And if—if there had been anything wrong about it," said Marcia, anxious to justify him to herself, "Mr. Ricker would have told you so when you offered him the article."

"I don't think Mr. Ricker would have ventured on any impertinence with me," said Bartley, with grandeur. But he lapsed into his wonted, easy way of taking everything. "What are you driving at, Marsh? I don't care particularly for what happened yesterday. We've had rows enough before, and I dare say we shall have them again. You gave me a bad quarter of an hour, and you gave yourself"—he looked at her tear-stained eyes—"a bad night, apparently. That's all there is about it."

"Oh, no, that isn't all! It isn't like the other quarrels we've had. When I think how I've felt toward you ever since, it *scares* me. There can't be anything sacred in our marriage unless we trust each other in everything."

"Well, *I* haven't done any of the mistrusting," said Bartley, with humorous lightness. "But isn't sacred rather a strong word to use in regard to our marriage, anyway?"

"Why—why—what do you mean, Bartley? We were married by a minister."

"Well, yes, by what was left of one," said Bartley. "He couldn't seem to shake himself together sufficiently to ask for the proof that we had declared our intention to get married."

Marcia looked mystified.

"Don't you remember his saying there was something else, and my suggesting to him that it was the fee?"

Marcia turned white.

"Father said the certificate was all right ——"

"Oh, he asked to see it, did he? He is a prudent old gentleman. Well, it is all right."

"And what difference did it make about our not proving that we had declared our intention?" asked Marcia, as if only partly reassured.

"No difference to us; and only a difference of sixty dollars fine to him, if it was ever found out."

"And you let the poor old man run that risk?"

"Well, you see, it couldn't be helped. We hadn't declared our intention, and the lady seemed very anxious to be married. You needn't be troubled. We are married, right and tight enough; but I don't know that there's anything *sacred* about it."

"No," Marcia wailed out, "it's tainted with fraud from the beginning."

"If you like to say so," Bartley assented, putting his napkin into its ring.

Marcia hid her face in her arms on the table; the baby left off drumming with its spoon, and began to cry.

Witherby was reading the Sunday edition of the "Chronicle-Abstract" when Bartley got down to the "Events" office; and he cleared his throat with a premonitory cough as his assistant swung easily into the room. "Good-morning, Mr. Hubbard," he said. "There is quite an interesting article in yesterday's 'Chronicle-Abstract.' Have you seen it?"

"Yes," said Bartley. "What article?"

"This 'Confessions of an Average American.'" Witherby held out the paper, where Bartley's article, vividly head-lined and sub-headed, filled half a page. "What is the reason *we* cannot have something of this kind?"

"Well, I don't know," Bartley began.

"Have you any idea who wrote this?"

"Oh, yes, I wrote it."

Witherby had the task before him of transmuting an expression of rather low cunning into one of wounded confidence, mingled with high-minded surprise. "I thought it had your ear-marks, Mr. Hubbard; but I preferred not to believe it till I heard the fact from your own lips. I supposed that our contract covered such contributions as this."

"I wrote it out of time, and on Sunday night. You pay me by the week, and all that I do throughout the week belongs to you. The next day after that Sunday I did a full day's work on the 'Events.' I don't see what you have to complain of. You told me when I began that you would not expect more than a certain amount of work from me. Have I ever done less?"

"No, but——"

"Haven't I always done more?"

"Yes; I have never complained of the amount of work. But upon this theory of yours, what you did in your summer vacation would not belong to the 'Events,' or what you did on legal holidays."

"I never have any summer vacation or holidays, legal or illegal. Even when I was down at Equity last summer I sent you something for the paper every day."

This was true, and Witherby could not gainsay it. "Very well, sir. If this is to be your interpretation of our understanding for the future, I shall wish to revise our contract," he said, pompously.

"You can tear it up if you like," returned Bartley. "I dare say Ricker would jump at a little study of the true inwardness of counting-room journalism. Unless you insist upon having it for the 'Events.'" Bartley gave a chuckle of enjoyment as he sat down at his desk; Witherby rose and stalked away.

He returned in half an hour and said, with an air of frank concession, touched with personal grief: "Mr. Hubbard, I can see how, from your point of view, you were perfectly justifiable in selling your article to the 'Chronicle-Abstract.' My point of view is different, but I shall not insist upon it; and I wish to withdraw—and—and apologize for—any hasty expressions I may have used."

"All right," said Bartley, with a wicked grin. He had triumphed; but his triumph was one to leave some men with an uneasy feeling, and there was not altogether a pleasant taste in Bartley's mouth. After that his position in the "Events" office was whatever he choose to make it, but he did not abuse his ascendency, and he even made a point of increased deference toward Witherby. Many courtesies passed between them; each took some trouble to show the other that he had no ill feeling.

Three or four weeks later Bartley received a letter with an Illinois postmark which gave him a disagreeable sensation, at first, for he knew it must be from Kinney. But the letter was so amusingly characteristic, so helplessly ill-spelled and ill-constructed, that he could not help laughing. Kinney gave an account of his travels to the mining town, and of his present situation and future prospects; he was full of affectionate messages and inquiries for Bartley's family, and he said he should never forget that Sunday he had passed with them. In a postscript he added: "They copied that String of lies into our paper, here, out of the 'Chron.-Ab.' It was pretty well done, but if your friend Mr. Ricker done it, I'me not goen to Insult him soon again by calling him a gentleman."

This laconic reference to the matter in a postscript was delicious to Bartley; he seemed to hear Kinney saying the words, and imagined his air of ineffective sarcasm. He carried the letter about with him, and the first time he saw Ricker he showed it to him. Ricker read it without appearing greatly diverted; when he came to the postscript he flushed, and demanded, "What have you done about it?"

"Oh, I haven't done anything. It wasn't necessary. You see, now, what Kinney could have done with his facts if we had left them to him. It would have been a wicked waste of material. I thought the sight of some of his literature would help you wash up your uncleanly scruples on that point."

"How long have you had this letter?" pursued Ricker.

"*I* don't know. A week or ten days."

Ricker folded it up and returned it to him. "Mr. Hubbard," he said, "the next time we meet will you do me the favor to cut my acquaintance?"

Bartley stared at him; he thought he must be joking. "Why, Ricker, what's the matter? I didn't suppose you'd care anything about old Kinney. I thought it would amuse you. Why confound it! I'd just as soon write out and tell him that I did the thing." He began to be angry. "But I can cut your acquaintance fast enough, or any man's, if you're really on your ear!"

"I'm on my ear," said Ricker. He left Bartley standing where they had met.

It was peculiarly unfortunate, for Bartley had occasion within that week to ask Ricker's advice, and he was debarred from doing so by this absurd displeasure. Since their recent perfect understanding, Witherby had slighted no opportunity to cement their friendship, and to attach Bartley more and more firmly to the "Events." He now offered him some of the "Events" stock on extremely advantageous terms, with the avowed purpose of attaching him to the paper. There seemed nothing covert in this, and Bartley had never heard any doubts of the prosperity of the "Events," but he would have especially liked to have Ricker's mind upon this offer of stock. Witherby had urged him not to pay for the whole outright, but to accept a somewhat lower salary, and trust to his dividends to make up the difference. The shares had paid fifteen per cent. the year before, and Bartley could judge for himself of the present chances from that showing. Witherby advised him to borrow only fifteen hundred dollars on the three thousand of stock which he offered him, and to pay up the balance in three years by dropping five hundred a year from his salary. It was certainly a flattering proposal; and, under his breath, where Bartley still did most of his blaspheming, he cursed Ricker for an old fool; and resolved to close with Witherby on his own responsibility. After he had done so he told Marcia of the step he had taken.

Since their last quarrel there had been an alienation in her behavior toward him, different from any former resentment. She was submissive and quiescent; she looked carefully after his comfort, and was perfect in her housekeeping; but she held aloof from him somehow, and left him to a solitude in her presence, in which he fancied, if he did not divine, her contempt. But in this matter of common interest, something of their community of feeling revived; they met on a lower level, but they met, for the moment, and Marcia joined eagerly in the discussion of ways and means.

The notion of dropping five hundred from his salary delighted her, because they must now cut down their expenses as much; and she had long grieved over their expenses without being able to make Bartley agree to their reduction. She went upstairs at once and gave the little nurse-maid a week's warning; she told the maid-of-all-work that she must take three dollars a week hereafter, instead of four, or else find another place; she mentally forewent new spring dresses for herself and the baby, and arranged to do herself all of the wash she had been putting out; she put a note in the mouth of the can at the back-door, telling the milkman to leave only two quarts in future; and she came radiantly back to tell Bartley that she had saved half of the lost five hundred a year already. But her countenance fell. "Why, where are you to get the other fifteen hundred dollars, Bartley?"

"Oh, I've thought of that," said Bartley, laughing at her swift alternations of triumph and despair. "You trust to me for that."

"You're not—not going to ask father for it?" she faltered.

"Not very much," said Bartley, as he took his hat to go out.

He meant to make a raise out of Ben Halleck, as he phrased it to himself. He knew that Halleck had plenty of money; he could make the stock itself over to him as security; he did not see why Halleck should hesitate. But when he entered Halleck's room, having asked Cyrus to show him directly there, Halleck gave a start which seemed ominous to Bartley. He had scarcely the heart to open his business, and Halleck listened with changing color, and something only too like the embarrassment of a man who intends a refusal. He would not look Bartley in the face, and when Bartley had made an end he sat for a time without speaking. At last he said, with a quick sigh, as if at the close of an internal conflict: "I will lend you the money!"

Bartley's heart gave a bound, and he broke out into an immense laugh of relief, and clapped Halleck on the shoulder. "You looked deucedly as if you *wouldn't*, old man! By George, you had on such a dismal, hang-dog expression that I didn't know but *you'd* come to borrow money of *me*, and I'd made up my mind not to let you have it! But I'm everlastingly obliged to you, Halleck, and I promise you that you won't regret it."

"I shall have to speak to my father about this," said Halleck, responding coldly to Bartley's robust pressure of his hand.

"Of course—of course."

"How soon shall you want the money?"

"Well, the sooner the better, now. Bring the check round,—can't you?—to-morrow night, and take dinner with us, you and Olive;

and we'll celebrate a little. I know it will please Marcia when she finds out who my hard-hearted creditor is!"

"Well," assented Halleck, with a smile so ghastly that Bartley noticed it even in his joy.

"Curse me," he said to himself, "if ever I saw a man so ashamed of doing a good action!"

XXX.

THE presidential canvas of the summer which followed upon these events in Bartley's career was not very active. Sometimes, in fact, it languished so much that people almost forgot it, and a good field was afforded the "Events" for the practice of independent journalism. To hold a course of strict impartiality, and yet come out on the winning side, was a theory of independent journalism which Bartley illustrated with cynical enjoyment. He developed into something rather artistic the gift which he had always shown in his newspaper work for ironical persiflage. Witherby was not a man to feel this burlesque himself; but when it was pointed out to him by others, he came to Bartley in some alarm for its effect upon the fortunes of the paper. "We can't afford, Mr. Hubbard," he said, with virtuous trepidation, "we can't *afford* to make fun of our friends!"

Bartley laughed at Witherby's anxiety. "They're no more our friends than the other fellows are. We are independent journalists; and this way of treating the thing leaves us perfectly free hereafter to claim, just as we choose, that we were in fun or in earnest on any particular question if we're ever attacked. See?"

"I see," said Witherby, with not wholly subdued misgiving. But after due time for conviction no man enjoyed Bartley's irony more than Witherby when once he had mastered an instance of it. Sometimes it happened that Bartley found him chuckling over a perfectly serious paragraph, but he did not mind that; he enjoyed Witherby's mistake even more than his appreciation.

In these days Bartley was in almost uninterrupted good humor, as he had always expected to be when he became fairly prosperous. He was at no time an unamiable fellow, as he saw it; he had his sulks, he had his moments of anger; but generally he felt good, and he had always believed, and he had promised Marcia, that when he got squarely on his legs he should feel good perpetually. This sensation he now agreeably realized; and he was also now in that position in which he had proposed to himself some little moral reforms. He was not much in the habit of taking stock; but no man wholly escapes the contingencies in which he is confronted with himself and sees certain habits, traits, tendencies, which he would like to change for the sake of his peace of mind hereafter. To some souls these contingencies are full of anguish, of remorse for the past, of despair; but Bartley had never yet seen the time when he did not feel himself perfectly able to turn over a new leaf and blot the old one. There were not many things in his life which he really cared to have very different; but there were two or three shady little corners which he always intended to clean up. He had meant some time or other to have a religious belief of some sort, he did not much care what; since Marcia had taken to the Hallecks' church, he did no see why he should not go with her, though he had never yet done so. He was not quite sure whether he was always as candid with her as he might be, or as kind; though he maintained against this question that in all their quarrels it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. He had never been tipsy but once in his life, and he considered that he had repented and atoned for that enough, especially as nothing had ever come of it; but sometimes he thought he might be overdoing the beer; yes, he thought he must cut down on the Tivoli; he was getting ridiculously fat. If ever he met Kinney again he should tell him that it was he and not Ricker who had appropriated his facts; and he intended to make it up with Ricker somehow.

He had not found just the opportunity yet; but in the meantime he did not mind telling the real cause of their alienation to good fellows who could enjoy a joke. He had his following, though so many of his brother journalists had cooled toward him, and those of his following considered him as smart as chain-lightning and bound to rise. These young men and not very wise elders roared over Bartley's frank declaration of the situation between himself and Ricker, and they contended that if Ricker had taken the article for the "Chronicle-Abstract" he ought to take the consequences. Bartley told them that of course he should explain the facts to Kinney; but that he meant to let Ricker enjoy his virtuous indignation a while. Once, after a confidence of this kind at the club, where Ricker had refused to speak to him, he came away with a curious sense of moral decay. It did not pain him a great deal, but it certainly surprised him that now with all these prosperous conditions, so favorable for cleaning up,

he had so little disposition to clean up. He found himself quite willing to let the affair with Ricker go, and he suspected that he had been needlessly virtuous in his intentions concerning church-going and beer. As to Marcia, it appeared to him that he could not treat a woman of her disposition otherwise than as he did. At any rate, if he had not done everything he could to make her happy she seemed to be getting along well enough, and was probably quite as happy as she deserved to be. They were getting on very quietly now; there had been no violent outbreak on her part since the trouble about Kinney, and then she had practically confessed herself in the wrong, as Bartley looked at it. At last, there was now what might be called a perfect business amity between them. If her life with him was no longer an expression of that intense devotion which she used to show him, it was more like what married life generally comes to, and he accepted her tractability and what seemed her common-sense view of their relations as greatly preferable. With his growth in flesh, Bartley liked peace more and more.

Marcia had consented to go down to Equity alone, that summer, for he had convinced her that during a heated political contest it would not do for him to be away from the paper. He promised to go down for her when she wished to come home; and it was easily arranged for her to travel as far as the Junction under Halleck's escort, when he went to join his sisters in the White Mountains. Bartley missed her and the baby at first. But he soon began to adjust himself with resignation to his solitude. They had determined to keep their maid over the summer, for they had so much trouble in replacing her the last time after their return; and Bartley said he should live very economically. It was quiet, and the woman kept the house cool and clean; she was a good cook, and when Bartley brought a man home to dinner she took an interest in serving it well. Bartley let her order the things from the grocer and butcher, for she knew what they were used to getting, and he had heard so much talk from Marcia about bills since he bought that "Events" stock, that he was sick of the prices of things. There was no extravagance, and yet he seemed to live very much better after Marcia went. There is no doubt but he lived very much more at his ease. One little restriction after another fell away from him; he went and came with absolute freedom, not only without having to account for his movements, but without having a pang for not doing so. He had the sensation of stretching himself after a cramping posture; and he wrote Marcia the cheerfullest letters, charging her not to cut short her visit from anxiety on his account. He said that he was working hard, but hard work evidently agreed with him, for he was never better in his life. In this high content he maintained a feeling of loyalty by going to the Hallecks, where Mrs. Halleck often had him to tea in pity of his loneliness. They were dull company, certainly; but Marcia liked them, and the cooking was always good. Other evenings he went to the theaters, where there were amusing variety bills; and sometimes he passed the night at Nantasket, or took a run for a day to Newport; he always reported these excursions to Marcia, with expressions of regret that Equity was too far away to run down to for a day.

Marcia's letters were longer and more regular than his; but he could have forgiven some want of constancy, for the sake of a less searching anxiety on her part. She was anxious not only for his welfare, which was natural and proper, but she was anxious about the housekeeping and the expenses, things Bartley could not afford to let trouble him, though he did what he could in a general way to quiet her mind. She wrote fully of the visit which Olive Halleck had paid her, but said that they had not gone about much, for Ben Halleck had only been able to come for a day. She was very well, and so was Flavia.

Bartley realized Flavia's existence with an effort, and for the rest this letter bored him. What could he care about Olive Halleck's coming, or Ben Halleck's staying away? All that he asked of Ben Halleck was a little extension of time when his interest fell due. The whole thing was disagreeable; and he resented what he considered Marcia's endeavor to clap the domestic harness on him again. His thoughts wandered to conditions, to contingencies of which a man does not permit himself even to think without a degree of moral disintegration. In these ill-advised reveries he mused upon his life as it might have been if he had never met her, or if they had never met after her dismissal of him. As he recalled the facts, he was at that time in an angry and embittered mood, but he was in a mood of entire acquiescence; and the reconciliation had been of her own seeking. He could not blame her for it; she was very much in love with him, and he had been fond of her. In fact, he was still very fond of her; when he thought of little ways of hers, it filled him with tenderness. He did justice to her fine qualities, too: her generosity, her truthfulness, her entire loyalty to his best interests; he smiled to realize that he himself

preferred his second-best interests, and in her absence he remembered that her virtues were tedious and even painful at times. He had his doubts whether there was sufficient compensation in them. He sometimes questioned whether he had not made a great mistake to get married; he expected now to stick it through; but this doubt occurred to him. A moment came in which he asked himself, What if he had never come back to Marcia that night when she locked him out of her room? Might it not have been better for both of them? She would soon have reconciled herself to the irreparable; he even thought of her happy in a second marriage; and the thought did not enrage him; he generously wished Marcia well. He wished—he hardly knew what he wished. He wished nothing at all but to have his wife and child back again as soon as possible; and he put aside with a laugh the fancies which really found no such distinct formulation as I have given them; which were mere vague impulses, arrested mental tendencies, scraps of undirected reverie. Their recurrence had nothing to do with what he felt to be his sane and waking state. But they recurred, and he even amused himself in turning them over.

(To be continued.)

TO AN INTRUSIVE BUTTERFLY.

"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."
—*Five Rules of Buddha.*

I WATCH you through the garden walks,
I watch you float between
The avenues of dahlia stalks,
And flicker on the green;
You hover round the garden seat,
You mount, you waver. Why,
Why storm us in our still retreat,
O saffron Butterfly!

Across the room in loops of flight
I watch you wayward go;
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,
Review my books a-row;
Before the bust you flaunt and flit
Of "blind Mæonides"—
Ah, trifler, on his lips there lit
Not butterflies, but bees!

You pause, you poise, you circle up
Among my old Japan;
You find a comrade on a cup,
A friend upon a fan;
You wind anon, a breathing while,
Around Amanda's brow,—
Dost dream her then, O Volatile!
E'en such an one as thou?

Away! Her thoughts are not as thine
A sterner purpose fills
Her steadfast soul with deep design
Of baby bows and frills;
What care hath she for worlds without,—
What heed for yellow sun,
Whose endless hopes revolve about
A planet, *ætat* One!

Away! Tempt not the best of wives!
Let not thy garish wing
Come fluttering our Autumn lives
With truant dreams of spring!
Away! Reseek thy "Flowery Land";
Be Buddha's law obeyed;
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand
Should slay—a future Præd!

Austin Dobson.



THE PHANTOM SAILOR.

I.

ONE sunny afternoon in October, just after the village school had been dismissed for the day, a sailor-like young fellow, apparently about twenty-five years old, sauntered down the main street of Fairport, Maine. The town, an old-fashioned sea-port, now dead and dull, but in those far-off days tolerably active and bustling, is nestled on the side of a promontory which slopes to the bay on the east and to a series of coves and inlets on the west. The promontory is joined to the main-land by a narrow isthmus in the midst of a marsh, and the only highway from the town to the rest of the world passes over a narrow bridge built on the aforesaid neck of land, a canal having been cut across it by the British troops during the occupation of the place in the war of the Revolution. So, when the townsfolk beheld the stranger walking down their main street, they knew that, unless he had dropped from the skies, he must have come into the village over the neck and up the hill.

He was a handsome young fellow, with curly hair, and with a face tanned and roughened by the winds of many seas. He wore canvas trowsers, once white, a checked shirt with a wide-rolling collar, and a blue jacket cut and trimmed in what is known as "man-o'-war" style. On his head, jauntily cocked over his dark curls, was a flat knit cap without a visor, and of the pattern known as Scotch. He was in light walking trim, this sea-faring stranger, carrying over his shoulder, lightly swinging from a stout stick, a bundle of "dunnage" tied in a bandana handkerchief.

Into the back of his right hand had been pricked with a needle a female figure in red, presumably the Goddess of Liberty, leaning on a blue anchor. In the middle of his left hand was a cruel scar, that looked as if it might have been made by the thrust of a cutlass or a boarding-pike.

We boys had just been let out of school, and, whooping and racing down the common, in a very ecstasy of animal spirits, we were confronted by this somewhat unusual apparition. For, since the steam-frigate *Missouri* had made a short call at the old port, several years before, nothing like a man-o'-war's man had been seen in town. The sailors of the fishing fleet, which was then wont to flit in and out of the port, were untidy and rough, and were clad, for the most part, in odds and ends of garments which were, as one might say, amphibious, since they were worn in farming time as well as on their short sea voyages. An occasional ship from Cadiz or Liverpool, with a cargo of salt, brought only a gang of sailors who never staid in Fairport long enough to show any shore clothes, if they had them. This alert young stranger, with his rolling gait and seaman-like rig, instantly arrested and fascinated our boyish attention. We seemed to be brought face to face with the romance of the seas. Here was a bronze-cheeked man who brought with him from distant shores the odor of spices and the briny wave. He had seen strange countries, perhaps had fought pirates, nay, had possibly been cast away on coral reefs or in the maelstroms of the northern seas.

"Hullo, youngsters!" he said, with a flourish of his hand and an indescribable roll in his voice, as if it, too, partook of the undulating motion of the sea. So saying, he turned from Main street into elm-shaded and grassy Court street, followed at a distance by a small and curious mob of boys. Village boys have a certain frank inquisitiveness which cannot be repressed by any conventional notions, and which is very different from the curiosity of all other boys beneath the heavens, so far as my observation goes. A stranger in their village is like a new planet swimming into the ken of an astronomer. He must be watched, studied, and assigned his place in the phenomena of nature. So, when the sea-farer turned the corner by the town-house, and walked down Howe's Lane, every boy within sight ran after him and watched him until he unhesitatingly entered the cottage of old Mother Hubbard.

Lest I do despite to the memory of an estimable old mother in Israel, now long since departed this life, let me say that Mrs. Hubbard was the widow of the captain of a fishing smack, the *John and Eliza*, wrecked on the Banks, with all on board, in 1841, during the gale which is even now remembered with terror by the people of the New England coast. One of the Hubbard boys, Elkanah, was lost in the wreck of *The Chariot of Fame*, off the Bermudas, five years after, and the widowed woman, left with but one child, had vainly tried to keep the young man at home. But Lafayette Hubbard ran away to sea in the bark *Tonquin* six years before the sailor of my tale walked down the village street,

and he had never been heard of from that day to this.

Mother Hubbard grew gray, wrinkled and sad. She took in washing, went out among the neighbors in times of sickness and death, doing such chores as are most likely to fall to the needy and willing hands of a lone and childless widow. If she sometimes paused in the wringing of her clothes to wipe a salt tear that trickled down her nose, or if she turned her face hungrily toward the shining sea, while walking to and fro with some other woman's sick baby, it was because she was thinking of the absent and long-wandering boy. But beyond this, she made no sign of the mourning mother-love that slept within her aged breast. The neighbors, kindly belying their own convictions, would sometimes tell her that Lafayette might be alive and well in some far-off corner of the world, and that he would yet come home to make her old age happy. But there were too many vacant places in the family circles of Fairport, made by wrecks that had never sent a token of the lost ones, for Mother Hubbard to cherish any hope. Her sorrow was common enough; and so she said, as many another bereft one said, "I shall see him again when the sea gives up its dead."

In front of Mother Hubbard's door grew clumps of hollyhocks, red, white, and yellow. A few of these lingered yet on their tall stems, although the frosts had come. Standing afar off, we saw the sailor pluck one of the bright flowers, look into it with a smile, and cast it from him. Then he knocked on the door sharply with his brown knuckles, and, as soon as it was opened, he strode in and shut it behind him. Drawing near, we heard a crying and a sobbing within, mingled with the tones of a deep, manly voice. Mother Hubbard, as if she had heard the childish murmurs outside, came to the window and let down the green-slatted shade. But we saw that there were tears on her cheeks.

From lip to lip the rumor spread: Lafayette Hubbard had come home. He had brought a handkerchief full of gold, and gems, and precious things. He had been captured by a pirate, and had served on a slave-trader. He had also been on board of a man-o'-war, and had seen and heard all that was incident to a wandering sailor's life. It was as delightful as a story-book. Long time we boys hung around Mother Hubbard's cottage, waiting for the fascinating sailor to come forth and show himself. Some of the smaller boys grew tired of the long suspense, and went home to their bread-and-milk; for the short autumnal day was waning apace.

What went on in that weather-beaten little cottage none of us ever knew. But, as we whiled away the time with knuckle-down and mumble-the-peg, there grew a feeling that this might not be Lafayette Hubbard, after all. Perhaps he was only a wayfarer who had met him at sea and had come to bring tidings of the lost one. Perhaps—awful thought!—he had seen Lafayette die in a distant foreign land, and had mercifully come to relieve the poor mother of all uncertainty of her boy's fate. As these speculations grew, the door opened, and the young sailor settled all our doubts by saying, "I wont be gone long, mother." Then he kissed her withered cheek, and we knew that Lafayette Hubbard had come home at last.

The abashed boys slunk away from the stranger, who smiled cheerily and kindly at them as he lightly swung out of the little front yard, and so down Howe's Lane to Water street. Good Mother Hubbard, with a shining face, looked after the sailor as he went down the steep lane, smiling and whispering to herself.

"Is that 'Fayette?" asked three or four boys at once.

"Yes, that's my boy," said the widow, with a little thrill of pride in her voice. "And I'm sure I'm dreadful thankful to the Lord that he has come home ag'in to his poor old mother. Thank the Lord for all His mercies! I give him up long ago. But it's him! It's him!"

Mother Hubbard did not commonly encourage the approach of the village boys. We all felt that she was happier when no boy was near her clothes-line laden with snowy linen. She seemed to think that a boy was a destructive and a soiler of all that was bright and clean. Bad boys stoned her hens, and other boys, not so bad, had sometimes trampled down her southernwood and camomile. But her joy now was great. She took us into her little cottage and showed to our wondering eyes a whale's tooth, elaborately carved and etched with designs of sea-monsters and mermaids. There was likewise a marvelous handkerchief, as it seemed to us, rainbow-tinted and sheeny in the sun.

"Almost too gay for his poor old mother's neck," said the widow, pensively, as she held it up to the light. "Then there is a bunch of coral, the rale red coral, boys, not the common white stuff," said the old woman. "Wal, now, I just wonder what has become of that coral," said she, musingly looking around. "Wal, I guess Lafayette put it away somewheres."

And she mentioned the name of her long-lost boy with a certain unction which even we youngsters could not help noticing.

Sammy Hodgson, who always was a forward

chap, asked the dame where Lafayette had been so many years. Mother Hubbard took a pinch of snuff, and said, as if addressing some far-off person :

"I s'pose six years seems like an etarnity to these younkers,—but, dear me ! dear me ! it don't seem long to an old woman who has seen so many days and full of trouble." Then rallying herself, as it were, she explained. "Wal, you see, boys, Lafayette was took a prisoner on board one of them pirate ships that trade and plunder off the coast of Madagascar. He was sold into slavery somewheres onto the main-land, Afriky, I s'pose, and he didn't get a chance to get away until about a year ago, and ever since that he has been expectin' to come home to his poor old mother. Thanks be to the good Lord, he's come at last; and I'm too glad to ask any more questions, just now. He's goin' to overhaul his log, as he calls it, and reel me off the whole story, as soon's he gets rested."

This was delightful. We should hear "the whole story," too, some of these days. Meanwhile, the sailor who had been in the hands of the pirates, and had been sold into slavery on the coast of Africa, had gone down the lane, so his mother said, to see some of his old friends who lived on Water street. He staid at home only long enough to be sure that his mother was alive and well, and to assure her of his being the identical Lafayette Hubbard who had been gone away to sea for six years. There was the scar on his left hand, the scar of a cruel wound; how well she remembered it ! and how well he remembered it ! that scar made by a fish-hook fastened by some malicious boy in the backstay of the ship *Nautilus*, so that when 'Fayette slid down that way to escape the ship's keeper, he was caught in his hand.

"Dear suz me ! " mused the old woman, "that seems only a day or two ago, and it's going on fourteen year ! "

The sailor-man, turning to the left at the bottom of Howe's Lane, had walked along the street which skirted the bank overhanging the old wooden wharves of the port. Under the bank were cooper-shops, blacksmith-shops, and the like, and along its edge was a row of shabby cottages, the homes of fishermen, 'longshoremen, and people who constituted the lower stratum of Fairport society. Into the house of the Drinkwaters the young sailor walked without so much as saying "by your leave."

The head of the Drinkwater family was the wife of old Bill Drinkwater, a dissolute and worthless elderly man, who lounged about in the sunshine, on the wharves, and under the fences, in the summer-time, and who often found his way into the poor-house in the winter. He was a ne'er-do-weel, but harmless, the butt of the mischievous boys of the port, and an object of contempt to everybody else, including even his wife, a shrill-voiced termagant, who was the terror of the neighborhood. The eldest boy of the family, Bill, was one of the absent lads of the town who had gone to sea and never had been heard of more. Bill, restive under the lashing of his mother's tongue, and ashamed of his father's vagabond habits, had shipped on board an English bark that had put into port, nine years before, with a cargo of salt. Beginning as a cabin-boy, when he had last been heard from he had worked his way up to be able seaman. But this had been four years before, and, in the meantime, news had come that he was on board the United States frigate *Preble*, which, as the reader may remember, was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, in 1842.

Two of the boys who had attended the sailor to the door of Mother Hubbard's cottage had followed him afar off as he walked down the lane. Lafayette had gone to see the Drinkwaters. He had undoubtedly brought tidings of the missing William ! He had possibly seen him in foreign lands. Perhaps Bill and 'Fayette had been in captivity together. The thought was too enchanting to be seriously entertained. While Nathan Dyer and Sylvanus Crawford stood and watched the shabby and dirty old house into which 'Fayette had disappeared, the door opened, and four or five of the numerous white-headed brood of Drinkwater children came tearing out and ran, a confused mob, toward the cooper-shop, where old Bill chanced to be employed for the day.

"Our Bill's got home ! " shrieked the biggest of the train, Sal Drinkwater, a long-legged girl of nine years. She had heard of her absent brother Bill, but never until this day had she laid eyes on him. "Our Bill's got home ! " she cried to the neighborhood, as she sped down the bank, followed by five or six tow-headed infants of assorted sizes.

"Why, Vene, he's an impostor ! " said Nathan, looking at Sylvanus, with distended eyes. An impostor, I think, was really more novel and more captivating to the imagination than a sailor who had been shipwrecked, taken by pirates, and sold into slavery. There was something horribly fascinating about an impostor. But why should we think that 'Fayette Hubbard, otherwise Bill Drinkwater, was an impostor ? Perhaps there was a mistake somewhere.

By the time that old Drinkwater, rather the worse for liquor, had unsteadily scrambled up the bank, attended by a band of gabbling

infants, several of the boys who had been inspecting the premises of Mother Hubbard arrived on the scene and learned from Nathan and Sylvanus all that had been said and done. An excited company of lads accompanied old Drinkwater to his door. The aged vagabond was snuffling and sobbing.

"Yes," he said, "my pore Bill's come home to his pore old father. I hope's he's brought means with him so's t' keep his pore old father out of the pore-house, come winter."

"'Taint Bill Drinkwater no more than I am," said Sammy Hodgson, stoutly. "It's 'Fayette Hubbard, if it's anybody. He's just been up to Mother Hubbard's, and she told us it was 'Fayette."

"Hey! what's that, you young bunch of oakum?" cried Bill Drinkwater, senior. "Not our Bill? Shet your head! I tell you, it's our Bill come home to his pore old father." And so, grumbling, and wiping his eyes on the cuff of his tarry shirt-sleeve, old Bill stumbled into his own door. Marm Drinkwater, as she was generally called in the town, appeared on the threshold, and, with an angry face, assisted old Bill into the house, saying as she did so:

"Drunk ag'in! it's jist what Bill said he expected to see when he seen you at home."

The door was closed on the excited family group, and the boys, standing at a safe distance from the house, held a colloquy as to what should be done. Some of the bolder ones were for going to Mr. Woods, the town constable, to lodge a complaint against "the impostor." Others thought the selectmen were the most proper persons to be waited upon. But Jo Murch, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, in the sailor fashion which was appropriate to the occasion, shouted at the house, "Impostor! come out and show yourself!"

At this, the greater portion of the boys turned and ran a little way to await developments. Marm Drinkwater, scowling, came to the door. Shaking her fist at the panic-stricken huddle of boys, she cried:

"It's my Bill who has come home, ef you want to know. He's no impostor, I say. Ef any on you boys stay 'round here insultin' decent people, I'll break every bone in your bodies. Don't I know my own flesh and blood? Now, you jest clear out o' this!"

Greatly puzzled, and not without reasonable fears of Marm Drinkwater, the boys reluctantly sauntered off toward the village stores, which stood all in a row at the foot of Main street. Some of the smaller lads went home, for it was nearly sundown, and the hour for supper was at hand.

While we were eagerly telling to those who would hear our strange tale of the sailor-man, Sal Drinkwater, the long-legged daughter of the family before mentioned, trotted along the dusty street with a yellow pitcher in her hand.

"Hullo!" cried Sammy Hodgson, "you've got an impostor down to your house!"

"I don't know what you mean by an impositor," said the girl. "It's our Bill. He's come home from Hijero, or some such place, and Pa has sent me over to Stearns's for a pint of rum. So, now! And there's the money that our Bill give me to pay for it." And the child, crossing the street, exhibited in the dirty palm of her hand, but with evident suspicion of the boys, a big silver dollar of Spanish coinage. "Now, then, I guess you're satisfied. Impositors don't sling 'round big silver dollars like that, do they?" And, so saying, Sal pranced away, proud of being the sister of a sailor who had come home from strange countries, after many years.

Mother Hubbard, getting out her slender stock of best china, and drawing from its retreat her only jar of preserved quinces,—for 'Fayette had always had a sweet tooth,—had made ready as inviting a supper for the returned prodigal as could be furnished forth from her stores. The pickles and the quinces were on the table, with the thin slivers of dried beef, and the brown loaf of Saturday's baking. Before the open fire-place was a tin of hot biscuits neatly covered with a towel, and the mingled and delightful odors of Young Hyson tea and toasted red herrings were diffused around.

The sun had set behind the fort, the revenue cutter in the harbor had hauled down her flag, and old Fitts, the barber, who never allowed a lighted lamp inside his shop, was closing his shutters. In Marm Drinkwater's house, a swarm of hungry and expectant children hung around a table on which unwonted luxuries were spread. The Drinkwater children were always hungry, but they had not been so expectant as now since last Thanksgiving-day, when they had had a real turkey for dinner. This was a festal occasion. Bill had come home. There was cake on the table, likewise white bread, and ham and eggs were frying on the stove. Bill had gone out to see some of the neighbors, leaving behind him a painted snuff-box of radiant colors, brought from foreign parts for his mother, who was always fond of snuff, as Bill well knew. And he had not forgotten to fill the box with the finest Maccaboy, a small bottle of which was also included in his slender kit of gifts. For Sal, born since he went to sea, he had brought a handful of shells—love-shells, they were called, delicate

pink and white, with a golden tint through the same.

And, while Mother Hubbard's supper waited and the biscuits grew cold, and while Marm Drinkwater, having carefully covered the ham and eggs to keep them from the eager fingers of her young ones, gazed down the street and softly scolded to herself, Lafayette Hubbard, otherwise Bill Drinkwater, sat happily smiling in the poor and tidy room of Aunt Sukey Morey. We all called her Aunt Sukey, although she was neither aunt nor mother to any one living in Fairport. Her "old man," as she used to call him, was lost at sea, years before, when her only child, Obadiah, was a baby. Obe Morey had grown up, and, not finding congenial work on the land, had gone to sea. He had come and gone on many a safe and prosperous voyage, until one dark and fatal year, when many a young life had been sucked down into the treacherous sea. It was while fishing on the Grand Banks, seven years before, that the *Two Sisters* was run down by a full-rigged ship, staggering along under double-reefed top-sails, for a gale was blowing, and the night was thick where the little "bankers" were riding on the fishing-grounds. Adam Bridges, the boy of the schooner's company, was picked up, sole survivor of the crew, and was brought into Thomaston by one of the fleet a few weeks afterward. Aunt Sukey heard the dread news with calmness. She was "used to sorrer," she said, and, in the hearing of the towns-folk, she made no lamentation. Her straw bonnet had been decked with a bit of black for many a long year, and the only sign of her newer grief was a narrow slab of gray marble in the burying-ground, on which was cut a suitable inscription, ending simply with "Lost at Sea."

And now, in the old Morey house, which stood at the far end of the village street, the last one in the straggling row, the young sailor sat, smiling happily, while Aunt Sukey stroked his cheek, softly crying, under her breath, "My son, my son, which was dead and is alive again!"

In that strange and inexplicable way in which news gets about a little village, it was speedily known at the other end of the street that Obe Morey had returned from sea. At least, a sailor who resembled Obe had been seen going into the widow's home. He had also been seen chopping wood in the little shed where Aunt Sukey stored her fuel, and when he went into the house carrying an armful of stove-wood, Mercy Mullett, unable longer to restrain her curiosity, made an errand into Aunt Sukey's house. While the old woman was filling a tea-cup with the molasses, to borrow which Mercy pretended to have come, the sly young girl had kept her eyes about her. On the table was a bunch of bright red coral, and a bandana handkerchief, which, as Mercy Mullett well knew, had never before been in Aunt Sukey Morey's possession.

"This is my boy Obed, Mercy. You don't remember my boy Obed, do you? No? Well, I thought not. Land sakes alive! it's a long time since he was lost to me. Well, Mercy, this is Obed. The good Lord has sent him back to me." And the old woman beamed over the cup of molasses, which the girl nearly spilled on the floor as she stared at the handsome young sailor, who sat and smiled—only smiled—as if amused by Mercy Mullett's confusion.

Alonzo Mullett, a contemporary of Obed Morey, hearing this report from his sister, refused to go into the cottage of the Morey family, now happily reunited. He straightway went over to Hatch's store and told all that he had heard. Four boys, lingering around the store, drank in with eager ears the tale narrated by Alonzo. It was not possible that this fascinating young sailor could be the long-lost son of three several women, although each had lost a son at sea, and each had acknowledged him as her own. It was too much for human belief.

It was also too much for the patience of four honest boys. Something must be done to unmask the impostor, for such it was now decided that the stranger must needs be. And so, as the sea fog was creeping over the town, this volunteer police force proceeded to Aunt Sukey's. The light of a tallow candle shed its little ray from the window of the house as the boys drew near. The sky beyond was gray with night and fog, and no sound was heard but the ceaseless murmur of the tide upon the beach.

A hurried council being held, four boys set up a shrill and incoherent yell. There was no reply. Then Sammy Hodgson, throwing into his piping voice as much manliness of tone as he could command, cried, "Bill Drinkwater! come out and show yourself!" There was something awesome and uncanny in this irreverent invocation to the name of one who had long since been numbered with the dead, and when the door was thrown open and the sailor rushed forth into the darkness and the fog, each individual boy took to his heels and ran as if for his life; nor did they stop until each one was safe at home, where he told this tale.

Aunt Sukey had been bustling about her narrow room, making ready a late supper, for she had partaken of an early and frugal

tea before her long-lost Obed had shown himself at her door. While she chatted with him, learning of his strange adventures on the Spanish main, where he had been cast away twice, and where he had been severely ill with the Panama fever, she toasted a bit of salt codfish, pounded it soft with a mortar-pestle, buttered it, and put it by the fire; and, while she was carefully measuring off a drawing of tea, using the top of the tea-caddy for a measure, smiling to think that she need not be so economical, now that Obed had come home, a shrill cry, as in derision of her joy, rose on the evening air without.

"Land sakes alive!" she cried. "What's them pesky boys up to now, I wonder?"

Then, as she wondered, she heard, with a chilly shiver creeping over her, Sam Hodgson's demand that Bill Drinkwater, Bill Drinkwater who had been drowned at sea, should come forth.

She put down the tea-caddy, dropping some of the precious grains of her Souchong as she did so, and looked at the young sailor. With something that sounded like an oath, he seized his cap, and dashed out of the door; and he never was seen in Fairport from that day to this.

II.

ELEVEN years afterward, I had completed my education in school, academy, and college, and was at work, with all the kindling ambition of a tyro, on the great New England newspaper, which my readers will recall (at least the elder ones will), when I mention the name of "The Palladium." It was my ambition, secretly confided only to my own heart and to Angelina, to be the editor-in-chief of "The Palladium." But that consummation, so devoutly wished, was very far off, even to the most sanguine of young reporters "working on space" and paid at a very low rate indeed. But nothing is impossible to a young fellow who has his fortune to carve out for himself, and who has, as I had at that time of life, a strong imagination and vigorous health. Moreover, Angelina's father, who was employed in the custom-house, under a Whig administration, had promised us that we should be married when I should be promoted to a "regular sit," which meant that this desired event could only take place when I was on a regular salary. So, of course, a great deal was possible, for a great deal was to be done.

The crisis came for me most unexpectedly one wild and stormy March evening. I had planned to help Charley Whiting on the musical and dramatic that night, for that would give me a chance to take Angelina to see Warren, and I had promised to call for her if Charley would only agree to my proposition.

At half-past six, just as Charley came panting up the stairs that led to the editorial rooms, old Sanger came out of his den with a bit of ship news in his hand. Sanger was usually known as "Old Salt," for he was the shipping-news editor, and knew, or thought he knew, more about ships, shipping, and navigation than any other living man. Seating himself carelessly on one corner of the musical and dramatic desk (and only Old Salt and the editor-in-chief were allowed this familiarity), Mr. Sanger asked:

"Does anybody in the city room know anything about the reported fall of the Sargent's Ledge light-house?"

Of course, nobody knew anything of the kind. If he had, it would have been his duty to tell of it as soon as he could run to the office. For "The Palladium" prided itself on being ahead of every other newspaper in the United States, not to say the world. Jerry Collins did say, however, that there was a rumor down among the wharves and docks that Sargent's Ledge light had gone down in the March gale that had prevailed for three days past. But Jerry, who was a born newspaper man, and who, poor fellow! was killed at Port Hudson years afterward, while in General Banks's command, had not been content to abandon this as a rumor until he had run the thing down to what seemed to have been merely the statement of an ancient mariner that "if this here gale continnered, Sargent's Ledge light would hev to go."

Then Old Salt read, with great deliberation, from his slip as follows: "Herm. brig *William & Sally*, from Fairport, Maine, with a cargo of codfish to Hemmenway and Sons, February 27, reports heavy weather outside; shipped a sea in N. W. Channel, and lost one able seaman, Timothy Holbrook, overboard; also deck-load of lumber. The light on Sargent's Ledge was not burning. Snow flying thick at the time, and heavy sea running."

"The skipper of the *William & Sally* may have been deceived," said Mr. Sanger, shaving his cheek with the edge of his right hand, as was his wont, while he scrutinized the bit of paper before him. "He may have been deceived, for the snow was blinding, and it must have been dusk when he passed Sargent's Ledge, off Sequansett."

The old man, solemn with importance, passed into the chief's room, from which there presently came a summons for Jerry Collins to appear. There was a long and anxious consultation, at the end of which

the chief came forth, followed by Old Salt and Jerry.

"There is a reasonable ground for believing that Sargent's Ledge light-house has been swept away by the gale," said the editor-in-chief, "and it is very important that 'The Palladium' should have the facts. I have decided to send one of you young gentlemen to Sequansett to ascertain the facts. Mr. Guild, what time does the next train for Sequansett leave the Old Colony depot?"

Mr. Guild consulted the time-table and said:

"Half-past six, sir."

"Half-past six!" said the chief, with a faint show of excitement. "Half-past six! Why, zounds, sir, it is now twenty-seven minutes past!"

Guild bowed his head meekly, as if he were responsible for the lateness of the hour, and murmured:

"True, sir."

"And this is the last train to-night, I take it, Mr. Guild?"

"No other train out until eight-twenty to-morrow morning, sir," answered Guild, sadly.

A solemn stillness prevailed in the office, and we could hear the ticking of the old clock in the tower far above our heads. It was, indeed, a crisis. In those days there were no telegraphic wires ramifying through every part of the country. One line connected two or three of the largest cities on the Atlantic sea-board, and over this we had, every night while Congress was in session, at least two hundred words, giving the fullest summary of all the important news from the national capital. There were very few railroads, and many queer devices, unknown in these modern days, were resorted to by the news-gatherers. Our European advices were sent from Cape Race by carrier-pigeons, and the arrival of an ocean steamer mail, with a new part of one of Charles Dickens's stories, was an event to be celebrated by the issue of an extra edition of "The Palladium."

But here was a bare possibility of Sargent's Ledge light-house being destroyed, and "The Palladium" would be obliged to come out in the morning with nothing more than a paragraph beginning with that hateful phrase, "It is rumored." It was not to be thought of. Sargent's Ledge light-house was one of the wonders of modern engineering and architecture. It was built on a set of iron stilts, so to speak, the iron bars being sunk deep into a ledge of rock, and the light-house perched at the apex of the structure, like a martin-box at the top of a pole. There must be a light on Sargent's Ledge, and the contriver of this structure had offered to show his faith in its power to endure the storms of the Atlantic by taking up his permanent residence in the house. But there were reasons why this handsome offer could not be accepted. And now to think that the famous light-house should be swept away, and "The Palladium" not be able to say anything about it next morning! The thought was madness.

"We'll have a special engine!" cried the chief.

It was as if we had had an electric shock. Every man started, and each was only restrained by the severe discipline of the office from crying "hurrah!" In those far-off days, newspapers did not run special trains or have special dispatches, and the determination of our illustrious chief to hire a special locomotive to go to Sequansett for the verification of a rumor was Napoleonic.

"What is the run to Sequansett, Mr. Guild?" asked the chief.

"An hour and forty minutes, sir," said Guild.

"An hour and forty minutes will give us time to spend two hours in Sequansett gathering the news, if there is any (and let us hope there is none)," said the chief, reverently, "and time to get back to the office at one o'clock in the morning. Mr. Gay, you may keep back the forms until two-fifteen—not one minute later. We shall be back in time to have the facts, whatever they may be, in every edition of the paper."

This was decisive and to the point. But the chief had not intimated who was to go on the expedition of high emprise. I thought of Angelina and of Angelina's father's promise, and perhaps I showed in my expression my eagerness to go. Looking around the office, with a queer air of searching for somebody, the chief said:

"We will give this task to the youngest man on the paper. Mr. Rivers, take your instructions from Mr. Gay. Go to the publication office for money to pay your incidental expenses. I shall send Mr. Oliver at once to the station to engage the locomotive to carry you on your journey, and I wish you great success and as pleasant a trip as can be expected under the circumstances." So saying, the chief turned and reëntered his private office.

To say I was delighted at my unexpected good luck, even transported, would faintly describe my elation. My associates crowded around me with hurried congratulations, wishing me success, and expressing their envy of my great good fortune. I felt like a young Columbus, fitted out with a fleet and gifted with all the means for a voyage of discovery.

"What if there is nothing in the rumor?" Of course it was Guild who threw this damper

on my spirits. Guild was always saying unpleasant things.

"Then 'The Palladium' will be the only paper to say to-morrow morning that there is no truth in the rumor that Sargent's Ledge light has been destroyed," said Old Salt, proudly.

"Good for you, Old Salt!" cried Jerry Collins. "Spoken like a true newspaper man. We will have a display head, whatever happens. It will be a big sensation, anyhow; and the old 'Palladium,' as usual, will lay over all the other papers."

But there was no time for idle talk. I must be away from the station by seven o'clock, at the very farthest, and every minute now was precious. I had no time to go to see Angelina, but I scribbled a line to her on the back of a visiting-card as I rumbled and rolled in an omnibus that took me half a square from my lodgings. I informed Angelina that I had been sent out of town on a most important errand, and that we must give up seeing Warren, for that night, at least. My landlady's son, a freckled-faced urchin of tender years, was glad to run with this message, stimulated by a promise of handsome reward. With joy and excitement I hurried on a few extra wraps, for the night was bitter cold, and I was soon rushing out of the Old Colony depot on a locomotive bound for Sequansett.

There is no need to tell of the flying and exciting trip to the south shore. The engine rocked from side to side, unbalanced as she was by any weight of train. The snow flew over the roof of the little cab in which we were ensconced, the engineer and the fireman taking turns at keeping a lookout ahead. But there was no danger of a collision: we had the road to ourselves until next morning at eight-twenty. There was no telegraph wire, however, to warn of our coming, and it was within the bounds of possibility that some other special engine might be out in the thick, dark night on a mysterious errand. Breathless we sped along, plunging into the darkness, shooting through quiet and sleeping villages, or anon rushing past a red light in the storm which showed where some tavern-tipplers were lingering over their hot toddy, loath to go home.

I dozed in a corner of the cab, even the excitement of the trip failing to keep me awake, for I had been up late the night before, and the monotony of the rattle of the locomotive lulled me to sleep. The hour and forty minutes stretched to two hours before the engineer, shaking me by the shoulder, cried, "Look sharp, young feller, we're coming into Sequansett medders."

Sure enough, I recognized the long stretch of salt meadows, now dimly seen through the driving snow, which skirt the ancient town of Sequansett. The engine was slowed up as we rumbled over the bridge that spans Smith's Run, when the fireman, turning his gaze seaward for an instant, cried, "By Jehosaphat! the light's gone out on Sargent's Ledge!"

The village of Sequansett was as quiet as the grave when we rattled into the engine-yard near the station, to the great amazement of the only watchman on duty. To this man, rough and amphibious in appearance, I at once addressed myself.

"Tell me," I said, with an anxious feeling that my errand might, after all, be bootless, "how about Sargent's Ledge light? Has anything happened to it?"

"Happened to it?" said the cynical half-salt, half-farmer, "wal, yes, she's gone to pieces, slick and clean; nothin' left but a passel of crooked braces. But you can't see 'em—too thick to see anything."

Then it was true! My journey had not been undertaken for nothing. "The Palladium" would have the only account of the loss of Sargent's Ledge light, to-morrow morning But how to get that account! The Amphibious could not tell me anything about it. He only knew that the light-house was gone, and that the people in the village could not have seen it go, even if they had been watching for the catastrophe. The weather had been thick for two days. "As thick as all possessed," the Amphibious said. It had been reported, however, that Dan More, "a lobsterer," who lived at the edge of the shore, "just beyond the ma'sh," knew something of the affair. It was said that he had seen the light-house fall.

"Was not anybody saved from the people in the light?"

"Nary one. Seven on 'em. Not one ever heerd on since the storm set in. Pore critters! They all went together."

From the Amphibious I learned the way to Dan More's hut, a lonely habitation where lived a recluse, in ill repute with the villagers, who seemed to resent his solitariness as something like a personal slight upon the whole body politic. He was "sort of shaky in his upper story," the Amphibious said, plainly meaning that he was different from all the rest of the villagers in his non-communicativeness. Here was an unpromising subject for an enterprising reporter. But the difficulty of the situation only inspired me with new zeal as, leaving directions with the engineer as to our future movements, I pushed my way across a dreary waste of snow.

After a long struggle with the blasts that

blew across the shore and marsh, and with the uneven and half-obliterated road to the beach, breathless and tired, I reached the door of a cabin, one half of which had been adapted from a ship's caboose and the rest from the spoil of farmers' fences, and all of which was as black and forbidding as a witch's hovel. A vigorous knock on the door of the hut brought no response. A few kicks and thumps were no more successful. All was darkness and silence. Perhaps the old man was not at home. And he was the only person who could give "The Palladium" the account that must be printed to-morrow morning!

I tried the latch of the door. It was fast, but the rattle of this primitive contrivance evidently aroused the solitary inmate, for he called out:

"Hullo, there!"

"Does Mr. Daniel More live here?" was my answer.

"No, but old Dan More lives here," was the surly reply, and I heard the creaking of boards, as though somebody was getting out of bed and shuffling over the floor. Then there was an unbarring of the door, and, by the light of the snow, I caught a glimpse of a shaggy figure half-clad and evidently just aroused from sleep.

"I have come down from the city, Mr. More," I said, "to get the particulars of the destruction of the Sargent's Ledge light. I understand that you saw it?"

"Yes, I saw it go, and an everlastin' shame it was; but how did you come from the city at this time o' night? The last train got in more'n half an hour ago. Don't b'lieve you." And the man looked at me with an unpleasant expression of suspicion, perceptible more in his tone of voice than on his face, for it was too dark to see that.

"I came down on a special engine," I explained. "I belong to 'The Palladium,' and we want to print an account of the disaster in the paper to-morrow morning."

"Wal, I swan to man!" said Daniel More. "Come in."

Once inside, and in the presence of the man who had seen the light-house go to wreck, I felt my spirits rise. More struck a light, and, as the feeble rays of the candle illumined his face, I saw a handsome, though sea-beaten visage, black curls plentifully mingled with gray, and a full gray beard that swept his bare and hairy breast. There was something familiar in his manner, as if he were some one whom I had met in a previous and far-off existence.

Holding the candle close to my face, as if to scan every lineament of it, he looked me carefully all over from the fur cap on my head to the snow-covered boots on my feet, and said again, "Wal, I swan to man!"

Then, placing the light on a rude table made from a flour-barrel, he stirred open the fire from the ashes and embers, threw on an armful of drift-wood, and said:

"Wal, youngster, begin."

"But I want you to begin," I said, with some impatience, for the precious time was fast slipping away, and this ponderous old fellow showed no sign of being ready to communicate anything. "Now then, lie down in your bunk there, and tell me what you know about the destruction of the light-house; that's a good fellow; when did it happen?"

Daniel More deliberately tumbled into his bunk, looking curiously at me, and making once more his remark of astonishment. Then, slowly settling himself for a chat, he asked:

"Be you one of them reporters—one of them fellers that write for the papers?"

I told him that I was, and that I should be very much obliged if he would tell me his story as soon as possible, as I must get back to the city by one o'clock at the very latest. With that I whipped out my note-book and pencil, seated myself on a box near the side of the bunk, and waited for Dan to begin.

"It was a wild and stormy day nigh the end of March when an oncommon gale from the nor-nor-east ——" he began.

"Hold on! hold on!" I cried, in dismay. "That's not the way. Tell me just what you saw, in your own language. I'll put in the big words afterward."

"What, young man!" said Dan, raising himself on his elbow, and looking incredulously at me. "Do you mean to say that my story isn't a-goin' into the paper?"

"Certainly it is, but not in that way. Can't you understand? I shall put in your story and not your talk."

With some difficulty I impressed on the puzzled man the idea that he was to tell me all he knew in as simple language as possible. Then he settled himself, and went on with his tale.

It is not necessary that I should retell the old and tragical story of the wreck of Sargent's Ledge light-house. Daniel More was the only witness who beheld from the shore the fearful disaster wrought by that wild March storm. His tale has become, in the lapse of years, a sea-side classic. And I am proud to say that the narration first found publication in the columns of "The Palladium."

But Dan had been out all day, and during the night before, doing what he could to find the bodies of the lost and wrecked from the light-house. I did my best to write down his exact words, but he repeated himself so often,

and so doubled on himself, and used so many localisms, that it was difficult for me to keep the run of his talk. Every now and then, after trying to straighten out what I had written, I would raise my eyes from the fish-box which served as a writing-table and cry, "Now go on, Mr. More!" only to find him fast asleep. The night was wearing away, and I would fly at him, shake him vigorously. Then he would cry, "Avast heavin'!" and begin again with a sleepy ignorance of all that had gone before.

Once, with the perspiration oozing from my forehead, as I began to fear that I might fail, after all, I was aroused by a tremendous snore. I looked at the mariner with something like anguish. Here was this unfeeling wretch fast asleep, and everything depended upon his story being printed in "The Palladium" next morning. I thought of Angelina, of Angelina's father in the custom-house, of the fellows in the office who would envy or deride me, according to my success or my defeat, and of the chief, who could make or unmake me. And there was that aged ruffian fast asleep.

In his sleep he looked more than ever like the handsome young fellow whom I must have met in some previous state of existence. As I shook him again, my eye fell upon his right hand, on the back of which was tattooed the device of a red lady leaning on a blue anchor. Like a flash, it all came back to me. For an instant, I forgot the light-house on Sargent's Ledge, "The Palladium," and even Angelina and Angelina's father. I saw a bronze-cheeked and handsome young sailor sauntering down the green lanes of Fairport, swinging his bundle and stick as he walked into Mother Hubbard's door-way.

Turning heavily, the old impostor muttered, "It's all along o' them blasted cables that the lubbers rigged out for braces. If it hadn't been for them, Sargent's Ledge light ——" The rest of the sentence was lost in an inarticulate gurgle.

Shaking him once more, I bawled into his ear:

"Halloo there! how are you, 'Fayette Hubbard?"

Mr. Daniel More struggled feebly into wakefulness, and said, peevishly:

"Le' me alone! I thought you had got through."

And he was sinking off to sleep again when I cried:

"How are you, Bill Drinkwater? How are you, Obe Morey?"

The aged sinner sat up, wide awake.

"Oho!" he laughed with glee. "I guess you're a Fairport boy."

I acknowledged that I was, and, although the pressure of my errand came back upon me with redoubled force, and the time was fast flying, I could not help asking him why he had been tempted to personate three missing men, and thus to cheat three poor women into the renewal of an old grief.

"Wal, you see, youngster," he explained, "I was a-voyagin' with all three on 'em. They was smart boys. I met 'em, one after another, in them wild days of mine. We was chums, we was. That is to say, we was messmates, at odd times, and friends allus. When I heerd tell that 'Fayette Hubbard was lost on the coast of Afriky, I felt mighty bad. And, three year afterward, when I was told that Bill Drinkwater and Obe Morey, all from the same place, had gone to Davy Jones's locker, it seemed kind o' like a special providence. Yes, it did."

"And so you thought it would help things along if you went to Fairport and lied to the poor old women?"

"Avast heavin' there, young feller! I didn't do no such a thing. I was in Belfast, discharged sick, and was to be sent to the Chelsea Hospital. But I was took in hand by a clever old lady. She kep' a sailor boardin'-house, and set me on my pins ag'in. Just then the Old Nick happened to put it into my head that I might take a run over to Fairport and see the old folks. I had never be'n there, and I thought I would go over and see what it was like. The Fairport boys as you hev mentioned was allus a-braggin' about the place. So I made a bargain with a lumberman to set me ashore as he went up the Penobscot to Bangor. I had be'n to Bangor before."

"And you walked down and across the Neck to Fairport?"

"Exactly. I walked down to Fairport, and on my way I thought it might be a good joke to see if I couldn't pass myself off as one of them missin' boys. But Lord! young feller," and here the old scamp cackled loud and long, "I didn't think to play this off on the very mothers that bore 'em. But I did, though—blow me if I didn't!"

There was no longer any need to shake Mr. Daniel More in order to keep him awake. Even his surliness melted away. He sat up in his bunk, told me his tale as connectedly and lucidly as he could, and, while I labored with my pencil, he diverted himself, in the intervals, with looking at me and grinning silently. Once or twice he roared with laughter, and then, checking himself, cried:

"But I fooled 'em, all three—blow me if I didn't!"

Perhaps he felt a pang of remorse, too, for he once put on a serious look, and said:

"Well, youngster, if it's any favor to you,—

a Fairport boy, like my mates as was,—I'll give you the best I've got by way of story. But, Lord! young feller, I can't spin a yarn like I used to could! But I did fool them old ladies —all three on 'em."

Daniel went on with his story, bit by bit, and I had it all in hand. I knew that Jerry Collins was hard at work in the office, overhauling the files of "The Palladium" and getting into shape all of the collateral branches of the subject, in anticipation of whatever I might bring back from Sequansett. I could give the finishing touches to my manuscript as we bowled along in the engine, homeward bound.

I gathered up my notes with feverish haste. Daniel assisted me with my wraps, with rough officiousness. Stroking down my coat-skirts with a bear-like familiarity, he said:

"Wal, I'm dretful glad to hev seen ye, young feller, and, if you ever come this way ag'in, jest drop in and see a feller."

I shook him heartily by the hand, assured him that I would send him two copies of "The Palladium" next morning, and would come again and see him, some day, and get all of his marvelous tale of the sea.

I had solved two mysteries, and I felt myself repaid for years of waiting and for much anxiety and labor. With something of the thrill of a conqueror, I ran across the howling waste of snow and marsh, and Daniel More, with his hands at his mouth, speaking-trumpet-fashion, bawled after me: "I say, shipmet, give my love to my three mothers when you go to Fairport ag'in." The convicted impostor had no pangs of contrition, after all.

My return to "The Palladium" office, burdened with the tale of the destruction of Sargent's Ledge light-house, was like a triumph. I was in time for the morning edition, and Old Salt received me with genuine enthusiasm. Even Guild relaxed a little from his stately professional dignity, and Jerry fairly danced with joy. The chief had gone home, leaving minute directions as to the use to be made of my news, whatever it might be. When all was done, and the paper had gone to press, with extra precautions taken against the purloining of our news from an early copy of "The Palladium" by some wicked rival, I sought my lodgings, and, proud and happy, sunk into the sleep of the just, my last thought being of the elation with which the chief would read next morning, in the old "Palladium," the exclusive account of the destruction of Sargent's Ledge light-house. It all came true. We had the news to ourselves, and took the town by storm.

When I think of those unhappy creatures who perished in the wreck of the light-house, and remember that their fate was so closely linked with mine, I cannot suppress a feeling of sadness. Perhaps I might have gained my promotion and Angelina in some other way. But all that is conjectural. It always seemed to me that if the fall of the light-house had not come just as it did, and if I had not been sent just as I was, and I had not found that impostor of the sea just as I did, everything in life would have been very different with me.

And that is the reason why I proposed to Angelina, a year or two afterward, that Sargent's Ledge should be perpetuated in the family. But Angelina said, with a great show of merriment, that Sargent's Ledge was not a proper name for a child. She had her own way, of course, but, somehow, the youngster is always known about the house as the Phantom Sailor; and this is the reason, I suppose, why he declares that he will go to sea as soon as he is big enough.

Noah Brooks.

HOMESICK.

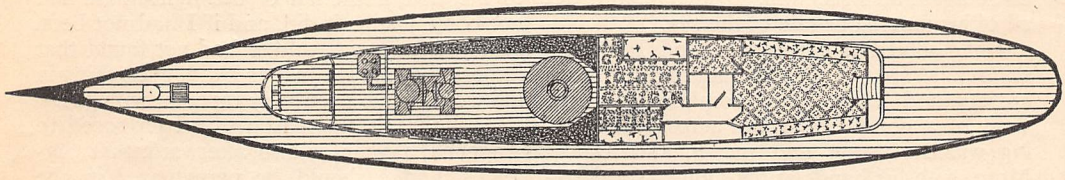
THIS were a miracle, if it could be!
If, never loitering since the prime of day,
Since kissing the cool lips of Northern May,
This drowsy wind, at evening, brought to me
The fragrant spirit of the apple-tree;
Or, if so far sweet sounds could make their way,
That I should hear the robin's twilight lay
Float o'er a thousand leagues of foamy sea!
Now, save I know those eyes exchange no beams
With yonder star (so curves the earth between),
I'd say: My friend doth from his casement lean,
And charge Canopus, by his pilot-gleams,
To bear love to my port, and lovely dreams
Of homeward slopes new-clothed with summer green.

Edith M. Thomas.

STEAM-YACHTING IN AMERICA.

STEAM-YACHTS originated, it is said, in France, where any sort of taste for yachting is purely an exotic, and where the sport would naturally be first adopted in a tentative manner, and in the way least likely to require skill or involve danger. As evidence of this we may cite the extraordinary circumstance that the French yacht which was sent over to America during the Centennial, and attracted some attention, was not only built in England, but was actually manned and navigated by an English crew, the owner being the only Frenchman on board! The first and most natural kind of steam-yacht is really the one first adopted in England, and consists of an ordinary schooner-yacht rigged with full sail-power. Amidships is placed a small auxiliary engine, of but small horse-power, called, in sea slang, "a kettle." When not in use, the funnel lowers to the deck, and the feathering-screw scarcely affects her speed under sail. Although we can hardly imagine that this arrangement would be quite satisfactory to the true sailor, half of whose love for the sea consists in the fun and excitement of maneuvering a sailing-ship, yet, in this rapid age, even to the true sailor, the advantages of this arrangement are obvious, on a long cruise, when drifting through the "doldrums" or "horse" latitudes or beating up for weeks against the trades. When there are ladies on board, for a cruise, we think "a kettle" is decidedly desirable. Another kind of steam-yacht is the class to which the celebrated yacht *Sunbeam* belongs—a genuine compromise between sail and steam. The lines resemble those of a steam-ship, and a fair amount of steam-power is displayed. At the same time, canvas enough is spread to enable the vessel to depend wholly upon it when the wind is fair. Of this description was the unfortunate *Jeannette*. This class of steam-yachts is now quite popular in England, and seems likely to become so in the United States.

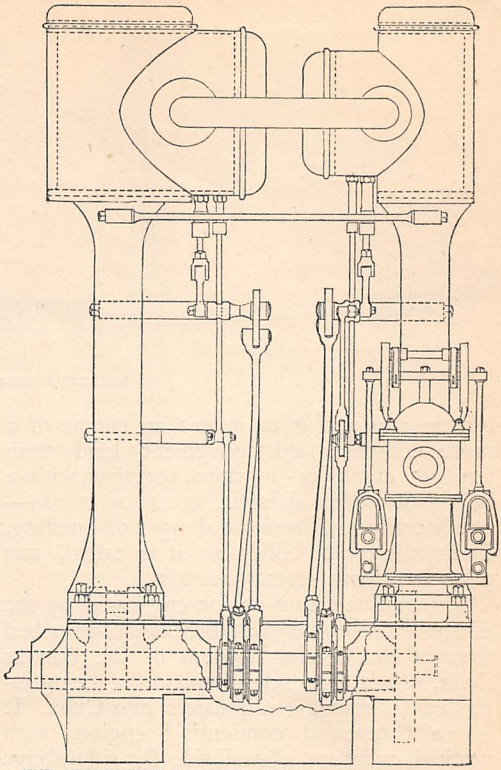
The third class of steam-yachts, and the only class hitherto employed to any extent in American waters, is one that depends wholly on steam-power, and may be used both for in-shore cruising or for long voyages, although naturally best suited to the former purpose. It is true a few of our steam-yachts make a pretense of carrying sail, but it is only for looks, or to steady the vessel in a sea-way. The only danger possible to such a craft is one that can occur only through carelessness or gross ignorance. We refer to the reckless use of high-pressure engines or worn-out boilers, and to overloading with passengers; and as in American waters these matters are subjects for Government regulation, the violation of law is primary to such accidents.



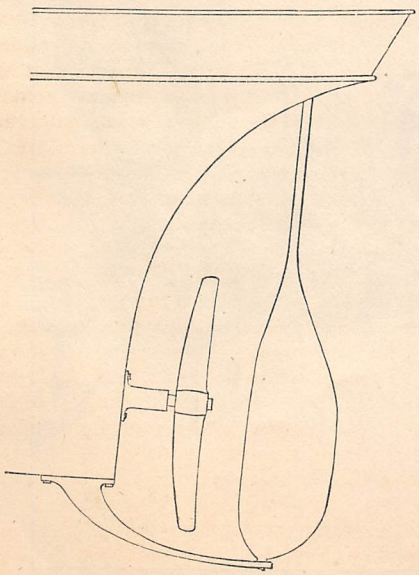
PLAN OF 100-FEET HERRESHOFF STEAM-YACHT.

As there seems to be only one steam-yacht in America at all dependent on canvas,—the schooner *Promise*, which carries an auxiliary screw,—we are at liberty to consider that only one class is included in any further remarks we shall make on the subject—the steam-yacht propelled wholly by steam. These are already very numerous in America, but in most cases they consist of little more than a shapely, undecked launch, twenty-five to forty feet in length, with a hot and fussy little engine amidships. These spider-like craft, darting to and fro about our lakes, rivers, and harbors, have doubtless given enjoyment to many. There is no great variety in the construction of these third-class yachts. If they have a cabin, their plan consists of a small engine-room amidships, a saloon aft and a pilot or wheel-house forward, all slightly depressed below the deck level and under one long roof. There is no beauty in this arrangement, the deck being almost altogether covered by the house, but the trimmings of the saloon are often as elegant or

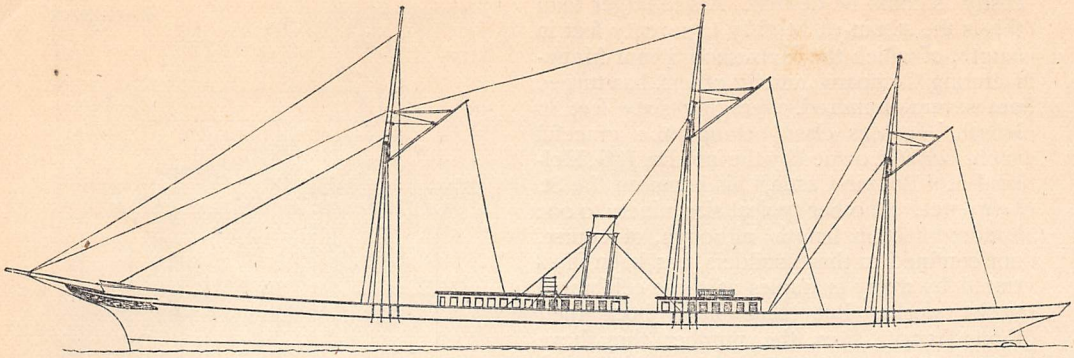
costly as could be desired. A size larger than this is the steam-yacht, fifty to seventy feet in length, of which the Herreshoff Steam Manufacturing Company, among others, has turned out several hundred, averaging sixty feet in length. To this class belongs the graceful yacht *Camilla*, owned by the late Dr. J. G. Holland at "Bonnie-Castle," his home on the St. Lawrence. Another typical size, ninety to one hundred feet in length, although, of course, not confined to these builders, has been illustrated by many examples at these celebrated yacht works. But these have been their three favorite sizes, the number they have turned out amounting to over one thousand. The interior plan of the hundred-foot yacht is represented in the foregoing diagram. It is intended for coast-wise cruising, having dining-saloon, state-rooms, etc., and could hardly be surpassed in commodiousness by anything of this size. It is furnished with a light schooner rig, that is obviously for looks rather than use. But the great feature of these yachts is the boiler and engine, or motive power, which is wholly an invention of the above-named firm. The brothers, John B. and Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, are the grandsons of a Prussian engineer of merit who settled in this country. Their father was and continues to be greatly interested in ships. John passed his boyhood sailing boats on Narragansett Bay, but at the age of thirteen had the great misfortune to become totally blind. This did not check his interest in sailing and yachts. With some one in the boat to warn him when he was approaching the land, he could sail a sloop in a race to windward and win. In 1862 Mr. John B. Herreshoff started a yacht-building yard in partnership with Mr. Dexter S. Stone, one of our most accomplished yachtsmen. This partnership was dissolved in 1870, and soon after Nathaniel Herreshoff, who had obtained a sound scientific education at the Massachusetts School of Technology, entered into partnership with his brother. Up to 1869 Mr. John B. Herreshoff and his partners turned off upward of two thousand sailing-yachts, often merely cat-boats and rarely above fifty feet in length, but of a thoroughly individual type and of a quality which carried the reputation of the blind yacht-builder of Bristol, Rhode Island, all over the world. If he consulted his tastes he would still be constructing sailing-yachts. But manifest destiny did not intend his efforts to stop here. In 1869 this enterprising firm, ever on the alert to keep pace with the age, and to the full as canny in making money as in modeling yachts, began to turn their attention to the subject of steam-yachts, beginning first with the steam-launches that have given them a reputation in England nearly equal to that they hold here. Their success would have been insured even if it had depended only on workmanship and modeling. But they had the great good-



THE HERRESHOFF COMPOUND ENGINE FOR STEAM-YACHTS.



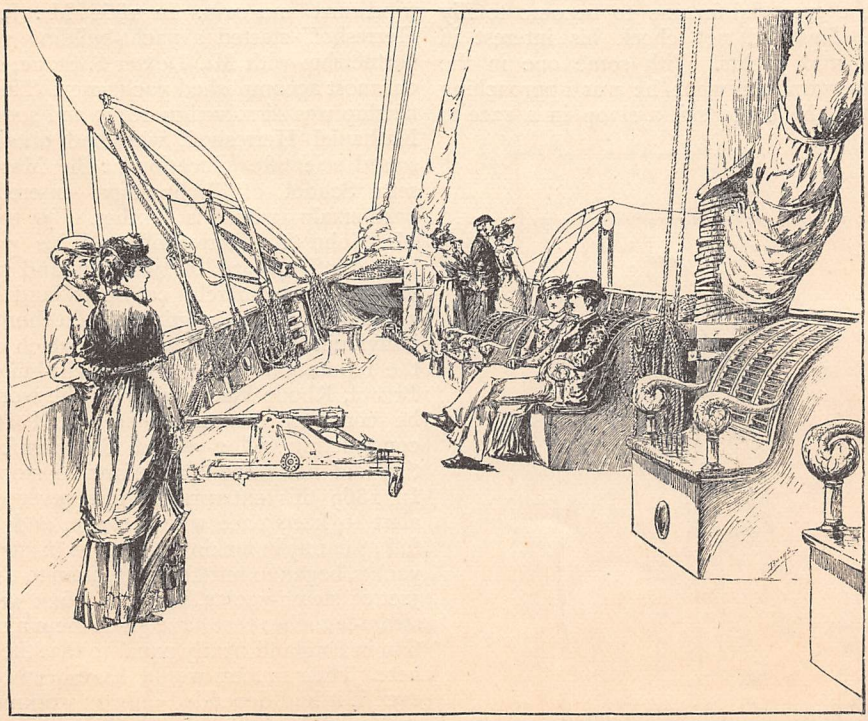
SKEG OF HERRESHOFF STEAM-YACHTS.



J. G. BENNETT'S STEAM-YACHT "NAMOUNA"

fortune and genius to invent an engine of a more compact and convenient kind than any yet employed in ships, together with a boiler altogether different from any in use—one literally safe from the danger of bursting. Their steam-coil boiler, as it is called, was perfected about seven years ago.

The marine steam-engine employed by the Herreshoff Company cannot be better described than in the official account of the famous *Leila*, which was under suspicion of being intended to smuggle fillibusters into Cuba. It is "a compound condensing engine, with vertical cylinders placed side by side above the crank-shaft, and having their axes in the vertical plane passing through its axis. The cylinders are direct acting, the outer end of the piston-rod being secured into a cross-head working between guides in the engine frame, while the connecting-rod lies in direct extension between the cross-head journal and the crank-pin journal. The forward or small cylinder operates a lever which works the air-pump, the feed-pump, and the circulating-pump, all of which are vertical, single acting, and have the same stroke of piston. The axes of these three pumps are in the same vertical plane. * * * The feed-pump and the circulating-pump are plunger-pumps. * * * The air-pump is a lifting-pump without a



THE FORWARD DECK OF THE "NAMOUNA."

foot-valve. * * * The air-pump piston is not packed, but ground to a metallic fit in the brass barrel. * * * The engine frames, four in number, are each in a single casting and bolted to a bed-plate, which is also a single casting, extending under the entire length and breadth of the engine. The engine works with surface condensation. The surface condenser is composed of a single copper pipe placed on the outside of the vessel beneath the water, and just about at the garboard stroke. This pipe commences on one side of the vessel abreast of the after, or large cylinder, extends to and around the stern-post, and thence along the opposite side of the vessel until abreast of the air-pump and forward cylinder." It is not essential to go into further details here, but it may be well to add that the strength has been so judiciously distributed in this machine that the result has been extreme lightness, as well as great economy in the use of steam.

But it is in the celebrated coil-boiler that the Herreshoffs have displayed the crowning effort of their genius, producing one of the most remarkable modifications in the employment of steam since the days of Watt and Fulton. Four objects have been obtained by the Herreshoff boiler, possessed by no other in existence: it occupies less space; takes less metal and less fuel than other boilers; steam can be produced from cold water in two to five minutes; and it is non-explosive. These advantages are obvious in a yacht; they are also of great importance in a large mercantile steamer. Of course, until they have been tried on a large scale, there may be latent disadvantages, although possibly none may be discovered. The peculiarity of the Herreshoff boiler is that instead of being a tube of boiler iron over the furnaces, the furnace consists of a circular grate, around which is built a circular wall of brick, while around the masonry in turn is a continuous double coil of wrought-iron pipe. The hot gases from the furnaces circulate on every side of this pipe which contains the water that is to be turned into hot vapor or steam. The coil is supplied with water by a feed-pipe at the top, while the steam passes by another aperture near the top to the cylinder. The whole apparatus is surrounded by a casing of sheet iron and is conical in shape. The most important defect of this boiler is the impossibility of examining the interior of the coils, and the facility with which they are made foul, especially by water impregnated with lime-salts. This, however, is less rapidly developed in fresh than in salt water. This defect can be largely remedied, however, by an occasional dose of a solution of soda and potash, which also tends to neutralize the fatty acids of the oils on the machinery. By this precaution a lining of black magnetic oxide of iron is gradually deposited, which is smooth and thoroughly resists the incrustation of salts. With this machinery the Herreshoff one-hundred-foot yacht is capable of achieving a maximum of eighteen miles an hour, with two hundred pounds of coal and only three men to take charge. This, of course, is with all the circumstances favorable, which very rarely occurs at sea. A steamer with a maximum speed of fifteen knots of course never averages that in a voyage; either she alters her trim by burning coal, or the wind and sea are ahead, or something else. The greatest speed ever obtained by a steam-propelled vessel, considering the size, is undoubtedly that reached by the Herreshoff Vedette boats built for the British Government. They were required to steam fourteen knots, and actually steamed fifteen and one-eighth knots; the boats of Mr. John Samuel White, of Cowes, who had made a specialty of this class of vessel, only attained thirteen and three-eighth knots, a very great velocity it may be granted. The dimensions of the latter are only forty-eight feet in length and nine feet beam, with a depth of five feet. The success of these boats depends partly on the lightness of their construction and consequent moderate displacement, a cause which also has contributed to the success of the Herreshoff sailing-yachts, as we stated in a previous article. The lightness of the boiler and machinery doubtless aids the general result. To counteract their lightness of draft and to keep the propeller from "kicking" into the air in a sea way, the Herreshoff steam-yachts generally have the screw depressed below the keel. It is protected by a skeg, or depressed convex projection of wood and copper, or copper alone. It extends as far as the rudder post, which turns upon it, the rudder being attached to it as to a spindle, one-fourth of its breadth from the forward edge, as in the rudder of a sharpie. The lines of the Herreshoff steam-yachts are exceedingly sharp and clean, showing a directness and a freedom from bulginess in all the lines which is very remarkable. The bow presents an acute wedge, without the slightest tendency to the wave line formerly so much valued by ship-builders when Stephens and Scott Russell invented it. These yachts are often composite, the frame being of angle-iron, excepting the stern and the stern-post and the planking of wood. The Herreshoff steam-yacht, take it in all its points, as a model for speed, and for the completeness and unrivaled merit of its propelling power, as well as for economy in the arrangement of space and in the running expenses

—in a word, for attaining the end desired in a small steam-yacht, is one of the completest examples of mechanical and scientific genius yet produced in the United States.

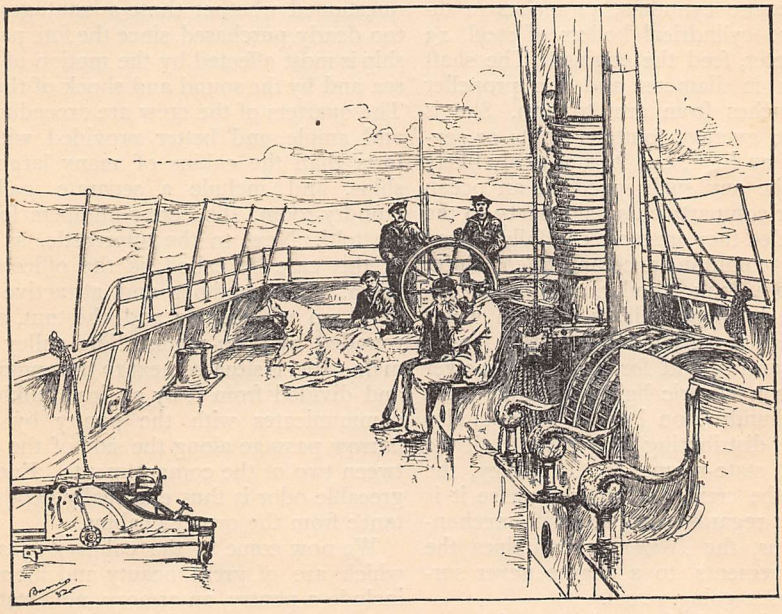
But in size and splendor of interior appointments it must be said that these yachts do not yet approach a number that have already been built in other American ship-yards. Out of a large number of steam-yachts enrolled in the New York Yacht Club alone, at least nine are considerably upward of one hundred feet long. Besides the Herreshoffs, some of our leading steam-yacht builders are James Lennox, of South Brooklyn; Samuel Pine, of Williamsburg; Messrs. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia; John Roach & Son, of Chester and New York; Ward, Stanton & Co., of Newburg; and D. J. Lawlor, of Boston. Of course many others among our ship-builders can turn out excellent work if models are given them, or even from their own models. Besides the better known yacht and general ship-builders we have named, the number of excellent artisans who turn out thorough work is legion, and includes such men as Joshua Brown, of Salem; J. Keating, of Marblehead; Van Deusen, of Williamsburg; and Piepgrass, of Greenpoint.

Among our most notable steam-yachts is the *Corsair*, owned by Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan. She is of iron throughout, and was built on the Delaware in 1880 by Messrs. William Cramp & Son. She is one hundred and eighty-five feet long over all, one hundred and sixty-five feet on the water-line, twenty-nine feet eight inches extreme beam, with fourteen feet depth of hold and ten feet five inches draft, altogether of a desirable size for a pleasure-boat. Her engines are compound, surface-condensing, with a low and a high pressure cylinder. Her accommodations are sumptuous in appliances for comfort and in decoration, but offer nothing especially novel. It is an interesting circumstance that Mr. Osgood's iron steam-yacht *Stranger* is a twin to the *Corsair*. Another notable steam-yacht is the *Yosemite*, built in 1880 for Mr. William F. Belden by Messrs. John Roach & Son, at Chester, Pa. She is one hundred and eighty-six feet over all, one hundred and seventy feet on the water-line and twenty-four feet beam; she draws eleven feet eleven inches aft and has twelve feet depth of hold. She is built of iron and evidently constructed for outside work in long cruises. Her appearance is saucy, rakish, and severe, and suggests rather some fleet smuggler or slaver than a yacht intended for pleasure. She is propelled by twin screws and is schooner-rigged. Although not heavily sparred, the great rake of her masts, together with the long housing top-masts, makes her look excessively wicked. The effect is greatly aided by the turtle-back, which extends the length of the vessel and at the bow tapers down to meet the stem, extending out to a point and giving the appearance of a long spike like that of the sword-fish. It must be admitted that the general effect of this turtle-back is not in the least beautiful, but it suggests ability to endure weather and probably adds to her safety in a storm. But it narrows the promenade deck to a very contracted limit, while the slender iron balustrade and netting which protect it scarcely seem in keeping with the sturdiness of the turtle-back. If the *Yosemite* were intended for some special service her plan might be exactly the thing, but for a pleasure yacht alone she seems to be too heavy, challenging attention rather than admiration.

More agreeable to look at and, perhaps, as good a sea-boat is the *Rhada*, built in 1880 for Mr. Pierre Lorillard. She is of composite construction, very fast and every way trim and handsome, except in her forward-deck saloon, which breaks the flow of lines and is so unnecessarily high as to ruin the general appearance of an otherwise very handsome boat. The tendency of Americans to crowd their decks with houses is excusable when it results from a question of dollars and cents, as in a freight or passenger vessel. But we cannot understand why, when a gentleman builds for pleasure a craft in which beauty of lines and decoration are especially considered, he should so often disfigure it with clumsy excrescences called cabins, so formed and placed as to ruin the general grace of outline. The *Rhada* was built at Newburg, by Messrs. Ward, Stanton & Co. As regards interior appointments, few of our yachts equal the *Ibis*, changed from a schooner to a steam-yacht, and owned by Mr. Higginson, of Boston.

Mr. Samuel Pine, of Greenpoint, L. I., has recently finished a very beautifully modeled steam-yacht, intended for light cruising on the lakes. The roughness of the seas on those waters, however, when it does blow hard there, would make it undesirable for any craft with such a low freeboard and such flimsy upper works to get caught out in a north-west "sneezer." But for ordinary weather this little steamer seems well adapted. As regards beauty of lines we have seen her surpassed by nothing afloat. From stem to stern not a break is to be discovered in the harmonious blending of curves. The entrance is fine, but most attention has been paid to the long, hollow run. Owing to the moderate draft, the propeller is depressed below the line of the keel, and, as in the Herreshoff boats,

is protected by a skeg. The beautifully tapering bow is appropriately terminated by a sharp cut-water, ending in a beak-like point, answering in appearance to a bowsprit. This is now quite a common form of bow in American steam-yachts. It was first employed in American ocean steamers when the bowsprit was abandoned. Eventually, the blunt stem came altogether into use in our steam-marine, having been introduced by Commodore Vanderbilt in the famous steam-yacht *North Star*. The narrowness of the deck limits for promenading appears to be a defect in this otherwise perfect yacht, but it is quite too common in our steam-yachts to call for more than mere mention in this respect. She is furnished with Massey's Patent Compound Engine, which, with its rapid high-pressure cylinder, longer stroke, and double pistons, is one of the most desirable types of the compound engine.



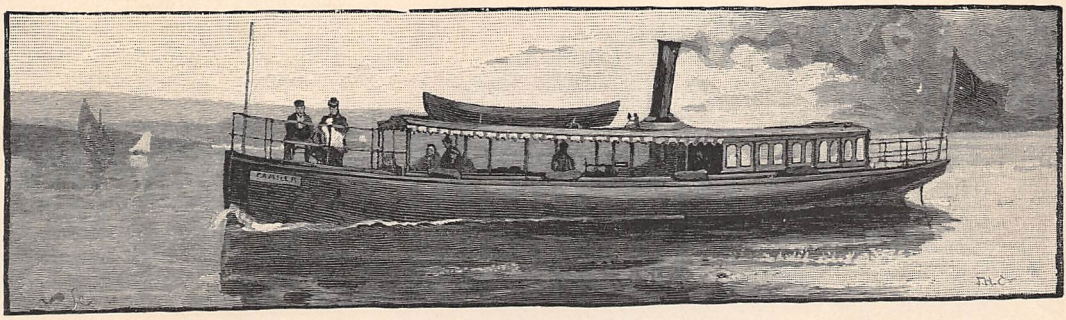
THE AFTER-DECK OF THE "NAMOUNA."

But probably no steam-yacht ever built has merited more attention than the *Namouna*, completed in the spring of 1881, for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, by Messrs. Ward, Stanton & Co., of Newburg-on-the-Hudson. In the *Namouna*, Mr. Bennett has successfully endeavored to surpass the sumptuousness and convenience of every known yacht. The wonder is that with such a purpose in view so few mistakes have occurred. The results have proved equal to the intentions of the owner. The *Namouna* was designed by her builders and represents a modification of English and American models, which offers a very agreeable result. Her slightly hollow bow terminates in a long, graceful cut-water, supporting a gilded billet-head, and carved scroll-work, with a short bowsprit projecting beyond. It needed but an artistic figure-head of a fair feminine form instead of a billet-head to complete the extreme beauty of this English-looking bow. It is a source of wonder to us that our wealthy yacht-owners, who are so ready to lavish expense, do not give more encouragement to our sculptors by decorating the bows of their yachts with figure-heads. The tapering elliptical stern has a moderate overhang. Here, again, we have a suggestion of English models. The keel is perfectly straight; the midships section is long and full, giving more interior space, together with greater stability. The sides are straight or wall-sided, and the deck is protected by massive and lofty bulwarks of teak-wood. The latter feature gives a solidity to the appearance of the yacht appropriate to the sea-going work for which she is intended. The general effect when seen on the ways is one of remarkable symmetry and beauty of lines, aided by great strength of construction. It is only after repeated inspection that one realizes the real dimensions of the largest private yacht afloat. (Some of the royal yachts of Europe, I believe, are slightly larger.) She is 226 feet 10 inches in length over all, and 217

feet on the water-line. Her extreme beam is 26 feet 4 inches, her depth of hold 16 feet 2 inches, and her draft 14 feet 3 inches aft, and 11 feet 6 inches forward. She is 845 tons, old measurement, but actually registers 616 tons, new measurement. She is rigged as a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner, carrying so-called lug sails. The looks of the vessel would have been decidedly more effective if the two after-sails had been provided with booms. The masts are single sticks, beautifully tapered, well placed, and raking enough to aid the general harmony of lines; but the spars and canvas are chiefly for looks or for steadying the vessel in a sea-way. For motive power she depends altogether on the powerful engines, which are of the vertical compound, surface condensing, double-tandem order, with two cylinders, high-pressure, and 23 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, 42 inches in diameter. Two cylindrical boilers of steel, 13 feet in diameter, feed the engines. The shaft is 11 inches in diameter and the propeller 11 feet 6 inches from arm to arm. She is calculated to average fourteen knots or seventeen miles an hour, but it is scarcely likely she will make any such speed in an ocean cruise. Four compartments lend safety to the vessel, provided they are more carefully looked after than is common in compartment ships. There is also a donkey boiler, capable of condensing five hundred gallons of fresh water daily. Engines are provided in addition for the steering apparatus, and for generating power for the Edison electric lights, of which there are several hundred on board. There is also an engine for distributing fresh water to all the saloons and state-rooms, to the galley, the quarters of the crew, and wherever else it is required. As regards every requisite mechanical apparatus, the *Namouna* combines the latest improvements, to a degree never surpassed on a sea-going vessel.

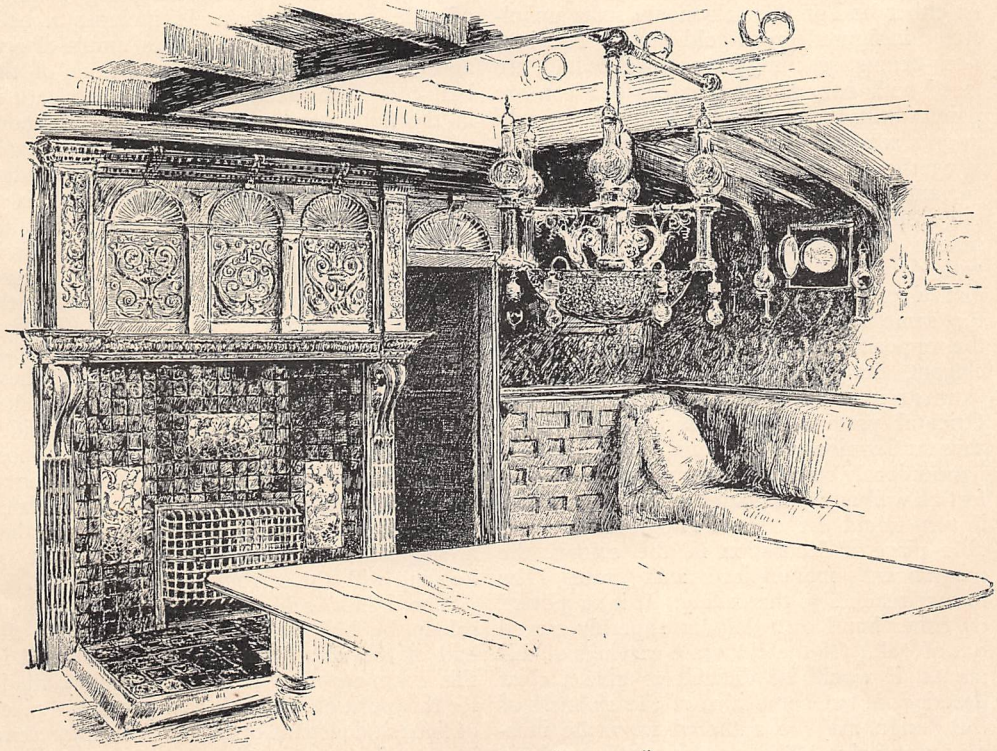
The deck is flush fore-and-aft, and has a man-o'-war look with its beautiful teak wood bulwarks, its four Hotchkiss guns, its elaborately designed after-steering-wheel, and its bronze binnacle. All the deck houses are built in an unbroken line, and, although of iron, are lined with teak, which preserves the uniformity of effect. The teak imported for the vessel cost $8,000. The arrangement and shape of the numerous sky-lights is well indicated in the foregoing view of the deck. They are filled with crackle glass, which allows the sunlight to sift below rather than to pierce with a garish glare. The arms of the seats are finished off with bronze dolphins. The deck-houses consist of an elegant smoking-room, a chart-room, the engine-rooms, and a sleeping-cabin intended for the owner when he prefers to lodge on deck rather than below. But it is the arrangements and decorations below that one finds the most remarkable features of this peerless floating palace. Naturally the ship is divided into four parts: the quarters of the crew, the engine-room, the ward-room of the officers, and the cabins for the owner and his friends, to which all the rest is subordinate and subservient. Here we find the order which has been observed from the first ship to the present day at last reversed. The passenger-cabin is forward in the bow, and the forecastle, or quarters of the crew, aft under the quarter-deck. This plan has already been tried in two or three English steam-yachts, and is obviously intended in order to escape the fumes and cinders and heat of the galley and machinery, as well as to gain a fresher current of air. It may be questioned whether these advantages are not too dearly purchased, since the fore part of the ship is most affected by the motion of a head-sea and by the sound and shock of the surges. The quarters of the crew are exceedingly neat and ample, and better provided with comforts than the cabins of many large sailing ships, and include a separate galley and laundry-room. The crew numbers forty men all told. Next to the aftercastle, as it must in this case be called, is the officers' ward-room, a commodious and attractive saloon, fitted up with maple and chestnut, and surrounded by state-rooms. The galley for the main cabin is situated next to the engine-room, and divided from it by an iron bulkhead. It communicates with the pantry by a long, narrow passage along the side of the ship between two of the compartments. Every disagreeable odor is thus effectually kept at a distance from the owner's cabins.

We now come to the cabins *par excellence*, which are of great beauty and interest, and include a pantry, an armory, nine staterooms, a main saloon or dining-hall, and a ladies' saloon, besides a number of minor offices and an abundance of passage-ways. They are so arranged as to avoid, in a degree, the formality common in a ship's cabins, and suggest apartments in a dwelling-house. Descending from the deck by a stairway of carved woods, resembling, in beauty and solidity, the staircase of some ducal chateau, we reach an ample hall or vestibule serving also as an armory. On one side is the entrance to the butler's pantry, and on other sides are sumptuous staterooms and a warlike case of burnished rifles and cutlasses. Stepping over the waxed and inlaid floor, we enter the grand saloon, an apartment twenty-four feet in length, extending entirely across from one side of the ship to the other, and sixteen feet in width,—a room of spa-

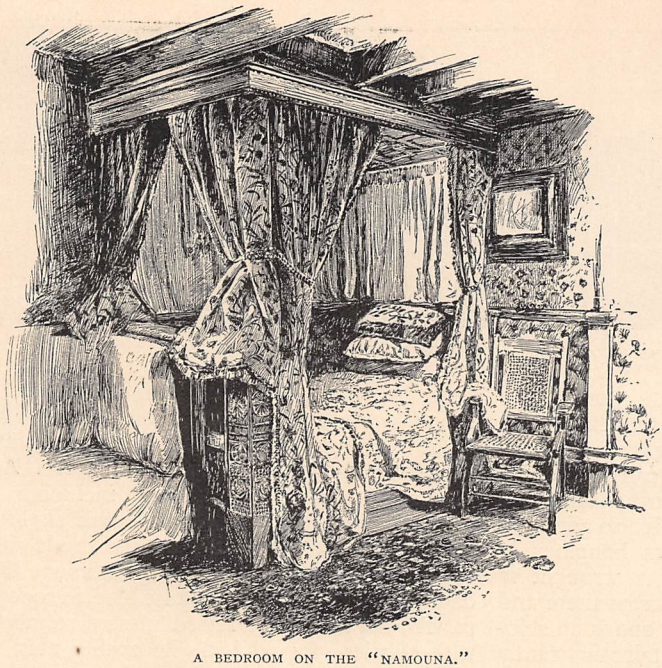


THE HERRESHOFF YACHT "CAMILLA," FORMERLY OWNED BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

cious dimensions for a private yacht. The light is distributed over the apartment from a large, dome-like sky-light of crackle glass. A curtain of rich Indian stuffs can be drawn across, and the light can be further tempered by a stained-glass slide. Light is also admitted by round port-holes. Exquisite hangings, in which the interwoven thistle is wrought in silk and gold, can be drawn across them and serve to dispel the idea that one is on shipboard. The thistle on these curtains constantly reappears in the decorations of the yacht, and is doubtless a reminiscence of the Scotch origin of her owner. Below the sky-light, over the massively elegant table of carved oak, hangs a very elaborate brass chandelier of Moorish design, diffusing a genial glow at night by means of tiny globes of electric lights pendent from the bands of metal filagree. All the wood-work in this saloon, including a paneled dado, are of English oak slightly stained so as to relieve it from the crude tint of newness. The sides of the room above the dado are of a delicate turquoise blue, in square panels, apparently of raised plaster, stamped with thistles of gold leaf. In reality this is done by a process comparatively new in this country, but suggested by an old Scotch style of decoration. The effect is reached by coating a lining of leather with a paste-like pig-



MAIN SALOON OF THE "NAMOUNA."



A BEDROOM ON THE "NAMOUNA."

ment mixed with drying-oil and laid on so solidly that it could receive a rough raised surface. Its durability is remarkable, while the exceeding richness of the effect is exceptional. At either end of the saloon are sofas upholstered in figured green-gold plush. The iron deck-beams, reaching across the ceiling, are faced with oak, and the spaces between are painted with the most delicate designs of gold upon a sea-green ground; this work was done altogether by hand, without the aid of the stencil, and is far more costly and artistic than one would imagine at a superficial glance. A superb oaken bookcase, next to the mantel, with doors of bevelled, prismatic glass, is a marvel of artistic taste and handiwork, and the same may be said of the side-board on the opposite side. The floor is inlaid with elegant designs in colored woods and is warmed in the center by a costly rug of Oriental pattern. Not only is every object thus far described exquisite in itself, but all are harmoniously combined to give an air of comfort as well as regal luxury, and all contribute in turn to aid the central and most remarkable piece of decoration in the saloon, the magnificent mantelpiece and grate. The former reaches to the ceiling. It is supported on either hand by a dolphin superbly carved out of oak. Of the elaborate carvings of this mantel it would be difficult to give a clear description, but some idea of the richness of the design may be gathered from the illustration we give. The grate is protected by a nickel-plated grating, to prevent the coals from falling out in rough weather, and is set in a recess covered with blue glazed tiles, relieved by larger glass panels of a pale sea-green hue, representing the sea with fish and shell-fish disporting therein. This part of the decoration and the glass-work throughout the vessel were executed by Louis C. Tiffany & Co., Associated Artists, but the general direction of the interior decorations of the *Namouna* was assigned to McKim, Mead & White. The harmonious arrangement of colors in this saloon and the elaborateness of the carvings make it the most elegant cabin ever seen in a ship, at least since the time of Hieron and his famous yacht.

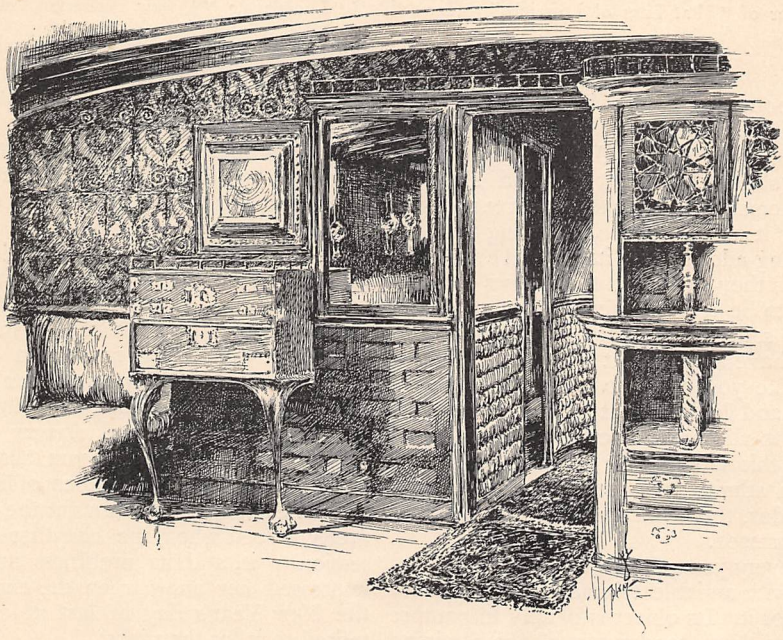
From the main saloon we enter a winding aisle or passage upholstered with a lofty dado of olive green plush, and leading to the ladies' saloon and staterooms and the stateroom of the owner. The latter is furnished entirely in cherry wood, excepting a dado of pale maroon plush. It includes a bedroom and a bath-room, besides ample closets and wardrobes. The sides and floor of the bath-room are faced with tiles. The bath is in the floor, covered by a trap-door, a contrivance applied also to several other staterooms in this yacht. The bed-room is lighted by a special sky-light, beneath which is a beautiful toilet-table, mirror, and chest of drawers of carved cherry. Opposite to this is the bedstead, also of carved cherry, of a massive design, relieved by delicate carved work. It is said to have cost one thousand dollars. The sofa is covered with olive-green plush,—the prevailing tint in the upholstering of these cabins,—and the panels of the doors are filled with mirrors of the costliest glass. The sides of this cabin as of the ladies' saloon and most of the staterooms are covered with flowered chintz of an agreeable design. At a distance the effect is excellent, but seen near by it has a suggestion of cheapness entirely out of keeping with the surrounding decorations.

The ladies' saloon differs from the main saloon by being smaller as it is nearer the end of the ship. Instead of a side-board in this room we find a piano, expressly made for this position. A book-case presents a piece of light and elegant open-work carving resembling a Japanese cabinet. A dainty writing-

desk is attached to it, almost too light for service, but very graceful in design. Of the other apartments each has features of its own, and all, whether for guests or attendants, are elegantly furnished.

Such is the *Namouna*, so far as one is able to describe her in a few brief pages,— fairly-like in form, Oriental in the splendor of her decorations, and yet cozy and comfortable as an old English home in the plan of her appointments. Science, skill, and money have been lavished upon her without stint. As a representation of what American craftsmen are capable of, she has never been surpassed. The ship-builders and the artists of Europe might inspect her ever so carefully and find little to condemn and much to praise; possibly they might also see another indication of the growth of the arts in the western world. It is a long step from the *May-flower* to the *Namouna*, and even they who deprecate admiration of material success may gather profit in the national progress suggested by a contrast between these two ships, separated as they are by an interval of two hundred and sixty-two years.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



ENTRANCE TO THE LADIES' SALOON OF THE "NAMOUNA."

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

THE calyx parts in short, convulsive throes,
With intervals of rest, as if, to gain
Its blossom life, the bud were racked by pain.
With solemn motion slow the leaves unclose,
And curve by curve the graceful chalice grows.
Stirless the velvet disks of green remain,
Like palms outspread to save the flower from stain.
O mystic flower! What god its secret knows?
It opens, an unsullied, dazzling white;
Confronts the sun, one day, with brow serene,
Then closes at first darkening of the night.
Next morn, it opens with the dawning light,
Rose-red, as might some stately, blushing queen,
Rememb'ring what she yesterday had seen.

H. H.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE room which Mrs. Sylvestre occupied in her friend's house was a very pretty one. It had been one of Mrs. Amory's caprices at the time she had fitted it up, and she had amused herself with it for two or three months, arranging it at her leisure, reflecting upon it, and making additions to its charms every day as soon as they suggested themselves to her.

"It is to be a purely feminine apartment," she had said to Richard and Arbuthnot. "And I have a sentiment about it. When it is complete you shall go and stand outside the door and look in, but nothing would induce me to allow you to cross the threshold."

When this moment had arrived, and they had been admitted to the private view from the corridor, they had evidently been somewhat impressed.

"It is very pretty," Mr. Arbuthnot had remarked with amiable tolerance, "but I don't approve of it. Its object is plainly to pamper and foster those tendencies of the feminine temperament which are most prominent and least desirable. Nothing could be more apparent than its intention to pander to a taste for luxury and self-indulgence, combined in the most shameless manner with vanity and lightness of mind. It will be becoming to the frivolous creatures, and will exalt and inflate them to that extent that they will spend the greater portion of their time in it, utterly ignoring the superior opportunities for cultivating and improving their minds they might enjoy down-stairs on occasions when Richard remains at home and my own multifarious duties permit me to drop in. It strikes me as offering a premium to feminine depravity and crime."

"That expresses it exactly," agreed Richard.

Arbuthnot turned him round.

"Will you," he said, "kindly give your attention to the length and position of that mirror, and the peculiar advantages to be derived from the fact that the light falls upon it from that particular point, and that its effects are softened by the lace draperies and suggestions of pink and blue? The pink and blue idea is merely of a piece with all the rest, and is prompted by the artfulness of the serpent. If it had been all pink the blondes would have suffered, and if it had been all blue the brunettes would have felt that they were not at their best; this ineffably wily combination, however, truckles to either, and intimates that each combines the attractions of both. Take me away, Richard: it is not for the ingenuous and serious mind to view such spectacles as these. Take me away—first, however, making a mental inventory of the entirely debasing sofas and chairs and the flagrant and openly sentimental nature of the pictures, all depicting or insinuating the driveling imbecility and slavery of man—'The Huguenot Lovers,' you observe, 'The Black Brunswicker,' and others of like nature."

Mrs. Sylvestre had thought the room very pretty indeed when she had first taken possession of it, and its prettiness and comfort impressed her anew when, the excitement of the New Year's day at last at an end, she retired to it for the night.

When she found herself within the closed doors she did not go to bed at once. Too many impressions had been crowded into the last ten hours to have left her in an entirely reposeful condition of mind and body, and though of too calm a temperament for actual excitement, she was still not inclined to sleep.

So having partly undressed and thrown on a loose wrap, she turned down the light and went to the fire. It was an open wood-fire and burned cheerily behind a brass fender; a large rug of white fur was spread upon the hearth before it, a low, broad sofa, luxurious with cushions, was drawn up at one side of it, and upon the rug at the other stood a deep easy-chair. It was this chair she took, and having taken it she glanced up at an oval mirror which was among the ornaments on the opposite wall. In it she saw reflected that portion of the room which seemed to have arranged itself about her own graceful figure—the faint pinks and blues, the flowered drapery, the puffed and padded furniture, and the hundred and one entirely feminine devices of ornamentation; and she was faintly aware that an expression less

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thoughtful than the one she wore would have been more in keeping with her surroundings.

"I look too serious to harmonize," she said. "If Bertha were here she would detect the incongruity and deplore it."

But she was in a thoughtful mood, which was not an uncommon experience with her, and the faint smile the words gave rise to died away as she turned to the fire again. What she thought of as she sat and looked into it, it would have been difficult to tell, but there was evidence that she was mentally well occupied in the fact that she sat entirely still and gazed at its flickering flame for nearly half an hour. She would not have moved then, perhaps, if she had not been roused from her reverie by a sound at the door—a low knock and a voice speaking to her.

"Agnes!" it said. "Agnes!"

She knew it at once as Bertha's, and rose to reply to the summons almost as if she had expected or even waited for it. When she unlocked the door and opened it, Bertha was standing on the threshold. She had partly undressed, too. She had laid aside the red dress and put on a long white negligee, bordered with white fur; there was no color about her, and it made her look cold. Perhaps she was cold, for Agnes thought she seemed to shiver a little.

"May I come in?" she asked. "I know it is very inconsiderate, but I had a sort of conviction that you would not be asleep."

"I was not thinking of going to sleep yet," said Agnes. "I am glad you have come."

Bertha entered, and, the door being closed, crossed the room to the fire. She did not take a chair, but sat down upon the hearth-rug.

"This is very feminine," she said, "and we ought to be in bed, but the day would not be complete without it."

Then she turned toward Agnes.

"You must have a great deal to think of to-night," she said.

Agnes Sylvestre looked at the fire.

"Yes," she answered, "I have a great deal to think of."

"Are they things you like to think of?"

"Some of them—not all."

"It must be a curious experience," said Bertha, "to find yourself here again after so many years—with all your life changed for you."

Mrs. Sylvestre did not reply.

"You have not been here," Bertha continued, "since you went away on your wedding journey. You were nineteen or twenty then—only a girl."

"I was young," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "but I was rather mature for my years. I did not feel as if I was exactly a girl."

Then she added in a lower voice:

"I had experienced something which had ripened me."

"You mean," said Bertha, "that you knew what love was."

She had not intended to say the words, and their abrupt directness grated upon her as she spoke, but she could not have avoided uttering them.

Mrs. Sylvestre paused a moment.

"The experience I passed through," she said, "did not belong to my age. It was not a girl's feeling. I think it came too soon."

"You had two alternatives to choose from," said Bertha,—"that it should come too soon or too late."

Mrs. Sylvestre paused again.

"You do not think," she said, "that it ever comes to any one at the right time?"

Bertha had been sitting with her hands folded about her knee. She unclasped and clasped them with a sharply vehement movement.

"It is a false thing from beginning to end," she said. "I do not believe in it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Sylvestre, softly, "I believe in it. I wish I did not."

"What is there to be gained by it?" said Bertha,—"a feeling that is not to be reasoned about or controlled—a miserable, feverish emotion you cannot understand, and can only resent and struggle against blindly. When you let it conquer you, how can you respect yourself or the object of it? What do women love men for? Who knows? It is like madness! All you can say is, 'I love him. He is life or death to me.' It is so unreasoning—so unreasoning."

She stopped suddenly, as if all at once she became conscious that her companion was looking at herself instead of at the fire.

"You love a man generally," said Mrs. Sylvestre, in her tenderly modulated voice—"at least I have thought so—because he is the one human creature of all others who is capable of causing you the greatest amount of suffering. I don't know of any other reason, and I have thought of it a great deal."

"It is a good reason," said Bertha,—"a good reason."

Then she laughed.

"This is just a little tragic, isn't it?" she said. "What a delightfully emotional condition we must be in to have reached tragedy in less than five minutes, and entirely without intention! I did not come to be tragic—I came to be analytical. I want you to tell me carefully how we strike you."

"We?" said Mrs. Sylvestre.

Bertha touched herself on the breast.

"We," she said. "I, Richard, Laurence

Arbuthnot, Colonel Tredennis, Senator Planefield, the two hundred men-callers—Washington in short. How does Washington strike you, now that you come to it again?"

"Wont you give me two weeks to reflect upon it?" said Agnes.

"No. I want impressions, not reflections. Is it all very much changed?"

"I am very much changed," was the reply.

"And we?" said Bertha. "Suppose—suppose you begin with Laurence Arbuthnot."

"I do not think I could. He is not one of the persons I have remembered."

"Agnes," said Bertha, "only wait with patience for one of those occasions when you feel it necessary to efface him, and then tell him that, in exactly that tone of voice, and he will in that instant secretly atone for the crimes of a life-time. He wont wince, and he will probably reply in the most brilliant and impersonal manner, but, figuratively speaking, you will have reduced him to powder and cast him to the breeze."

"We shall not be sufficiently intimate to render such a thing possible," said Mrs. Sylvestre. "One must be intimate with a man to be angry enough with him to wish to avenge oneself."

Bertha smiled.

"You don't like him," she said. "Poor Larry!"

"On the contrary," was her friend's reply. "But it would not occur to me to 'begin with him,' as you suggested just now."

"With whom, then," said Bertha, "would you begin?"

Her guest gave a moment to reflection, during which Bertha regarded her intently.

"If I were going to begin at all," she said, rather slowly, "I think it would be with Colonel Tredennis."

There was a moment of silence, and then Bertha spoke in a somewhat cold and rigid voice.

"What do you like about him?" she asked.

"I think I like everything."

"If you were any one else," said Bertha, "I should say that you simply like his size. I think that is generally it. Women invariably fall victims to men who are big and a little lumbering. They like to persuade themselves that they are overawed and subjected. I never understood it myself. Big men never pleased me very much—they are so apt to tread on you."

"I like his eyes," said Agnes, apparently reflecting aloud—"they are very kind. And I like his voice ——"

"It is rather too deep," remarked Bertha, "and sometimes I am a little afraid it will degenerate into a growl, though I have never heard it do so yet."

Mrs. Sylvestre went on:

"When he bends his head a little and looks down at you as you talk," she said, "he is very nice. He is really thinking of you and regarding you seriously. I do not think he is given to trifling."

"No," returned Bertha, "I do not think he is given to anything special but being massive. That is what you are thinking—that he is massive."

"There is no denying," said her friend, "that that is one of the things I like."

"Ah!" said Bertha, "you find the rest of us very flippant and trivial. *That* is how we strike you!"

A fatigued little sigh escaped her lips.

"After all," she said, "it is true. And we have obliged ourselves to be trivial for so long that we are incapable of seriousness. Sometimes—generally toward Lent, after I have been out a great deal—I wonder if the other would not be interesting for a change; but, at the same time, I know I could not be serious if I tried."

"Your seriousness will be deeper," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "when you accomplish it without trying."

She was serious herself as she spoke, but her seriousness was extremely gentle. She looked at Bertha even tenderly, and her clear eyes were very expressive.

"We are both changed since we met here last," she said, with simple directness, "and it is only natural that what we have lived through should have affected us differently. We are of very different temperaments. You were always more vivid and intense than I, and suffering—if you had suffered ——"

Her soft voice faltered a little, and she paused. Bertha turned and looked her unflinchingly in the face.

"I—have not suffered," she said.

Agnes spoke as simply as before.

"I have," she said.

Bertha turned sharply away.

"I was afraid so," was her response.

"If we are to be as near to each other as I hope," Agnes continued, "it would be useless for me to try to conceal from you the one thing which has made me what I am. The effort to hide it would always stand between us and our confidence in each other. It is much simpler to let you know the truth."

She put her hands up to her face an instant, and Bertha broke the silence with a curiously incisive question.

"Was he very cruel to you?"

Agnes withdrew her hands, and if her shadow of a smile had not been so infinitely sad, it would have been bitter.

"He could not help it," she said; "and

when I was calm enough to reason, I knew he was not to blame for my imagination. It was all over in a few months, and he would have been quite content to bear what followed philosophically. When the worst came to the worst, he told me that he had known it could not last—because such things never did, but that he had also known that, even after the inevitable termination, I should always please him and display good taste. He had lived through so much, and I had known so little. I only spoke openly to him once—one awful day, and after that I scarcely know what happened to me for months. I asked him to let me go away alone, and I went to the sea-side. Since then the sound of the sea has been a terror to me, and yet there are times when I long to hear it. I used to tell myself that, on one of those days when I sat on the sand and looked at the sea, I died, and that I have never really lived since. Something happened to me—I don't know what. It was one brilliant morning when the sun beat on the blue water and the white sand, and everything was a dazzling glare. I sat on the beach for hours without moving, and when I got up and walked away I remember hearing myself saying, 'I have left you behind—I have left you behind—I shall never see you again.' I was ill for several days afterward, and when I recovered I seemed to have become a new creature. When my husband came, I was able to meet him so calmly that I think it was even a kind of shock to him."

"And that was the end?" said Bertha.

"Yes, that was the end—for me."

"And for him?"

"Once or twice afterwards it interested him to try experiments with me, and when they failed, he was not pleased."

"Were you never afraid," said Bertha, "that they would not fail?"

"No. There is nothing so final as the ending of such a feeling. There is nothing to come after it, because it has taken everything with it—passion, bitterness, sorrow—even regret. I never wished that it might return after the day I spoke of. I have thought if, by stretching forth my hand, I could have brought it all back just as it was at first, I should not have wished to do it. It had been too much."

"It is a false thing," said Bertha—"a false thing, and there must always be some such end to it."

Agnes Sylvestre was silent again, and because of her silence, Bertha repeated her words with feverish eagerness.

"It must always end so," she said.

"*You* know that—you *must* know it."

"I am only one person," was the characteristic answer. "And I do not know. I do not want to know. I only want quiet now. I have learned enough."

"Agnes," said Bertha, "that is very pathetic."

"Yes," Agnes answered. "I know it is pathetic, when I allow myself to think of it." And for the first time her voice broke a little, and was all the sweeter for the break in it. But it was over in a moment, and she spoke as she had spoken before.

"But I did not mean to be pathetic," she said. "I only wanted to tell you the entire truth, so that there should be nothing between us, and nothing to avoid. There can be nothing now. You know of me all that is past, and you can guess what is to come."

"No, I cannot do that," said Bertha.

Agnes smiled.

"It is very easy," she responded. "I shall have a pretty house, and I shall amuse myself by buying new or old things for it and by moving the furniture. I shall give so much thought to it that after a while it will be quite celebrated in a small way, and Miss Jessup will refer to it as 'unique.' Mrs. Merriam will be with me, and I shall have my reception day, and perhaps my 'evening,' and I shall see as many of the charming people who come to Washington as is possible. You will be very good to me, and come to see me often, and—so I hope will Mr. Arbuthnot, and Colonel Tredennis ——"

"Agnes," interposed Bertha, with an oddly hard manner, "if they do, one or both of them will fall in love with you."

"If it is either," responded Mrs. Sylvestre, serenely, "I hope it will be Mr. Arbuthnot, as he would have less difficulty in recovering."

"You think," said Bertha, "that nothing could ever touch you again—nothing?"

"Think!" was the response: "my safety lies in the fact that I do not think of it at all. If I were twenty I might do so, and everything would be different. Life is very short. It is not long enough to run risks in. I shall not trifle with what is left to me."

"Oh," cried Bertha, "how calm you are—how calm you are!"

"Yes," she answered, "I am calm now."

But she put her hands up to her face again for an instant, and her eyelashes were wet when she withdrew them.

"It was a horribly dangerous thing," she said, brokenly. "There were so many temptations—the temptation to find excitement in avenging myself on others was strongest of all. I suppose it is the natural savage impulse. There were times when I longed to be cruel. And then I began to think—and there

seemed so much suffering in life—and everything seemed so pitiful. And I could not bear the thought of it." And she ended with the sob of a child.

"It is very womanish to cry," she whispered, "and I did not mean to do it, but—you look at me so." And she laid her cheek against the cushioned back of her chair, and, for a little while, was more pathetic in her silence than she could have been in any words she might have uttered. It was true that Bertha had looked at her. There were no tears in her own eyes. Her feeling was one of obstinate resistance to all emotion in herself; but she did not resent her friend's; on the contrary, she felt a strange enjoyment of it.

"Don't stop crying because I am here," she said. "I like to see you do it."

Mrs. Sylvestre recovered herself at once. She sat up, smiling a little. There were no disfiguring traces of her emotion on her fair face.

"Thank you," she answered; "but I do not like it myself so much, and I have not done it before for a long time."

It was, perhaps, because Mr. Arbuthnot presented himself as an entirely safe topic, with no tendency whatever to develop the sensibilities, that she chose him as the subject of her next remarks.

"I do not see much change in your friend," she observed.

"If you mean Laurence," Bertha replied, "I dare say not. He does not allow things to happen to him. He knows better."

"And he has done nothing whatever during the last seven years?"

"He has been to a great many parties," said Bertha, "and he has read a book or so, and sung several songs."

"I hope he has sung them well," was her friend's comment.

"It always depends upon his mood," Bertha returned; "but there have been times when he has sung them very well indeed."

"It can scarcely have been a great tax to have done it occasionally," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "but I should always be rather inclined to think it was the result of chance and not effort. Still"—with a sudden conscientious scruple brought about by her recollection of the fact that these marks of disapproval had not expressed themselves in her manner earlier in the day—"still he is very agreeable, one cannot deny that."

"It is always safe not to attempt to deny it, even if you feel inclined," was Bertha's comment, "because if you do, he will inevitably prove to you that you were in the wrong before he has done with you."

"He did one thing I rather liked," her companion proceeded. "He was very nice—in that peculiar impartial way of his—to a boy ——"

"The boy who came with the Bartletts?" Bertha interposed. "I saw him, and was positively unhappy about him, because I could not attend to him. Did he take him in hand?" she asked, brightening visibly. "I knew he would, if he noticed him particularly. It was just like him to do it."

"I saw him first," Mrs. Sylvestre explained, "but I am afraid I should not have been equal to the occasion if Mr. Arbuthnot had not assisted me. It certainly surprised me that he should do it. He knew the Bartletts, and had met the boy's sister, and in the most wonderful, yet the most uneffusive and natural, way, he utilized his material until the boy felt himself quite at home, and not out of place at all. One of the nicest things was the way in which he talked about Whippleville—the boy came from Whippleville. He seemed to give it a kind of interest and importance, and even picturesqueness. He did not pretend to have been there; but he knew something of the country, which is pretty, and he was very clever in saying neither too much nor too little. Of course that was nice."

"Colonel Tredennis could not have done it," said Bertha.

Agnes paused. She felt there was something of truth in the statement, but she was reluctant to admit it.

"Why not?" she inquired.

"By reason of the very thing which is his attraction for you—because he is too massive to be adroit."

Agnes was silent.

"Was it not Colonel Tredennis who went to Virginia when your little girl was ill?" she asked, in a few moments.

"Yes," was Bertha's response. "He came because Richard was away and papa was ill."

"It was Janey who told me of it," said Agnes, quietly. "And she made a very pretty story of it, in her childish way. She said that he carried her up and down the room when she was tired, and that when her head ached he helped her not to cry. He must be very gentle. I like to think of it. It is very picturesque; the idea of that great soldierly fellow nursing a frail little creature, and making her pain easier to bear. Do you know, I find myself imagining that I know how he looked."

Bertha sat perfectly still. She, too, knew how he had looked. But there was no reason, she told herself, for the sudden horrible revulsion of feeling which rushed upon her with the remembrance. A little while before, when Agnes

had told her story, there had been a reason why she should be threatened by her emotions; but now it was different—now that there was, so to speak, no pathos in the air—now that they were merely talking of commonplace, unemotional things. But she remembered so well—if she could have forced herself to forget for one instant, she might have overcome the passion of unreasoning anguish which seized her; but it was no use, and as she made the effort, Agnes sat and watched her, a strange questioning dawning slowly in her eyes.

"He looked—very large ——"

She stopped short, and her hands clutched each other hard and close. A wild thought of getting up and leaving the room came to her, and then she knew it was too late.

A light flickered up from the wood-fire and fell upon her face as she slowly turned it to Agnes.

For an instant Agnes simply looked at her, then she uttered a terror-stricken exclamation.

"Bertha!" she cried.

"Well," said Bertha. "Well!" But at her next breath she began to tremble, and left her place on the hearth and stood up, trembling still. "I am tired out," she said. "I must go away. I ought not to have come here."

But Agnes rose and went to her, laying her hand on her arm. She had grown pale herself, and there was a thrill of almost passionate feeling in her words when she spoke.

"No," she said. "You were right to come. *This* is the place for you."

She drew her down upon the sofa and held both her hands.

"Do you think I would let you go now," she said, "until you had told me everything? Do you think I did not know there was something you were struggling with? When I told you of my own unhappiness, it was because I hoped it would help you to speak. If you had not known that I had suffered you could not have told me. You *must* tell me now. What barrier could there be between us—two women who have—who have been hurt, and who should know how to be true to each other?"

Bertha slipped from her grasp and fell upon her knees by the sofa, covering her face.

"Agnes," she panted, "I never thought of this—I don't know how it has come about. I never meant to speak. Almost the worst of it all is that my power over myself is gone, and that it has even come to this—that I am speaking when I meant to be silent. Don't look at me! I don't know what it all means! All my life has been so different—it is so unlike me—that I say to myself it cannot be true. Perhaps it is not. I have never believed in such things! I don't think I believe now—I don't know what it means, I say, or whether it will last, and if it is not only a sort of illness that I shall get better of. I am trying with all my strength to believe that—and to get better, but while it lasts ——"

"Go on," said Agnes, in a hushed voice.

Bertha threw out her hands and wrung them, the pretty baubles she had not removed when she undressed jingling on her wrists.

"It is worse for me than for any one else," she cried. "Worse, worse! It is not fair. I was not prepared for it. I was so sure it was not true; I can't understand it! But whether it is true or not, while it lasts, Agnes, just while it lasts—" And she hid her face again, and the bangles and serpents of silver and gold jingled more merrily than ever.

"You think," said Agnes, "that you will get over it?"

"Get over it!" she cried. "How often do you suppose I have said to myself that I *must* get over it? How many thousand times? I *must* get over it. Is it a thing to trifle with and be sentimental over? It is a degradation. I don't spare myself. No one could say to me more than I say to myself. I cannot bear it, and I *must* get over it, but I don't—I don't—I don't. And sometimes the horrible thought comes to me that it is a thing you can't get over and it drives me mad, but—but ——"

"But what?" said Agnes.

Her hands dropped away from her face.

"If I tell you this," she said, breathlessly, "you will despise me. I think I am going to tell it to you that you *may* despise me. The torture of it will be a sort of penance. When the thought comes to me that I *may* get over it, that it will go out of my life in time, and be lost forever, then I know that, compared to that, all the rest is nothing—nothing! and that I could bear it for an eternity, the anguish and the shame and the bitterness, if only it might not be taken away."

"Oh!" cried Agnes, "I can believe it—I can believe it!"

"You can believe it?" said Bertha, fiercely. "You? Yes. But I—I cannot!"

For some minutes after this Agnes did not speak. She sat still and looked down at Bertha's cowering figure. There came back to her, with terrible distinctness, times when she herself must have looked so,—only she had always been alone,—and there mingled with the deep feeling of the moment a far-

away pity for her own helpless youth and despair.

"Will you tell me," she said, at last, "how it began?"

She was struck, when Bertha lifted her face from its cushions, by the change which had come upon her. All traces of intense and passionate feeling were gone; it was as if her weeping had swept them away, and left only a weariness which made her look pathetically young and helpless. As she watched her, Agnes wondered if she had ever looked up at Tredennis with such eyes.

"I think," she said, "that it was long before I knew. If I had not been so young and so thoughtless, I think I should have known that I began to care for him before he went away the first time. But I was very young, and he was so quiet. There was one day, when he brought me some heliotrope, when I wondered why I liked the quiet things he said; and after he went away I used to wonder in a sort of fitful way what he was doing. And the first time I found myself face to face with a trouble I thought of him and wished for him, without knowing why. I even began a letter to him, but I was too timid to send it."

"Oh, if you had sent it!" Agnes exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Yes—if I had sent it! But I did not. Perhaps it would not have made much difference if I had—only when I told him of it ——"

"You told him of it?" said Agnes.

"Yes—in Virginia. All the wrong I have done, all the indulgence I have allowed myself, is the wrong I did and the indulgence I allowed myself in Virginia. There were days in Virginia when I suppose I was bad enough ——"

"Tell me that afterward," said Agnes. "I want to know how you reached it."

"I reached it," answered Bertha, "in this way. The thing that was my first trouble grew until it was too strong for me—or I was too weak for it. It was my own fault. Perhaps I ought to have known, but I did not. I don't think that I have let any one but myself suffer for my mistake. I couldn't do that. When I found out what a mistake it was, I told myself that it was mine, and that I must abide by it. And in time I thought I had grown quite hard, and I amused myself, and said that nothing mattered—and I did not believe in emotion, and thought I enjoyed living on the surface. I disliked to hear stories of any strong feeling. I tried to avoid reading them, and I was always glad when I heard clever worldly speeches made. I liked Laurence first because he said such clever, cold-blooded things. He was at his worst when I first knew him. He had lost all his money, and some one had been false to him, and he believed nothing."

"I did not know," said Agnes, "that *he* had a story." And then she added, a trifle hurriedly: "But it does not matter."

"It mattered to him," said Bertha. "And we all have a story—even poor Larry—and even I—even I!"

Then she went on again.

"There was one thing," she said, "that I told myself oftener than anything else, and that was that I was not unhappy. I was always saying that and giving myself reasons. When my dresses were becoming, and I went out a great deal, and people seemed to admire me, I used to say, 'How few women are as happy! How many things I have to make me happy!' and when a horrible moment of leisure came, and I could not bear it I would say, 'How tired I must be to feel as I do—and what nonsense it is!' The one thing Richard has liked most in me has been that I have not given way to my moods, and have always reasoned about them. Ah! Agnes, if I had been happier I might have given way to them just a little sometimes, and have been less tired. If I were to die now I know what they would remember of me—that I laughed a great deal and made the house gay."

She went on without tears.

"I think," she said, "that I never felt so sure of myself as I did last winter—so sure that I had lived past things and was quite safe. It was a very gay season, and there were several people here who amused me and made things seem brilliant and enjoyable. When I was not going out, the parlors were always crowded with clever men and women; and when I did go out, I danced and talked and interested myself more than I had ever seemed to do before. I shall never forget the Inauguration Ball. Laurence and Richard were both with me, and I danced every dance, and had the most brilliant night. I don't think one expects to be actually brilliant at an inauguration ball, but that night I think we were, and when we were going away we turned to look back, and Laurence said, 'What a night it has been! We couldn't possibly have had such a night if we had tried. I wonder if we shall ever have such a night again,' and I said, 'Scores of them, I haven't a doubt,'—but that was the last night of all."

"The last night of all?" repeated Agnes.

"There have been no more nights at all like it, and no more days. The next night but one the Winter Gardners gave a party, and I was there. Laurence brought me some

roses and heliotrope, and I carried them, and I remember how the scent of the heliotrope reminded me of the night I sat and talked to Philip Tredennis by the fire. It came back all the more strongly because I had heard from papa of his return. I was not glad that he had come to Washington, and I did not care to see him. He seemed to belong to a time I wanted to forget. I did not know he was to be at the Gardners' until he came in, and I looked up and saw him at the door. You know how he looks when he comes into a room—so tall and strong, and different from all the rest. Does he look different from all the rest, Agnes—or is it only that I think so?"

"He is different," said Agnes. "Even I could see that."

"Oh!" said Bertha, despairingly, "I don't know what it is that makes it so, but sometimes I have thought that, perhaps, when first men were on earth they were like that—strong and earnest, and simple and brave—never trifling with themselves or others, and always ready to be tender with those who suffer or are weak. If you only knew the stories we have heard of his courage and determination and endurance! I do not think he ever remembers them himself, but how can the rest of us forget!

"The first thought I had when I saw him was that it was odd that the mere sight of him should startle me so. And then I watched him pass through the crowds, and tried to make a paltry satirical comment to myself upon his size and his grave face. And then, against my will, I began to wonder what he would do when he saw me, and if he would see what had happened to me since he had given me the flowers for my first party—and I wished he had staid away—and I began to feel tired—and just then he turned and saw me."

She paused and sank into a wearied sitting posture, resting her cheek against the sofa cushion.

"It seems so long ago—so long ago," she said, "and yet it is not one short year since."

She went on almost monotonously.

"He saw the change in me—I knew that—though he did not know what it meant. I suppose he thought the bad side of me had developed instead of the good, because the bad had predominated in the first place."

"He never thought that," Agnes interposed. "Never!"

"Don't you think so?" said Bertha. "Well, it was not my fault if he didn't. I don't know whether it was natural or not that I should always make the worst of myself before him, but I always did. I did not want him to come to the house, but Richard brought him again and again, until he had been so often that there must have been some serious reasons if he had staid away. And then—and then ——"

"What then?" said Agnes.

She made a gesture of passionate impatience.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "I don't know! I began to be restless and unhappy. I did not care for going out and I dared not stay at home. When I was alone I used to sit and think of that first winter, and compare myself with the Bertha who lived then as if she had been another creature—some one I had been fond of, and who had died in some sad, unexpected way while she was very young. I used to be angry because I found myself so easily moved—things touched me which had never touched me before; and one day, as I was singing a little German song of farewell—that poor little piteous 'Auf Wiedersehn' we all know—suddenly my voice broke, and I gave a helpless sob, and the tears streamed down my cheeks. It filled me with terror. I have never been a crying woman, and I have rather disliked people who cried. When I cried I knew that some terrible change had come upon me, and I hated myself for it. I told myself I was ill, and I said I would go away, but Richard wished me to remain. And every day it was worse and worse. And when I was angry with myself, I revenged myself on the person I should have spared. When I said things of myself which were false, he had a way of looking at me as if he was simply waiting to hear what I would say next, and I never knew whether he believed me or not, and I resented that more than all the rest."

She broke off for an instant, and then began again hurriedly.

"Why should I make such a long story of it?" she said. "I could not tell it all, nor the half of it, if I talked until to-morrow. If I had been given to sentiments and emotions I could not have deceived myself so long as I did, that is all. I have known women who have had experiences and sentiments all their lives, one after another. I used to know girls, when I was a girl, who were always passing through some sentimental adventure, but I was not like that, and I never understood them. But I think it is better to be so than to live unmoved so long that you feel you are quite safe, and then to waken up to face the feeling of a life-time all at once. It is better to take it by installments. If I had been more experienced I should have been safer. But I deceived myself, and called what I suffered by every

name but the right one. I said it was resentment and wounded vanity and weakness, but it was not—it was not. There was one person who knew it was not, though he let me call it what I pleased——"

"He?" said Agnes.

"It was Laurence Arbuthnot who knew. He had been wretched himself once, and while he laughed at me and talked nonsense, he cared enough for me to watch me and understand."

"It would never have occurred to me," remarked Agnes, "to say he did not care for you. I think he cares for you very much."

"Yes, he cares for me," said Bertha, "and I can see now that he was kinder to me than I knew. He stood between me and many a miserable moment, and warded off things I could not have warded off myself. I think he hoped at first that I would get over it. It was he who helped me to make up my mind to go away. It seemed the best thing, but it would have been better if I had not gone."

"Better?" Agnes repeated.

"There was a Fate in it," she said. "Everything was against me. When I said good-by to—to the person I wished to escape from—though I did not admit to myself then that it was from him I wished to escape—when I said good-by, I thought it was almost the same thing as saying good-by forever. I had always told myself that I was too superficial to be troubled by anything long, and that I could always forget anything I was determined to put behind me. I had done it before and I fancied I could do it then, and that when I came back in the winter I should have got over my moods, and be stronger physically and not be emotional any more. I meant to take the children and give them every hour of my days, and live out-of-doors in a simple, natural way until I was well. I always called it getting well. But when he came to say good-by—it was very hard. It was so hard that I was terrified again. He spent the evening with us, and the hours slipped away—slipped away, and every time the clock struck my heart beat so fast that, at last, instead of beating, it seemed only to tremble and make me weak. And at last he got up to go—and I could not believe that it was true, that he was really going, until he went out of the door. And then so much seemed to go with him—and we had only said a few commonplace words—and it was the last—last time. And it all rushed upon me, and my heart leaped in my side, and—and I went to him. There was no other way. And, oh, Agnes——"

"I know—I know!" said Agnes, brokenly. "But—try not to do that! It is the worst thing you can do—to cry so."

"He did not know why I came," Bertha said. "I don't know what he thought. I don't know what I said. He looked pale and startled at first, and then he took my hand in both his and spoke to me. I have seen him hold Janey's hand so—as if he could not be gentle enough. And he said it was always hard to say good-by, and would I remember—and his voice was quite unsteady—would I remember that if I should ever need any help he was ready to be called. I had treated him badly and coldly that very evening, but it was as if he forgot it. And I forgot, too, and for just one little moment we were near each other, and there was nothing in our hearts but sadness and kindness, as if we had been friends who had the right to be sad at parting. And we said good-by again—and he went away.

"I fought very hard in those next two months, and I was very determined. I never allowed myself time to think in the daytime. I played with the children and read to them and walked with them, and, when night came, I used to be tired out—but I did not sleep. I laid awake trying to force my thoughts back, and, when morning broke, it seemed as if all my strength was spent. And I did not get well. And, when it all seemed at the worst, suddenly Janey was taken ill, and I thought she would die, and I was all alone, and I sent for papa——"

She broke off with the ghost of a bitter little laugh.

"I have heard a great deal said about fate," she went on. "Perhaps it was fate; I don't know. I don't care now—it doesn't matter. That very day papa was ill himself, and Philip Tredennis came to me—Philip Tredennis!"

"Oh!" cried Agnes, "it was very cruel!"

"Was it cruel?" said Bertha. "It was something. Perhaps it would do to call it cruel. I had been up with Janey for two or three nights. She had suffered a great deal for a little creature, and I was worn out with seeing her pain and not being able to help it. I was expecting the doctor from Washington, and when she fell asleep at last I went to the window to listen, so that I might go down and keep the dogs quiet if he came. It was one of those still, white moonlight nights—the most beautiful night. After a while, I fancied I heard the far-away hoof-beat of a horse on the road, and I ran down. The dogs knew me, and seemed to understand I wished them to be quiet when I spoke to them. As the noise came nearer I

went down to the gate. I was trembling with eagerness and anxiety, and I spoke before I reached it. I was sure it was Doctor Malcolm, but it was some one larger and taller, and the figure came out into the moonlight, and I was looking up at Philip Tredennis!"

Agnes laid her hand on her arm.

"Wait a moment before you go on," she said. "Give yourself time."

"No," said Bertha, hurrying, "I will go on to the end. Agnes, I have never lied to myself since that minute—never once. Where would have been the use? I thought he was forty miles away, and there he stood, and the terror and joy and anguish of seeing him swept everything else away, and I broke down. I don't know what he felt and thought. There was one strange moment when he stood quite close to me and touched my shoulder with his strong, kind hand. He seemed overwhelmed by what I did, and his voice was only a whisper. There seemed no one in all the world but ourselves, and when I lifted my face from the gate I knew what all I had suffered meant. As he talked to me afterward I was saying over to myself, as if it was a lesson I was learning, 'You are mad with joy just because this man is near you. All your pain has gone away. Everything is as it was before—but you don't care—you don't care.' I said that because I wished to make it sound as wicked as I could. But it was no use. I have even thought since then that if he had been a bad man, thinking of himself, I might have been saved that night by finding it out. But he was not thinking of himself—only of me. He came, not for his own sake, but for mine and Janey's. He came to help us and stand by us and care for us—to do any common, simple service for us, as well as any great one. We were not to think of him; he was to think of us. And he sent me away upstairs to sleep, and walked outside below the window all night. And I slept like a child. I should not have slept if it had been any one else, but it seemed as if he had brought strength and quietness with him, and I need not stay awake, because everything was so safe. That has been his power over me from the first—that he rested me. Sometimes I have been so tired of the feverish, restless way we have of continually amusing ourselves, as if we dare not stop, and of reasoning and wondering and arguing to no end. We are all introspection and retrospection, and we call it being analytical and clever. If it is being clever, then we are too clever. One gets so tired of it—one wishes one could stop thinking and know less—or more. He was not like that, and he rested me. That was it. He made life seem more simple.

"Well, he rested me then, and, though I made one effort to send him away, I knew he would not go, and I did not try very hard. I did not want him to go. So when he refused to be sent away, an obstinate feeling came over me, and I said to myself that I would not do or say one unkind thing to him while he was there. I would be as gentle and natural with him as if—as if he had been some slight, paltry creature who was nothing, and less than nothing, to me. I should have been amiable enough to such a man if I had been indebted to him for such service."

"Ah!" sighed Agnes, "but it could not end there!"

"End!" said Bertha. "There is no end, there never will be! Do you think I do not see the bitter truth? One may call it what one likes, and make it as pathetic and as tragic and hopeless as words can paint it, but it is only the old, miserable, undignified story of a woman who is married, and who cares for a man who is not her husband. Nothing can be worse than that. It is a curious thing, isn't it, that somehow one always feels as if the woman must be bad?"

Agnes Sylvestre laid a hand on her again, without speaking.

"I suppose I was bad in those days," Bertha continued. "I did not feel as if I was—though I daresay that only makes it worse. I deliberately let myself be happy. I let him be kind to me. I tried to amuse and please him. Janey got well, and the days were beautiful. I did all he wished me to do, and he was as good to me as he was to Janey. When you spoke of his being so gentle, it brought everything back to me in a rush—his voice and his look and his touch. There are so many people who, when they touch you, seem to take something from you; he always seemed to give you something—protection and sympathy and generous help. He had none of the gallant tricks of other men, and he was often a little shy and restrained, but the night he held my hand in both his, and the moment he touched my shoulder, when I broke down so at the gate, I could not forget if I tried."

"But, perhaps," said Agnes, sadly, "you had better try."

Bertha looked up at her.

"When I have tried for a whole year," she said, "I will tell you what success I have had."

"Oh!" Agnes cried, desperately, "it will take more than a year."

"I have thought it might," said Bertha; "perhaps it may take even two."

The fire gave a fitful leap of flame, and she turned to look at it.

"The fire is going out," she said, "and I have almost finished. Do you care to hear the rest? You have been very patient to listen so long."

"Go on," Agnes said.

"Well, much as I indulged myself then I knew where I must stop, and I never really forgot that I was going to stop at a certain point. I said that I would be happy just so long as he was there, and that when we parted that would be the end of it. I even laid out my plans, and the night before he was to go away—in the evening, after the long, beautiful day was over—I said things to him which I meant should make him distrust me. The shallowest man on earth will hate you if you make him think you are shallow, and capable of trifling as he does himself. The less a man intends to remember you the more he intends you shall remember him. It will be his religious belief that women should be true—some one should be true, you know, and it is easier to let it be the woman. What I tried to suggest that night was that my treatment of him had only been a caprice—that what he had seen of me in Washington had been the real side of my life, and that he would see it again and need not be surprised."

"Oh, Bertha!" her friend cried. "Oh, Bertha!"

And she threw both arms about her, with an intensely feminine swiftness and expressiveness.

"Yes," said Bertha, "it was not easy. I never tried anything quite so difficult before, and perhaps I did not do it well, for—he would not believe me."

There was quite a long pause, in which she leaned against Agnes, breathing quickly

"I think that is really the end," she said at last. "It seems rather abrupt, but there is very little more. He is a great deal stronger than I am, and he is too true himself to believe lies at the first telling One must tell them to him obstinately and often I shall have to be persistent and consistent too."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Agnes. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"There will be a great deal to be done," she answered—"a great deal. There is only one thing which will make him throw me aside ——"

"Throw you aside—you?"

"Yes. I have always been very proud—it was the worst of my faults that I was so deadly proud—but I want him to throw me aside—me! Surely one could not care for a man when he was tired and did not want one any more. That *must* end it. And there is something else. I don't know—I am not sure—I could not trust myself—but there have been times when I thought that he was beginning to care too—whether he knew it or not. I don't judge him by the other men I have known, but sometimes there was such a look in his eyes that it made me tremble with fear and joy. And he shall not spoil his life for me. It would be a poor thing that he should give all he might give—to Bertha Amory. He had better give it to—to you, Agnes," she said, with a little tightening grasp.

"I do not want it," said Agnes, calmly. "I have done with such things, and he is not the man to change."

"He must," said Bertha, "in time—if I am very unflinching and clever. They always said I was clever, you know, and that I had wonderful control over myself. But I shall have to be very clever. The only thing which will make him throw me aside is the firm belief that I am worth nothing—the belief that I am false and shallow and selfish, and as wicked as such a slight creature can be. Let me hide the little that is good in me, and show him always, day by day, what is bad. There is enough of that, and in the end he must get tired of me, and show me that he has done with me forever."

"You cannot do it," said Agnes, breathlessly.

"I cannot do it for long, I know that, but I can do it for a while, and then I will make Richard let me go away—to Europe. I have asked him before, but he seemed so anxious to keep me—I cannot tell why—and I have never opposed or disobeyed him. I try to be a good wife in such things as that. I ought to be a good wife in something. Just now he has some reason for wishing me to remain here. He does not always tell me his reasons. But perhaps in the spring he will not object to my going, and one can always spend a year or so abroad; and when he joins us, as he will afterward, he will be sure to be fascinated, and in the end we might stay away for years, and if we ever come back all will be over, and—and I shall be forgotten."

She withdrew herself from her friend's arms and rose to her feet.

"I shall be forgotten—forgotten!" she said. "Oh! how *can* I be! How can such pain pass away and end in nothing! Just while everything is at the worst, it is not easy to remember that one only counts for one after all, and that a life is such a little thing. It seems so much to oneself. And yet what does it matter that Bertha Amory's life went all wrong, and was only a bubble that was tossed away and broken? There are

such millions and millions of people that it means nothing, only to Bertha Amory, and it cannot mean anything to her very long. Only just while it lasts—and before one gets used to—to the torture of it ——!"

She turned away and crossed the room to the window, drawing aside the curtain.

"There is a little streak of light in the East," she said. "It is the day, and you have not slept at all."

Agnes went to her, and they stood and looked at it together—a faint, thin line of gray tinged with palest yellow.

"To-morrow has come," said Bertha. "And we must begin the New Year properly. I must make up my visiting-book and arrange my lists. Don't—don't call any one, Agnes —it is only—faintness." And with the little protesting smile on her lips she sank to the floor.

Agnes knelt down at her side, and began to loosen her wrapper at the throat and chafe her hands.

"Yes, it is only faintness," she said in a low voice, "but if it were something more you would be saved a great deal."

(To be continued.)

HOW WAGNER MAKES OPERAS.

AT the close of the first performance of "The Ring of the Nibelung," in 1876, Richard Wagner made a short address to the audience in the theater at Bayreuth. He spoke of the result which he expected from the successful experiment just finished. From this beginning the German people might date a new birth of German art. The speech was little relished by those who believed that Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber had already done something for the lyric stage which this arrogant master was unwilling to acknowledge. Wagner was misunderstood. It was not the beginning of German art that he spoke of, but the beginning of a new form of art. "Fidelio" and "Der Freyschütz" are solitary works of genius to which nobody has ever produced a parallel—not even Beethoven or Weber; and Mozart's operas are in that Italian manner which never was quite naturalized in Germany, and now has plainly passed its prime everywhere. One might hope to found a new school without injustice to the masters of the old. But Wagner's speech was characteristic of this man of genius, of whom we may say that he has been distinguished from youth to old age by his colossal impudence.

When he was a boy he resolved to write poetry like Shakspere's and marry it to music like Beethoven's. Of all the composers since Beethoven the two who have made the deepest impression upon the art of their time are Wagner and Berlioz, and it is a curious fact that both trace to Shakspere their earliest directing impulse. Both appeared at a time when a sudden ardor for the English poet blazed in France and Germany. It was the era of revolt against periwigs and red heels, when Dumas and Victor Hugo were disturbing Paris with the first dramas of the romantic school, and the plays of Shakspere were acted amid transports of delight before the audiences of the Boulevards. Berlioz, feeling his soul in arms, wrote his "Romeo and Juliet," and married an Irish *Ophelia*. Wagner bought an English dictionary, and, falling furiously upon "Lear" and "Hamlet," compounded a tragedy in which forty-two personages were slaughtered, and some of them had to come back as ghosts because there were not enough left alive to finish the story. To supply this play with music like Beethoven's he borrowed a treatise on thorough-bass, and gave himself a week to learn the art of composition. Nothing came of this boyish nonsense, nor have some early overtures and operas survived, though he pushed them—heaven knows how—to the doubtful honor of performance; but the union of the poetry of Shakspere with the music of Beethoven is precisely what he says that he has accomplished in his mature years.

When he conceived his opera of "Rienzi," no theater was grand enough for it except the first theater of the world. He went to Paris at the age of twenty-six, without money or friends or reputation, and indeed without having done anything to deserve a reputation; and he believed that the Grande Opéra, then resounding with the fresh triumphs of Meyerbeer, would open its doors to him at the first display of his unfinished score. Everybody knows the story of his four years of suffering in the French capital. But this miserable period cannot have been altogether without its consolations to one in whom the exercise of the creative faculty was accompanied by such sublime assurance. From one failure he went on complacently to another. When Paris would not have his "Rienzi" he pro-

ceeded to compose his "Faust," which to the Parisian taste was an incomprehensible outrage. When the orchestra of the Conservatoire threw aside the "Faust" in despair, he wrote "The Flying Dutchman." When that failed in Germany, he went still farther from the received patterns and produced "Tannhäuser"; and the failure of "Tannhäuser" only inspired him to break other canons of opera by composing "Lohengrin." An attempt of the Emperor Napoleon III. to secure a hearing for the persistent innovator in Paris led to a disaster which is historical; and his answer to that signal defeat was "Tristram and Iseult," a work of such a daring character that the artists of the Vienna opera, after forty-seven rehearsals, declared it to be impossible, and gave it up. Not content with composing unpopular music, he aroused bitter personal resentment by the rancor of his literary writings. He savagely denounced the works of this generation which current opinion held most precious. He wrote of Rossini with a contempt and of Meyerbeer with a violence which cannot be justified; and he coupled his disparagement of Mendelssohn with an indecent discourse upon Jews in general and "Judaism in Music" in particular which, even in these days of Jew-baiting, we read with astonishment. He had made himself one of the best-hated men in Germany; he had not secured the general acceptance of any of his works; he was a proscribed revolutionist, a wanderer in strange countries—when he put the climax to his audacity by proposing to write an opera four nights long, inviting the world to build a theater expressly for its representation, and calling upon the foremost artists of the German stage, which he had been abusing for so many years, to come and sing in it for nothing. With difficulty he had persuaded the German public to listen to him now and then in the intervals of other amusement; and now he asked them to travel to one of the most remote and inconvenient towns of Bavaria, for the purpose of hearing his music at a price about one hundred and fifty times as great as they were accustomed to pay for their favorite operas. Truly it may be said that his impudence was colossal.

But he succeeded. He has compelled people to listen to his operas and to like them. He has found powerful supporters among the Jews, who hate him. He has half-conquered the English, who are deeply affronted by his criticism of Mendelssohn; and at last he is forcing his music even into the ears of unwilling Paris. If it is too soon to say that he has destroyed the old form of opera and established another, we can at least affirm that he has profoundly affected the methods of all serious lyric composers of the day, even against their will. Since "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" it has been out of the question to write any more operas of the Bellini pattern. It is true that the reforms of Wagner were prefigured by Gluck a hundred years ago; but Gluck founded no school, nor could his majestic works keep the stage. It is true also that Wagnerism is only a manifestation of the tendency observable in all music since Beethoven to sacrifice mere beauty of form for the sake of the free expression of emotion; but Wagner has fixed that tendency, defined it, intensified it, and applied it to the music which appeals most forcibly to popular feeling—the music of the stage. His theories have been so often explained that it cannot be necessary to review them here; but it may be interesting, now that we are summoned to wait upon him again at Bayreuth, to examine some of the devices by which he has made his strange and—as men used to call it—his abstruse music intelligible and effective.

His first rule is that, as the poem and the melody ought to express the same feeling and proceed together from a common creative impulse, neither should be asked to give way to the other. A tune which is independent of the text is as much out of place in his music-drama as declamation which is not musical. Now, of course, it is often a matter of opinion whether a given musical phrase fits a given verse or not; but there are many practices of the Italian composers which are hardly open to discussion. We tolerate them because we are used to them; but nobody denies that they are flagrant offenses against dramatic propriety and destructive of poetical sentiment. Convention established for the old composers a set pattern of airs and *ensemble* pieces, and prescribed a certain distribution of these pieces at intervals which had no connection with the progress of the drama; and convention also decreed that the formal tunes in an opera should be separated and kept in shape by the interposition of intervals of rubbish, or musical noise, just as eggs are kept from knocking against one another by a packing of straw. For an example of the ruinous effect of such abuses we can do no better than refer to the greatest of all composers of Italian opera,—Mozart,—almost the only musician, except Beethoven, of whom Wagner habitually speaks with reverence. In "Don Giovanni" there is a famous tragic scene for *Donna Anna*. Her lover has deserted her and has slain her father. But it happens that the crisis of her agony comes on just at that mid-period of the opera when convention exacts that the prima-donna shall have what is called a dramatic scena and aria, made

upon a certain model, so as to exhibit, first, the breadth of her style in a slow movement, and then the agility of her execution in a florid allegro. *Donna Anna* accordingly laments her misfortunes in the tender strains of the *Non mi dir*, until suddenly, without any dramatic reason, but only because it is time for the quick second part, she steps briskly to the foot-lights, dries her eyes, and with the exclamation, "*Forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà pietà di me*" (Well, perhaps it will be all right some day), she rushes into the *allegretto*. On the last syllable of *sentirà* she performs a series of ascending and descending runs, embracing no fewer than one hundred and five notes and covering nine bars of the score. Somebody—was it not Rousseau?—defended the introduction of roulades in emotional passages, on the plea that the effect of intense feeling was to choke the voice and retard articulation. In the stress of feeling *Donna Anna* seems to become phenomenally voluble, without saying anything. The result of Mozart's complaisance to fashion has been most unfortunate. The air is beautiful, but it does not charm. It has become mere prima-donna music. It stirs no sentiment of pity. In listening, we forget the drama, we forget the heroine, we forget the melody, we forget Mozart; we think only of the skill of the singer, and watch for the dangerous passages with uneasy interest, just as we await the supreme moment of a trapeze performance when the gymnast is to hang by the toes. Here, then, is a superb piece of music ruined by incongruity; and the author is that illustrious and exquisite genius whose taste is usually so elegant, whose tenderness is so natural, and whose sentiment is so pure and deep. Is it not principally because this famous scene has fallen to the level of a show-piece that *Donna Anna* is one of the least sympathetic of all the great soprano rôles?

Now contrast the chief emotional scene of "Don Giovanni" with the chief emotional scene of "Lohengrin"—the long duo in the bridal chamber, which touches so wide a range of feeling, from the quiet of newly wedded bliss to the tragedy of the eternal separation. It is full of soft and graceful melody which springs naturally out of the text. Not a measure is added for the sake of ornament, or to give a pretty turn to a phrase, or to indulge the vanity of the singers. And how perfectly the music illustrates and enforces the dramatic situation; how profoundly it moves our sympathies; how dear *Elsa* becomes to us as it proceeds; how little we care about her vocalization and how much we are concerned by her happiness, her temptation, her fault, and her punishment. What a shock a cavatina would be in that scene; how rudely it would dispell our illusions and chill our hearts!

The second of Wagner's devices for increasing the effect of his music is the employment of "leading motives," short melodic phrases or harmonic combinations which symbolize the principal springs of action in the drama, and recur from time to time as the ideas or the personages associated with them enter into the development of the poem. That music constructed in accordance with this plan is capable of extraordinary suggestiveness, and is therefore especially fitted to arouse the imagination and the feelings, is obvious; but it needs a master to prevent the motives from interfering with the flow of the song or wearying the ear by repetition. The first of these dangers Wagner escapes by placing the illustrative phrases rather in the orchestral accompaniment than in the vocal parts; and he avoids monotony by the ingenuity with which he modifies, combines, and develops the motives, in harmony with the varying impulses of the play. An industrious German musician, Herr von Wolzogen, has published a table of all the leading motives in the quadruple drama of "The Ring of the Nibelung." He finds that there are ninety, and that they diminish progressively in number as the work goes on, the first division having thirty-five and the last only thirteen of its own. "Thus," says an English critic, "the 'Götterdämmerung' has, with small relief, to bear the burden of repeating themes heard over and over again." But most of those who have listened to the opera probably regard this repetition as a great advantage; it revives for them the image of previous scenes; it recalls the remote causes of the impending dramatic catastrophe; it accompanies the story with vivid illustrations, yet never interrupts it; and it is managed so artfully that the recurring motives constantly present themselves in a new dress or a new relation. Probably nobody ever thought of objecting to the funeral march of Siegfried in the "Götterdämmerung" that it repeats themes heard over and over again; and yet this imposing composition, which is both musically and dramatically one of the most effective of all Wagner's creations, is built entirely upon twelve of the chief leading motives—most of them very familiar—which occur in the various divisions of the work. The march contains hardly a new phrase, and yet the whole effect is novel.

A third and highly important feature of Wagner's reform is the stress which he lays upon poetic and picturesque effect in the decoration and business of the stage. This has no relation to the Crummles theory of the real

pump and wash-tubs. It is the antithesis of vulgar realism. Regarding the opera as an extremely complex work of art, in which the poet, the musician, the actor, the painter, ought to unite in an equal partnership for the production of a certain result, Wagner insists that nothing which any of these agents can do to heighten the illusion shall ever be neglected. The countless absurdities of the lyric stage, over which wits have so long made merry, are unnecessary, and they are unpardonable. That the poet may well leave something to the imagination of his listener is no doubt true; even Wagner is not successful with Fricka's rams or with Siegfried's dragon; but to arouse our sense of the ridiculous, when the object is to touch our serious emotions, is quite another thing. Why do the chorus-singers in "Faust" always stand motionless in opposed ranks while they cry, "We are dancing like the wind"? Why do the revelers in the house of *Violetta* sup hilariously at a table loaded with empty dishes? If we cannot sympathize with the personages in the "Ballo in Maschera," is it not because we are laughing at Verdi's astonishing picture of the manners and customs of the solid men of Massachusetts Bay, in the days when "Richard, Count of Warwick, and Governor of Boston, in America," gave fancy-dress balls to the Puritan colonists, went about attended by a blonde young woman in tights, consulted a sorceress living in a cut granite cabin, with ceilings at least twenty feet high, and was dogged by two ferocious conspirators named Sam and Tom, who notified their nefarious purpose by wearing slouched hats at all times, and conversing apart in bass voices, with eyes aslant and black cloaks thrown over their shoulders, regardless of the place, the company, or the weather? Not long ago, when one of Wagner's own operas, "The Flying Dutchman," was presented in New York, the stage-manager was not ashamed to decorate the cottage of the Norwegian skipper with a colored map of the United States, having pictures of our principal curiosities of nature and architecture displayed around the border, and a table of population snugly bestowed in the belly of the Gulf of Mexico. As none of Wagner's theatrical devices have ever been carried out in America according to his instructions, it may be worth while to examine them a little, and especially to see how he manages one of the most striking of stage effects, namely, a sudden and complete change of landscape, light, color, and accessories, to meet a corresponding change in the sentiment of the music and the progress of the story.

The central idea of "Tannhäuser" is the contrast between a degrading sensual passion and the saving love of a pure, noble, and devout woman. The first scene sets the key for the whole opera. When the curtain rises, showing the minstrel knight reclining at the knee of *Venus*, the stage represents the interior of that mountain of lawless delights, where the goddess, surviving the destruction of the other pagan divinities, still tempts men to everlasting ruin. It is a garden bathed in rosy light and hung with soft-tinted clouds. Mysterious vistas open in the background, where naiads are floating on a distant lake, and lovers wander arm in arm, or rest with the nymphs on grassy banks. A chorus far away chants gentle songs of invitation. Everything suggests the specious allurements of luxurious languor. A troop of bacchantes are summoned forth to flog drowsy delight into life, and as they dart hither and thither in a tumultuous dance the music quickens into frenzy. But the pleasures of the Venusberg are fleeting; weariness creeps upon the dancers; a mist gathers over the bowers, and only *Venus* and *Tannhäuser* are left in the foreground. There are objections to this scene; but of its dramatic force, its importance as an element in the story, and its necessity as an explanation of the accompanying music there can hardly be two opinions. Yet the last time the opera was performed in New York, the whole of this poetical introduction was played by the orchestra with the curtain down; and of course it was incomprehensible and tiresome. The scene between *Tannhäuser* and *Venus*, which follows the melting away of the vision of nymphs and bacchantes, depends largely for its effect upon the recollection of the preceding scene. Suddenly, when the passion of the duo is at its height, the goddess disappears with a cry, the clouds break away, and *Tannhäuser* lies alone in a smiling pastoral valley. The landscape glows with honest sunlight. Sheep-bells are heard in the distance. A shepherd on the hill-side pipes a rustic song of May. There is a shrine by the path; and from the castle seen on the heights far off a train of pilgrims approach, singing a hymn. The beauty and significance of this sharp contrast of effects and the suddenness of the change are characteristic of Wagner; and the reader will not forget that the two pictures represent the two contending principles of good and evil, between which the fate of the knight is to be suspended until the close of the drama.

"Lohengrin" contains a similar effect, of which we have seen in our opera-house only a faint suggestion. *Ortrud* is the evil principle of that drama, and the fatal plot is woven by her in a remarkable night-scene under

Elsa's window. Wagner manages the transition from the night of treachery and foreboding to the splendor and rejoicings of the wedding day with consummate art. We see the first flush of dawn followed by the glow of sunrise; the trumpets sound on the castle-walls, and there is something in their bright tones that suggests the freshness of the morning air; the court-yard gradually fills with bustle; the women pass from the bride's chamber toward the church, and presently broad gates are flung wide and the royal pageant comes forth. We have never seen this as it ought to be, for on our stage the business has been neglected and the music has been curtailed. "The Ring of the Nibelung" is so filled with picturesque and suggestive changes that one is at a loss which to choose for illustration. Perhaps one of the most delicate and purely romantic occurs in the duo of *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde*—or "Siegmund's Love Song," as it is generally called—in "The Valkyrie." The hero, wounded and lost in the forest on a stormy night, takes refuge in a rude dwelling, where the trunk of a mighty ash penetrates and supports the roof; skins are spread upon the floor and barbaric trophies of the chase decorate the walls. Here he is tended and revived by a beautiful woman. The room is lighted only by a fire which smolders and flickers on an open, raised hearth; and to realize the effect of this scene we must remember that not only is the stage obscured, but the auditorium is absolutely dark. The love of *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde* is weighted with mystery, fear, and portents of tragedy; and it begins aptly in the uncertain gloom, as the noise of the tempest outside is dying away. But passion rises; the music becomes more animated, more rhythmical, and more sensuous; suddenly a gust of wind bursts open the wide doors at the back of the scene, and the room is flooded with moonlight. The storm has passed. There is a vista of the woods bathed in silvery glory. It is a night made for love and romance. The hero draws the woman to his side and begins the well-known song:

> "Winter storms have waned
> At the wakening May,
> And mildly spreads
> His splendor the spring."

And so the scene quickens to its rapturous climax. The effect is entrancing; and it is not easy to say whether it is more by the beauty of the picture, or the charm of the music, or close coincidence, or artful contrast, that Wagner inflames the imagination.

Probably the boldest of all his devices for heightening a change of sentiment in the drama, by a simultaneous change in the character of the music and the aspect of the stage, occurs in the new opera of "Parsifal." It is used twice: first in the beginning of the work, and again, with a fuller development, in the *finale*. As in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," there is a conflict here between good and evil, and *Parsifal* must triumph over the magician, *Klingsor*, and the temptress, *Kundry*, before he can enter upon the illustrious function of guardian of the Holy Grail. He has passed through the trial; he has repelled the seductions of enchantment and sensuality; he has reached the wood which lies outside Monsalvat, the castle of the Grail, and there he is clad in the armor and mantle which distinguish the knights of the Cup of the Lord's Supper. Then he ascends toward the castle, guided by an aged knight and followed by the penitent *Kundry*. At this moment the landscape begins slowly to change. The lake, the thicket, and the grove disappear. We see a succession of rocky slopes, with *Parsifal* still climbing upward, and arched passages traversed by processions of knights. Certain musical themes, which have been associated all through the opera with the worship of the Grail and with its miraculous power, are treated now in an extended and most imposing form. The solemn march is accompanied by soft harmonies of trombones, distant peals of bells, and the chant of the knights; and as the religious strains increase in grandeur and intensity, faint at first and swelling as we seem to come nearer, the stage gradually assumes the appearance of a splendid hall, lighted from a lofty dome and filled with parade. Here the opera ends with an act of worship; as the curtain falls the orchestra ceases, and the hymn of the Grail is softly chanted by boys' voices from the invisible height of the dome.

It is only necessary to describe a few scenes like this to vindicate Wagner's title to lasting renown. To invent such a combination of music, poetry, painting, machinery, and action is the achievement of a genius. Other composers have adroitly enhanced the effect of their music by occasional ingenuity in the arrangement of the stage; but Wagner is the first to understand the higher functions of the scene-painter, the carpenter, and the gas man.

The foregoing pages have been confined to an attempt to illustrate Wagner's method of making operas, and have had little to do with the quality of his texts or his plots. This is an independent subject. He holds that the only fit themes for the composer are the myth and the popular legend. Few poets will be impelled to agree with him by the study of his example; for while he seems to be always growing greater

in the brilliancy and beauty of his musical ideas, the strength and magnificence of his musical treatment, and the originality of his musical and pictorial combinations, there is too much reason to fear that his poetical faculty is becoming more and more distorted. This is easily accounted for by his persistent adherence to certain forms of the myth. The supernatural is effective in poetry only when it comes into contact with the life of our world. Wagner remembered this important truth when he connected the doom of his *Flying Dutchman* with the simple trust and sacrifice of *Senta;* when he saved *Tannhäuser* through the womanly devotion of *Elizabeth*, and placed by the white figure of *Lohengrin* the loving and purely human *Elsa.* "Tristram and Iseult," with its pivotal idea of a love-philter, marked the first serious divergence into a lonely path which he has since pursued to such bad purpose that now, in his splendid maturity, he separates himself from human sympathies and creates a series of characters whose thoughts and passions are not those of the race to which we belong. In the four-fold opera of the "Nibelung" there is nobody except *Brünhilde* in whom we can take a personal interest, and we care for her only because she is such a magnificent creature when she is mad. In "Parsifal," the remoteness of the personages from whatever touches the heart of mankind is absolute. They are the vaporous symbols of a mystical and ill-defined idea. That an opera should be unsympathetic is, according to Wagner's own principles, a terrible blemish. But this is not the only evil consequence of his devotion to the myth. As he has gradually withdrawn himself from the atmosphere of reality to muse over gods and volsungs and abstractions, he has lost a great deal of that perception of the existing conditions of society—in other words, that common-sense—which the dramatist must preserve if his works are to be acted. Some of the very scenes we have described as illustrations of his wonderful art of doing things might just as well be taken to illustrate his deplorable lack of judgment as to the things that ought to be done. In dim legendary periods certain actions were tolerable which our civilization does not willingly look at. Wagner has always been prone to forget this. Some of the stage directions in "Tannhäuser" could not be obeyed, at least in their spirit, in any American or English theater. As for the gross divinities and incestuous heroes of the "Nibelung," they are now and then unfit for decent company. But the most appalling example of Wagner's growing insensibility to causes of offense is seen in "Parsifal." We have there a ceremony of baptism; we have a Magdalen wiping *Parsifal's* feet with her hair; but the dramatic motive and culminating scene of the work is the celebration of the eucharist. The knight, as has been already observed, is not installed until he has been tempted. So the dances of disheveled wantons lead up to the most solemn act of divine worship; the can-can and the holy communion are represented on the same boards, without a thought that there can be an impropriety in acting either.

John R. G. Hassard.

TRIUMPH.

THE dawn came in through the bars of the blind,—
And the winter's dawn is gray,—
And said: However you cheat your mind,
The hours are flying away.

A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—
Has the sun a heart, I said,
To throw a morning flush on the cheek
Whence a fairer flush has fled?

As a gray rose-leaf that is fading white
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;
And on that side of the bed all night
Death had watched, and I on this.

I kissed her lips, they were half apart,
Yet they made no answering sign;
Death's hand was on her failing heart,
And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;
And oh, for the violet depths it hid,
And the light I longed for there!

Faint day and the fainter life awoke,
And the night was overpast;
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,
Oh, speak with a look at last!

For the space of a heart-beat fluttered her breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee;
She turned her weary arms to Death,
And the light of her eyes to me.

H. C. Bunner.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Metropolitan Museum and its Director.

A DISCUSSION concerning the Cesnola Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been in progress during the last two years in the columns of many of the leading newspapers and reviews of America. The time has come when it seems to us our duty briefly to review the controversy, and to tell what we ourselves have learned of the facts by personal investigation. As to the importance of the subject there can be no doubt, for not only the integrity of the Cesnola Collection is involved, but no less the entire management of a museum which we have been taught, by its promoters themselves, to regard as a public institution of the highest dignity and influence—a museum which rightly aspires to be the leading institution of its kind in the New World.

In the month of August, 1880, the charges against the integrity of the Cesnola Collection first appeared in the "Art Amateur." They were immediately and positively denied by General di Cesnola in the newspapers. They were also denied by him, generally and specifically, before a committee appointed by the Trustees.* Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, who made the charges, is a dealer and expert in coins and antiquities, and a son of M. Feuardent of the well-known Paris house of Rollin & Feuardent. He at first refused to come before this committee. "Without taking any exception to the composition of your committee," he wrote, "permit me to say that common fairness, as well as the precedents usually observed in such cases, seem to me to require that I should have the opportunity of naming at least one of the gentlemen who are to sit in judgment on the charges publicly made by me,"—adding that he would be satisfied if he were allowed to name at least one additional member of the committee, who might, if the committee preferred, "be taken from the number of the Trustees of the Museum." The committee replied that they had no power to add to their numbers, and Mr. Feuardent finally consented to appear. The committee published a report (dated January 26th, 1881) completely exonerating General di Cesnola.

Not long after the committee's report was issued Mr. Feuardent began the publication of a series of illustrated "cards" which were intended as proofs that the committee had not reported strictly according to the facts. Other testimony was also made public contradicting the statements made by General di Cesnola before the committee. In the month of April, 1882, a pamphlet appeared, written by Mr. Clarence Cook, and published by Mr. Feuardent, bringing new charges against the Cesnola Collection, including the two statues, the Aphrodite and Eros, No. 32, and statue No. 39, which were said to be made up of unrelated fragments, probably by Cypriote dealers before they came into di Cesnola's possession. At about the same time were published several letters by Mr. A. Duncan Savage, formerly the Director's first assistant, in special charge of the antiquities, and the most important witness in favor of General di Cesnola during the examination of 1881. In these letters Mr. Savage said that he found he had been mistaken in asserting that there were no restorations in the Cesnola Collection. "When," said he, "I discover my positive declaration that no restorations exist is false, through the discovery of many and serious restorations, students of archæology have a right to demand that I correct my mistake." Mr. Savage in addition gave lists of thirty restorations, without touching upon those charged by Mr. Feuardent, and stated that the two janitors had been discharged for pointing out restorations to him.

Up to the moment of the appearance of Mr. Savage's first letter we had ourselves neither formed nor expressed a conclusive opinion in regard to this unhappy controversy. Believing General di Cesnola's assistant to be an honest and sincere man, we naturally felt that, even if the charges against di Cesnola were true (of which, however, we were not convinced), no great additional harm could come to the collection so long as Mr. Savage retained his connection with it. Moreover, in the height of the early controversy Mr. Savage (then and until after the publication of his recent letters a stranger to us) personally assured us that if he should find to be untrue a certain important statement, made by the defense, he would resign his position.

When, therefore, we read Mr. Savage's first letter in the New York "Times," we determined to find out for ourselves, if possible, the exact situation of affairs. On account of illustrative work at the time in hand, and other work proposed, it was, moreover, absolutely necessary for the editor of this magazine to be assured as to the trustworthiness of the Cypriote antiquities, as discovered and exhibited by General di Cesnola. We could not, of course, ourselves examine every object in the collection, but we had to know whether, if we engraved one of the Cesnola antiquities, we could take the word of the Director for the fact that the object contained no restoration whatever. We must also know how far we could rely upon General di Cesnola's word as to the place and condition in which the object was discovered. In order to arrive at a just conclusion, we have taken no little pains to get at the facts as presented by both sides of the controversy.

THE ORIGINAL CHARGES.

In the first place, what is the nature of the charges?* It should be remarked that repairing is generally understood to be the joining together of parts which have been broken asunder, while restoring is understood to be the imitation of missing forms in new material. The charges were of "deceptive alterations and unintelligent restorations." It was charged not only that fragments have been wrongly put together (wrong heads

* The Committee of Inquiry consisted of President Barnard of Columbia College, Judge Charles P. Daly, the Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, J. Q. A. Ward, sculptor (Trustee), and W. C. Prime (Trustee).

* Besides the general charges, the committee took up nine specific charges.

attached to bodies, etc.), but that lines of juncture have been hidden; also that restorations have been made and hidden from the eye. It was charged that steel tools had been applied to the surface of antiquities, and that an effort had been made throughout to give the collection a better appearance than it would have had if these things had not been done. Here is the final paragraph of Mr. Feuardent's article in "The Art Amateur" of August, 1880: "In conclusion, I desire to state that I have endeavored to place before the public some positive facts, and some theories. It must be understood that I am only a dealer in antiquities, and not a 'savant,' so, while I can guarantee the exactitude of the facts in the case, I leave others to judge the value of the theories. But I will add, addressing those who take an interest in the Museum of Art: you have an invaluable collection of antiquities in this Museum, although the specimens you possess cannot serve as art-models. They are of the utmost importance for the history of the art and mythology of the ancients. They are enduring documents of stone, but they are valuable only when they are reliable. If restorations are to be made, let such restorations be properly indicated and labeled on the objects. Only by so doing will you preserve the collection and keep up its value. Antiquities, especially of this class, need not be 'beautified;' they are only valuable because they teach us the customs and manners of the people who made them, and they must be absolutely trustworthy in the information they give. In fixing together fragments which are honestly believed to have belonged to each other, good work may be done; though it is important to indicate the condition of the object when found, in order to prevent any possible misconception. But, to amalgamate various pieces, strangers to each other, in order to complete an object, and not publicly to indicate it, is not only bad faith, but positive vandalism. To endeavor to increase interest in a collection by deceptive alterations or restorations can only be called a miscalculation, a profanation, or a fraud."

THE DENIALS.

All these charges have been distinctly and repeatedly denied by General di Cesnola, and the Committee of 1881 and the Board of Trustees are pledged to the truth of these denials. The following paragraphs are from General di Cesnola's signed statement, dated January 1st, 1881 (the italics throughout this paper are our own):

"The general charges are, in brief, that the collection contains 'a long list of restorations' of statues and objects in stone, which are characterized as 'worked up in order to give a better appearance to the collection.' My answer is: In the entire collection *I have not made a single restoration of any object or part of any object in stone, and there exist, in the whole collection of thousands of objects, so far as I know, only two instances of such restoration, neither of which is by me.* There are also only two restorations among the potteries, not necessary to be here described. The instances in stone objects are as follows:

I. Case FF.; Inscription No. 16.—A slab found in fragments, part wanting, repaired and missing portion restored by the repairer of the British Museum, without my knowledge, while it was in London, by request or with consent of my brokers' agent (the present accuser). The restoration is correct.*

II. Case 24; No. 43.—Upper corner of Ædicula correctly restored by some one, unknown to me, while the Museum was in Fourteenth Street.

"I know of no other instance of restoration in the collection. * * *

"I sum up my reply in a few statements:

"*First*—*There is no instance in the entire collection of a retouching or tampering with the surface of any object.*

"*Second*—*There are but two instances of restorations among stone objects and two among potteries in the entire collection*, namely, those above described. I say this only to contradict the charge of 'unintelligent restorations.' I should have been fully justified in following the universal custom of European museums in restoring missing portions of objects, especially points of noses on heads otherwise perfect and fine. *I have abstained from so doing*, leaving restorations to the future pecuniary ability of the Museum.

"*Third*—Repairs of broken objects have been made with cement invented for our own use to stand the New-York climate, which leaves a film *of less than one-fortieth of an inch between fragments brought together.* The surface of the lines of repair has been covered with water and air-proof cement, to preserve the inner cement from swelling and loosening, this being needed by the peculiar porous calcareous stone of Cyprus; and this is done in accordance with the proper custom of archæological museums."

President Barnard asked General di Cesnola, before the committee, whether it was not a duty sometimes to make restorations. In his reply the Director stated: "*I am personally opposed to making restorations.*" We quote as follows:

"PRESIDENT BARNARD. You did not make the repairs to the statuary yourself?

"GENERAL DI CESNOLA. I was responsible for them and they were made under my supervision. We have about a ton of fragments, but we are not sure as to exactly how they belong together. In every case of repairs I was personally satisfied that it was correctly done, and nothing of importance was done in the way of repairs when I was not present. I have visited the repair shops fifty times in one day."†

The committee's report followed minutely the line of General di Cesnola's defense, and declared that "each and all of the charges" were "*without foundation, that there have been no restorations* and no cutting or engraving of objects, but simply repairs by the replacing and reunion of such original fragments as existed and could be identified," adding, in reference to the whole collection, that they had "found nothing in their investigation to cast a shadow on its reputation." The committee said also that if the Director "had erred at all" it had been "in too rigidly refraining from making repairs whose correctness was reasonably certain." Furthermore, the Board of Trustees passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested to communicate to the Director the assurance that this investigation has been made solely because of his urgent

* In referring to this slab, as showing restoration, the Director implies a definition of the word to which we do not propose to hold him. We should say that the slab showed repair, rather than restoration, as the broken parts are simply held together by what seems to be plaster inserted flat to fill up the breaks, and with no attempt to round out the missing human forms. We do not know why the Director failed to mention the north end of the Amathus sarcophagus, which is frankly repaired in the same manner. This sarcophagus is evidently *restored* as well as repaired.

† "New York Tribune," Jan. 6, 1881.

and repeated demand that it be made, and not for the satisfaction of the Trustees, *who have always known the falsehood of the published charges, and who have never ceased to entertain the highest confidence in his devotion and faithfulness to the interests, not alone of the Museum, but of truth in art, scholarship, and history.*"

EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN CHARGES.

On the 28th of March, 1882, the two statues Nos. 32 and 39 were placed in the middle of the main hall, and "members of the Museum, the public, and especially editors of public journals, sculptors, workers in stone, scholars, and all persons interested in the truthfulness of archæological objects," were "invited to make the most careful examination of the statues."

As to the charge made by Messrs. Cook and Feuardent that not merely the feet and lower parts of No. 39, but the main part of these two statues, were built up of unrelated fragments (probably by Cypriote dealers)—we had examined, with the eye only, these statues in their cases before a knife or chisel had been applied by sculptor or stone-cutter, and had told several of the Trustees that we were not convinced by Messrs. Cook and Feuardent's arguments, and therefore should be astonished if the charges were correct. We therefore were not surprised when closer examination, by others more competent than ourselves, confirmed our opinion—though we fear that the question cannot be considered as definitely settled without a more thorough use of chemicals and baths than has yet been made. If it should be considered as established, by the printed informal reports, that Mr. Feuardent and Mr. Cook are mistaken on this point, it is, of course, an error which will justly affect the reputation of these gentlemen for judgment in such matters, especially as their language was so positive and injurious.* But such a mistake in opinion as this would not affect other ascertained facts with regard to these very statues, nor other ascertained facts concerning other objects in the collection.

We ourselves were not only generally, but personally and particularly invited to take part in one of the late inquiries, and during their progress we urged the authorities to make the examination formal and sweeping. But they refused to do this, assuming at that time—which, be it remembered, was after the discoveries of Mr. Savage—to be still perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the Director. Discerning, as we did, in what spirit these inquiries were promoted by the authorities, they had to us the air of an attempt to distract attention from other damaging accusations made by Messrs. Feuardent and Cook, and from the fact that Mr. Savage's discoveries had proved true the charges concerning the existence of restorations. Even if not so intended, this was exactly the effect upon the uninformed part of the public, and the public was just so far misled and deceived. We have to say, in addition, that before the report of the informal committee appeared not a little stress was laid upon the opinions of the sculptors St. Gaudens and Warner, and that the solicited opinions of those gentlemen—opinions, it has been publicly stated, less favorable in some respects to the Director than those of the other sculptors—were omitted from the report; nor have they, up to the time of writing, been given to the public, although called for in the public press. Now, we maintain that the public is not interested in "catching" Messrs. Feuardent and Cook, on the one hand, or General di Cesnola on the other. What is desired is a knowledge of the Director's treatment of the entire Cesnola Collection; of his trustworthiness as the historian and guardian of that collection; and of his ability to "direct" faithfully and intelligently a great public museum of art.

Let us now consider what the situation was at the Museum previous to March 28th, 1882. The visitor to the Museum who had taken the word of the Director, the Committee of 1881, and the Board of Trustees for the facts, would expect to find there no restorations whatever, among the stone objects, except in the two objects mentioned by General di Cesnola in his published reply dated January 1st, 1881. But, where broken fragments were put together, he would expect that there would be no attempt to hide the lines of juncture, as this was one of the points considered by the Committee of 1881. The first of Mr. Feuardent's accusations, considered by the Committee of 1881, includes the assertion that "the points of junction [in statue No. 22], which were left quite apparent then, have been completely hidden, so that the statue looks as if it had been found perfect." In the affidavit of Mr. Cox (the photographer formerly employed by the Museum), to which the committee referred in their report, it is stated as follows: "As regards the covering up of evidence of restorations with stone, plaster-of-Paris, etc., I myself furnished Mr. Balliard [the present repairer of the Museum], on his own request, with sulphate of iron, which I know he used with other materials to color the stone or plaster at the points of junction of the parts, after it had been made rough with the file or graver's tool."

The fact is, however, that whoever visited the Museum during the month of March, 1882 (unless he were an expert in such matters), could find no surface indications at all of either repairs or restorations in the entire list of stone objects, with the exception of the north end of the Amathus sarcophagus, and the slab mentioned by General di Cesnola as having been put together by the repairer of the British Museum. These repairs (not restorations), we say, were, up to March 28th, the only apparent ones in the entire collection of stone objects. No restorations whatever among the stone objects were evident to the untrained eye, nor was there, so far as we know or can find out, a single card on any object to tell of any restoration, nor was a single restoration mentioned in the hand-books of the Museum.

Except two of the sarcophagi, all the exhibited objects of the Cesnola Collection are kept in glass cases, for protection, it is claimed, from the disintegrating effects of the American climate. After the 28th of March the visitor to the Museum found statues Nos. 32 and 39 taken from their cases and placed in the middle of the main hall. But we ourselves can testify that, as thus displayed, these two statues presented quite a new appearance to the eye. The neck of the Venus had been washed, and small triangular pieces had been removed from the head-dress, showing for the first time the

* No. 32 was declared to be "a fraudulent patchwork of unrelated parts," and No. 39 to be "built up of several fragments belonging originally to different statues of various sizes."

line of juncture between the head and neck. The most striking change was in the feet and base of No. 39, which, having been washed and scraped for separate exhibition, were now discovered to be made up of large and small pieces of stone and plaster. This statue had been previously illustrated with an apparently different base, and without heels, and with a small piece of drapery missing, and it was exhibited in Fourteenth street without any feet or base at all. According to the explanation now given, all of the stone-wall visible below the drapery, a large part of the base, and several inches of the drapery over the right foot, are new. The only antique part of either foot is the front of the foot to the middle of the instep in one, and to a little back of the middle in the other; the back part of each foot up to the wall is made of newly carved stone, with some plaster inserted in the left foot to help round out the shape. Before the 28th of March there was a gash visible in the drapery at the side of the right ankle; but the feet and base showed otherwise no lines of juncture either with the upper part of the statue or between the various pieces of which they are composed. The feet and base *appeared* to be all part of the original statue, and there was no visual reason to suppose that they had ever been separated therefrom, unless the gash in the drapery were taken as such an indication. The lower part of the statue was tinted and treated not only so that the lines of juncture could not be seen, but so that the feet and base, stone, plaster and all, had a general resemblance in color and texture to the upper part of the statue.

The feet, base, and lower portion of the drapery of No. 39 had, in fact, been "partly remade," and the restoration had been hidden from sight. But the public had been told by General di Cesnola and the Examining Committee of 1881 that no part of any stone object was "restored" by him. Not only that—but the lower portion of this very statue was brought into question before the Committee of 1881 by means of the sworn affidavit of Mr. Cox, the photographer. A statement of the repairer Balliard was made public, at the time of the examination of 1881, that "the only thing done to it [the statue] was to place a piece of stone in the rear to support the figure." But it was not stated that this block was carved into the shape of human feet, and into the shape of drapery, and that, of course, was the important point at issue. We have been told that there was some confusion in Mr. Cox's verbal testimony; but in his published affidavit Mr. Cox stated: "The restoration of the large headless statue, holding a cow's head, which is illustrated in full page in General di Cesnola's book, was too much for Mr. Balliard's skill as a stone-cutter. *The feet which are now on the statue are partly remade.* The work was done by a stone-cutter who was brought into the Museum for the purpose. The pedestal of this statue is now of stone, and it and the feet are one piece." Yet, in speaking of this charge and of one other, and referring directly to the affidavit, the committee reported: "These [objects] the committee examined, and find the charges in relation to them to be *without the slightest foundation.*" *

It is not only apparent that statue No. 39 has been "restored" in order that it may "stand on its feet," but that statue No. 32, of which the lower part is missing, has had a slice of its drapery sawn off, so that it may stand on its wooden pedestal. The statue thus treated has been described by its discoverer as "of a pure and very excellent style" of Greek Art. We, ourselves, have found, moreover, by comparison with early photographs, that it has been customary to saw off the lower parts of detached heads so that they also may stand on their pedestals.

We will now return to Mr. Savage's charges. In his letters to "The Times," he reports his discovery of twenty-nine restorations in seventeen pieces of stone sculpture, and one restoration in a terra-cotta statuette. Of these, three were discovered in the stone objects by himself, and all the others were discovered by him through the janitors. Of this latter group twelve restorations in six pieces of stone sculpture were tested by him. In a lecture on the Cesnola Collection, before the Ladies' Art Association, Mr. Savage stated, in effect, that he thought some of the charges brought against the collection extravagant and untrue, but that, after his experience, he would not pronounce a positive opinion on any piece of sculpture in the collection without examining it himself carefully, for "there are many restorations; these are serious; they were concealed; they have been denied." In his letter herewith published Mr. Savage makes other and very grave accusations.

The explanation offered as to the existence of the restorations discovered by Mr. Savage (though it is claimed that some of these are "repairs" merely) is that they were temporary and were made in the old Fourteenth street building; General di Cesnola's statement to Mr. Savage being that they were made during his absence in Cyprus, without his knowledge, and against his orders. But it is not claimed that statue No. 39 was restored in Fourteenth street, and the photographer and the two janitors testify that restorations were made in their presence, and under the Director's supervision, in the present building. Nor does it appear that the restorations made, or remade, in the present building were less radical and deceptive than those made in Fourteenth street. On the contrary, more pains were taken by Balliard, the present restorer, than by Gehlen, to hide repairs

* It should be added that one of the janitors has since publicly confirmed Mr. Cox's testimony about the stone-cutter who was brought into the building. If the Director's statement to a "Herald" reporter is to be taken literally—that it became necessary to bore the statue's legs to insert supports, and to get the metal rod through the pedestal "without showing, it was deemed advisable *to bring the foot more under the body*," then the left leg also must be partly new. The public has further reason to doubt the scientific accuracy of the examination and report of this committee. It is now acknowledged that they were mistaken in their report that the right hand of No. 22 is "a solid, unbroken part of the statue, against the side of which it is supported." But it was not acknowledged till after Mr. Feuardent's card No. 1, reproducing that portion of the photograph in the Corcoran Art Gallery, had been unfortunately pronounced a forgery by authorities of the Museum. It is a matter of sworn evidence that a copy of this photograph was preserved in the sample-book of photographs of the Museum till removed by the Director, after the appearance of Mr. Feuardent's card.—In regard to the sarcophagus of Golgoi, which has been twice repaired, we find grave discrepancies between the original photographs of it and the sarcophagus in its present condition. It is possible that these discrepancies may be occasioned by the temporary painting done on the sarcophagus in Cyprus for photographing. It should be said, however, that on the two unrepaired or slightly repaired sides we have not been able to find any serious discrepancies. This sarcophagus is the other object referred to in the Committee's reply to Mr. Cox's affidavit. We do not take up the others of the nine original points considered by the Committee, but merely remark that their report was largely based upon General di Cesnola's explanations.

and restorations from the eye. As to the work done by the former repairer, Gehlen, in Fourteenth street, the evidence is strong to the effect that Gehlen had to do only with the first Cesnola Collection; that the stone objects of this collection were got ready for the "opening," by Gehlen, under General di Cesnola, and that General di Cesnola did not go to Europe till after the "opening." * We quote from Gehlen's own recently published testimony:

"I was a repairer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art when it was in Fourteenth street, and worked under the orders of General di Cesnola until the whole collection was ready. All that I did was under his command. He saw every day what I had done—the noses, heads, and different parts of the bodies which I had arranged. We took plaster-of-Paris; sometimes pieces of the same stone. Every day, I repeat, he saw what was done. I am a draughtsman, and I kept as nearly as I could to what were the forms. General di Cesnola was so well satisfied that when he was in Cyprus he wrote me a letter of thanks for what I had done. I did not attempt to color the statues, but they are now quite different from what they were when I had finished with them."

Mr. Gehlen adds that only pottery was restored in Cesnola's absence, though by his command, and says:

"To shift any blame on me is most unjust on the part of General di Cesnola, for I never did anything without his orders. That he was perfectly satisfied with me I can prove by his letters. Mr. Hutchins ought to be called for. His testimony would fully substantiate what I have stated. Some of the statues, as they came to New York, had already been mended with plaster. Whether done in Cyprus or London, I do not know."

Mr. Hutchins, who was superintendent during part of the time at Fourteenth street, in his recently published statement says:

"What he [Gehlen] did was done under the direction of General Cesnola. The building-up here, making a foot for this statue, an arm for that, was done by the direction and by order of Cesnola."

The printed testimony of the head janitor, Charles Henkel, confirms the testimony of Gehlen, Hutchins, Alley, and Cox, as to the Director's knowledge of and responsibility for all restorations. We have ourselves obtained from Mr. Henkel, in addition, a brief statement of the case. According to Henkel it is true, as said in the last annual report, that the stone objects were cleaned after removal to the present building; but it is not true that this was done with a view, as implied, of preventing the exhibition of restored objects. On the contrary, all the objects from which Gehlen's restorations were removed were restored over again by Balliard. In some instances Gehlen's restorations were retained, but were covered with a wash, as were all of Balliard's restorations. So far as Mr. Henkel can remember, the restorations made in the present building were more completely hidden than Mr. Gehlen's; for instance, the restoration of the small Hercules (No. 380), and the Priest (No. 39). Mr. Balliard, in washing over repairs, restorations, and sometimes the whole statue, used in the wash the stone-dust made by sawing up fragments, or sawing pieces off the statuary. The object of recoloring a whole statue this way was to hide the discrepancy in color made by his insertions. For instance, the small Hercules was entirely repainted in this way, and so was the Sphinx (No. 35). Mr. Henkel adds that no stone objects were removed from exhibition until after the appearance of Mr. Feuardent's first charges; but that in the autumn, after those charges appeared, Mr. Balliard, by the General's order, removed from the cases two heads which had been restored by Gehlen. In these heads nothing was stone except the faces. The backs of the heads (including the ears in one at least) were made of plaster. At about the same time the General ordered some restored noses to be taken off,—but a good many were left on. *

Concerning alleged wrong repairs, we give the following from the statement of the assistant janitor, Dickson D. Alley:

"As to the terra-cotta statuette, No. 829, about which Mr. Savage writes in his letter to 'The Times' of March 24, I can give the following explanation: On a table had been arranged quite a collection of small terra-cotta heads, which had been classed as Oriental, Greek, and Roman. General di Cesnola told me to find if I could a head for the body of a statuette which he put in my hands, and said that if I did not find the right head I might take any other head that would come near to it. I found four heads that might do, although none of them fitted, and so I selected the one I thought was nearest in size to the body. This head had a neck one-eighth of an inch too wide. I showed it to General di Cesnola, and he said, 'Just the very head,' and so Balliard filed down that neck and made it fit, and it is to-day much admired as the No. 829, though its neck, according to my judgment, is still a trifle too long; but I make no claims to being an archæologist, being only a printer by trade." †

Evidence has also been published strongly corroborating certain of Mr. Feuardent's original charges, not here alluded to; but we do not go into the details of these charges, for we wish to lay before our readers only facts which we consider unquestionably proved. In doing this we have not reprinted a tithe of the evidence tending to disprove General di Cesnola's signed denials and the report of the Committee of 1881, nor have we reprinted, or here first published, any evidence without verifying the same ourselves by examination of witnesses or of documents.

THE ARTISTIC AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

But how did such things come to pass?

We can discover no evidence that General di Cesnola has any other claim to the holding of the four high offices of Trustee, Member of Executive Committee, Secretary, and Director of the Metropolitan Museum, than in his connection with the Cesnola Collection, or collections, which were bought from him at a total cost of about one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars, the last installment of which was paid to him after the annual report of 1881. We see no evidence of anything but (perfectly legitimate) speculation in his connection with that collection, which was dug and gathered by him in Cyprus, to which country he happened to be sent as Consul of the United States.

* See Annual Report, 1874.

* Taken from our own memorandum of interview with Charles Henkel, and marked "correct" by him.

† "New York Times," April 10, 1882.

We find that he was greatly assisted in the getting of so large a collection by his official position; in fact, that it would have been well-nigh impossible for him to have got it otherwise, and that he therefore announced his desire that the bulk of the collection should be secured to his adopted country. We find that by means of public auction in Europe, by sales of smaller collections to the Berlin Museum, the Cambridge Museum, the Kensington Museum, the Vienna Museum, and the Boston Museum, and by the large sales to the New York Museum (the first collection being bought by New York not till after failure to make a bargain with the British and other museums), General di Cesnola has doubtless secured a fair moneyed return for his labors in Cyprus, having also justly gained the reward of celebrity as the discoverer of Cypriote antiquities.

But General di Cesnola, before going to Cyprus, had led the life of a soldier. He had fought in three wars: in Italy, the Crimea, and the American Civil War. Energetic, skillful in winning and commanding men, and (on his own showing) quite unhampered by Anglo-Saxon scrupulosity—he was just the man to extract this antique loot from the Sultan's domains; he did it by methods of which a full and naïve account is furnished in his own work on "Cyprus." * But those who read that book carefully will, we think, conclude with us that while General di Cesnola was undoubtedly the man to *get* the collection, he was not the man to take care of it; and that, least of all, has he the scholarly equipment, strict conscientiousness, accuracy, and artistic taste necessary for Director of a great art museum. He has treated his statues like a dragoon, or, rather, let us say, like a martinet; he has brushed, touched, and patched them up to make a good appearance on parade—probably without at first fully realizing the harm he was doing. But, most melancholy of all, after doing it he has denied it, and even after the fullest private and public exposure, he has been sustained in his denials by gentlemen whose indorsement should be the amplest guarantee for the scrupulous fidelity of the official whom they publicly sustain and honor.

General di Cesnola was, we suppose, placed in charge of the whole Museum primarily because it was thought necessary to employ him to "put together" the fragmentary collection which had been bought from him; because, furthermore, of his executive ability, and probably also because of the *éclat* of the name of the discoverer of the "Cesnola Collection." In his highly responsible and entirely novel position, a position for which his whole career had completely unfitted him, on the æsthetic side, it is not strange that he should have proved a failure. Through his conduct, and the conduct of those who have generously, though mistakenly, thought it necessary to make his cause one with that of the institution, the Museum has been brought into conspicuous and lamentable disrepute. The recent spectacle of a museum finding it necessary to endeavor to regain public confidence by inviting and permitting editors, stone-cutters, and sculptors to gather around two of its costly antiquities, and to scratch, scrape, hack at, and chisel these unlucky objects, in order to have it proved that they are genuine antiquities, and not fraudulent patchworks of unrelated parts—such a spectacle never was seen before by men or angels. We do not know how it could ever have been made necessary had the Museum's affairs been managed with perfect frankness.

After first declaring his opposition to all restorations, and indignantly denying that any exist, the Director, we think, has had it proved upon him that they do exist, and with his knowledge. He cannot with dignity now plead the custom of European museums, or the severity of the American climate. But he has thus pleaded, and his apologists have done so for him. To this we may answer, that the Director's sensitiveness on the subject, as shown in his early denials, reflects the general and proper feeling of archæologists. Restoration was once customary, but it has done so much harm in past centuries that at present it is rarely ventured upon. In the British Museum, sculptures of the first importance are never restored; those of the second importance are sometimes restored, but no attempt is ever made to conceal restoration by color or otherwise. The original surface is never interfered with. As to the American climate, we do not see why *all* the broken surfaces should not be supplied with stone and plaster coverings (instead of a silicate glaze, for instance), if *any* must be, nor do we see why such coverings should necessarily take the supposed form of the missing member—back of a head, nose, ears, chins, large parts of legs, and parts of feet, hands, and drapery. Moreover, we are positive that there is absolutely nothing in the American climate that makes it necessary to deny the presence of restorations that are known to exist.

The worth of the Cesnola Collection is by no means confined to the statuary and pottery—the jewelry, gems, and glass are of considerable value. But among the stone pieces there are hardly more than a dozen or two objects of beauty; a large part of the stone collection consists of amorphous and hideous objects of archaic or provincial workmanship, which can teach this generation nothing in the way of art. It is mainly as a record that the collection is valuable. As a record, the more highly we appreciate it, the more unique we declare it to be, the more deeply must we deplore any suspicion thrown upon its complete authenticity. But there is a special reason why such a suspicion is damaging. The Trustees themselves will, perhaps, not deny that we have too much of Cypriote handiwork in the Metropolitan Museum, and that the sooner a portion of it is sold to or exchanged with other museums, the more room will there be for the display of other sorely needed and still more valuable examples of the world's art. Of course it may be less easy to dispose of antiquities which have been brought under any sort of suspicion.

* See, for instance, "Cyprus," pages 208, 209. Also chapters I. and IX., where the General explains his manner of dealing with opposition of any kind. "From that day," says the author, "I had a grudge against the Caimakam of Larnaca, Genab Effendi, and I promised to repay him whenever an occasion should present itself." On pages 56 to 59 (chapter I.) will be found a detailed account of the unrelenting pursuit and punishment of Genab Effendi. In chapter IX., pages 221 to 225, he tells how he acquired the nick-name of "the devil" for procuring by threats the imprisonment, without trial, of two Turkish gentlemen, who had, according to his own showing, committed no intentional offense, —his avowed object being the intimidation of the neighborhood. On page 236 he relates how he had a Turk "and his several wives arrested and locked up in the fort" for resisting the attempt of the General's men to encamp in a grove of trees belonging to the Turk! We must say that such incidents and the tone in which they are related, create a very painful impression. The only agreeable episode that we can find in his narrative is Cesnola's timely assistance of the Greeks in Cyprus.

THE MORAL CONSIDERATION.

This subject has a moral as well as an artistic side, and with such gentlemen as constitute the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum the moral consideration will, we are sure, not be regarded as the least important. If it is true (as we believe it to be) that the conduct of the Director, in connection with the Museum, has not been such as should meet with the hearty and complete indorsement of these gentlemen, then they should, of course, make haste to withdraw that indorsement. For the spectacle of an unworthy servant upheld by a large part of the solid wealth and morality of the community, while a conscientious scholar, like di Cesnola's first assistant, and the two other faithful servants of the museum, are dishonored for doing their simple duty—such a spectacle cannot be considered edifying or wholesome. We confess that we love fair play, and that the good name of a worthy though obscure individual seems to us as well worth protecting in a Christian community as that of any more famous and fortunate citizen.

A SUMMING UP.

To sum up the result of our inquiries: It appears that in the Cesnola Collection of stone antiquities there are innumerable repairs, most of them probably correct, but others of doubtful propriety; that there are in the same collection numerous restorations, some of the latter being serious and unwarrantable, and others probably unimportant if explicitly acknowledged—though it would doubtless have been wiser to make no restorations whatever in such a unique series, at least until each object had been fully studied by archæologists, and definitely assigned to its proper date and locality. But it appears, moreover, that all points of juncture, and all restorations have been hidden from the eye; that when plaster has been inserted, it is treated in some way both as to superficial texture and color so as to resemble antique stone;* that, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject since August, 1880, not one object in the collection has a card upon it announcing a repair or a restoration;† that the public has no means of finding out what objects are restored; that these numerous restorations have been only accidentally discovered by the public,—after it had been indignantly denied that there were more than two in the entire collection of stone objects; that, even if General di Cesnola were not responsible for any other restoration beside that of statue 39, it is undeniably true that, after having his attention called to the matter by public charges so long ago as August, 1880, and after having pledged his own word as to the purity of the collection, and having permitted the Examining Committee, his first Assistant, and the Trustees to pledge their honor as to the unrestored condition of the entire collection, he has continued to exhibit a number of restored objects, and has permitted photographs to be sold of such objects in the Museum, and to be made for illustration in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, without any information being given by him that they were so restored. We find, also, that the testimony goes to show that all the restorations in stone objects made both in Fourteenth street and in the present building were, in fact, made under di Cesnola's authority, and mainly in his presence. It appears, furthermore, that he has made different statements, at different times, with regard to the places from which the objects were obtained, attributing them at one time to a tomb, at another to a temple, now to one ancient city, and now to another; and that this has so frequently been the case as to cast a suspicion upon all his ascriptions of localities, and all his assertions as to the original condition of objects.

It also appears that General di Cesnola, in Mr. Savage's presence, inserted three new objects in a procession which, in his own book published years before, had been fully and consecutively described as containing only six objects. We find that, whereas he and the authorities for him now claim that the Director ordered the search or searches which Mr. Savage made for restorations,—in point of fact, these searches were made by Mr. Savage without General di Cesnola's knowledge; that the janitors who pointed out most of the restorations to the Assistant were actually discharged for so doing, and that Mr. Savage was himself censured by General di Cesnola for taking the time of the Museum in such searches. It appears that, contrary to the published statements of the authorities, the only "searches" General di Cesnola ever made for restorations after the opening of the present building were those which were kept secret from the Assistant, and took place *after* Mr. Feuardent's charges first appeared—when certain restorations were undone, and certain extensively restored objects were taken from the shelves and removed from exhibition.

In regard to the managers of the Museum, it would seem that they have been too much inclined to look upon the examinations instituted, promoted or permitted by them, rather as "defences" of the Museum, than as thorough "inquiries" into the condition of the Cesnola Collection; and that these investigations have been confined to a few objects against which specific charges were made; that the Committee of 1881 not only failed to examine the statues themselves (outside of these few), but that they did not call for the repairer, Gehlen, or the two janitors to whom the public are primarily indebted for the recently published list of restorations, or Mr. Hutchins, the former superintendent. We find that, whereas General di Cesnola was defended in the original investigation by the repairer Balliard and the Assistant, Mr. Savage,—the more important of these two witnesses, a man of honor and of conscience, having found himself imposed upon, has now laid before the world facts which must seriously impair public confidence both in the scientific accuracy and the good faith of the Director; and we find that this assistant did not make public these facts till he had tried in vain to open the eyes of leading members of the Board of Trustees to the true situation of affairs.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, in endeavoring to establish a great museum of art in a commercial, not to say sordid and selfish metropolis,

* Mr. Cox has stated in print that he explained to the Committee of 1881 "how plaster was rubbed on the new paint and worked over with a wire brush, so as to make it 'an antique.'" This in relation to one of the objects which Mr. Savage has now discovered to be restored.

† A few objects which were washed during the recent informal investigations, have not been restored to the condition they were in before the investigations.

entered upon a difficult and praiseworthy task. The errors they have fallen into have been mainly errors of ignorance. They are such as could hardly have been committed in an Old-World community amply supplied with trained artists, educated critics, and professional archæologists—all helping to create a sound and sensitive public opinion. But we cannot help believing that those of the managers who have conducted General di Cesnola's "defense" have been led into serious error and into gross injustice by their loyalty to each other and to the man of their appointment—and by their own natural indignation at the personal bitterness of certain of their public assailants, manifested on this and on other occasions.* Some of the most devoted and generous friends and officers of the Museum are thus in the strange predicament of having unwittingly done a grave injury to the institution for which they have so long labored.

This magazine, we respectfully submit, has a special right to criticise and to censure in the interests of truth and fairness; but we do so with the greatest reluctance, and not without waiting long to find whether the Trustees would not show some disposition to see things as they are. Last autumn we obtained permission to photograph objects in the Cesnola collection to illustrate Mrs. Mitchell's history of antique sculpture, now appearing in these pages. After the photographs had been taken, our Art Department received a letter from Mr. Savage, who was no longer connected with the institution, saying that four of these objects contained five restorations, more or less serious. Word was sent to Mrs. Mitchell, who had gone abroad to continue, near the British and Berlin Museums, the preparation of her essays. In acknowledging to us the copy sent her of Mr. Savage's letter, Mrs. Mitchell says: "I cannot tell you how little surprised I was by its contents. When in New York I attempted to gain some information as to some of the pieces—where they came from? temple? tomb? how they stood, etc., etc., all questions of vital importance. * * * It was always in vain. * * * Besides, I felt unhappy myself in studying the stainless collection, so monotonous in its whiteness, for objects which had lain centuries under the earth, and many a time came home distressed with uncertainties which I do not feel anywhere else. I hope that Cesnola will be made to feel the great wrong he has done science and the American people in thus imposing upon them patched-up restorations of homeless figures." †

We now invite the special attention of our readers to the letter from Mr. Savage, herewith printed. That he is to be implicitly believed we can have no higher assurance than the testimony of the eminent men who here (without his knowledge) gladly record their opinion of his scholarship and integrity. It is safe to predict that every frank and honest man on the Board of Trustees, or in any way connected with the Museum, who has not till this moment fully acquainted himself with the facts, will not be long in letting his colleagues and the public know precisely where he stands in this extraordinary controversy.

* Perhaps the least said on this subject, however, the better—for we fear that expressions of greater indelicacy have been used by "the defense" than by "the attack."

† Published by permission.

LETTER FROM MR. SAVAGE.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: You ask my opinion of the rumor that General di Cesnola has contradicted himself in stating the places where he found a number of his antiquities, now ascribing a statue or a vase to one spot, now to another. Before I left the Museum I had begun to suspect this to be the case, but, instead of recollections of my own, I refer you for examples to publications authorized by General di Cesnola, premising that in Handbooks Nos. 2 and 3 of the Metropolitan Museum, on the Potteries and Sculptures of the Cesnola Collection, wherever the place in which an object was found, or—to use a convenient word already borrowed by German archæologists from the Italians and French—its *provenience* is stated, I received the information from General Cesnola in person, noting down in the presence of the objects his answers to my questions. Handbooks 2 and 3 were written by me, except the preface of Handbook No. 2 ("Cesnola Potteries," pp. 3–6), which was written by one of the Trustees. Both handbooks were read and approved by General di Cesnola before they were sent to the printer.

General di Cesnola, in his "Cyprus," p. 94, describes six terra-cotta statuettes found by him together in one grave, forming a procession. In Handbook No. 2, published three years and a half later than the "Cyprus," this procession has grown from six figures to nine, and the heart of the funeral in its new arrangement, namely, the figure of a woman stretched out on a bier with a cow's mask covering her face, is not mentioned in the earlier description. (See Handbook 2, p. 42, No. 265.) That the additional figures were not members of the procession at the time when the book "Cyprus" was written, is made plain by the way in which the description excludes, by implication, all others than those mentioned. So also in Doell's illustrated catalogue of the first Cesnola Collection (published 1873) in which the procession is engraved, only six figures appear, the same as those described four years later in the "Cyprus." This series of terra-cottas was arranged in its present order by General di Cesnola himself in my presence.

Since receiving your letter, I have examined the "Cyprus" (published 1877) specially with a view to this question, also an article in "Harper's Monthly Magazine," July, 1872, also a paper by General di Cesnola laid before the Turin Academy of Sciences, January, 1871 ("Atti" of the Academy, vol. 6, p. 554), also Metropolitan Museum Handbooks 2 and 3 (published 1880), and I find that this portion of General di Cesnola's archæological labors is in shocking confusion. This examination of several publications authorized by him shows that it would be a service to students of ancient art to place before them the many and striking proofs of the following thesis: General di Cesnola's statements of the places where he found his antiquities are full of contradictions; must be used only after careful comparison with one another; the results thus painfully sifted out will always be uncertain, where there are no statements of other explorers to confirm them.

In your second question you ask me what I have to say to an assertion in the "Mail and Express" of March 27th last, which article gives itself out as coming from the authorities of the Metropolitan Museum. The assertion is that the restorations in the sculptures communicated by me to the "Times" of March 12, 14, 24, were in reality not discovered by me, but by General di Cesnola, it being by his instructions that I made search for restorations overlooked by him in a previous search; General di Cesnola thereupon reporting to the trustees the result of the search ordered by him. This asser-

tion I pronounce false, and declare that never did General di Cesnola direct me to look for restorations, but that the search I made was solely of my own motion, and because I wished to find out whether General di Cesnola had spoken the truth in publicly declaring that he knew of only two restorations in the sculptures. A similar assertion was made in the last annual report of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, namely, that when the Museum was in the Fourteenth street building, the stone sculptures and other antiquities were restored, where portions were missing, in order to shut off the air from the exposed surface and thereby prevent decay, but that these restorations were intended only as temporary; that "when these [*i. e.*, antiquities of the Cesnola Collection] were removed to the Park building in 1879, the entire collection was carefully cleaned, the temporary restorations were removed, with the exception of six or eight which escaped notice, and the whole were placed in tight glass cases." I came to the Museum in June, 1879, to be General di Cesnola's first assistant and to take charge of the antiquities, but neither at that time nor afterward was I told by General di Cesnola, nor by any other Trustee, nor by any one connected with the Museum, not until I made my discovery in September, 1881—by no one was I told that restorations had been made in the sculptures before the Museum was moved to Central Park. On the contrary, General di Cesnola, as soon as Mr. Feuardent made his charges of concealed restorations, denied the accusation and bitterly denounced its author not only in public, but again and again to me in private. Nor, during my stay of more than two years in the Museum, did I hear, until the close of that period, of any search for restorations ordered by the authorities of the Museum. In the last week of September, 1881, while I was making my own search without orders from any one, during General di Cesnola's absence in Europe, I discovered for the first time that General di Cesnola had already made a search and had removed restorations from a number of the sculptures. This search was not made before the sculptures were exhibited to the public, as a consequence of taking possession of the permanent home of the collection, in 1879, but in the autumn of 1880, after Mr. Feuardent had published his charges of concealed restorations, and after General di Cesnola, then out of town, had telegraphed to deny in the newspapers the "slanderous assaults"—so he called them. This removal of certain restorations by General di Cesnola was kept secret from me.

So far from ordering me to make any search for restorations, General di Cesnola reproved me for so doing, by expressing surprise that I should have thought myself entitled to divert to such researches my time, which belonged to the Museum. General di Cesnola reported to the Trustees the restorations discovered by me only after I had resigned my position of first assistant, and after I had left the Museum, because, so I have reason for believing, he found that I intended to lay the matter before them myself.

Until lately, I had hoped never to publish the history of my resignation. My relations with General di Cesnola had been so friendly that it was most painful to go and tell him that I wished no longer to be his assistant. It was this feeling which caused me, in writing to the "Times" last March, to confine myself to correcting my mistaken declaration, and to suppress everything but the restorations. So also my letter to the "Times" of April 17th would not have been written had not the "Mail and Express" been authorized to say that the two janitors had been dismissed for neglect of duty, when I knew well that these two excellent, honest, faithful servants of the Museum had been turned off solely because they had told me of the restorations in answer to my questions. But, since I published the restorations last March, I have found myself surrounded by so many misrepresentations, that I am glad of this opportunity to correct some of them afforded by your second question.

In the early controversy General di Cesnola had accused Mr. Feuardent of forging a photograph brought in evidence against him. Some months later, in August of last year, I made a discovery which led me to believe that in making this charge he knew he was not speaking the truth. I thereupon resigned my office in the Museum, but was persuaded by the Trustee in whose hands I had placed my resignation to stay until the return of General di Cesnola from Europe, in order to give him an opportunity to explain the matter. This first discovery led to my discovery of the restorations.

When he returned to the Museum and we discussed the cause of my resignation, he declared by two things he held sacred, on his word of honor and before God, that when he made those declarations about Mr. Feuardent's Card No. 1, he did not know he was mistaken. I replied that I would let that matter drop and base my resignation on something I had found out since August, something which I knew of my own knowledge and not merely on the testimony of others —concealed restorations. Upon this he assured me positively that all had been done without his knowledge and against his orders, most of them during his second absence in Cyprus (1873-77)—some, as it now seemed, after his return to New York. I will remark here that General di Cesnola was in error as to the dates of the restorations. Some were done in Cyprus, while he was still owner of the collection (before 1873); others in New York, in the Fourteenth street building, under his supervision, and before his return to Cyprus; the rest, after he came back to New York, in the collection's permanent home in the Central Park building, during his directorship, in 1879.

After making several attempts to induce him to publish the restorations at once, instead of the very distant date which he proposed, I resigned, in the determination, however, to wait till then. As my resignation had to be presented to the Executive Committee of the Trustees, I wrote a new one, leaving out all mention of my discoveries, in order to help him to keep the matter secret even from the other Trustees until the time came which he had appointed. But during the following month I determined, for reasons which I communicated at the time to General di Cesnola, not to wait till then, but to ask the Trustees to publish my discovery. Accordingly, I laid the matter before them through a leading member of their board, in a detailed communication, and was led to hope by their answer that they would publish the restorations in their forthcoming annual report. When this report appeared I found that the restorations had been concealed a second time, and was thus compelled to publish them myself.

I am, respectfully yours,
A. D. SAVAGE.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. CROSBY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR: You inquire regarding Mr. A. D. Savage. I take great pleasure in replying that I recommended him to General Cesnola as his assistant because of his archæological scholarship. Mr. Savage is a gentleman of refinement and delicacy, of truth and honor, and highly esteemed for his scholarly qualities and his genial fellowship by his associates and friends, of whom I am happy to be one.

Yours very truly,
HOWARD CROSBY.

116 East 19th St., June 5, 1882.

LETTERS FROM PRESIDENT GILMAN AND PROFESSORS GILDERSLEEVE AND MORRIS, OF JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

BALTIMORE, June 2, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry of yesterday, it gives me much pleasure to inclose these letters from Professors Gildersleeve and Morris, and to add that, although I do not know Mr. Savage as well as they do, I heartily concur in their estimate of his trustworthiness. Yours very truly,

D. C. GILMAN.

BALTIMORE, June 2, 1882.

I have known Mr. A. Duncan Savage some sixteen years. For four years he was a student of mine at the University of Virginia, where his progress was steady and satisfactory, and where he took the degree of Bachelor of Letters. I followed his subsequent career with warm personal interest, and, when I accepted the call to the Johns Hopkins University, I was glad to nominate Mr. Savage for a fellowship in Greek, which he filled with much credit to himself for two years. From the beginning of our acquaintance he was a welcome and not infrequent visitor at my house. I have had abundant opportunity of estimating his character, and I know him as intimately as I do any young man of his time. He is remarkable for his minute faithfulness to the smallest details of truth, and a delicate regard for the rights and interests of others; and my confidence in his honor is absolute. I will allow myself to add that, to my personal knowledge, Mr. Savage has been true to his convictions in circumstances which would have sorely tried a man of ordinary moral constitution, but what might have been temptation to others seemed to have no hold on his singleness of purpose. B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

BALTIMORE, June 2, 1882.

My acquaintance with Mr. A. D. Savage goes back only to the year 1876, when he was appointed one of the Fellows in this University. I have had, however, from that time unusual opportunities for forming an estimate of his character. For several months we sat at the same table at our meals; and he was during the time of his residence in Baltimore on terms of the closest intimacy with me, being a constant visitor at my house. He has also, on several occasions, been a guest for many days together at my country home. I feel, therefore, that I have a full and true insight into his character; and I say, without any hesitation, that I do not know any man in whose honor I have a more absolute confidence, or of whom I could less easily believe that he had been led by any self-interested motive to do or say anything which was not dictated by the purest considerations. I am perfectly convinced that, whatever statements Mr. Savage may have made as to his own reasons for acting in this or that way, or as to facts which have come under his observation, may be implicitly relied on as being the utterance of a nature which is sensitively anxious to be just and to speak the truth. CHARLES D. MORRIS.

FROM PROF. HARRISON, OF THE WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

LEXINGTON, VA.

I was several years with Mr. Savage at the University of Virginia (1866–8), and we were afterwards together in Europe studying. During the last twelve years he has been one of my most valued friends and correspondents. The integrity of his character has never been questioned, and the honesty and conscientiousness of his conduct, his accurate scholarship, and his painstaking endeavor to get at the foundations of whatever he undertook, have always been conspicuous characteristics of the man.

In the controversy between him and General di Cesnola, whatever may be the truth with regard to the latter, Mr. Savage is above suspicion. The son of an honored and accomplished minister of the Gospel of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a student from his earliest years, a man most highly thought of and recommended by the foremost institution of learning in this country, an honorary M. A. of Yale College, Mr. Savage, in my long acquaintance with him, was always distinguished by the utmost scrupulousness of mind, by carefulness and caution in the expression of his judgments, and by fearlessness in the discharge of his duties. JAMES A. HARRISON.

LITERATURE.

Lodge's "Alexander Hamilton." *

THE story of Hamilton's public career is so well known, and has been so often told, that Mr. Lodge could hardly be expected to add much to it. As a biographical study, however, his volume possesses many features of interest. Hamilton was, in more respects than one, an extraordinarily interesting man. His great precocity, the combined variety and solidity of his talents, the great power of his imagination, his remarkable public triumphs, his attractive private character, and his tragic death, all combine to render his figure the most picturesquely attractive of the revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods. Mr. Lodge has examined with a good deal of care the facts connected with the duel with Burr, and makes the position of Hamilton in the matter, at least, entirely intelligible. Burr, of course, forced Hamilton to fight him, but why did Hamilton allow himself to be forced? Hamilton had a standing in the community which, even at that day, would have enabled him to refuse to go out. His courage was beyond question, and the statement of his reasons, made by himself at the time, shows that he considered himself as acting in "conformity with public prejudice." It was, to use his own language, the necessity of being able "to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or in effecting good, in those crises of public affairs which seem likely to happen," that induced him to do so. Mr. Lodge shows by some very significant extracts from his letters what these words probably meant.

The fact is that Hamilton's conservatism led him to anticipate serious trouble in the United States from the same disorganizing causes which had produced such startling and even appalling results in France. The Federalists had with wonderful energy and resource created a country out of a political chaos. To them,—or at any rate to Hamilton,—Jefferson and his followers were not merely a party endeavoring to accomplish

* American Statesmen: Alexander Hamilton. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1882.

certain party ends under the limits imposed by the Constitution; they were endeavoring to upset the foundation on which the whole structure rested, and thus to ensure the return of chaos. In a curious letter written in 1804, he says:

"I will here express but one sentiment, which is that dismemberment of our empire will be a clear sacrifice of great positive advantages without any counterbalancing good, administering no relief to our real disease, which is *democracy*, the poison of which by a subdivision will only be the more concentrated in each part, and consequently more virulent."

This shows the nature of the hallucination which had haunted Hamilton's mind for years, and for which he gave up his life. He believed the Constitution to be unequal to the burden imposed upon it and the Government too weak. Democracy was already at work upon it, and its spread would in time produce anarchy and ruin; "property would be confiscated, society broken up, religion trampled under foot, and everything that made life worth having would be in jeopardy." Then the salvation of the country would demand strong measures and strong men; a party of order, with a leader ready to "save society" and again establish the Government on a true and lasting foundation. This part would naturally fall to Hamilton; but he could never do this work, he could never take command of an army, if he had refused to conform to social prejudice on the subject of dueling. In the light of subsequent events, whatever we may think of the conclusion of this piece of reasoning, the premises seem absurd. There was little danger of social disintegration in the United States. The general distribution of property, the ease with which it could be acquired, made this the last country in the world where such a thing was to be apprehended. But it was none the less a reality in Hamilton's mind, and, as Mr. Lodge suggests, it is neither fanciful nor strained to regard Hamilton's death as a remote result of the opinions pro duced by the French revolution. An exaggerated dread of some future crisis of this kind is a common mental phenomenon with minds of a conservative cast. In Hamilton's case it seems to have amounted to a delusion. He certainly could give no stronger proof of the hold it had obtained upon him than his duel with Burr affords.

Hamilton's extraordinary precocity is one of the most marked features of his career always dwelt upon by his biographers. At the age of twelve, according to the usually accepted dates, we find him in a counting-room, at thirteen he was managing a considerable mercantile concern, though his education must have been of the most desultory sort. Yet at seventeen he spoke in New York at a public meeting and produced a marked impression upon the minds of his hearers; at the age of twenty he was the close and trusted friend of Washington, and he was but little more than thirty when he produced the "Federalist" essays—perhaps the most important contribution to the science of government made in modern times. All these dates undoubtedly rest on the assumption of the year 1757 as that of his birth, and, notwithstanding the doubts which the essential improbability of the story must arouse, Mr. Lodge thinks that there is no sufficient evidence to justify any biographer in setting it aside. We cannot help hoping, however, that at some time or other some additional evidence on the subject may be unearthed which will settle the question. A biographer may not be justified in rejecting it; but is he justified in accepting it? Pitt became prime minister at twenty-four, Napoleon was only twenty-seven when he assumed command of the army of Italy. But Pitt was equipped for parliamentary life, as Napoleon was for military career, from boyhood, while Hamilton had no preparation of any kind for a public career.

Mr. Lodge's style is clear and simple, and his life of Hamilton is a valuable *résumé* of the career of the most important publicist and statesman produced by the public life of this country. The account of his connection with and participation in Washington's administrations will be found particularly interesting.

Miss Woolson's "Anne."*

MISS WOOLSON has a special faculty for the discovery of novel and charming scenes for her heroes and heroines. She is full of American inventiveness, if not as to plot, then as to locality, and when her choice is made, she carries out the picture with the utmost particularity as to details until the scene stands before one as if in a photograph. It is some years now that she has been sending her stories, short and long, to the monthly press, and her force and literary skill have been steadily increasing in value. With this novel she puts the highest stone in the work which she has been faithfully rearing. She steps fully into the rank of those favored writers who can be relied upon to produce a novel which shall combine the elements so much sought after by publishers—freshness and popularity.

In the stuff and texture of her work Miss Woolson resembles the English purveyors to the magazines and circulating libraries. She has the crispness and "niceness" of the best of them, along with their faculty of describing scenery and placing in it a hero and a heroine of the type which is fondly called Anglo-Saxon. But if she is able to offer characters which show the virtues that are apt to be claimed as distinctively "Saxon,"—whatever that may mean,—she is also quite as able as Miss Thackeray or Mrs. Sartoris to define the pleasanter shades of French characters. Two capital instances in "Anne," and instances bearing a generic likeness to each other, are the boarding-school *tante* of New York, and the priest of the Northern lakes, Père Michaux. To this may, indeed, be added the French cook, a hanger-on of the father; the angular French teacher, a hanger-on of the schoolmistress; and possibly even the *habitante* who for a few years was the young stepmother of Anne.

Miss Woolson has chosen an odd frontier settlement for the early life of Anne: an island where American soldiers, Canadian *voyageurs*, settled and wandering Indians, and the remnants of families that once throve through the fur trade, make up a curious mixed society. The opening description of winter in the ice-girt island is fine, and in it stand Anne and Erastus, two delightfully solid and human creatures, the one an ugly duckling, misunderstood, full of promise, deep; the other handsome, boyish, superficial, and valued for all he is worth. The novel is a study of the development of a girl who is candor itself, first in the stifling inanity of

* Anne. A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

the island and family life, then in the stimulating inanity of fashionable life in and near New York. We assist at Anne's inveiglement into a passion by a useless but most attractive male flirt, and at her struggles to be true to Erastus, her handsome playmate and betrothed. The character of Miss Vanhorn, the grand-aunt who brings her to the sea-board and partly educates her out of the sphere of Erastus, is somewhat overdone. And though there are many traits showing that Miss Woolson is by no means ignorant of circles and distinctions in New York, yet it reads more like the writing of one excellently posted on the subject, but at second-hand. A Vanhorn may exist, although probably her bad qualities would have to be sought in many different persons. That, however, is just what novelists may claim as their right. The exactly photographic style of novel-writing bears its own condemnation with it—in stupidity.

In the middle of the story the interest drags. The close, however, contains, along with the hackneyed expedient of a trial for murder, a good turn in the efforts successfully made by Anne and her faithful Miss Lois to detect the real murderer and exonerate Heathcote. The probabilities are less consulted than the picturesqueness of the situation, but that is really a relief in these days of Philistinism among novelists. In Ward Heathcote, who redeems his flirtations by gallantry in the war, and sobers himself through harsh experiences of matrimony and of being accused of the murder of his wife, Miss Woolson has made an able figure. He is the man whom men do not care for, but women adore, since, without losing manliness, he can meet them and beat them with their own weapons of dissimulation.

Though Anne is not a brilliant woman, nor at first a beautiful, yet interest never flags in her and her fate,—not even in the uninspiring surroundings of fashionable people at a country resort. It is true that the opening chapters are the freshest and most charming; the scene is so new and so admirably portrayed. Somehow, Miss Woolson can introduce old turns of plot and yet not offend. There is the heroic conduct of Anne on the brow of the precipice. There is the old plot of a wonderful voice that develops in the heroine. We wonder how many women writers there are who can resist giving their heroine a wonderful voice! But these are incidents—they do not sway the movement of the plot seriously. The real reason for Miss Woolson's impunity is that she puts them in a new way. Altogether, the appearance of "Anne" may be regarded as a fact worth special notice. For Miss Woolson adds to her observation of scenes and localities an unusual insight into the human heart. Sometimes one is ready to say that a fragment, and not an inferior fragment, of the mantle of George Eliot is resting on her capable shoulders.

Lathrop's "An Echo of Passion" and "In the Distance."*

By an author's style, one may judge of his intellectual maturity; by this test we should conclude that, in spite of their simultaneous publication, a considerable time must have intervened between the writing of Mr. Lathrop's latest novels. While the style in "In the Distance"* is fantastic, full of exasperatingly unnatural and far-fetched similes, "An Echo of Passion" exhibits a sane self-restraint and vigor which are admirable. The exotic superabundance of words and romantic material in the former work is, however, an indication of opulence and not of poverty; it holds out the promise which the latter novel fulfills. The influence of Hawthorne which pervades "In the Distance" is comparatively imperceptible in "An Echo of Passion," and Mr. Lathrop's own individuality gains accordingly a freer utterance than in any of his earlier writings.

We do not mean to imply by these strictures that "In the Distance" is not a book of considerable interest; on the contrary, it possesses an unusual ingenuity of plot, and contains sketches of character which betray acute observation and an adequate power of expression. Especially do the descriptions of people and scenery at "Savage's" give evidence of intimate acquaintance with the modes of life and thought in the highland regions of Massachusetts, and if it were not for a certain inconsequent and fantastic quality in the diction there would be nothing to mar the reader's pleasure. But such labored fancies as, for instance, the following (page 71) are certainly to the ordinary mind devoid of humorous suggestion: "The portico [of the hotel]... was provided with thin, white, wooden columns of much the same form and dignity as bed-posts—an architectural feature that perhaps flattered Serious with a suggestion of his mother's luxurious habits."

The problem in an "Echo of Passion" has not the interest of novelty, but it has the far rarer merit of being poetically conceived and rationally developed. The psychological subtlety which is never absent from Mr. Lathrop's work shows itself here chiefly in a tendency to emphasize the parallelism between natural phenomena and moods of the soul, and an insistence upon all sorts of intangible relations which is apt to make the superficial reader impatient. We are far from censuring this tendency, and think that, in the present case, it constitutes one of the chief charms of the story. At all events, it is only an author with fine spiritual senses who can deal, without danger of being absurd, with such impalpable material. How very good is, for instance, the observation (page 21) regarding the result of Fenn's blundering frankness when "the very fact of definitely putting her [Anice] out of the range of sentiment, had excited this unexpected impulse to think of her in a nearer way, or, at least, had made him long for the liberty so to think of her!" The fancy, too, that the incipient passion, which had been rudely checked by the deliberate banishment of sentiment from their relation, had by some psychological necessity to work itself out to its ghostly completeness is not so whimsical as from a mere rational point of view it may look. The cover of "An Echo of Passion" is from an excellent design by Mr. Francis Lathrop.

* "An Echo of Passion." By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1882.

* "In the Distance." A Novel. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. 1882.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Children's Logic.

CHILDREN have a power of assimilation which is simply marvelous. The mental processes of a young child go on as unconsciously and as silently as the physical; they seem as commonplace in the one case as they do in the other, and they are alike miraculous in both. Just try to get far enough away from the familiar facts to see their full significance. Think out carefully, one by one, all the mental processes by which a baby learns to talk. It is not difficult to see how they acquire the names of concrete things, that is so easy of ocular demonstration. The verbs can sometimes be explained by illustrating processes; an adjective here and there, with an occasional adverb, may be taught through the medium of the senses; but all the rest, the vast majority of the words of the language, as well as the construction of sentences, can be mastered only by some sort of a reasoning process. The words that can be taught by example are only a few loose fragments, which become language only when they are shaped and cemented together by the myriad minor words that limit, modify, and show relation—the articles, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions.

When one comes to consider how early a little child learns the exact meanings of prepositions,—for instance, how seldom they misunderstand the relations expressed by the very words that we find it difficult to define accurately,—it is indeed a cause for wonder. This is not a mere parrot-like repetition of a lesson, as any one who has ever closely observed a child learning to speak knows. There is in the process an exercise of severe logic that puts to shame the erratic inflections of our language. Children, for example, show a universal disposition to compare adjectives and adverbs, as well as to conjugate verbs, regularly. Before a child says, "I am gooder than I was, mamma," he has observed the ordinary form of the comparative, he has generalized his observation, and applied his generalization to a new word. This may be done unconsciously—it almost certainly is so done; but the result in either case is reached after the manner of a rational being—by processes of pure reasoning, and not through mere parrot-like imitation. And this reasoning is the work of a mind in the earliest stages of its development—perhaps by a baby not two years old. Indeed, the jumble that children make of their talk is often the result of an attempt to throw reason overboard and to conform to the "idiotisms" of the English language. The effect is sometimes too much for them, and they struggle along in the profoundest absurdities. One of my own children, when she was under three years of age, was taken to the photographer's. She heard us say, on looking at the negative that she had moved, and piped up, "Mamma, if you want me to sit a little more stiller, I will try a little more harder, but I *did* try next to the hardest."

Too often the logical faculty in children is smothered to death; they are born with latent reasoning powers, that follow the observing powers naturally in the course of development, if they are not destroyed. Too often the whole training of the nursery and the school is directed toward eliminating the reasoning powers and making of children mere monkeys or mere parrots. They ought of course to be set right when they are wrong, but such an evidence of the exercise of reason as I have just been speaking of, in the regular conjugation of verbs or comparison of adjectives, should neither be treated as the "cunning" ways of the baby and encouraged, nor as the ignorance of the older child and unconditionally reproved. Do not crush out the little tender bud of rational thought which is just pushing its way into the air and light, either in sport or in contempt. Do not try, on the other hand, to force it beyond its natural growth; just let the logical faculty develop in its own time, and in the natural way, watching it, guiding it, clipping it where it needs, but cherishing it as the quality which separates your child on the intellectual side from the brutes.

Many an intelligent child is left entirely to an ignorant nurse till he is five or six years old, for the satisfaction of his intellectual hunger. Every question is either censured ignorantly or is impatiently brushed aside as troublesome. The atmosphere he breathes is an atmosphere of vulgar ignorance or blind superstition. The lack of reasonableness in everything,—in the explanations of what he sees about him, in the adjustment of the difficulties that arise between himself and the other children, in the punishments that are meted out to him,—gradually undermines his sense of fitness, and justice, and right.

The school follows the nursery, and confirms to a certain extent the teaching he has been receiving. The poor little victim is taught his A B C, etc., with no explanation of difference between the name of the letters and their phonetic value.

The higher education is, of course, not open to these charges—but much force later on in life is expended in merely undoing the work of the earlier years. The kindergarten system, in so far as it takes children from under the tuition of ignorance and surrounds them with better influences, is certainly a gain upon the ordinary nursery; though I cannot believe that when God put the race into family groups he meant nothing by it but that these were to be broken up and the constituents reclassified. It seems to me that "mother" ought to mean more to children than it usually does; that she should be the present reigning power, no matter how much of the physical labor she may relegate to others; that she should create the moral and intellectual atmosphere which her children breathe, and should be the fountain of wisdom and justice, as well as of love and sympathy, to which they would naturally turn.

S. B. H.

New Steam Motor.

THE demand for small and easily managed motors has led to the introduction of a great variety of low-power steam-engines. All of these new motors that have proved of real value in business have been already described from personal examination in past numbers of THE CENTURY. To this list may now be added a new double-cylinder, single-action engine, that seems likely to prove of use wherever it is difficult to obtain skilled labor. The engines examined were of only four and eight horse-power, as machines of only moderate size have yet been erected. Each engine, whatever its size, has two upright cylinders placed side by side upon a hollow cast-iron pedestal or case, that is designed to hold the crank-shaft and all its connections. Between the two steam cylinders is a smaller cylinder designed to hold the slide-valve that controls the inlet ports of both cylinders. This valve is of the common D pattern moving in a cylinder and having below it a piston placed on the eccentric rod, and serving to prevent the escape of steam from the valve-chamber. Steam enters the valve-chamber, and is admitted by the valve through very large ports into the top of each cylinder in turn, the effective stroke being downward. The exhaust steam escapes from each cylinder through a series of openings all round the lower part of each cylinder, the descent of the piston itself uncovering the exhaust-ports and permitting the steam to escape into an annular chamber surrounding each cylinder. From this chamber the exhaust passes through openings in the lower part of the valve-chamber to the open air. This arrangement of parts gives the engine the appearance of a three-cylinder engine, and as all the working parts are inclosed in the hollow pedestal, nothing is visible on the outside except the cylinders and their support. The piston in each cylinder is connected directly by means of one rod with the crank-shaft, the two cranks being balanced one against the other. The eccentric rod is also connected directly with the piston in the valve-chamber and with the valve. The chamber or hollow pedestal in which all these parts are placed is water-tight, and is designed to be filled up to the level of the crank-shaft with water. On this water is poured a film of oil. The operation of the engine may be easily understood. Steam is admitted to the top of one cylinder, and the piston is driven downward till it uncovers the annular exhaust-ports. Steam is then admitted to the top of the second cylinder, and its effective stroke brings the first piston back to its place. The motion of the cranks in the oil and water dashes them into oily foam that covers every moving part of the engine. The spray of mingled water and oil lubricates all the bearings inside and the bearings of the shaft on each side of the pedestal, a small portion escaping outside, where it is caught in a drip-pan. An inlet is provided for filling the pedestal with oil and water, and a glass tube is placed at the side to show the height of the water inside. The simplicity of the general design of the engine, its limited number of parts, and the arrangement for securing the self-lubrication of all the parts, are points in its favor. The machines examined appeared to run at a high speed in silence, and with great steadiness. As all the moving parts are balanced and kept inclosed in a spray of mixed oil and water, the motor requires no particular skill in management.

Recent Progress in Photography.

THREE new cameras, a lantern for the dark room, and some novel photographic processes, have recently been introduced. One of the cameras is intended to be used in taking a series of instantaneous photographs of a moving object, such as a flying bird, etc., in rapid succession. The lens is placed in a telescopic tube that is to be held in the hands while the end, or stock, rests upon the shoulder. At the end of the tube is placed a circular holder having a series of openings that may be brought in turn in line with the tube, precisely as the chambers of a revolver are brought into line with the barrel of the revolver, by the turning of the holder on its axis. The sensitive dry plate is placed in this holder, and each movement of the holder brings a portion of the plate under exposure in the tube or camera. In use the camera is focussed as nearly as may be on the path of the bird, and the instrument, or, as it has been called, the photographic gun, is aimed at the bird as it flies. The pictures are taken in rapid succession in what amounts to one exposure. It is of no consequence that the bird may be more or less out of focus, for as long as an image or silhouette is obtained the pictures will serve to illustrate its flight or the action of its wings. The movement of the circular plate-holder and the exposure is controlled by simple clockwork attached to the apparatus.

The other camera is of more general use, and is an ingenious application of a common opera or field glass to photographic purposes. In the apparatus examined, a field-glass of convenient size forms the camera. The lenses of the glass were in place, so that it could be used in the usual way. On taking these out and substituting two lenses at the smaller ends of the glass, it was transferred into a double camera. Over one of the larger ends was then slipped a cap having a sheet of ground glass. On holding the glass in the hand and looking at the ground glass the picture could be seen as in any camera, and to adjust the focus it was only necessary to move the screw in the usual way. A small metallic plate-holder having a sliding shutter and containing a single instantaneous dry plate was then fitted over the larger end of the other tube. The opposite end has a snap-shutter kept closed by a spring, and on drawing the shutter of the holder the camera was ready for exposure. As the views are taken in a small fraction of a second, the camera may be held in the hand toward the subject, and, when it is seen on the ground glass to be in the field, the expos-

ure is made by snapping the spring-shutter with one finger. While the pictures taken in this camera are only five centimeters in diameter, they are sharp and clear, and can be easily enlarged by copying in a lantern. With the camera is a cloth muff or tent for the hands, so that by placing the holder and a dry plate wrapped in black cloth in the tent the plates can be changed without going into a dark room. Each plate is previously wrapped in black cloth. The hands are inserted in the muff or tent, and the work is done by feeling. A little practice will enable any one to do this, and it would seem that the tent might be useful in changing plates in ordinary plate-holders. To exclude the light, elastic bands at the ends of the muff fit tightly over the wrist. The field-glass and its lenses, the holder, dry plates, and hand-tent are packed in a small hand-bag, the whole apparatus weighing only about two kilos. The camera seems to be one that may be useful for reporters, detectives, and tourists who wish to make photographic records of scenes and events upon their travels.

In making photographs of microscopic objects, it has been thought necessary to use the light of the sun, and for this reason it has been the custom to use some kind of heliostat to bring the light into the camera. By a novel arrangement of the lantern here described it is now possible to photograph any object seen in a microscope, and by means of any cheap form of camera. In the apparatus examined, a good negative was taken in ninety seconds upon a dry plate, one half-size, by the aid of a lamp and a camera costing only about ten dollars. A long and narrow board was made to rest on rubber balls, in order to deaden vibrations from the table on which it was placed, and on this was set up the lantern, with the door at the side open. In this door was placed a wooden shield holding a single lens condenser. Directly in front of this was placed the microscope stand with the tube laid down horizontally. The stage holding the object to be photographed was brought close to the condenser so that the light would pass directly through it. The eyepiece was then taken off the microscope, and a roll of blackened paper was slipped inside the tube to destroy the reflections from the sides of the tube. The camera with the lens taken out was then placed behind the microscope and a blackened tin tube was placed between them to cut off the light, the annular space between the tube and the microscope being covered with a sleeve or curtain of black cloth. This apparatus was the first ever made, and it is proposed in other instruments to make the tin tube between the microscope and camera fit tightly, so that no curtain will be needed. When the parts had been arranged in this manner, and the lamp lighted, the object on the stage of the microscope appeared on a greatly magnified form on the ground glass of the camera. To adjust the focus it was only necessary to fix the focus of the microscope. On exposing a dry plate in the camera, a good negative was obtained that on development was ready to be used in printing.

The new dark-room lantern is intended to hold a large oil-lamp inclosed in a tin box or lantern about 30.5 centimeters (12 in.) square. The back of the lantern has a sliding-door to give access to the lamp. There is also a door at one side. This door is closed by a sheet of porcelain or opal glass, that may be covered by a tin door on the outside. The front of the lantern projects a few centimeters at the top, and is glazed with a large sheet of ruby glass. There is also a movable hood or cover over this to shade the eyes and throw the light downward. A reflector is also placed behind the lamp inside the lantern. In the dark room the lantern gives a strong, pure ruby-light, and when it is desired to expose a plate to white light, as in making lantern slides, the side door is opened and the printing frame is held before the opal glass.

Among photographic copying processes recently reported is a plan for reproducing pictures on silvered glass. Ordinary mirrors are covered on the silvered side with a film of sensitized bitumen. The glass is then placed under a negative and exposed to the light. After the exposure the bitumen is washed with oil of turpentine, and the parts not affected by the light are washed away. This leaves the picture in hardened bitumen on the back of the mirror. The silvering is then washed with nitric acid, which removes all not protected by the bitumen.

In photo-engraving processes a new formula is announced for taking impressions from gelatine films. Sheets of polished metal are prepared by covering with gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash. This is exposed under a negative to the sun in a printing-frame. The film is then washed with water to remove the surplus gelatine that has not been fixed or hardened by the light. An alloy of bismuth, tin, and lead is then prepared and poured while quite liquid into a special vessel or flask, and the metal plate with the gelatine film is laid over it and submitted to pressure. The alloy takes the impression from the film, and when cold it may be used as an engraved block in printing. It is also said that the new alloy, known as "Spence's metal," may also be used in this way, as it sets or hardens before the gelatine film can melt.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Triolets.

AN APOLOGY FOR GAZING AT A YOUNG LADY IN CHURCH.

THE sermon was long
And the preacher was prosy;
Do you think it was wrong?
The sermon was long,
The temptation was strong,
Her cheeks were so rosy,—
The sermon was long
And the preacher was prosy.

REJECTED.

YOU'VE spoken of love
And I've answered with laughter;
You've kissed my—kid glove,
You've spoken of love,—
Why, powers above!
Is there more to come after
You've spoken of love
And I've answered with laughter?

My Sweetheart.

SHE is neither short nor tall,
Rather, what I think you'd call
Just the size;
And her hands and feet are—well,
I'll say ditto, and not tell
Any lies.

Though her eyes are soft and blue,
They have not the brilliant hue
Of the sky;
Yet when in their depths I look,
Like a picture in a book,
There am I.

Not so very small her nose is;
Neither are her cheeks, like roses,
Red and white:
And my muse does not embolden
Me to call her brown hair golden,
Though I might.

Just a village maiden she—
Many ladies that you see
Rank above her;
Men have seldom called her pretty;
I have never thought her witty;
But I love her.

D. C. Hasbrouck.

Evening Song on the Plantation.

DE night-time comin' an' de daylight scootin';
De jew-draps fallin' an' de big owl hootin';
You kin soon see de bright stars fallin' an' a-shootin',
An' hear de old huntin'-horn blowin' an' a-tootin'!

Oh! de Seben Stars gittin' up higher an' higher,
De supper-time comin' on nigher an' nigher;
Gwine to cote Miss Dinah by de hick'ry fire
An' roas' dem taters while I settin' down by her.

De cat-bird happy when de cherries gittin' redder;
De sheep mighty libely when he grazin' in de medder;
But de nigger an' his little gal settin' down togedder
Jes' happy as a cricket in de sunshiny wedder!

REFRAIN.—Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Listen to de song!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
I 's comin' straight erlong!
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Gwine to see you little later!—
Hi O, Miss Dinah,
Gwine to help you peel dat 'tater!

J. A. Macon.

Ballade of a Coquette.

SHE wears a most bewitching bang,—
Gold curls made captive in a net;
Her dresses with precision hang;
Her hat observes the stylish set;
She has a poodle for a pet,
And drives a dashing drag and pony:
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her phrases all are fraught with slang,
The very latest she can get;
She sings the songs that Patience sang,
Can whistle airs from "Olivette,"
And, in the waltz, perhaps, might let
You squeeze her hand, with gems all stony:
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,
Nor known a momentary fret;
Want never wounds her with his fang;
She likes to run Papa in debt;
She'll smoke a slender cigarette
Sub rosa with a favored crony:
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

ENVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!
She has no thoughts of matrimony:
I know it, though we've never met,—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Frank D. Sherman.

Cupid's Kiss.

'TWAS as she slept that Cupid came,
His bow and arrows taking,
That she might feel his power in dreams
Who scorned his weapons waking.

As o'er her sleeping form he poised
The shaft that oft had missed her,
Her beauty touched his roguish heart—
He only stooped and kissed her.

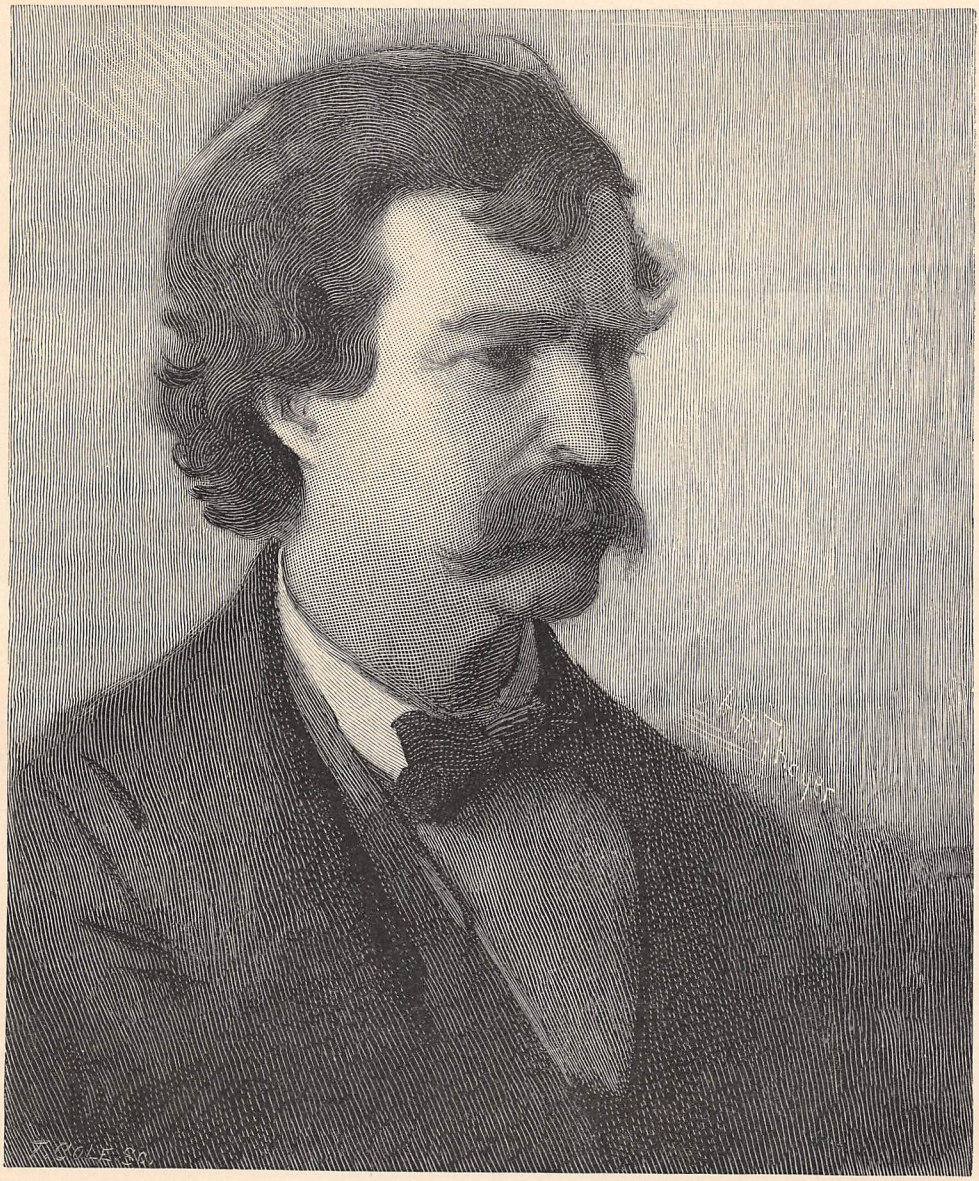
Since when, upon her fair, soft cheek,
Love's amorous imprint keeping,
A charming dimple marks the place
Where Cupid kissed her, sleeping.

Walter Learned.

Publishers' Note.

IN the Bric-à-Brac department of the February CENTURY there appeared a burlesque advertising page headed "Maskwell's Compendium." As some of our readers took the burlesque to be a serious advertisement, we published in our April issue what was intended to be an explanation. The matter, however, it seems, is still misunderstood by some, and, for their sakes, and in justice to Mr. George A. Gaskell, we would say that Gaskell's Compendium has been advertised continuously in our magazines for the past four years, and is, therefore, known to a good many of our readers. The specimens of improvement in penmanship given from month to month are genuine, the originals of which can be seen at Mr. Gaskell's office. Mr. Gaskell is the proprietor of a business college in Jersey City, and the publisher of "Gaskell's Compendium," "The Penman's Gazette," Gaskell's "Compendium of Forms," etc.

THE CENTURY CO.



Mark Twain

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THOMAS BEWICK.

DURING the earlier part of the eighteenth century engraving on wood can scarcely be said to have flourished in England. It existed—so much may be admitted—but it existed without recognition or importance. In the useful little "État des Arts en Angleterre," published in 1755, by Rouquet the enameler, a treatise so catholic in its scope that it includes both cookery and medicine, there is no reference to the art of wood-engraving. In the "Artist's Assistant," to take another book which might be expected to afford some information, even in the fifth edition of 1788, the subject finds no record, although engraving on metal, etching, mezzotinto-scraping—to say nothing of "painting on silks, sattins, etc."—are treated with sufficient detail. Turning from these authorities to the actual wood-cuts of the period, it must be confessed that the survey is not encouraging. With the almost solitary exception of the illustrations in Croxall's "Fables of Æsop," to which we shall hereafter return, the "wooden engravings" which decorate books are of the most "stale, flat, and unprofitable" description. The majority consist of tasteless emblematical ornaments and tail-pieces, or coarse head-pieces such as that which Hogarth is said to have designed in 1747 for the "Jacobite's Journal" of Fielding. Among efforts on a larger scale, the only examples which deserve mention are the last two plates of the same artist's "Four Stages of Cruelty," engraved in 1750. It was with a view to bring the lesson of his somber designs within the range of the poorest classes that Hogarth had in this case selected wood; but the method was found upon trial to be more expensive than copper. Such as it was, nevertheless, the real field of wood-engraving during the greater part of the eighteenth century lay among those humbler patrons of art and literature to whom he had desired to appeal. It was to be found in the rude prints and broadsides then to be seen in every farm and cottage—patriotic records of victories by sea and land, portraits of persons famous or notorious,

> "—ballads pasted on the wall,
> Of Chevy Chace and English Moll,*
> Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
> The little Children in the Wood."

These homely mural decorations, familiar to Swift in the first years of the century, were, sixty years later, equally familiar to Goldsmith; and it was, doubtless, from some such gallery that honest Farmer Flamborough or the "blind piper" delighted the simple audience at Dr. Primrose's with "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night," or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen." But the execution of these modest masterpieces was obviously of the most cheap and rudimentary kind, so that, taking the wood-cut art of the period as a whole, it was not without some show of justice that Horace Walpole, pre-occupied mainly with the more delicate effects of engraving on metal, stigmatized the wood-blocks of his day as "slovenly stamps."

He was scarcely so fortunate, however, when, writing in the same place of Papillon's recently published "Historical and Practical Treatise on Wood-Engraving," he went on to doubt if that author would ever, as he wished, "persuade the world to return to wooden cuts." No time, as it chanced, could have been worse chosen for such a prediction, since, assuming him to have written about 1770, in the short space of five years later,

* See the ballad of "Mary Ambree" in Percy's "Reliques." The lines are from Swift's "Baucis and Philemon" (first version).

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the "Society of Arts" was offering prizes for engraving in wood, and its list for 1775 contains the names of no less than three persons who received sums of money on this account. The names were those of Thomas Hodgson, William Coleman, and Thomas Bewick. With respect to the first of the trio little needs to be said beyond the facts that he was a Newcastle man, whose signature is found attached to a plate in Hawkins's "History of Music," as well as to certain poorly executed cuts for magazines and ballad-heads, and that he was also a printer and publisher in London. Concerning the second, we learn from the "Transactions" of the Society that he again obtained prizes in 1776 and 1777, for "engraving on wood or type metal." To the third belongs the honor of doing what fastidious Mr. Walpole considered so improbable, that is to say, "persuading the world," not all at once perhaps, but gradually, "to return to wooden cuts." It is to the improvements made by Bewick in wood-engraving, and the impulse which it received from his individual genius, that its revival as an art must properly be ascribed—a revival which continues to this



BUST OF BEWICK, BY BAILY, IN THE NEWCASTLE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S LIBRARY.

day, and which has not yet reached the final phase of its development. But, besides his qualities as a pioneer in his craft, he was an artist and observer of a very rare and exceptional kind, whose best work, in his own line, remains unrivaled. Moreover, he was a man of a singularly attractive northern type, having something both of Hogarth and Franklin in his character, and deserving of study as much from his personality as from his talents.



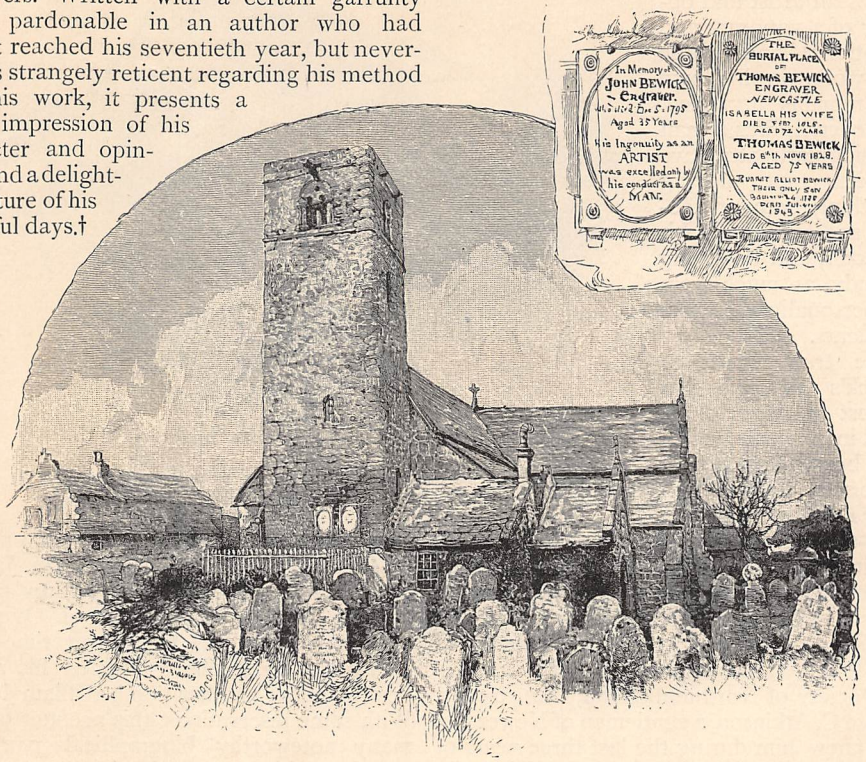
CHERRYBURN, BEWICK'S BIRTHPLACE, IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION. (PART OF THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE HAS BEEN REMOVED.)

The true record of Bewick's life, like that of most artists, is to be found in his works, which have been voluminously catalogued in Mr. Hugo's "Bewick Collector," 1866–68, and more moderately, by Mr. J. G. Bell, in 1851. Beyond these, the chief written sources of information respecting his career are three in number. The earliest, or rather the first issued, is a brief memoir contributed in 1831 to the "Transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland," etc., by Mr. George C. Atkinson, a gentleman of Newcastle, who knew him during the last three years of his life. Next to this comes chapter vii. in Jackson and Chatto's "Treatise on Wood-Engraving," the first edition of which was published by Charles Knight, in 1839. John Jackson, the engraver, who supplied the raw material for this book, was a native of Ovingham, near Newcastle, and for a short time one of Bewick's pupils. He completed his apprenticeship under another pupil, William Harvey. With some reservations, this account contains many noteworthy biographical particulars, together with an examination by a qualified person of Bewick's technique. Lastly, there is



OVINGHAM PARSONAGE, WHERE BEWICK WENT TO SCHOOL.

the memoir composed by Bewick himself, for his eldest daughter Jane,* and published by her in 1862. This is of the greatest importance, and to Bewick's admirers must always constitute the standard authority for the points it covers. Written with a certain garrulity easily pardonable in an author who had almost reached his seventieth year, but nevertheless strangely reticent regarding his method and his work, it presents a vivid impression of his character and opinions, and a delightful picture of his youthful days.†



OVINGHAM CHURCH, BEWICK'S BURIAL-PLACE.—TABLETS ON THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH.

II.

CHERRYBURN HOUSE, Bewick's birthplace, lay upon the south or right bank of the Tyne, in the parish of Ovingham, Northumberland, and not very far from the little village or hamlet of Eltringham. We say "lay," for the the old cottage now only exists in part, and that part fulfills the homely office of a "byre" or cow-shed, over one door of which is the inscription—"Thomas Bewick born here, August, 1753." In the neighborhood of this now rises a larger dwelling, still inhabited by Bewick's grand-nieces. The remains of the older house formed its central portion. The "byre" is still thatched with "ling" or heath, and, when visited by the writer, was tenanted by two comfortable-looking cows. But the little "dean" or orchard at the back is still filled with cherry and plum trees, and violets and primroses bloom as of old beside the now dry bed of the once musical "burn" which gave the place its name. In Bewick's day there was in this orchard a spring-well under a hawthorn bush, the site of which may yet be traced, while a precipitous little garden to the north presumably remains much as it used to be. From the slope on which the house stands you may look toward the Tyne, still crossed by boat-ferries at Eltringham and Ovingham. Behind you lies Mickley, and away to the left and south stretched the great "fell" or common, comprising, until it was divided in 1812, some eighteen hundred acres of blossoming "whins" and heather, and fine green pasturage, watered by countless streams. Over the hill to the right are Prudhoe and Wylam; and across the river, also to the right, rises the square romanesque tower of Ovingham church, where Bewick and his brother John lie buried; and in the

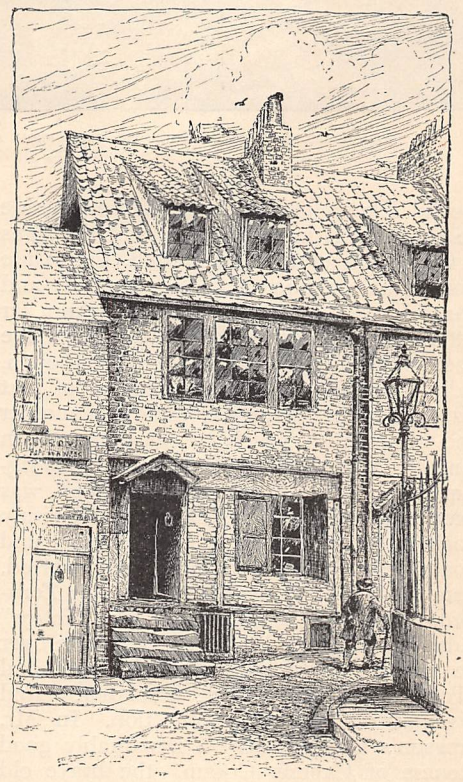
* Bewick had four children—a son and three daughters. The son, Robert Elliot Bewick, died July 27, 1849, and a daughter, Elizabeth, in 1865. Miss Jane Bewick, the eldest of the family, reached the great age of ninety-four, and died as recently as April 7, 1881. Another daughter, Isabella, still survives. Nothing can exceed the affectionate veneration shown by Bewick's children for his memory.

† In Audubon's "Ornithological Biography" is an interesting account of the American naturalist's visit to Bewick in 1827.

parsonage of which—a pretty, old-fashioned stone house with shelving garden terraces—they went successively to school. A railway now comes winding from Newcastle through the Prudhoe meadows, and an embankment runs along the Tyne to Eltringham. But, in spite of these drawbacks and the smoky activity of brick-works and collieries hard by, it is still not impossible, on a fresh May morning, with a blue, shower-washed sky overhead and the young green triumphing in the "shaws" and "braes," to realize something of the landscape as it must have looked more than a hundred years ago, when Thomas Bewick was born.

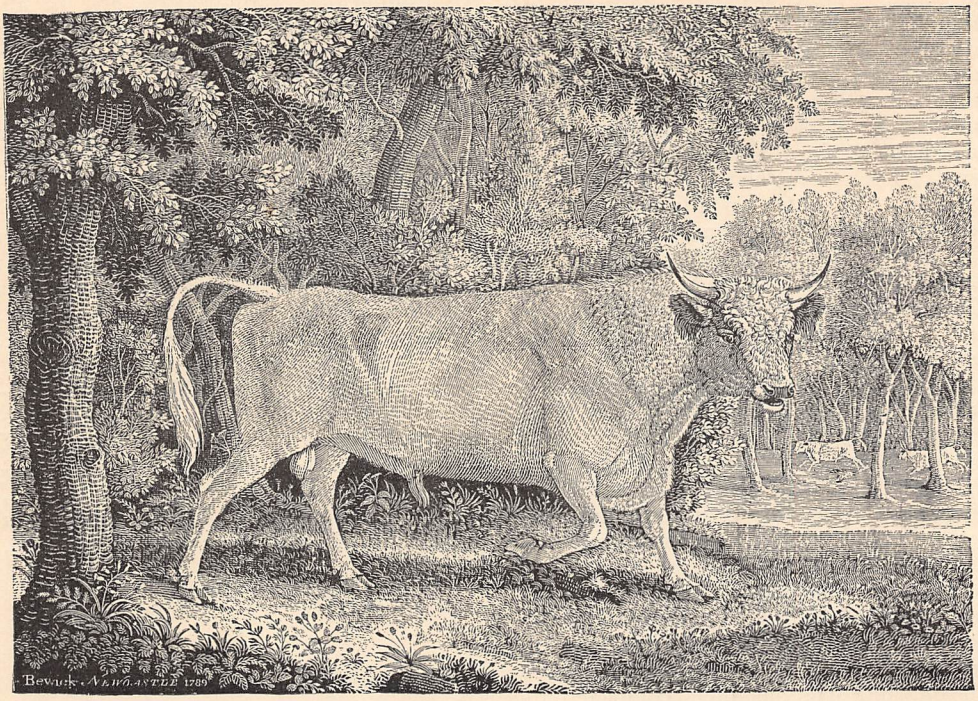
His father, John Bewick, was a farmer who rented a small land-sale colliery (*i. e.*, a colliery the coals of which are sold upon the spot to persons in the neighborhood) at Mickley. It is still worked and held by the present occupants of Cherryburn. His mother, whose maiden name was Jane Wilson, came of a Cumberland family. She was John Bewick's second wife (the first having died childless), and she bore him eight children, of whom Thomas was the eldest, and John, born in 1760, the fifth. Another son, William, and five daughters completed the family. It is with the first-born, however, that we are chiefly concerned. He appears to have been sent to school at Mickley when very young. After the death there of two successive preceptors, he was placed, as a day scholar, under the care of the Reverend Christopher Gregson of Ovingham, whose housekeeper his mother had been before her marriage. There is no evidence that he distinguished himself by any remarkable diligence, although his after-career shows that he must have acquired some knowledge of Latin, and, what is better, of English. On the other hand, the "Memoir" is full of school-boy escapades which show him to have been a lad of unusual courage and intractability, earning, in those days when the rule of the rod was still supreme, no small amount of physical correction from his father and the school-master. Now he is taming a runaway horse by riding it bare-backed over the "sykes" and "burns"; now frightening oxen into the river for the pleasure of hearing the "delightful dash"; now scampering off naked across the fell with his companions, in imitation of the savages in "Robinson Crusoe." After these misdemeanors, if not locked into the belfry by Mr. Gregson to keep company with the ghosts and "boggles," he would steal home, wading the river, and hide himself in the byer-loft until his father's anger should blow over. But, with all this, he was not in any wise a bad or vicious boy. He was truthful and warm-hearted, and an appeal to his better feelings was seldom without success. One good quality he also seems to have possessed, not always found in boys. After a gentle reproof from his master's daughter, he never again "plagued" girls in his youth; and he preserved this early respect for women to the last day of his life.

These not by any means exceptional characteristics are, however, of less moment than those earlier indications of the tastes which so strongly colored his after-life, namely—his love for drawing and his love of nature. The former appears to have been intuitive. Like Hogarth's, his "exercises when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself." After exhausting the margins of his books, he had recourse to the gravestones and the floor of the church-porch, which he covered with rude representations in chalk, of devices or scenes he had met with,



BEWICK'S WORK-SHOP IN ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH-YARD, NEWCASTLE, IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION. (THE OLD SIGN-BOARD OF "BEWICK AND SON" HAS BEEN REMOVED.)

and the pastime of the day at Ovingham was continued in the evening on the flags and hearth at Cherryburn. At this time, he says, "I had never heard of the word 'drawing,'



THE CHILLINGHAM BULL. (REDUCED COPY, FROM A PRINT FROM ORIGINAL BLOCK. SIZE OF ORIGINAL BLOCK, 5½ × 7¾ INCHES.)

nor did I know of any other paintings beside the king's arms in the church, and the signs in Ovingham of the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Salmon, and the Hounds and Hare. I always thought I could make a far better hunting scene than the latter: the others were beyond my hand." But although, oddly enough, he makes no mention of it at this stage of the "Memoir," there was another kind of art with which he must have been minutely acquainted. The house at Ovingham where the boys' "dinner-poke" was taken care of when at school, was lavishly ornamented with those patriotic prints and broadsides to which we have already referred. Here he might study the "Battle of Zorndorff," and the "Sinking of the *Victory*" (Admiral Sir John Balchen); or rejoice over the manly presentments of Benbow and "Tom Brown, the valiant grenadier." And this was not the only collection. In Mr. Gregson's kitchen was "a remarkably good likeness of Captain Coram," the brave old philanthropist whom Hogarth painted; and "in cottages everywhere were to be seen the 'Sailor's Farewell' and his 'Happy Return,' 'Youthful Sports,' and the 'Feats of Manhood,' 'The Bold Archers Shooting at a Mark,' 'The Four Seasons,'" and the like. These popular plank-cut pictures, considered in connection with the future restorer of wood-engraving, are of greater significance than the ale-house signs.

After he had long scorched his face with his hearthstone designs a friend furnished him with some paper. He says:

> "Here I had more scope. Pen and ink, and the juice of the bramble-berry, made a grand change. These were succeeded by a camel-hair pencil and shells of colors; and, thus supplied, I became completely set up; but of patterns, or drawings, I had none. The beasts and birds, which enlivened the beautiful scenery of woods and wilds surrounding my native hamlet, furnished me with an endless supply of subjects. I now, in the estimation of my rustic neighbors, became an eminent painter, and the walls of their houses were ornamented with an abundance of my rude productions, *at a very cheap rate*. These chiefly consisted of particular hunting scenes, in which the portraits of the hunters, the horses, and of every dog in the pack, were, in their opinion as well as my own, faithfully delineated. But, while I was proceeding in this way, I was at the same time deeply engaged in matters nearly allied to this propensity for drawing; for I early became acquainted, not only with the history and the character of the domestic animals, but also with those which roamed at large."

This brings us to that second taste, the love of nature. From earliest childhood, when, by the little window at his bed-head, he had listened to the flooded burn murmuring through the dean at the back of the house,

or watched, from the byre-door, the rarer birds—the woodcocks, the snipes, the redwings, the fieldfares—which in winter made their unwonted appearance in the frozen landscape, the sights and sounds of nature had filled him with delight. To milk the cows, to cut and "cree" whin-tops for the horses, to carry straw and oats to the famishing and pastureless sheep on the fell—these were pleasures not to be forgotten, and only to be excelled by his favorite angling, which, with its endless "set gads" and night lines, its early risings, and late waterside wadings, occupied the summer months in happy cares. Then, when the Tyne was flooded and school was a thing impossible, there were the field sports of the neighborhood, the "flushing" of strange fowl by the terriers, the hunting of the hare and fox, the tracing of the "foumart" (polecat) in the snow, or the baiting of the badger at midnight. The cruelty of field sports did not at first present itself to him. Once, however, he caught a hunted hare in his arms, and was strangely moved by the poor creature's piteous screams of terror. On another occasion, the effect was more lasting. He says:

"The next occurrence of the kind happened with a bird. I had no doubt knocked many down with stones before, but they had escaped being taken. This time, however, the little victim dropped from the tree, and I picked it up. It was alive, and looked me piteously in the face; and, as I thought, could it have spoken, it would have asked me why I had taken away its life. I felt greatly hurt at what I had done, and did not quit it all the afternoon. I turned it over and over, admiring its plumage, its feet, its bill, and every part of it. It was a bull-finch. I did not then know its name, but I was told it was a little Matthew Martin. This was the last bird I killed; but many, indeed, have been since killed on my account."

Of a different kind, but connected as closely with the country side, were his interest in, and attraction to, the strange characters of the neighborhood—characters more common a hundred years ago than now, when railways and other facilities for intercourse have done so much to round off the angles of individuality. The winter-night tales of wild exploits in the hunting-field, and legends of the Border Wars, were a never-failing source of pleasure. By the woeful "laments," such as those for the last Earl of Derwentwater, with whose death it was supposed that prosperity had forever departed from Tyneside, he was often affected to tears. Of some of the cottagers on the fell, poor men whose little store consisted of a few sheep, a Kyloe cow, or a flock of geese, and whose sole learning was derived from Holy Writ, old ballads and local histories, he has left portraits which show how deeply they had impressed him. One of these was Will Bewick, a natural astronomer. Another was Anthony Liddell, who had formed himself entirely on the study of the Bible, finding in its precepts reasons for the utter disregard of the game-laws, and exulting in the jail to which he was constantly committed, since he gained the opportunity of reading it through once more. Then there was Thomas Forster, called familiarly "Tom Howdy" (midwife) from his mother's occupation, with his stock of secret bee-hives on the fell; and last, but by no means least, the swarming old soldiers let loose upon the country at the conclusion of the "Seven Years' War"—old comrades in Napier's and Kingsley's, full of memories of Minden and Lord George Sackville, of James Wolfe and Quebec. Bewick's strong abhorrence of war, which appears so plainly in the later pages of the "Memoir" had not yet been developed, and he listened eagerly to these weather-beaten campaigners, with their tarnished old uniforms and their endless stories about their prowess in the field.

But there comes an end to everything; and the inevitable time arrived at last when a calling must be chosen for the stout boy of fourteen. His taste for drawing determined his apprenticeship to a Newcastle engraver, and he quitted Cherryburn to serve his time with Mr. Ralph Beilby of that town. The pang of separation was a bitter one. He says:

"I liked my master; I liked the business; but to part from the country, and to leave all its beauties behind me, with which I had been all my life charmed in an extreme degree,—and in a way I cannot describe,—I can only say that my heart was like to break; and, as we passed away, I inwardly bade farewell to the whinny wilds, to Mickley bank, to the Stob-cross hill, to the water-banks, the woods, and to particular trees, and even to the large, hollow old elm, which had lain, perhaps for centuries past, on the haugh near the ford we were about to pass, and which had sheltered the salmon-fishers, while at work there, from many a bitter blast."

These things would be remembered long afterward in the busy city; and though, for a long period, the link with the country was not wholly severed, it is doubtless to those yearning recollections that we owe so much of that rural element in Bewick's work which is its most abiding charm.

III.

Looking down upon the Tyne from the pleasant parsonage garden at Ovingham, with the round-arched door and dial, and the bright flower-beds in shadow, it is easy to understand how keenly the boy must have felt the change. Over the broken water at the ferry the swallows are wheeling and turning,

while from the other side a rustic group hails the ferryman. Higher up, a man, with raised knees, rides his horse through the river at the ford; a pony and cart come after. Below the ferry an angler is wading mid-deep: on the opposite bank another is throwing a fly. Behind him two tiny figures of school-children climb the steep hill to Master's Close. From the tall trees at Eltringham on the right comes the cry of the cuckoo: on the left the rooks are cawing in the great rookery at Prudhoe Castle, the ancient seat of the Umfranvilles. There is no other sound but the rippling flow of the river to Newcastle and the sea.

But the Newcastle to which it flows to-day is a far different place from the Newcastle to which Bewick came in October, 1767. One might then, as now, stand by the famous church of St. Nicholas, with its fairy-like turrets and vanes and crocheted pinnacles, but the grand High Level Bridge which Robert Stephenson flung across the dark ravine between Newcastle and Gateshead was yet a thing undreamed of. The keep of the old Norman castle which gave the town its name, black with age and smoke, still fronts it at the northern end; but the spectator may seek in vain for the frowning and gloomy old gates which stretched across the main streets from Westgate to Pilgrim Street, or the pleasant gardens and orchards which everywhere intersected the city and shut in the stately mansions and antique houses with carved enrichments, where dwelt its merchant princes.* The red-brick shop of Bewick's new master stood near Amen Corner, and looked into St. Nicholas's church-yard. It was distinguishable by two fantastic wooden spouts, and existed until very lately; but a towering building in the modern taste now occupies its site. Bewick boarded with Mr. Beilby, and, after the fashion of those days, attended him to divine service twice every Sunday (probably carrying the prayer-book), groomed his brother's horse, and made himself generally useful, not omitting, doubtless, to abstain carefully from the over-abundant Tyne salmon which (as per indenture) the apprentice of the period was not obliged to eat more than twice a week.

For some time after entering the business he was employed in copying "Copeland's Ornaments" (Lock and Copeland's Designs for Chimney-pieces, etc., 1768), and "this," he says, "was the only kind of drawing upon which I ever had a lesson given to me from any one." So far as the discipline of the hand is concerned, the statement is no doubt strictly accurate; but that other education of the sight, which Hogarth defined as the early habit "of retaining in his mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever he intended to imitate," had probably been active for many years previously. Beilby's work was of a most miscellaneous character. Pipe molds, bottle molds, brass clock-faces, coffin-plates, stamps, seals, bill-heads, ciphers and crests for the silversmiths—nothing seems to have come amiss; and the coarser kinds of engraving which fell to the share of the young apprentice made his hands as hard as a blacksmith's. According to the "Memoir," the first "jobs" on which he was employed were etching sword-blades, and blocking out the wood about the lines on diagrams (to be finished subsequently by his master) for the "Ladies' Diary," a popular almanac which dated as far back as 1704, and which was edited for many years by Charles Hutton, then a Newcastle schoolmaster, and later the great Dr. Hutton of Woolwich. It was for Hutton also that he did what in the catalogues figures as his earliest production, namely the diagrams to a "Treatise on Mensuration." This book, which long enjoyed a great reputation, made its *début* in fifty sixpenny numbers (!), and was afterward issued by Thomas Saint in 1770 as a quarto volume. One of the cuts, often referred to, contains a representation of the tower of St. Nicholas's Church. Considerable ingenuity appears to have been shown by Bewick in the execution of these diagrams; and he devised a double-pointed graver, so successful in its operations, that the completion of the work, which had been begun by Beilby himself, was transferred to him at Hutton's request. About the same time he designed and engraved a bill-head for the "George and Dragon" Inn, and (according to Mr. Atkinson) another for the "Cock," at the head of the Side. These performances, though of the rudest character, were exceedingly popular; and commissions for work on wood, which had hitherto been little done in Beilby's shop, began to multiply. Numerous orders for cuts for children's books were received, chiefly from Thomas Saint, a printer and publisher of Newcastle, who had succeeded John White, once famous for his stories and for the old ballads which were sung about the streets on market days. If we except the Hutton diagrams, the first efforts of Bewick in the way of book-illustration would seem to have been the "new invented Horn Book" and the "New Lottery Book of Birds and Beasts," 1771. We do not, however, propose to linger upon these elementary efforts. They were the tentative essays of an artist who

* Some of these expressions are borrowed from a pleasantly written little pamphlet by Mr. Robert Robinson, of Pilgrim Street, issued in 1876, with his reprint of Bewick's "Waiting for Death."

neither knew his own strength, nor foresaw the resources of the vehicle he was employing; and who, when his talents were matured and his vocation found, might well be excused if he declined to be over-communicative respecting work which he had long excelled. Indeed, he excelled it in a marked manner before the termination of his apprenticeship. Among the wood blocks upon which he was busily engaged during the latter part of that period were some intended for an edition of "Gay's Fables." Of five of these Mr. Beilby thought so well that he submitted them to the Society of Arts in London, from whom, as already stated, they received the recognition of a premium of seven guineas, which Bewick at once transferred to his mother.

"Gay's Fables," however, were not published until 1779, and long before that date Bewick had quitted Mr. Beilby's shop. But during the time of his bondage, his character and habits appear to have been definitely formed. Having fallen into ill-health through over-application and the constant reading which was almost his sole amusement, the precepts of a sensible Newcastle physician and notability, Dr. Bailes, made him turn his attention to questions of diet and exercise. He began to study the regimen of the famous Venetian centenarian, Lewis Cornaro, together with the recommendations as to occasional days of abstinence given, but probably not practiced, by the great Joseph Addison. He thought nothing, he tells us, of setting out, after seven in the evening, to walk to Cherryburn, a distance of more than eleven miles, to see his parents, for whom he main tained the warmest affection, and whom he never failed to visit periodically. These long walks, he says, were chiefly occupied by the devising of plans for his conduct in life. But it is probable that the insensible education through the senses during these solitary expeditions was of even more importance than the forming of resolves, however laudable, to pay ready money, and never to live beyond his means.

He did not always continue to be an inmate of Mr. Beilby's house in the church-yard. After due time, he went to lodge with an aunt, and subsequently with a flax-dresser and bird-fancier named Hatfield. Here he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with very varied company. Those of the trade who visited his landlord in his capacity of flax-dresser were a worthless and dissolute race: but (as might be conjectured) to the tales of the bird-fanciers and bird-dealers who resorted to the house he listened with the greatest interest. Among other acquaintances whom he made about this time was Thomas Spence, the philanthropist, then only a few years older than himself, and who was already actively promulgating his doctrine "that property in land is every one's right," and, from his school on the Quayside, elaborating his new alphabet and phonetic system of orthography. For some of his types Bewick cut the steel punches; but he does not appear to have entirely espoused his principles, and his failure to support them on one occasion at a debating society resulted in a bout with the cudgels, in which the philosopher acted so unphilosophically, and even unfairly, that Bewick was obliged to give him "a severe beating."

Some of his friends, however, were better chosen, though they do not seem to have been less eccentric. Among these the Grays, father and sons, deserve mention. The former, Gilbert Gray, was a book-binder, and a thoroughly estimable man. He had previously been assistant to Allan Ramsay, at Edinburgh, after that honest wig-maker had left off "theeking the outside of the pash in order to line the inside," and was writing the "Gentle Shepherd." When Bewick knew Gray he was advanced in years, and following his trade in Newcastle. He lived in the most primitive way, eating only when he was hungry and sleeping when he was drowsy, and spending his money on the publication of little books of the moral and entertaining class (the "Countryman's Treasure," "Multum in Parvo," the "Complete Fabulist," etc.), which he sold to the people who attended the market on Saturday. On winter evenings his workshop was the resort of a number of young men, to whom his advice and example were of considerable service. In the workshop of his son, William Gray, also a book-binder, Bewick was enabled to consult volumes which would otherwise have been sealed to him, and often before his own labors had begun for the day he might be found studying the treasures his friend had to bind. But the genius of the Gray family was the eldest son, George, a fruit-painter of considerable local eminence, and a good geologist, chemist, and botanist to boot, who traveled through a great part of America on a botanizing excursion—no small feat in 1787.

IV.

On the first of October, 1774, the seven years' apprenticeship expired; and Bewick, after working for a short time with his old master at a guinea a week, returned to Cherryburn, where he remained until 1776. He continued to execute wood-cuts and other

commissions, chiefly for Thomas Angus, a printer of Newcastle, and occupied his leisure, as of old, with angling and field-sports, growing more and more attached to the country sights and ways. In the summer of the latter year, the spirit of wandering seized upon him, and, sewing three guineas in his waist-band, he made a long pedestrian excursion to Cumberland and the lake-country, and thence to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and so wandered northward to the Highlands. Here, having made up his mind not to visit any town or stay at any inn, he traveled from one farm-house to another, meeting everywhere with kindly and simple hospitality, and pursued, at his departure, by the customary "bannocks" and "scones." *À propos* of one of these leave-takings, occurs the only idyllic passage in the "Memoir":

"On one occasion, I was detained all day and all night at a house of this kind, in listening to the tunes of a young man of the family who played well upon the Scottish pipes. I, in turn, whistled several Tyneside tunes to him; so that we could hardly get separated. Before my departure next day, I contrived by stealth to put some money into the hands of the children. I had not got far from the house till I was pursued by a beautiful young woman, who accosted me in 'badish' English, which she must have got off by heart just before she left the house, the purport of which was to urge my acceptance of the usual present. This I wished to refuse; but with a face and neck blushed with scarlet, she pressed it upon me with such sweetness—while I thought at the same time that she invited me to return—that (I could not help it) I seized her and smacked her lips. She then sprang away from me, with her bare legs, like a deer, and left me fixed to the spot, not knowing what to do. I was particularly struck with her whole handsome appearance. It was a compound of loveliness, health and agility. Her hair, I think, had been flaxen or light, but was tanned to a pale brown by being exposed to the sun. This was tied behind with a ribbon, and dangled down her back; and, as she bounded along, it flowed in the air. I had not seen her while I was in the house, and felt grieved because I could not hope ever to see her more."

He left Scotland in a Leith sloop, arriving at Newcastle on the 12th of August, 1776. The passage from Leith to Shields was an exceedingly bad one, and it is characteristic of his kindness of heart that during the whole of the time, although worn out for want of sleep, he tended a poor little baby, which had been put into his bunk for security during the utter prostration of its mother.

After remaining long enough in Newcastle to earn the money for his journey, he took a berth in a collier for London, where he arrived in October. In London he had numerous friends. The Gregsons, his old school-master's sons, and distant connections as well, were established there. William Gray, too, was a book-binder in Chancery Lane; and there were others besides. He got work at once from Isaac Taylor, the master of another Newcastle acquaintance, and also from the before-mentioned Thomas Hodgson, then a printer and publisher in George Court, Clerkenwell. Mr. Atkinson also says he worked "with a person of the name of Cole," of whom, as a wood-engraver, Jackson could subsequently find no trace. It is possible, however, that this is a mistake for Coleman, the Society of Arts prizeman, who survived until 1807. Be this as it may, notwithstanding his facilities for obtaining employment, Bewick soon began to weary for the old rural surroundings of Newcastle. London had few charms for him,—it was too huge, too gloomy, too full of extremes of wealth and poverty. With many of his fellow-workmen he was out of sympathy; they called him "Scotchman," and he despised them as cockneys. The result was that, in spite of the remonstrances of his principal patrons, he resolved to return to his northern home. He told a friend that he would rather enlist than be tied to live in London; and, years after, the feeling was as strong as ever. Writing in 1803 to one of the Gregsons, he says:

"For my part, I am still of the same mind that I was in when in London, and that is, I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley bank-top than remain in London, although for doing so I was to be made the premier of England."

Thus, after brief trial, ended Bewick's *wanderjahre*. He returned to Newcastle, taking up his abode as before at Hatfield's, and accepting such engraving, either on wood, silver, or copper, as came in his way. He had not been long at work on his own account, when propositions were made to him to enter into partnership with his old master, Mr. Beilby. This by the intermediation of a friend was brought about, though not without some misgivings on Bewick's part. He took his brother John, then a lad of seventeen, as his apprentice, and the old weekly visits to Cherryburn were resumed, in company. For eight years these were continued in all weathers, winter and summer, fair and foul. Often he had to wade a pool at the outset, and sometimes the river at the end. But by this time his constitution was so hardened by temperance and exercise that neither heat nor cold had much effect on him. And the severities of the winter were amply compensated by the delights of the other seasons when the valley of the Tyne put on all its beauties, and he could watch the succession of plants and wild flowers, and the flight of birds and insects. Then again, at this period he had the fullest enjoyment of his sole diversion—fishing.

In 1785, Bewick's mother, father, and eldest sister died, and the walks to Cherryburn ceased. In the following year he was married to Miss Isabella Elliot of Ovingham. He was then living at the Forth, a large piece of public ground near St. Mary's Hospital, in a house which had been previously tenanted by Dr. Hutton. It was "a fine, low, old-fashioned house," situated in what was afterward known as Circus Lane (so probably called from the Amphitheater erected in the Forth in 1789), and having a long garden extending almost to the town wall.

V.

FOR many years after the termination of his apprenticeship, Bewick appears, by his own account, to have been fully employed upon the business of the firm, which consisted chiefly of work for silversmiths, watchmakers, and hardwaremen. Much time was also occupied in seal-cutting; but engraving on wood, as is clear from the small number of acknowledged works between 1774 and 1784, must have been the exception rather than the rule of his trade. Among the books belonging to this date is the well-known "Tommy Trip's History of Beasts and Birds," published by Saint in 1779, which, owing to the fact that it is supposed by Atkinson and others to have prompted the "Quadrupeds" and "Birds," has acquired a fictitious reputation with collectors. Then there is the "Lilliputian Magazine," the letterpress of which Mr. Pearson boldly attributes to Goldsmith. It was published in 1783 by T. Carman, the successor of Goldsmith's friend Newbery, but had probably been printed earlier by Saint at Newcastle.* The two volumes, however, with which we are most concerned during this period are the "Fables by the late Mr. Gay" of 1779, and the "Select Fables" of 1789, both of which were printed and published by Saint. In these, rather than the foregoing works, interesting as those are from the collector's point of view, Bewick's work began its true development, and they alone constitute his real beginnings.

The illustrations to "Gay's Fables," as we have seen, had been begun during Bewick's apprenticeship. In advertising them Saint referred to the "finely engraved frontispiece" and "very curious cuts," some of which had "gained the premium of the Royal Society [*sic*]." The "finely engraved frontispiece" was a poor copper-plate by Beilby of the monument which Gay's patrons, the Queensberrys, had erected to him in Westminster Abbey; and it was manifestly copied from Gravelot's print in the London edition of 1738. The "curious cuts" were sixty-seven in number, not including thirty-three vignettes. Of the five approved by the "Society of Arts," the "Old Hound" is the only one which has been identified. The others, probably executed at different times between 1773 and 1779 are of very various merit. Many of them plainly reproduce the compositions of William Kent, Wootton the animal painter, and H. Gravelot, in the first editions of the two series of Gay's "Fables," issued by Tonson and Knapton in 1727 and 1738 respectively. Whether Bewick made use of these books directly, or followed some intermediate copyist such as the unknown artist of Strahan's complete edition of 1769, is immaterial. But a comparison of his illustrations with the earlier ones establishes a remarkable relationship, especially in the more allegorical or mythological subjects. In the "Hare and Many Friends" the arrangement of the first illustrator, Wootton, is almost entirely discarded; and the gasping, pathetic picture of "Poor Honest Puss" appealing vainly to the calf is worthy of a Landseer in little. Now and then, Bewick's knowledge of domestic animals, or his keen eye for character overmaster him entirely, and he breaks away from the model altogether. "The Hound and the Huntsman" is a case in point; it might have been sketched at Cherryburn.* Other examples in this class are "The Man, the

* The following passage respecting "Tommy Trip" and Goldsmith is taken from one of Miss Jane Bewick's letters to Mr. Edward Ford, of Old Park, Enfield, and has been kindly communicated to us by that gentleman:

"My sister lately drew my attention to the passage you quote in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (Goldsmith's charming little puff [in chapter xviii.] of his children's books, published by Newbery), 'Tommy Trip and his Dog Jowler,' and 'Woglog the Giant.' Well do I remember the little book—amongst many charming Newberys still preserved, that treasure has disappeared. We had it before we could read. The book contained many cuts of animals (a crocodile among the rest), the descriptions of which were probably compiled by Goldsmith. The cuts must have been executed while my father was in London.

"I have often heard my father tell that, when he was very young, a stranger traveling on foot, and dressed in a sky-blue coat, with immensely large cuffs, called at Cherryburn, where he had some refreshment. Whilst resting, he conversed with my grandmother, and when he left she observed to her sister Hannah: 'That is no common person.' The impression made on the child (Goldsmith was sure to have noticed the little black-eyed boy) was so strong that the first time he saw a portrait of Goldsmith he felt certain that it was the poet himself who had called in. One may suppose the fare offered to have been eggs and bacon, with home-brewed birch-wine, which my grandmother used to make by tapping the birch-trees."

* An original pencil sketch for "The Hound and the Huntsman" is in the possession of Mr. Edward Ford, who obtained it from Miss Jane Bewick.

Cat, the Dog, the Fly," and "The Squire and his Cur." These two are not so much illustrations of Gay as little pictures in *genre*.

Generally speaking, the printing of all these cuts, even in the earlier editions (and it it is absolutely useless to consult any others), is weak and unskillful. The fine work of the backgrounds is seldom thoroughly made out, and the whole impression is blurred and unequal. Nevertheless, as book-illustrations, in detail, composition, and especially in expression, they are far beyond any thing of the kind that had appeared before, except a few cuts by Bewick himself, to which we now come.

The other book of importance belonging to this period is the "Select Fables," published by Saint in 1784. This was described as "a new edition, improved,"—a reference to the fact that, in 1772, Saint had issued a small number of "Select Fables" at the end of a little book called "Moral Instructions of a Father to his Son, etc.," the cuts to which were said by Miss Bewick to have been her father's early work. Of this book Saint brought out a third edition in 1775; and in 1776 he issued a volume of "Select Fables" alone, of which the "Select Fables" of 1784 is obviously an elaboration. In fact, the title-pages are almost textually identical, and the same emblematic vignette is used for both. The former volume contains one hundred and fourteen small and poorly executed cuts, and, at the end of the book, in illustration of the "Fables in Verse (Part III.)," are fourteen larger and better cuts, with borders. The smaller cuts, which include those in the "Moral Instructions," are, we must perforce decide, by Bewick. Jackson, indeed, speaking of them contemptuously in a foot-note, (page 480, edition 1861), says that "Bewick always denied that any of them were of his engraving." But, even if we had not Miss Bewick's authority for believing to the contrary, this is contradicted by the book itself, for no less than *thirteen of the remaining fourteen cuts with borders are* reproduced in the "Select Fables" of 1784, the illustrations of which are attributed to Bewick by common consent. It must therefore be conjectured either that Jackson misunderstood Bewick or his informant, or that he had not seen the very rare edition of 1776, which is now before us. So again, when Mr. J. G. Bell and Mr. Hugo speak of the "miserable" illustrations of the earlier edition of the "Select Fables," it must be concluded that that they were not aware that the edition of 1776 contained a number of the cuts afterward printed in the volume of 1784. The smaller cuts are indifferent enough; but the fourteen at the end are quite as good as those in the "Gay's Fables" published in 1779. It would be tedious to carry this purely bibliographical discussion farther; but it so far disposes of one troublesome passage in the "Memoir," which states that, during his apprenticeship, Bewick was at work on the "Select Fables." That, before 1774, he could have been working at the edition published in 1784, is improbable; but when it is explained that he prepared cuts for the edition of 1776, the words are no longer difficult to understand.

Most of the illustrations to the "Select Fables" show a very marked advance upon those to the "Gay." The animals are better drawn, and the backgrounds and details more carefully studied. But the greatest improvement is in the grouping. This, and the arrangement of black and white, are much more skillful and effective than before. As before, however, Bewick seems to have been contented to take an earlier work for the basis of his designs. There can be but little doubt that the one used was the "Fables of Æsop and Others," translated by Samuel Croxall, D.D., some time Archdeacon of Hereford. This was one of the most popular books of the eighteenth century. First published by Tonson and Watts in 1722, by 1798 there had been no fewer than sixteen editions. Jackson, who refers to this collection at some length, appears to think that the illustrator, who deserves a better fame than he has obtained, was a certain E. Kirkall, whose initials are to be found appended to one of the tail-pieces in Maittaire's "Horace." It is not necessary to show in detail in what the likeness to Croxall consists, as a couple of examples will amply suffice. Take, for instance, the cuts to the "Viper and the File" and the "Young Man and the Swallow." In the former, Bewick has closely followed the earlier design. But the advantage in execution, in black and white, and in the superior fidelity of the accessories (*e. g.*, the vice) is wholly on his side. So are the improvements in the relative proportions of the different objects—the viper of the old illustrator for size might be a youthful boa constrictor. In the "Young Man and the Swallow" the deviations are more apparent than the resemblances, and little of similarity remains but in the attitude of the hero. The swallow which, in Croxall, assumes the proportions of a barn-door fowl is, in Bewick, reduced to reasonable dimensions. Croxall's Spendthrift has literally denuded himself; but he of Bewick's drawing, like a true eighteenth-century rake, has only pawned his linen. Again, beyond the bare-boughed tree there is no particular suggestion of winter in Croxall; but, in Bewick, there is obvi-

ous ice and men sliding upon it, while he has given to the chief figure a look of nose-nipped and shivering dilapidation which is wholly absent from its model. These specimens will show how Bewick dealt with Croxall when he employed him as a basis. But, as in the case of the "Gay," there are numerous instances where the invention appears to be wholly his own, and they are generally the happiest in the book. Take, for example, the charming little pictures of the "Wolf and the Lamb," and the "Proud Frog." Or (to choose some fables not given in Croxall at all) let us say the "Hounds in Couples," the "Beggar and his Dog," the "Collier and the Fuller." This last, especially, is a little *chef-d'œuvre* for truth to nature. The fuller with his bare legs and beater; the grimy but not unfriendly collier; the linen bleaching in long rows in the field behind and the colliery works on the hill,—to say nothing of St. Nicholas's spire in the distance—all these go to make up a whole not afterward excelled by any of the famous tail-pieces. Bewick was familiar with fullers and colliers, with frogs and dogs, and what he knew intimately he could draw as no other man could.

Those who admire Bewick's draughtsmanship have often asked themselves how he obtained his proficiency as an artist, for he certainly did not acquire it from "Copeland's Ornaments." The only answer given by his family is that "he used to go out and look at things, and then come home and draw them." That is to say, he shared the instinctive perceptive faculty and eye-memory of Hogarth and Wilkie; but this scarcely explains his skill in combining and arranging his material. If, however, we bear in mind that he spent so much of his early life in adapting, correcting, and modernizing the designs of others, it requires no further argument to show that he studied in a school of composition of a very practical and serviceable kind.

VI.

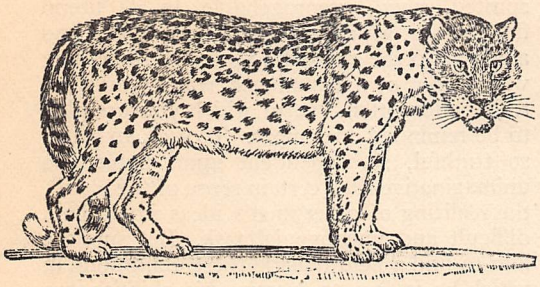
FROM the work of Thomas Bewick previous to 1785, and more especially from the two volumes of "Fables," it is evident that he is most successful in depicting those phases of animal life with which he was familiar, or in making such selection as his genius prompted of the characteristics, whimsical or pathetic, of the humanity about him.

> "That is best which lieth nearest,
> Shape from that thy work of art,"

never received more striking confirmation than at Bewick's hands. Hercules and Jupiter, Time and Fortune, figures in which the allegorists of the day would have delighted, become under his pencil mere lumbering and futile unrealities, ill at ease in their nakedness, and not to be credited under any system of theology. But set him down to draw you a group of startled hares, or a hungry beggar watched by an equally hungry dog; a boy stung by a nettle, or a brace of snarling hounds tugging at the unequal yoke, and he will straightway construct you a little picture—spirited, vivid, irreproachable in its literal fidelity—to which you will turn again and again as to the authentic record of something within your own experience, which you seem to have forgotten, but of which you are glad to be reminded once more. To such an artist, so truthful, so dependent upon nature, so unimaginative (in a certain sense of the word), the realizing of other men's ideas would be a difficult and uncongenial task. But suppose him to find a field outside these conditions, in which he is free to exercise his abilities in a fashion most pleasant to himself, it will follow, almost as a matter of course, that he will produce his best work. This, in effect, appears to have been the case with Bewick. He found his fitting field in the "Quadrupeds" and "Birds," and rose at once to his highest level.

The "Quadrupeds" were begun soon after the publication of the "Select Fables." But while working at them, and before they were published, Bewick produced the large block known as the "Chillingham Bull," one of those famous wild cattle of the old Caledonian breed which Landseer has painted and Scott has celebrated in the ballad of "Cadyow Castle." The engraving was a commission undertaken in 1789, for Marmaduke Tunstal of Wycliffe; and, in the "Memoir," Bewick has described some of the obstacles he met with in getting near his restless model. He was finally obliged to select one which had become separated from the herd, and was as yet unfurnished with its "curled, or shaggy neck and mane." It is said that he considered this block his masterpiece; and it is certain that the bull with its dark ears and muzzle, its black-tipped horns, and milk-white hide is an exceedingly handsome beast. It steps out lightly from a little glade, and halts with its head turned distrustfully toward the spectator, the thin foam threading from its jaws. Its hair and hoofs are excellently given; but in these days the background and accessories would probably be regarded as stiff and conventional. When engraved it was doubtless Bewick's best and most ambitious effort; but there are animals and birds in his subsequent works with which it can scarcely be compared. An accident, however, has had the

effect of giving the impressions of this block an abnormal value with collectors—the value of extreme rarity. After a few copies had been struck off on parchment and paper, the block was thoughtlessly laid on a place where the rays of the sun fell so directly upon it that it split; and notwithstanding several attempts to reunite it, it was never possible to take an impression which did not betray indications of the fatal injury. The



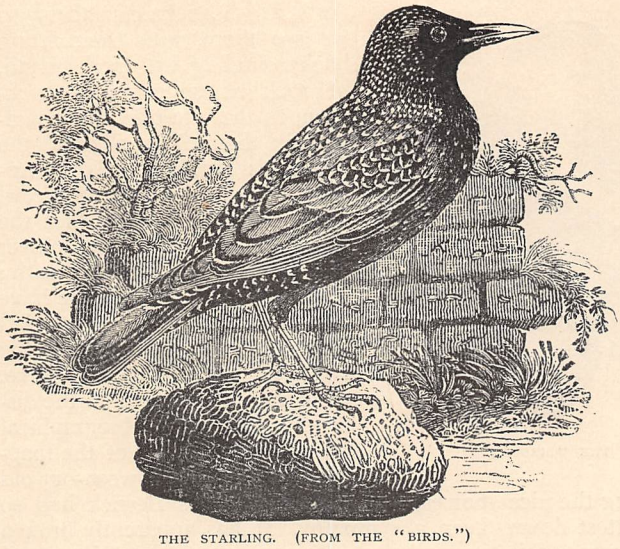
THE OUNCE. (FROM THE "QUADRUPEDS.")

sums given for copies taken before the mishap, without the name and date, and especially for those on parchment, of which there appear to have been six, are consequently phenomenal. Fifty guineas was paid at one period of its career for that now in the "Townsend Collection" at South Kensington. Three more of the parchment copies were sold with the "Hugo Collection" in 1877. The original block, also in Mr. Hugo's possession, has since passed into the hands of a gentleman of Northumberland. Before this, it was cleverly wedged in a new frame of gun-metal, and a limited number of careful impressions were taken from it on vellum and toned paper for Mr. R. Robinson of 38 Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, from whom a few copies, we believe, are still to be obtained.

The account given in the "Memoir" of the "General History of Quadrupeds," like most of the portions of that book which relate to Bewick's work, is of an exceedingly meager character. But he had actually begun it as early as November, 1785, for he was engraving the dromedary when he first heard of his father's death. Most of the cuts and vignettes were executed after the day's work was over, and the letterpress was compiled by Mr. Beilby, who was "of a bookish or reading turn," Bewick giving him what aid he was of his own knowledge able to contribute. Such animals as he knew (he says) were "drawn from memory on the wood," others were copied from Buffon, and others again were from specimens in traveling menageries, first sketched from memory and afterward corrected on the wood from the animals themselves. In a letter to John Bewick, he speaks of the difficulties that beset him. He cannot get a good idea of the wolf, so contradictory are the reports of its appearance, and he is rejoicing in the advent of "a large collection of animals now on its way to the town."

In 1790, the "General History of Quadrupeds" was published and sold rapidly. A second and third edition appeared in 1791 and 1792, and it had reached an eighth in 1824. Its limitations are indicated above. The Bison and Hippopotamus would scarcely, we imagine, excite the admiration of Mr. Zwecker or Mr. Wolf; but the dogs, the horses, the sheep, the cows, leave little to be desired. Excellent, too, are the Badger, the Hedgehog, and the Ferret. Jackson is also right in the praise which he gives to the Kyloe Ox, although our special favorites in the book are the Spanish Pointer and the staid Old English Hound. Some of the backgrounds, those to the domestic animals in particular, are of considerable interest, and often are most skillfully contrived to give full effect to the diversities of fur and hide.

Admirable, however, as was the volume of "Quadrupeds," it was eclipsed by the two volumes of "British Birds." Here the necessity for depending upon incorrect drawings or doubtful reports was reduced to a minimum; and Bewick set out with the determination of "sticking to nature as closely as he could." After much preliminary study of such books on ornithology as came in his way, *e.g.*, Albin's "Birds," the old "Histoire des Oyseaux" of Belon, Ray and Willoughby, Pennant and Latham, he paid a long visit to Wycliffe, where he remained for nearly two months diligently copying the stuffed specimens collected by Mr. Tunstal. Upon returning to Newcastle to make his engravings, he was at some pains to reconcile the discrepancies between those of his drawings which had been actually taken from nature and those which he had copied from preserved figures. The result was that in many cases he set aside what he had done to wait for newly shot birds, with which he was liberally supplied by a few enthusiastic friends. Several of the sketches were from life. The Corncrake, for example, was taken from a bird which ran about his own room, and its excellent attitude was cleverly reproduced by Richard Wingate, a famous bird-stuffer of Newcastle, in a specimen which is still to be seen in that town. It was probably at this date that Bewick made the majority of the very beautiful water-color drawings lately exhibited by the Misses Bewick in London,—drawings which revealed unsuspected, because hitherto unmanifested, abilities as a colorist.



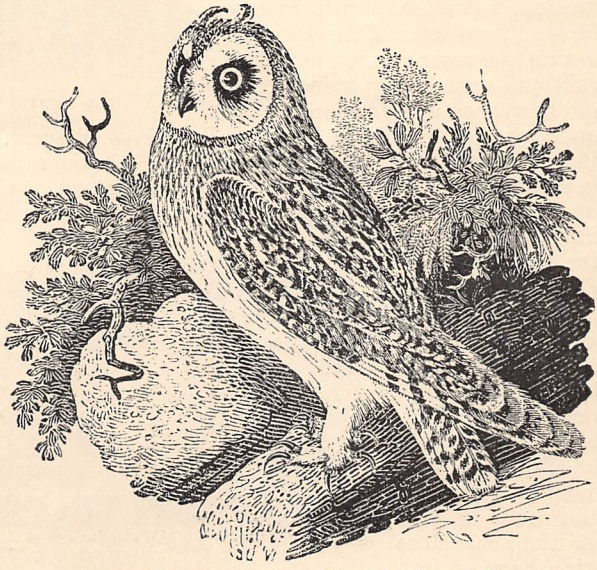
THE STARLING. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

editions appeared after his death, but the latest (the eighth) is that put forth by Bewick's son, R. E. Bewick, in April, 1847. In this "about twenty additional vignettes" were inserted from a series intended for a projected "History of British Fishes," left unfinished by Bewick at his death; the nomenclature and arrangement of Temminck were adopted; and a synoptical table of the classification was added. This table was the work of Mr. John Hancock, a distinguished naturalist of Newcastle, to whom we are indebted for some assistance in the preparation of this paper.

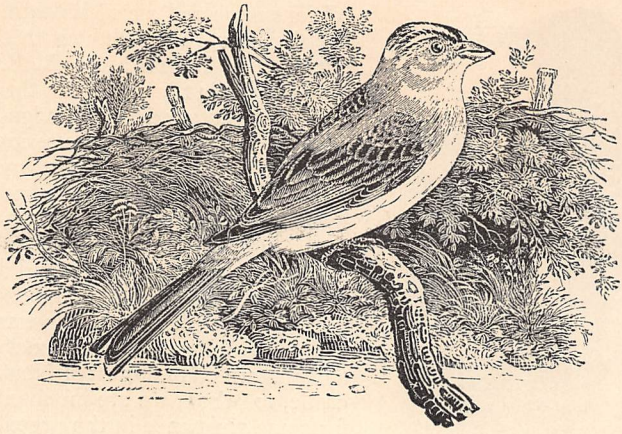
There is no doubt that the "Birds" are Bewick's high-water mark. In these he worked under a combination of conditions which were especially favorable to his realistic genius. In the first place he was called upon not to invent or combine, but simply to copy nature with that "curious eye" which slurs nothing, but strives to give its full place and value to the fold of a feather, the minutest markings of breast and back, the most fugitive accidents of attitude and appearance. Then, having made his drawing in color or otherwise, he was not obliged to see it altered or degraded in its transference to the wood-block at the hands of another person. Between his original study and the public he was his own mediator. In confiding his work to the wood he was able to select or devise the

This supposition is confirmed by the fact that the "Roller" and the "Red-Legged Crow," both of which were at Bond Street, are plainly copies of the stuffed examples still to be found in the Museum of the Newcastle "Literary and Philosophical Society," which purchased the Wycliffe collection. Beyond the specimens possessed by Bewick's family, examples of his water-color work, however, appear to be rare. But Mr. George D. Leslie, R. A., has a beautiful Kingfisher, the praises of which he has recently written in that fresh and unaffected book, "Our River."

The first volume of the "Birds" was published in 1797. It contained one hundred and seventeen birds and ninety-one tail-pieces. The letterpress was by Mr. Beilby; but the proof-sheets, which were in the late Mr. Hugo's collection, show that Bewick's amendments and additions were numerous and important. The second volume appeared in 1804. The text to this, with some assistance from the Rev. Mr. Cotes, of Bedlington, was prepared by Bewick, whose partnership with Beilby had by this time been dissolved. This volume contained one hundred and one figures and one hundred and thirty-nine tail-pieces. Large additions were made to both in the succeeding issues; and in the sixth edition of 1826 (the last published during Bewick's lifetime), the first volume contained one hundred and fifty-seven figures, the second one hundred and forty-three, beside fourteen supplementary figures of foreign birds. Other

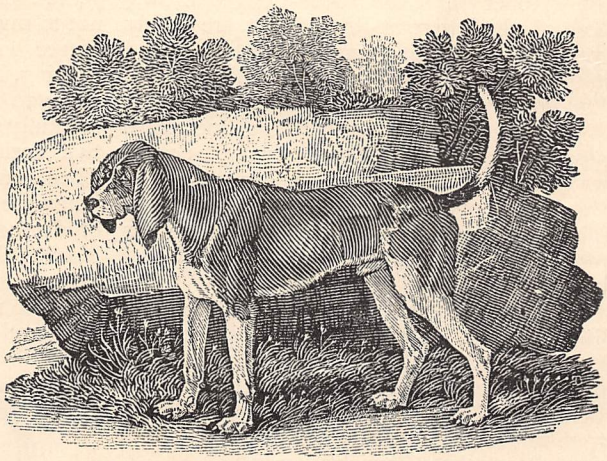


THE SHORT-EARED OWL. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

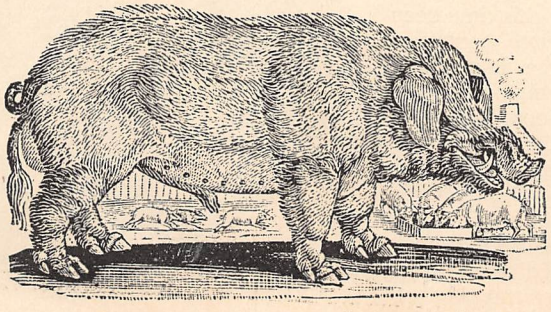


THE YELLOW BUNTING. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")*

most effective methods for rendering the nice varieties of plumage, from the lightest down to the coarsest quill-feather, to arrange his background so as to detach from it in the most telling way the fine-shaped, delicate-shaded form of his model, and to do all this with the greatest economy of labor, the simplest array of lines. Finally, besides being the faithfulest of copyists, and the most skillful of wood-engravers, he was able to bring to the representation of "these beautiful and aërial wanderers of the British Isles" (as he styles them) a quality greater than either of these—that unlessoned insight which comes of loving them, the knowledge that often elevates an indifferent workman to an artist, and without which, as may be seen from some of Bewick's followers, the most finished technical skill and most highly trained trick of observation produce nothing but an *imago mortis*. These birds of Bewick,—those especially that he had seen and studied in their sylvan haunts,—are *alive*. They swing on boughs, they alight on wayside stones; they flit rapidly through the air, they seem almost to utter their continuous or intermittent cries; they are glossy with health and freedom; they are alert, bright-eyed, watchful of the suspicious looking spectator, and ready to dart off if he so much as stir a hand or arm.



OLD ENGLISH HOUND. (FROM THE "QUADRUPEDS.")

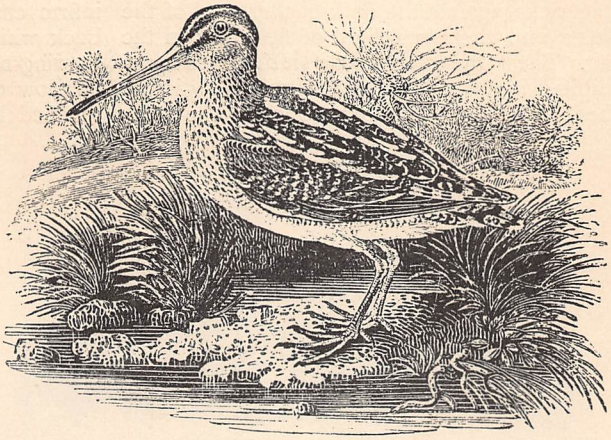


THE COMMON BOAR. (FROM THE "QUADRUPEDS.")

And as Bewick saw them so we see them, with their fitting background of leaf and bough, of rock or underwood,—backgrounds that are often little pictures in themselves. Behind the Rook his brethren stalk the furrows, oblivious of the scarecrow, while their black nests blot the trees beyond; the golden plover stands upon his marshy heath; the robin and the fieldfare have each his appropriate snow-clad landscape; the little petrel skims swiftly in the hollow of a wave. Sometimes the objects in the distance have a special biographical interest. To the left of the magpie is one of those worn-out old horses, with whose miseries Bewick had so keen a sympathy. It has apparently broken its neck by falling over a little cliff, part of the rails of which it has carried with it in its descent. At the back of the guinea-hen is the artist himself, seated upon a wall; in the cut of the blackbird is a view of Cherryburn. These details lead us naturally to another feature of Bewick's books on Natural History, of which we have not yet spoken,—the numerous vignettes or tail-pieces at the ends of the chapters. But these deserve a section to themselves.

* Bewick thought this his best block.

VII.



THE COMMON SNIPE. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

MUCH in these famous tail-pieces is of that enduring and universal character which belongs to no time or place. But the traveler from Newcastle to Prudhoe (the nearest station to Ovingham) is often reminded on the road that he is in Bewick's country. Passing out of the Central Railway station with the river Tyne to his left, he sees the "cool-staiths" and fleets of "keels," and the closed furnace-doors with the smoke curling from the crevices much as Bewick saw and drew them. Farther on they are rook-shooting, and there are sea-gulls wheeling above the sandy reaches. While he is punted across the river at Ovingham he himself seems to be taking part in a tail-piece, and the spare "boat-stower" stuck in the stones of the little pier, and the long loops of net which are drying in the sun, help to strengthen this belief. As he climbs the steep stair-way on the Ovingham bank and notes the tide-dragged look of the branches near the water, he is reminded of the frequent floods, and especially of that great flood of 1771 which not only tore down the arches of the old bridge at Newcastle, but swept away the humbler boat-house at Ovingham. In the parsonage gate he recognizes an old friend of the "Fables," and he looks curiously at the picturesque church-porch where the farmer's son from Cherryburn once made his "chalky designs." Crossing the fields again toward Eltringham Ferry a hundred aspects of hedge and river-side seem friendly and familiar. The same plowman is following the same team as in the vignette of "Justissima Tellus"; the same sheep are huddling in the fold watched by the same vigilant collie; and when he has traversed the Tyne again, and finds himself among the quaint north-country stiles and bickering burns, with the water-wagtail busy among the stones, and the farm-pigeon dropping down to drink, the illusion is well-nigh perfect. If, in addition to these, he comes suddenly upon a detachment of geese with their cackling leader at their head, marching solemnly waterwards in Indian file, or is startled by an old horse tearing hungrily at the green leaves of a young tree, he has no longer any doubt, and believes every line and stroke that Bewick ever put to paper.

The rural life, and the scenes among which Bewick was brought up, naturally play a large part in this delightful collection. At the beginning of the "Birds" is that well-known picture of a "Farm-yard," the drawing for which was exhibited in the Bond Street Collection, and which is an extraordinarily minute study of the subject. A woman winnows grain in front; a man carries a sack to the barn. Cocks and hens, ducks, turkeys and geese, and even those uninvited guests, the starlings and sparrows, are clearly distinguishable in the foreground. A sow enters the yard with her litter; a dog dozes on the dung-hill. Nailed against the byer-wall are a magpie, a crow and a heron; over these is a swallow's nest. Pigeons fly above



THE TAWNY OWL. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

the ricks against the dark background of the trees, and there is a flight of fieldfares in the air. The same microscopic truthfulness is exhibited in a dozen other designs. Now it is a bent old fellow breaking stones by the road-



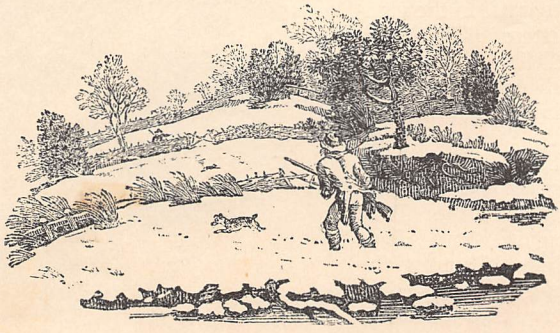
A FARM-YARD. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

side, with his dog watching his coat and flask; or another cautiously crossing the snow-covered ice astride a branch for safety; a girl pumping upon a tramp's feet, or a cow that has broken through a fence to get to the water. We have mentioned only the principal figures: these are always set in their appropriate landscape, and surrounded with illustrative accessory. The man crossing the ice, for instance, is watched by a dog in the background, who is evidently too prudent to follow him.

Next to the pictures of rural life come those which illustrate the sports of the field. There are the cruel greyhounds pressing hard upon the hare; there are the poachers who track her in the snow: there are the sportsmen who wade the river, or cross it upon stilts, or reach perilously to secure their floating quarry, or fraternize at dinner-time with their dogs. But it is the angler's craft which is most richly represented, and Bewick has drawn a score of pictures of this, his favorite pastime. He shows us the steady-going old angler "fettling" his hooks under a bank; the drenched fisherman watching his "set gads" in the shelter of a tree; the salmon-spearer with his many-pronged "leister." Then there are the humors and accidents of the game. There is the excellent but infirm enthusiast who fishes from his pony's back while his footman waits hard-by with a landing-net; the angler who has hooked a swallow on the wing, and the angler who is terrified by a turnip-headed "boggle." And in all these, the little glimpses of copse and thicket, of brown pool and wrinkling water, are enough to make a man wish (if he has forgotten the experiences of Washington Irving) to become an angler on the spot; and they seem to find their most restful expression in the charming vignette to which the artist has affixed the old Virgilian motto adopted by Shenstone at the Leasowes—"*Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.*"*

In many of the designs already spoken of, although they are chiefly concerned with the accurate representation of natural objects, there are sly strokes of drollery. This brings us to a special class in these vignettes, namely, those which are purely and simply humorous, —little compositions which would have delighted Hogarth, and hardly dishonored his genius. Such are the bottle-nosed and bewigged old coachman on the bob-tailed coach-horse who is following "little master" on his pony; the black sweep eating white bread and butter; the old woman (Bewick is unrivaled at old women) attacked by geese; the depressed and Callotesque procession with the dancing dogs and bear; the blind fiddler led by a ragged boy and fiddling without an audience; the old husband carrying his young wife and child across the river on his back. Many of these deserve a page of commentary. It would be easy, for example, to write at

"Be woods and waves my unambitious love."
—*Blackmore.*



POACHERS TRACKING A HARE IN THE SNOW. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")



KITE-FLYING. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

length upon such a theme as that which appears at page 106 of vol. ii. of the "Birds."* Two tramps have halted at the gate of a pretty cottage garden, where the mistress is hanging out the clothes. They have turned away empty and growling, leaving the gate open, and through this the inmates of the adjoining farm-yard are successively making their appearance. The hens have already occupied the lawn (and the spotless linen); the little pigs are entering joyfully upon the forbidden territory; the old sow follows leisurely at the back. Another fertile text for disquisition would be the incident depicted at page 173 of the same volume. A man is trying to ford a river with his cow, to save the toll. In mid-stream he has repented, but the cow insists upon proceeding, while her alarmed master pulls helplessly at her tail. The landscape background in this case, with its bridge and wintry hills, is excellent for truth and suggestiveness.

Of the especial kind of dilemma which is illustrated by the last-named sketch, Bewick is particularly fond. He delights in portraying an incident at that supreme moment when, in classic poetry, it would be considered needful to call in the assistance of some convenient and compliant deity. This is the case of the embarrassed old man who figures as a head-piece to the "Contents" in vol. ii. of the "Birds." His horse, aged like his master, has been seized with an ungovernable fit of passive obstinacy. The day is rainy, and there is a high wind. The rider has broken his stick and lost his hat; but he is too much encumbered with his cackling and excited stock to dare to dismount. Nothing can help him but a *deus ex machinâ*, of whom there is no sign. Another specimen of this sort is the admirable vignette at page 9 of the same volume. The string of a kite has caught in the hat of a man who is crossing a stream on a pony. The boys are unwilling to lose their kite, the man clings to his head-gear, and it is impossible to divine how the matter will end. Sometimes the humor of these little pictures reaches a point which can only be designated sardonic. In its minor form this is exemplified by the hulking blacksmith looking on unmoved at the miserable dog with the pot tied to its tail. This, however, may be simply intended as a satire upon brutality. But there are other examples which are not so easy to explain, and less easy to excuse, since they have a kind of heartlessness about them which almost entirely deprives them of their laughable elements. In this category come the blind man whom the heedless or wanton boy is leading into the deep water, and his fellow whose hat has blown off as his dog conducts him across a narrow and broken-railed bridge. Now and then, again, this kind of incident rises to tragedy, as in the case of the men who are chasing a mad dog almost into the arms of a feeble old woman around the corner, or the tottering child in the meadow who is about to pluck at the tail of the vicious horse. We know of no picture of its size which communicates to the spectator such a degree of compressed suspense as this little masterpiece.

But we must abridge what would otherwise prove too long a catalogue. No list of ours, indeed, could hope to exhaust the "infinite variety" of these designs; and to turn over the leaves again is only to discover how many have been missed or omitted. The exquisite



TAIL-PIECE TO THE "CURLEW." (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

* The references, here and hereafter, are to the first editions.

series of feathers, and the quaint coast-scenes, with their queer pudding-stone rocks, deserve more than a passing mention. So does the little group of tail-pieces which deal with the picturesque "old soldiers" of Bewick's youth, two of whom head the "Introduction" to vol. ii. of the "Birds." A chapter again might be devoted to those alone which deal with the pathos of animal life, from the patient outlines of the two horses seen dimly in the open



TAIL-PIECE TO "THE BEAVER." (FROM THE "QUADRUPEDS.")

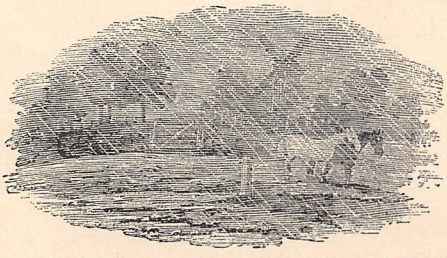
field through the mist and driving rain, to that wonderful vignette in the "Quadrupeds" where the cruel, cowardly dog is tearing at the worried ewe, while the poor little knock-kneed lamb looks on with mute and helpless bewilderment—a composition which for sheer pitifulness is not surpassed by Landseer's "Random Shot." Then there is the section which may be said to deal with the *lachrimæ rerum*—the sad contrasts and mutabilities of things—minute pictorial homilies which must have delighted Thackeray: the ass rubbing itself against the pillar which celebrates the famous victory; the old man reading "Vanitas Vanitatum" on the crumbling tombstone; the beggar taking refuge from the rain by the grass-grown hearth of the ruined cottage, the church on the shore, where the waves are rapidly effacing the records of the dead. All these, and many others, are works of art in the truest sense, and worthy of a far more extensive study than we can give them here.

So unmistakable, too, is the note of reality in the majority of these tail-pieces, that it is impossible not to believe that many of them are records of actual occurrences within the recollection of the artist. It is, therefore, much to be regretted that the late Miss Jane Bewick never carried out her expressed intention of writing a complete and authoritative commentary upon this text. From some of her letters to Mr. Edward Ford, of Enfield, we have, by the courtesy of that gentleman, been able to glean a few minute particulars upon this subject, some of which are new. The child catching at the horse's tail in the "Quadrupeds" is Bewick's younger brother; the woman rushing over the stile is his grandmother. The tiny vignette at page 122 of vol. i. of the "Birds" represents Bewick's own hat and stick,—the latter, his constant companion, having belonged to his brother John. In another vignette (that of the sportsman who has missed the snipe and hit the magpie), is a portrait of "Witch," a favorite dog of the family; and Miss Bewick confirms Jackson's statement that the traveler drinking out of the *flipe* of his hat ("Birds," i., xxx.) is a portrait of Bewick himself. There is another in the sketch of the snow man ("Birds," vol. i., p. 78), where he is standing on the stool, and his brother is among the assistants.

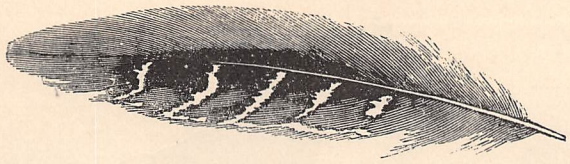
Several of the original pencil and water-color sketches for the tail-pieces (we may here take the opportunity of stating) are now in possession of Mr. Edward Ford and Mr. J. W. Ford, of Enfield. Some of these are of great beauty. Another member of the family has the water-color for the vignette of Gunnerton Tower, which is to be found at p. 109 of the "Birds," vol. ii.

In the preceding notes we have made no reference to a few tail-pieces in which the humor is more nearly allied to that of certain Dutch painters than the modern taste would approve. But, to the student of Bewick who calls to mind the manners of eighty years ago, these will present no serious difficulty. Another question less easy to dispose of is, What was the amount of the assistance rendered to Bewick by his pupils in the "Land" and "Water Birds"? With trivial exceptions the figures of the birds in the first editions appear to have been entirely done by himself; but, as regards the tail-pieces, Jackson* goes so far as to give a specific list (pp. 497–8, ed. 1861) of those which, he alleges, were "either

* We say Jackson, here and elsewhere, because he was doubtless the authority in this case.



TAIL-PIECE TO "MISSEL THRUSH." (FROM THE "BIRDS.")



TAIL-PIECE TO "THE WATERCRAKE." (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

not drawn or not engraved by Bewick"—his information being derived from an unnamed pupil, probably Charlton Nesbit. That more than one hand was employed upon the *engraving* of the tail-pieces is manifest from the differences in the style of the cuts themselves; but these tardy and questionable claims on behalf of the pupils were not, as may be imagined, very favorably received by Bewick's representatives when the "Treatise on Wood-Engraving" was first published in 1839. No reference, however, was made to them in any way when the "Memoir" was issued in 1862,



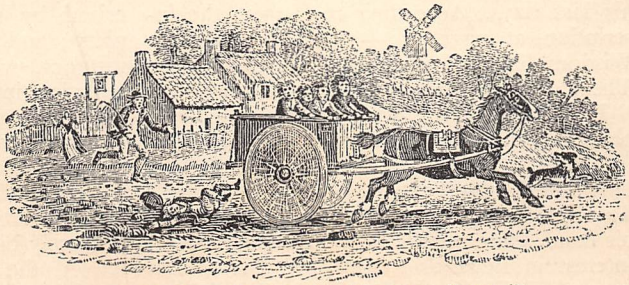
BEWICK DRINKING OUT OF HIS HAT. (FROM THE "BIRDS.")

although, in the previous year, Mr. H. G. Bohn had put forth a second edition of Jackson and Chatto's book in which they were repeated. This is clearly to be regretted, as the day has now passed for deciding upon the truth or falsity of this equivocal list; and it may well be that the assistance afforded was greatly exaggerated. At the same time Bewick had some exceedingly clever pupils, and it is not at all unlikely that two of them, Robert Johnson and Luke Clennell—the one an engraver, the other a designer—did really render effective service in the tail-pieces of the "Birds," and especially in the second volume. That this was so detracts little or nothing, as it seems to us, from Bewick's reputation.

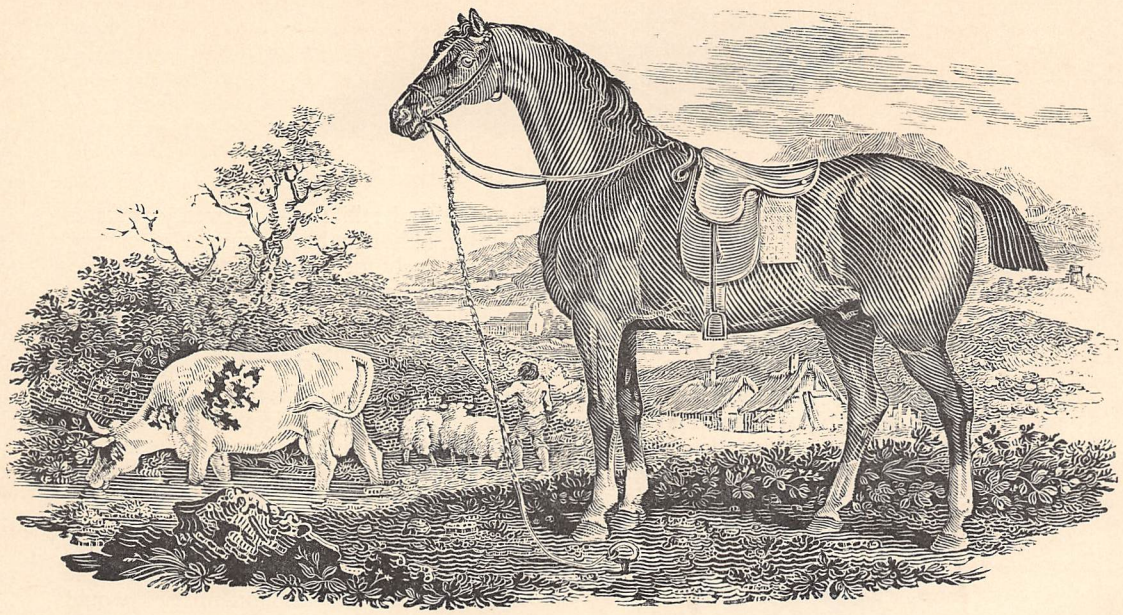
VIII.

In 1804, when the second volume of the "Birds" was issued, Bewick was a man of fifty. He had still four-and-twenty years to live. But, although he continued to occupy himself actively for the remainder of his life, he never again produced anything to equal the "Select Fables" and the three volumes on Natural History. A large number of books, illustrated or said to be illustrated by him, have been traced out by the enthusiasm of the late Mr. Hugo, whose unwieldy and indiscriminate collection was dispersed at Sotheby's in 1877. For the revival of many of these—"honest journeywork in defect of better," as Carlyle would have styled them—we suspect that Thomas Bewick, who (as he said) had no ambition "to feed the whimsies of the bibliomanists," would scarcely have thanked him. The only book of any real importance subsequent to 1804 is the "Fables of Æsop," published in 1818. If any books issued in the interval deserve a passing mention they are Thomson's "Seasons," 1805, Burns's "Poems," 1808, and Ferguson's "Poems," 1814. But the designs for the two former of these were prepared by John Thurston, and in the case of the "Burns" it is stated by William Harvey that they were engraved by Bewick's pupil, Henry White.

The "Fables of Æsop and Others" seems to have been begun in 1812, after a severe illness, to which reference is made in the "Memoir." Bewick speaks of this book as if it had been a long-contemplated idea. "I could not (he says) help regretting that I had not published a book similar to 'Croxall's Æsop's Fables,' as I had always intended to do" [he seems to forget or ignore the "Select Fables"]; and he goes on to say that, as soon as he was so far recovered as to be able to sit at the window, he began to "draw designs



TAIL-PIECE TO "THE JAY." (FROM THE "BIRDS.")



BAY PONY. (FROM "SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND." PRINTED FROM ORIGINAL BLOCK, LENT BY MR. ROBINSON, BEWICK'S HEAD, PILGRIM STREET, NEWCASTLE.)

upon the wood" for the illustrations. In this work he expressly states that he was assisted by his son (R. E. Bewick), and two of his pupils, William Temple and William Harvey, afterward a popular designer. It is probable that the bulk of the engraving fell to the share of these latter.

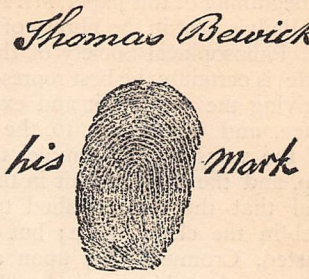
As to the book itself, it bears much the same relation to Bewick's earlier work that the performances of a man's decline generally do to the first "sprightly runnings" of his genius. The impulse flags, but the effort is painfully increased. The cuts in "Æsop" are more minute and more studied, less certain of stroke, less sparing of line. The basis of the designs, by whomsoever the majority may be, is avowedly Croxall. Some of the tail-pieces are good and humorous; but they are not equal to those of the "Quadrupeds" and "Birds." "Waiting for Death," at page 338, is one of the many variations of the large block upon which Bewick was occupied in his last days. According to Howitt, the inscription at page 152—"O God of infinite Wisdom, Truth, Justice, and Mercy, I thank Thee," was Bewick's favorite form of prayer.

If we except the account of a brief visit paid to Edinburgh in 1823, when he made, for Messrs. Ballantine and Robertson, the only sketch upon the stone (the "Cadger's Trot") which is known to have come from his hand, there is little of further biographical interest in Bewick's "Memoir." In the last year of his life he seems to have visited London; but although the concluding date of the "Memoir" is November 1, 1828, or only a few days before he died, it contains no reference to that occurrence. At this time, he was evidently in failing health; and it is related that although his friend Mr. William Bulmer drove him to the Regent's Park, he declined to alight for the purpose of seeing the animals. But if the "Memoir" is deficient in merely personal particulars, it is by no means deficient in personality, as some dozen further chapters are exclusively occupied by those reflections with which (as one of his biographers informs us with comical gravity) "he was accustomed to relieve his powerful mind in the bosom of his very amiable family." To the general reader these deliverances would be perhaps a little tedious; but, to the lover of Bewick who cares to know all about him, they will command the respect with which they are spoken of by Mr. Ruskin. Most of them are characterized by strong good sense and natural piety; and in one or two passages, as, for instance, when he speaks on the topics of selection in marriage and the education of children, considerably in advance of his time. In other cases much that he says has only lost its freshness because, since he wrote, the subjects referred to have been repeatedly discussed. In speaking above of the lack of purely biographical material, we had overlooked the two brief chapters which refer to his method of engraving. This has, how-

ever, been sufficiently treated in the admirable papers contributed by Mr. DeVinne to this magazine, for April and May, 1880, and we shall confine ourselves to quoting Bewick's own account of that "white line" of which he is termed the inventor, and which it is so difficult to make intelligible with pen and paper. Speaking of the effect produced in a wood-cut by plain parallel lines, as opposed to crossed lines, he goes on:

"This is very apparent when to a certainty the plain surface of the wood will print as black as ink and balls can make it, without any further labor at all; and it may easily be seen that the thinnest strokes cut upon the plain surface will throw *some light* on the subject or design: and if these strokes are made wider and deeper, it will receive more light; and if these strokes again are made still wider, or of equal thickness to the black lines, the color these produce will be a gray; and the more the white strokes are thickened, the nearer will they, in their varied shadings, approach to white, and, if quite taken away, then a perfect white is obtained."

Shortly before his death, Bewick retired from business in favor of his son, who continued to carry it on at the shop in St. Nicholas's church-yard, where for nearly fifty years his father had labored. It was in the upper room of this shop, we are told—the room that has two windows in the roof—that Bewick preferred to work in his latter days. The old shop still presents the same appearance that it did then, the only difference being that the sign-board bearing the words "Bewick and Son, Engravers" is no longer in existence. On one of the windows, his name, scratched by a diamond, and the profile of a face, are still exhibited with pride by the present occupants. His residence, after he moved from the Forth, was a house on the Windmill Hills, Gateshead, which then commanded a view of the Tyne, but is now simply No. 19 West Street. Here, after his retirement, Bewick continued to employ himself upon the "History of British Fishes," some of the blocks for which were printed at the end of the "Memoir," while a further selection of the tail-pieces, already drawn upon for the "Birds" of 1847, are dispersed in the body of the book. In the cuts for the "Fishes" he was assisted by his son, Robert Elliot Bewick, an engraver of minute and laborious accuracy, but without his father's genius. The last vignette upon which Bewick was engaged is that of the ferry-boat waiting for the coffin, at p. 286 of the "Memoir." But the chief work of his closing days was a large, separate wood-cut, in which it was his aim by printing from two or more superposed blocks, to produce something of the variety of tint and effect obtained in the copper-plates of Woollett. The subject he selected was a lean-ribbed and worn-out old horse, waiting patiently in the rain for death. This he intended to serve as one of those cheap prints for the walls of cottages which had been familiar to his boyhood; and



BEWICK'S THUMB-MARK.

with some such view he had written, as early as 1785, a graphic biography of the hapless animal that, in this picture, has fallen upon the evil days of neglect and starvation. This "pen-sketch" is printed in the "Memoir," and is well worth reading. On the Saturday previous to his death, which took place on the eighth of November, 1828, after a brief illness, he had the first block proved. It was then unfinished, the head being only partly engraved, but Bewick is said to have observed to the pressman upon inspecting the proof: "I wish I was but twenty years younger!" Copies of this were struck off in 1832 by R. E. Bewick, and in recent years it has again been carefully reprinted on parchment and paper for Mr. Robinson, of Pilgrim Street.

Bewick is buried at the west end of Ovingham Church, lying, as he hoped, beside his brother John, and near the place of his birth. In his last illness his mind wandered repeatedly to the green fields and brooks of Cherryburn, and once, on being asked in one of his waking moments what had occupied his thoughts, he replied, with a faint smile, that he had been "devising subjects for some new tail-pieces." Some idea of his personal character, as well as of his art, will have been gathered from the foregoing pages. It is only necessary to add here that he seems to have been a thoroughly upright and honorable man, unassuming and independent, averse to displays of all kinds, very methodical, very industrious, and devoted to his fireside, his own people, and that particular patch of earth which constituted his world. In such scant glimpses as we get of him in letters and the recollections of friends, it is chiefly under some of these latter aspects. Now he is chatting to the country folk in the market-place, or making friends, with some vagrant specimen of bird or beast; now throwing off a sketch at the kitchen table, "to please the bairns," or working diligently at the "Birds"

in the winter evenings to the cheering sound of his beloved Northumberland small-pipes.

Of the bust by F. H. Baily, for which Bewick sat in 1825, and an engraving of which is at the beginning of this paper, Mr. Atkinson writes: "Baily's bust in the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this town (Newcastle) is certainly the best representation of him, giving the very spirit and expression of his face, and descending to the peculiarities of the veins on the temple, the quid in the lip, and the tufts of hair in the ears." It is said that the artist wished to drape his model in the classic style; but the old man insisted, Cromwell-like, upon absolute fidelity, not merely to his coat and ruffled shirt, but to the "beauty spots," as he called them, which the small-pox had left upon his face.

It would be ungracious if this paper should close without acknowledgments of indebtedness to a few kind friends, not all mentioned hitherto, without whose aid much of it could not have been written. To Mr. Frederick Locker, for free access to his Bewick treasures; to Mr. I. W. Barnes of Durham, and Mr. T. W. U. Robinson, F. S. A., of Houghton-le-Spring, for the use of first editions and rare proofs, and for valuable information generally. Much obliging assistance has also been received from the Rev. Mr. Wray of Ovingham, and the Messrs. Ford of Enfield. Finally it should be stated that the photographs from which some of the engravings have been made, were taken, under the writer's superintendence, by Messrs. Downey, the well-known photographers of Newcastle.*

Austin Dobson.

* To this list the Editor desires to add the names of Messrs. William L. Andrews, T. Cole, W. P. Garrison, Robert Robinson, and Austin Dobson for the loan of proofs or other valuable assistance.

OCEAN STEAM-SHIPS.*

THE employment of steam as motive power is by no means a modern idea. The possibilities of steam were known to the ancients; its applications were described by Hero, 130 B. C. Roger Bacon, in the fourteenth century, made some experiments, and Blasco de Garay constructed a rude steam-boat at Barcelona in 1543. Later, Papin built a steam-boat in Germany, which was of sufficient importance to arouse the superstitious dread or conservative opposition of the bargemen, who destroyed it. Many others gave their attention to the subject, but Jonathan Hulls of Liverpool appears to have been the first to reduce the marine steam-engine to actual practice. In 1737 he published a pamphlet describing his stern-wheel boat, accompanying it with an engraving, which is yet in existence, and from which it would appear that it was capable of towing a large vessel. It is a little curious that the first form which the invention followed was that of the stern-wheel. Those who think that the first thought is the best may find confirmation of that opinion by observing that not only is the stern-wheel widely used on the rivers of the west to-day, but stern propulsion under a modified form is, after many experiments, and a long trial of lateral propulsion, the plan upon which the world has finally settled for marine navigation.

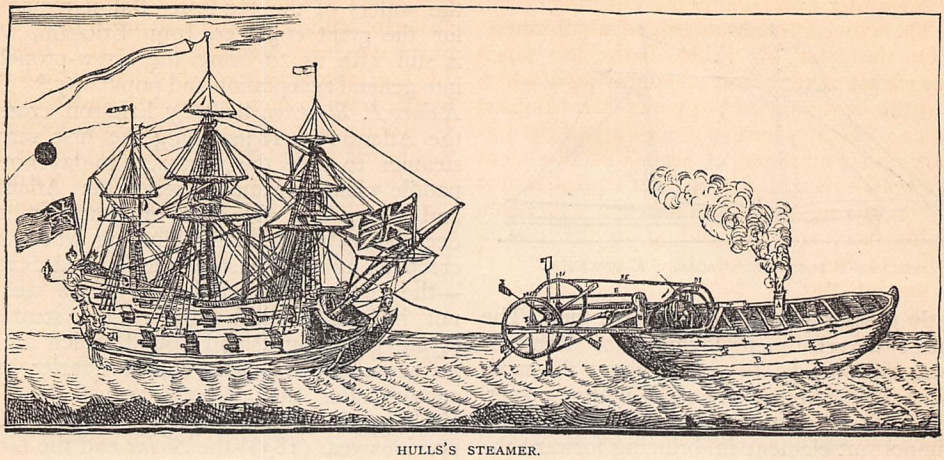
The principle of the screw propeller suggested itself early in the history of steam. At first it was attempted with a sort of Archimedean screw; but the bladed propeller was soon found to have greater efficiency. Of course, as in all great inventions, there are many claimants for the priority of invention. But although the great discoveries have generally been made simultaneously by active minds resident far apart and even ignorant of each other's existence, the fame of the invention is generally accorded to the man who first reduces the new invention to practice. Fulton has the credit of inventing steam navigation, but his boat, the *Clermont*, was a paddle-boat, the idea of which he borrowed from Symington's steamer, *Charlotte Dundas;* while two years earlier that great inventive genius, John Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., had built a steam-boat propelled by a screw, the model of which may now be seen in the Museum of the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken. Men are now living who have seen Stevens's and Fulton's boats and the *Servia*, the great Cunarder, on the waters of the river up which Hudson steered the *Half Moon* not three centuries ago.

The *Savannah* was the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic.† She was originally intended for a sailing ship of three hundred

† Some doubt seems to have been thrown on this statement. We quote the following from a communication by Henry Smith in the New York "Evening Post" of June 24th, 1882:

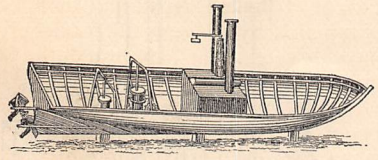
"Happening to be in Liverpool at the time of her arrival, I visited and examined the ship, machinery, etc. She was complete ship-rigged, and made no pretensions to having navigated the

* See also "The Evolution of the American Yacht" and "Steam-Yachting in America," by the same author, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July and August, 1882.—ED.



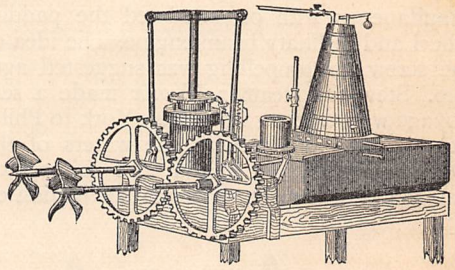
HULLS'S STEAMER.

and fifty tons, but was purchased on the stocks by Mr. Scarborough, who deserves credit as the first to send a steam-ship across the most stormy of seas. Moses Rogers was engineer and Captain Stephen Rogers was master. On the 26th of May, 1819, the *Savannah* sailed from Savannah on her memorable voyage. She arrived without mishap at Liverpool in twenty-two days. In 1825 the steamer *Enterprise* went from England to Calcutta. But the acceptance by the world of steam navigation was not so rapid at the outset as one might think, for the rate of speed attained was often surpassed by the splendid runs of the packet ships. It is said of Captain Cobb, who made many fine trips in a sailing packet, that on leaving Liverpool for New York he gave a letter for his wife to the captain of a steamer that sailed on the same day for New York. After bowling across the Atlantic to Sandy Hook at a fine

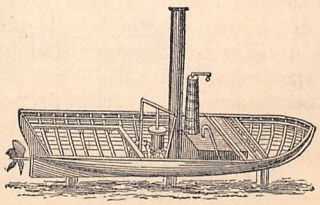


PROPELLER BUILT BY JOHN STEVENS IN 1804.

rate, he learned from the pilot that the steamer was not yet in sight. Laying his ship alongside the dock without delay, Captain Cobb went to his house and awaited the arrival of the steamer. When she, too, had anchored, her captain hastened ashore to deliver to Mrs. Cobb the letter from her husband, and much to his chagrin was met at the door by Captain Cobb himself. The inefficiency of side-wheels, together with the enormous cost of the fuel required for a trip, was the second cause operating against the employment of steam. The fine old steam-ship *Lafayette*, for example, registered three thousand tons; her machinery weighed nearly one thousand one hundred tons and she required upward of one thousand tons of coal. Judge what was the space left for remunerative cargo. Two great modifications in the steam navigation of the seas have within a comparatively short period covered the seas with an intricate and almost ubiquitous net-work of steam-ship lines. We refer to the adoption of the screw-propeller and the compound engine. The former gives greater speed with a given power, and the latter

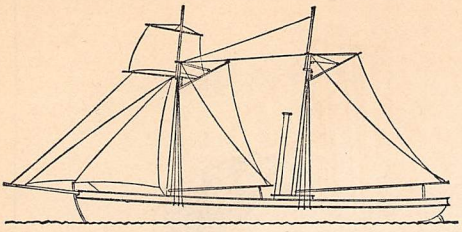


MACHINERY OF FIRST PROPELLER BUILT BY STEVENS.



PROPELLER "PHŒNIX," BUILT BY STEVENS IN 1806.

ocean by steam, and if I remember correctly, sailed all the passage, carrying her steam-engine with her as any other ship might do. At any rate, if she used her engine at all, it was too little to be of any account. She was not designed to navigate the ocean. It was not till 1833 that the subject of navigating the Atlantic Ocean by steam-power was seriously brought forward, and after years of vigorous and persevering labor was carried into successful operation."—ED.

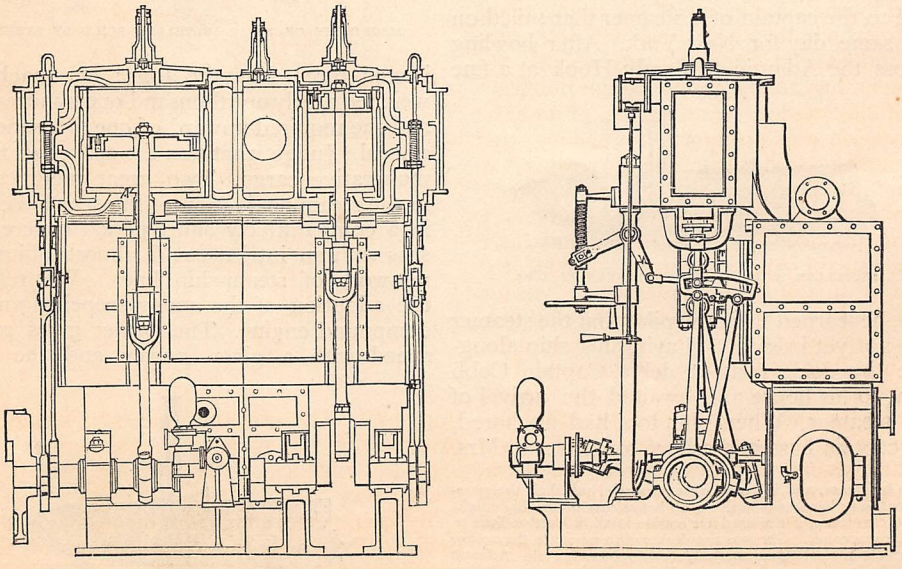


ERICSSON'S PROPELLER "ROBERT F. STOCKTON."

vastly greater power with far less fuel. The almost universal employment of iron for ocean steam-ships, beginning about the same time with the improvements in motive power, must also be considered as by no means an unimportant element in bringing forward the enormous speed of steam navigation on the seas, if for no other reason than that the larger stowing capacity of iron ships over wooden ones places a larger surplus of tonnage in the market in proportion to the steam power employed.

We have used the word "adoption" advisedly, for the invention of both the screw and the compound engine was either nearly simultaneous with or antedated the paddle-wheel and ordinary beam engine. The idea of the screw for propelling was suggested ages ago. Stevens's steamer *Phœnix* made a sea-voyage with a screw from New York to Philadelphia in 1808, seeking the waters of the Delaware because Fulton and Livingston had the patent right to steam navigation on the waters of the Hudson. But it remained for the great engineer, John Ericsson, who is still with us, to bring the screw-propeller into general acceptation and popularity.* The *Robert F. Stockton*, built by Ericsson, crossed the Atlantic in 1839, being the first screw-steamer to take the venture; to-day not a paddle-wheel steamer crosses the Atlantic, and but a few old craft of that sort, too decrepit to break up for kindling wood, still creep along the coast of the United States, —the last of their kind. Of course we do not include in this category the steamers plying on Long Island Sound, which are in no sense ocean boats. For a quarter of a century after the *Stockton* arrived in New York paddle-wheels were the fashion. The previous year (1838) the *Sirius* and the *Great Western* arrived in New York on the same day, the former from Cork, and the latter from Bristol in fifteen days, and at the very time when distinguished scientists were trying to demonstrate that it was impossible to carry a sufficient amount of coal to cross the Atlantic Ocean. The *Great Britain*, with four masts, came to New York in 1846, and excited as much astonishment as the *Great Eastern* did fifteen years after. The writer well remembers being taken on

* It is well known that the invention was pushed with such vigor that upward of forty propeller vessels, several being constructed of iron, were plying on our coasts, lakes and rivers before England was aware of the commercial advantages of the new mode of propulsion.—ED.



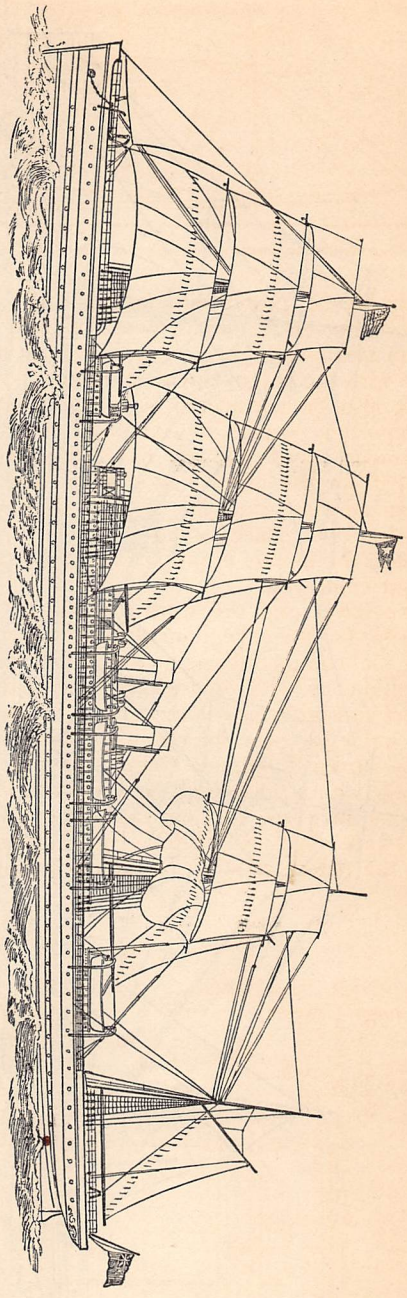
Front elevation. Side elevation.

COMPOUND MARINE ENGINE.

board by his father, and as he pushed through the dense throng of visitors, he gained an impression of size such as surpasses that produced by a sight of the much larger leviathans of to-day.

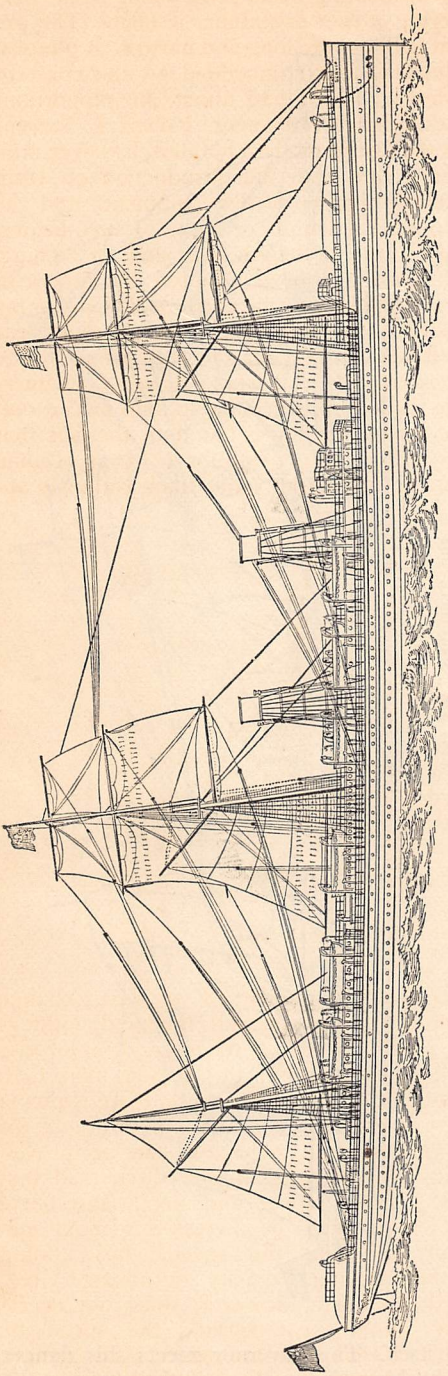
The possible value of the screw-propeller first began to be perceived and popularized by employing it as an auxiliary to sailing ships. In 1845 it was intended to establish an American line of auxiliary packet ships, but after the building of the *Massachusetts* the project was abandoned. The employment of auxiliary screws in ships-of-war in the Crimean war indicated the tentative character of all previous uses of the propeller, while it revealed the possible value of this means of propulsion and the futility of any half-hearted use of the propeller in any service in which time is an important factor. The steam-ship lines having the greatest competition to encounter are the very ones which carry the heaviest spars; owners know that they cannot afford to dispense with them in the face of a fierce rivalry. The frequency of broken shafts has often demonstrated the value of sails and rigging in steam-ships.

The adoption of the compound marine engine was another point which turned the scale in favor of propellers. The compound engine was invented by Hornblower in 1781. Allaire made such an engine for Eckford in 1825. The great feature of this type of marine engine is that the expansion of the steam is carried through two or more cylinders placed in succession; generally two cylinders are used. The loss from the liquefaction of steam is thus greatly avoided and the framing and journals are eased of the tremendous strain to which they are subjected. The surface condenser, a comparatively recent improvement, has added greatly to the practicability of the marine steam-engine. Formerly condensation was produced by passing the steam into a condensing chamber, where it was met by a stream of cold water. Since the boilers were supplied with nearly salt water, it produced an incrustation, and high pressure steam was practically unsafe. By the use of the surface condenser the steam is condensed by contact with tubes filled with a constant stream of cold water, and these difficulties are thus reduced to a *minimum*. The strain on the engines is also greatly relaxed in a storm by the delicate and beautiful invention called the marine governor, of which there are several varieties. When the stern rises as the bow plunges into the hollow of a sea, the screw loses its hold on the water and as it returns again the shock to the machinery is of the most violent nature, hazarding not only the motive power but the safety of the ship itself. The governor meets this danger by checking the motion of the engines the instant the blades of the propeller rise above the surface.



THE "BRITANNIC," 455 FEET.

By long, persevering effort means have been devised by which the consumption of fuel has been reduced to less than half what it was twenty years ago, while the improve-

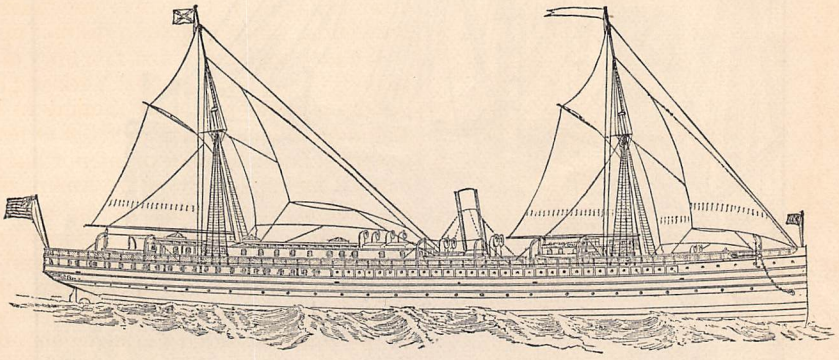


THE "SERVIA," 530 FEET.

ments in naval architecture have developed greater speed. This has brought the steam-ship at once into rivalry with the sailing vessel, which held its own longer than it would have done but for the question of expense. The results have been astonishing. The Cunard line was established in 1840 with four steamers, the *Britannia* arriving in New York July 4th of that year. The four vessels aggregated only 4,602 tons. For a decade this was the only regular steam-ship line across the Atlantic. The Collins line of American steam-ships was founded in 1850, but being dependent, like other steam lines of the period, upon a subsidy ($858,000 per annum), was abandoned in 1858. The Inman line was established about 1856. Our people are opposed to subsidies, and the tendency to corrupt and special legislation is so enormous in an active, enterprising democracy like ours, that there has been too much reason for this opposition; not, in our opinion, because the principle is a wrong one, but because it is liable to abuse. There is no question that the money judiciously expended by Great Britain in direct subsidies to ocean lines has been returned to her a thousand fold. This, however, does not involve the question of protection, which is quite a distinct matter.

We now see twelve first-rate lines of steam-packets plying between New York and Europe, besides a number of lines running to Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and not including a number of inferior lines whose name is legion, nor the other American coasting steamers extending as far as the Gulf of Mexico. Although the majority of these vessels are foreign in construction and ownership, the American who has seen no other part of the seas but the North Atlantic may be led to the conclusion that the steam-ship traffic of the world centers on the great circle between Queenstown and New York, and that no other fine steamers exist elsewhere. He could not make a greater mistake. Starting either from London or Liverpool and proceeding southward toward Gibraltar, one is astonished at the number of steamers he encounters. Across the Bay of Biscay they reach to the West Indies and Brazil, down the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope or around the Horn, among the islands of the South Sea; or plowing through the Straits of Gibraltar and Suez, they reach to Mauritius and Bombay, Calcutta and Hong Kong. Never has there been any such ownership of shipping in the United States like that of these English, French, and Italian lines. The Peninsular and Oriental Company (the first line to adopt the screw), Lamporte and Holt's line to South America, the Wilson line from Hull, the Cunard and Anchor lines (whose North Atlantic service is but a tithe of the vast trade they carry on with the Mediterranean and the East Indies), the Moss Steam-ship Company, the Rubattino line, the French *Messa-*

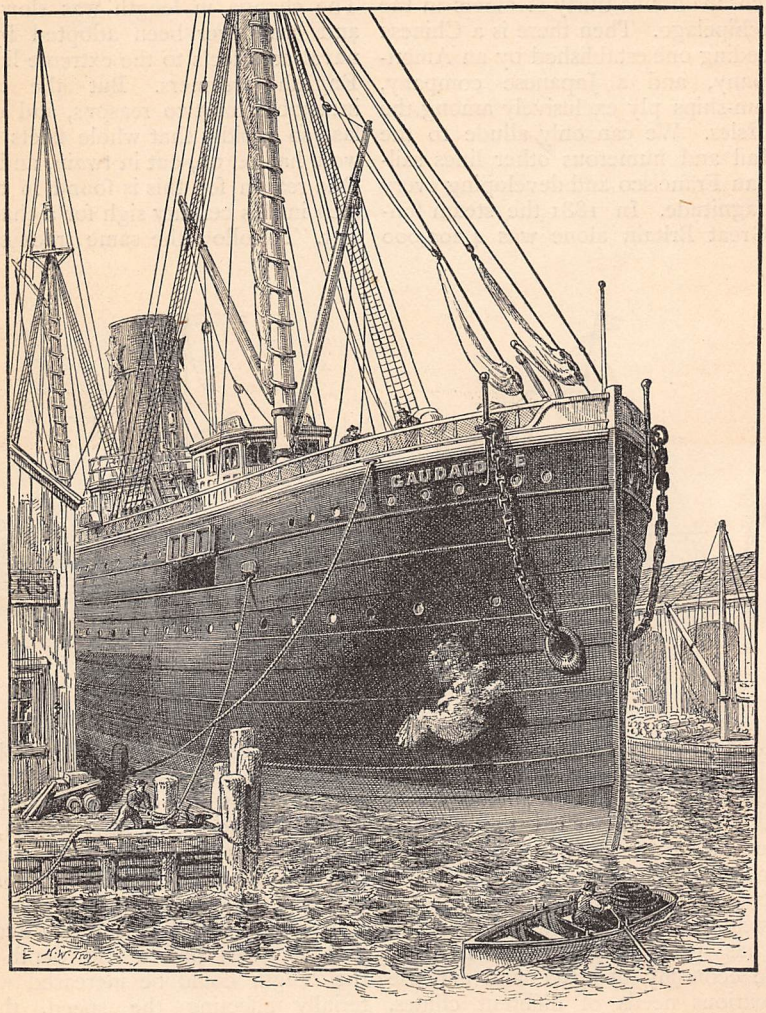
geries Maritimes—these are but a few of a host of lines which own ships by the score and the hundred. The imagination is further bewildered in considering the vast lines plying in distant seas, and never heard of in this country. There is the British India Steam Navigation Company, owning over fifty steamers, which ply between Singapore, Persia, and Zanzibar, and are manned by tawny lascars; and the Netherlands Steam Navigation Company, which maintains thirty steamers in the Indian Archipelago. Then there is a Chinese line, succeeding one established by an American company, and a Japanese company, whose steam-ships ply exclusively among the Japanese Isles. We can only allude to the Pacific Mail and numerous other lines sailing from San Francisco and developing every year in magnitude. In 1881 the steam tonnage of Great Britain alone was 4,200,000 tons. But we have said enough to suggest the vast, almost incalculable spread of steam navigation within the last quarter of a century, or since the screw superseded the paddle-wheel for ocean steam-ships.



AN AMERICAN STEAMER ("CITY OF AUGUSTA"), 330 FEET LONG.

Great modifications and improvements on old models have grown out of the employment of steam and the screw, and human invention has been taxed to the uttermost to combine economy of space and expense with the various needs of different climes, or special cargoes, or the demands of a traveling public that is growing more fastidious every day. The most obvious changes in naval construction have been in the greatly elongated hull, the enormous dimensions aimed at, and the all but universal employment of iron. When the first steam-ship crossed the ocean the proportions of ships averaged three to five beams in length. The war ships of Sir William Symonds were three to four beams long. But extreme beam grew in favor owing to the sail-carrying power or stability it offers. The ancient galleys were long and narrow. A piratical galley was found imbedded on the coast of Schleswig, which had about the proportions of a modern steam-yacht. Robert L. Stevens was the first of modern builders, however, who foresaw that with the introduction of steam stability became of less moment, and he advocated a length of eight to nine beams. The change in length was slow in coming, and has never been adopted by American naval architects to the extreme limits of some English steamers. But the change was inevitable for two reasons, and came at the last so rapidly that whole fleets of steamers were hauled up, cut in twain, and pieced out. One reason for this is found in the fact that men in this century sigh for a change of some sort. To follow the same track endlessly appears like retrogression. Even a bad change is better than none, reasons the blind, unthinking public, while, on other hand, enterprise implies change. For this reason, more than because it is based on sense, there is now a reaction from this extreme form of model, for no very specific objection can be proved against it. Besides, it was discovered that with a given power and depth and beam the length could be increased without materially affecting the speed, thus adding to the carrying capacity of steam. Great length to beam, however, does not necessarily imply great speed; the speed of beamy vessels has too often been demonstrated. Fineness of lines is equally essential, together with the proper distribution of weights, and the like. The great average speed exhibited by the modern steam-ship is due in large part to the momentum of such a vast weight, which, once started, has a tremendous force in overcoming resistance.

Thirty years ago sixteen days was a fair allowance for the passage between England and New York by steam. By gradual steps the point was reached when eleven days was the minimum, and this startled the world. Then began a rivalry between the Inman and White Star lines, attended by a succession of runs showing a gradual increase of speed, which proved a great advertisement for these lines. In 1871 the average time of twenty-four crack voyages by these lines was eight days, fifteen hours and three minutes. The *Adriatic's* best westward time was forty-three minutes less. It should be remembered that the westward passage is generally longer than in the other direction, owing to westerly winds and the Gulf Stream. In emulation of this speed in 1877 the *City of Berlin*, of the Inman line, made the trip to Queenstown from New York in seven days, fourteen hours and twelve minutes, and in the same year the *Britannic*, of the White Star line, crossed from Queenstown in seven days, ten hours and fifty-three minutes. In 1879 a new rival appeared in this field, the *Arizona*, of the Guion line. This steam-ship made the eastward passage in 1880 in seven days, ten hours and forty-seven minutes, and in one trip in 1881 she lessened this time about three hours. This seemed to be about the best that could be expected of these superb ships, when the new Guion steamer, *Alaska*, after a number of astonishing runs, accomplished the westward passage between the two ports, on April 18, 1882, in seven days, six hours, and twenty minutes, actual time, against heavy seas. In a subsequent



BOW OF AN AMERICAN STEAMER.



TWO WAYS OF CROSSING THE OCEAN.

trip eastward she ran the distance in six days and twenty-two hours, actual time. In this, the quickest passage ever made across the Atlantic, the *Alaska* traveled 2895 knots, being about an average of 418½ knots per day, for seven successive days.* It will be observed that the increase of speed has been graduated in proportion to the gradual increase of size. The ships of 1850 were rarely much over 2500 tons, and were barely 300 feet long. Now the average length of ocean steamers is upward of 400 feet, while 500 feet is not uncommon. The *City of Rome* is 586 feet long, and registers 8826 tons; the *Servia* is 530 feet, and 8500 tons; the *Alaska* is 520 feet, and 6932 tons. The *Austral*, intended for the Australian trade, is 474 feet long and 48 feet 3 inches broad, and registers 9500 tons. The measurements of this vessel, and of the new Cunarder *Cephalonia*, which is 440 feet long by 46 feet beam, indicate that the reaction against extreme length has already commenced in the great ship-yards of Great Britain, being in each of these cases less than ten beams to the length.

Another feature of the modern steamer is the system of compartments, which may serve to stiffen the vessel and should insure safety from injury by collision, but has not proved a certain element of safety.

The bluff bow or straight stem is another peculiarity of the contemporary screw steamer. It was originated by the Americans, the great length of the modern ship obviating the necessity of a bowsprit for head-sail, and the cut-water being therefore a useless expense. The Inman line alone among prominent lines retains the cut-water and figure-head, as shown in the accompanying cut of the *City of Rome*. But it is already questioned in some quarters whether it would not be well to restore some form of cut-water, or projection, as a means of reducing the great danger now resulting from collision with the

* [QUICKEST TRIPS OF OCEAN STEAM-SHIPS ON RECORD.

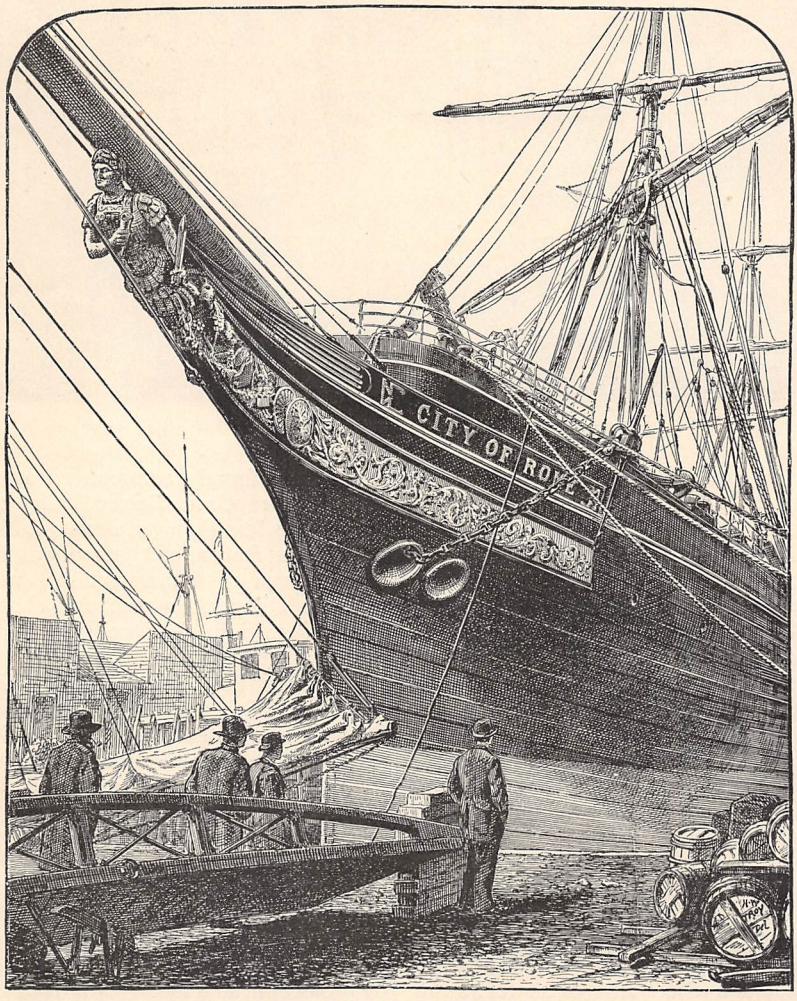
					D.	H.	M.
S. S. *Alaska* sailed from	Sandy Hook	5.42 P. M., 30th May, 1882.	Arrived at Queenstown	8.04 P. M., 6th June, 1882.	6,	22,	00
" *Arizona* "	"	10.10 A. M., 27th Sept., 1881.	" "	10.20 P. M., 4th Oct., 1882.	7,	7,	48
" *Servia* "	"	5.25 P. M., 18th Jan., 1882.	" "	5.53 A. M., 26th Jan., 1882.	7,	8,	06
" *Britannic* "	Queenstown	4.35 P. M., 10th Aug., 1877.	" Sandy Hook	11.06 P. M., 17th Aug., 1877.	7,	10,	53
" *Germanic* "	"	10.25 A. M., 6th Apr., 1877.	" "	5.40 P. M., 13th Apr., 1877.	7,	11,	37
" *City of Berlin* "	"	7.00 P. M., 5th Oct., 1877.	" "	4.50 A. M., 13th Oct., 1877.	7,	14,	12
" *City of Rome* "	Sandy Hook	10.29 A. M., 22d Apr., 1882.	" Queenstown	6.15 A. M., 30th Apr., 1882.	7,	15,	24
" *Gallia* "	"	11.28 A. M., 4th May, 1881.	" "	10.40 A. M., 12th May, 1881.	7,	18,	50

From Sandy Hook to Queenstown deduct 4 hours 22 minutes for difference in time.
Queenstown to Sandy Hook add 4 hours 22 minutes for difference in time. ED.]

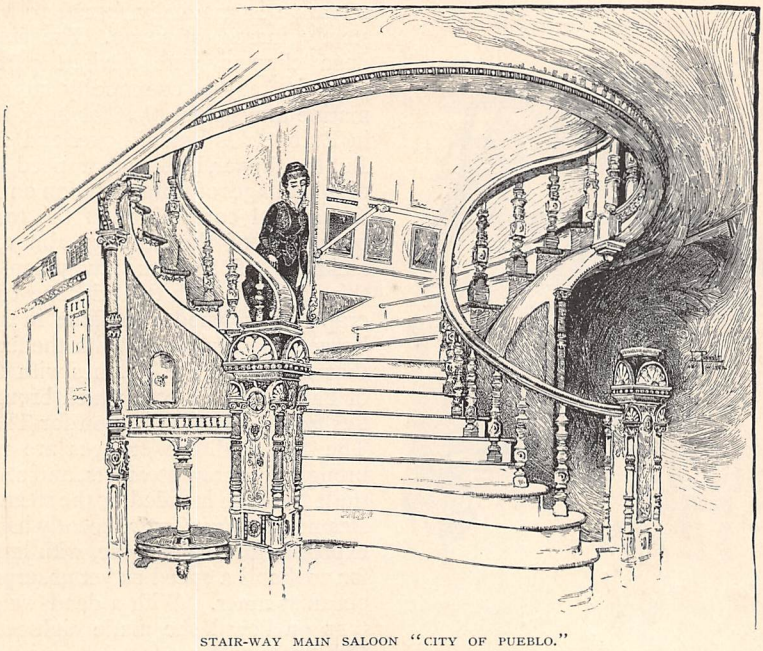
sharp edged bow. Nothing can be claimed for the straight stem on the score of beauty; but utility and economy are of prime importance in commercial naval architecture.

That the employment of masts and rigging is not greatly detrimental to the average speed of a fast steamer is shown by the fact that the fastest trips have been made by steamers carrying the heaviest spars. The steamer of the present day is provided with jury masts, rather than the heavy spars she would carry if she were a sailing ship. The disadvantage of carrying them against a head wind amounts to very little in a long voyage and is fully counterbalanced in the long run by the advantage gained when the wind is favorable. No ocean steam-ship should be permitted to go to sea without canvas; at least no passenger ship; it is a penny-wise economy which leads a company to dispense with it.

The ventilation of ocean steam-ships is a question of great importance, and one which is taxing the ingenuity of the sanitarian. On American coasting steamers this has received much attention. Their smaller size and greater proportionate beam make the general problem easier, and enables them also to carry a number of airy state-rooms in their deck houses. But when it comes to a ship having accommodations for 2000 people, the problem is not an easy one, for in such a vessel there are many dark nooks and narrow, winding passages, and in stormy weather many of the windows must be closed, partly as a matter of safety. Complaint is made sometimes on this score by passengers, who forget that, while some may like to sit in



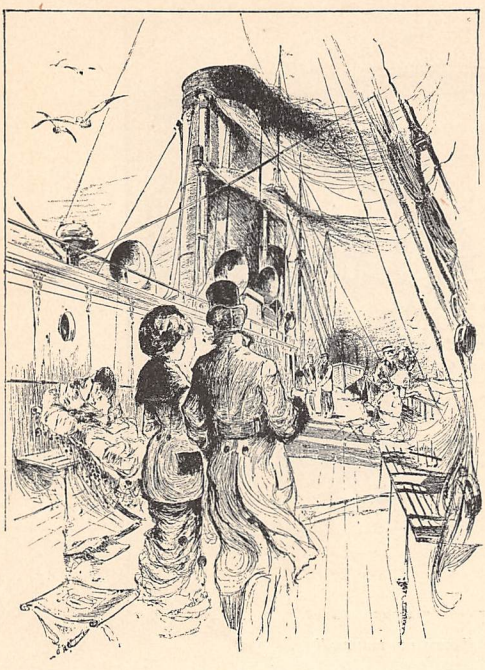
BOW OF THE "CITY OF ROME."



STAIR-WAY MAIN SALOON "CITY OF PUEBLO."

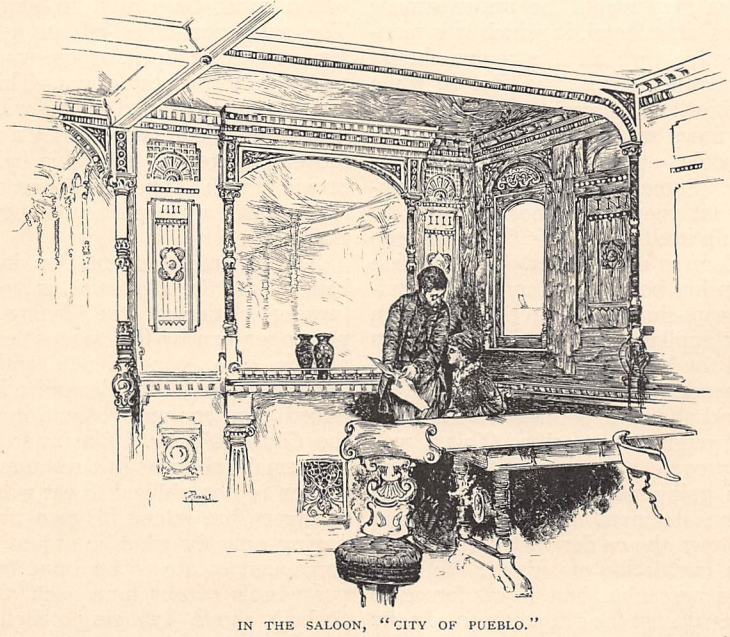
a draft, there are others to whom it is excessively uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, to do so, and that a ship is not like a house on shore, but is subject to conditions involving constant regard to security. The best state-rooms in ocean steam-ships are now thoroughly ventilated. If passengers insist on being the last to secure good state-rooms in crowded ships or on paying second-class fare, they must not complain if they are served as they would be under similar circumstances at a hotel, in which it is manifestly impossible that all the rooms should be equally advantageous. The fact is, while the competition in passenger travel exists as it does now, steam-ship companies are obliged to offer every possible comfort to the traveler. Some passengers are so unreasonable that they are almost inclined to blame the ship itself because it does not keep on an even keel in a heavy sea. The question of ventilation has been most thoroughly studied in the steam-ships going to the tropics, in which every appliance is brought into action to withstand the heat. The sides of the state-rooms are made of open slats arranged as in a blind, and affording unobstructed circulation of air throughout the cabin. This, I well remember, proved a source of discomfort to me when going northward in one of the South African steamers. As we drew near Europe and met the colder air of the North Atlantic, the circulation of air over the berth was far from agreeable, and I was forced to hang blankets against the slat partition. In the new steam-ship *Austral*, has been introduced a novel plan for cabins throughout, intended to secure direct ventilation to each state-room, even in the heaviest weather. The state-rooms have a protected passage-way four feet wide running completely around them fore and aft. This passage is also carried across the vessel at frequent intervals. Each state-room is thus provided with large windows instead of the small, round bull's-eyes or dead-lights which must be closed in stormy weather. The outer port-holes, admitting the fresh air, always can be open, as the water can never penetrate to the state-room. This principle is undoubtedly destined to be widely adopted. The main saloon is cooled by a revolving fan moved by steam. This ship has been wisely provided with abundant canvas, and is in other respects well arranged for passenger and freight traffic.

Another improvement, first introduced, we believe, on the *Germanic*, is the system of turning chairs at the dining tables. The passenger can by this means leave the table at his own convenience without incommoding others. The Alexandre line has introduced another improvement, in such ships as the *City of Pueblo*. The saloon is provided with small tables, as in a restaurant. The passenger is not obliged to eat with a crowd of strangers, but selects his own time for meals, paying only for what he orders. Many other conveniences are to be found on the passenger vessels of our time, such as bath-rooms, barber's shops, swinging couches, smoking-



ON DECK.

rooms, social halls, electric bells, and so forth. The application of steam to navigation is on the increase. The reduced expense of steam is leading to the employment of steamers in lines of trade which it has been supposed until recently must for a long period yet be carried on by sailing ships. The stanch conservative is gradually forced to yield to the steady march of steam. The famous Aberdeen clippers were devised partly for the trade in tea—a commodity so sensitive to marine atmosphere that for ages the best tea in Europe was brought overland from China. But the clipper, by her great speed, reduced the disadvantages of transportation on the sea, and the annual competition of the tea ships has been one of the stirring, almost romantic, incidents of modern navigation. The first ship to arrive with the advance cargo of the crop was crowned with fame in the shipping houses. So also was it with the first schooner that arrived in the Thames with the oranges of Fayal, and the bark which brought the first figs from Smyrna in season for Thanksgiving. The figs and the oranges are now largely brought by screw steamers, and at last the tea trade has been invaded by the steam-ship. The steamer *Stirling Castle* recently has been built expressly for this purpose, with large capacity for coal and a speed as yet unsurpassed by an ocean steamer. With a dead weight of 3000 tons on board she made eighteen and one-fifth knots an hour for six consecutive hours. She is built of steel, and registers 4300 tons. She made on her first passage the fastest run yet achieved between China and England, running in 29 days and 22 hours 11,250 miles, including stops for coal, or an average of 375 per day. This indicates a higher average of speed, for it includes three stoppages and the slow passage through the Suez Canal.



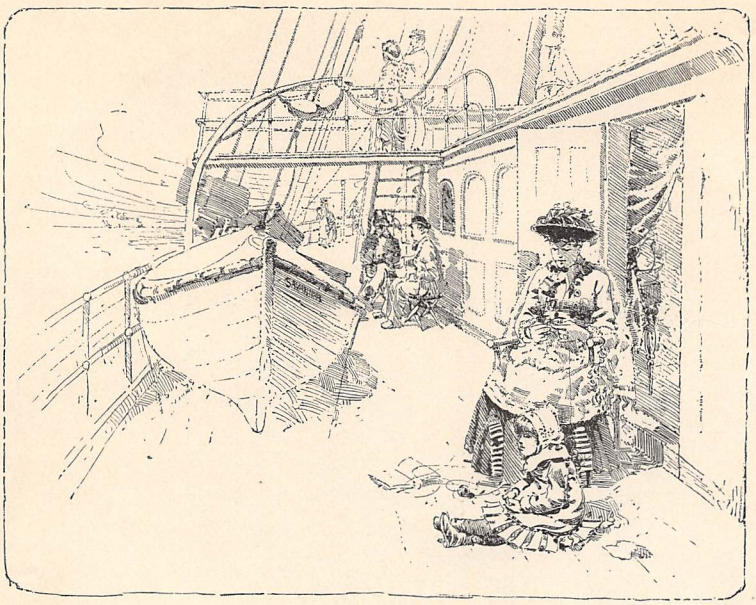
IN THE SALOON, "CITY OF PUEBLO."



IN THE LAST HARBOR.

In the fisheries the steamer is also fast gaining recognition. At first this change undoubtedly works hardship, as must always be the case when an innovation on established methods is introduced. The great seal fisheries of Newfoundland are now largely followed by screw steamers. Even the whale fisheries are yielding to the impulse in favor of steam. For many years whaling has been so unremunerative that only old ships could be employed in it, which were purchased at a low cost and refitted; often they have been old packet ships, strong, but antiquated. Already several American steam-whalers are employed in the business and a number are being constructed at San Francisco. The first cost is much larger than for a sailing vessel, but it is found that with an auxiliary screw more whales can be reached within a given time. Steam tenders are also coming into use to tow the whale-boats within easy distance of the whale and tow it back to the ship after it is captured.

Canvas, however, is too powerful an ally to be ignored, especially in long voyages when the winds are steady; and for freight traffic this combination of wind and steam is too admirable to be much longer neglected. A ship of this sort is now in process of construction at Bath, Me., of 1000 tons, for the Pacific trade. She is to be a full-rigged ship, with auxiliary screw. The immense coasting trade of the United States, which has been so efficiently carried on in stanch three-masted schooners, is also on the point of passing into this phase of navigation. Several three-masted schooners have been provided with small auxiliary screws, the engine being placed near the stern. The *Barnard Sumner* has the mizzen mast made as a tube of iron. When she is under steam this is used as a funnel, and, when under sail, the



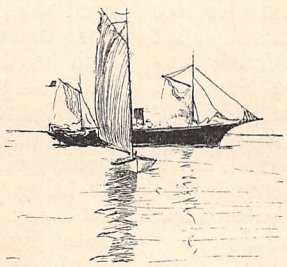
FAIR WEATHER.

hoops of the spanker slide over it as in any ordinary schooner. The wide employment of sailing vessels with auxiliary steam power appears to be the most interesting feature of the near future of steam navigation.

As regards the continued use of metal we think there can be no question that it will for a long period be the chief material in the construction of ships, whether for sail or steam. Of its strength, durability, and adaptation to most of the requirements of commerce there is no longer any doubt. The *Great Britain* was at last accounts still running between England and Australia, although she was launched in 1845 and lay on the beach in Dundrum Bay for a whole year. Good material, honest construction, and a thorough system of compartments, will make an iron steam-ship durable to an indefinite period. The weak point in the screw steam-ship is the shaft. As the breaking of the shaft occurs oftener in some lines than others, it would seem that this is a matter within human control. There should no longer be any excuse for the breaking of a shaft.

When the old steamer has fought her career with the surges, what becomes of her? Where does she go to hide her battered frame? Sometimes the iceberg or the stealthy and deadly collision with a sister ship in the fog gives her a death-blow. Sometimes she is wrecked on a hostile reef or founders in sight of port. Sometimes she is sold to another company, rebuilt, and, dubbed with a fresh name and register, tries in her new finery to pass for a new ship, until she disappears mysteriously with all on board. A few tears are shed in solitary homes for those who went down with her; but the verdict is, "no one to blame." Sometimes she is turned into a store-ship, a powder-boat, or a floating hospital, and, moored in a remote part of the harbor, sees the fleets of new ships go by in the distance.

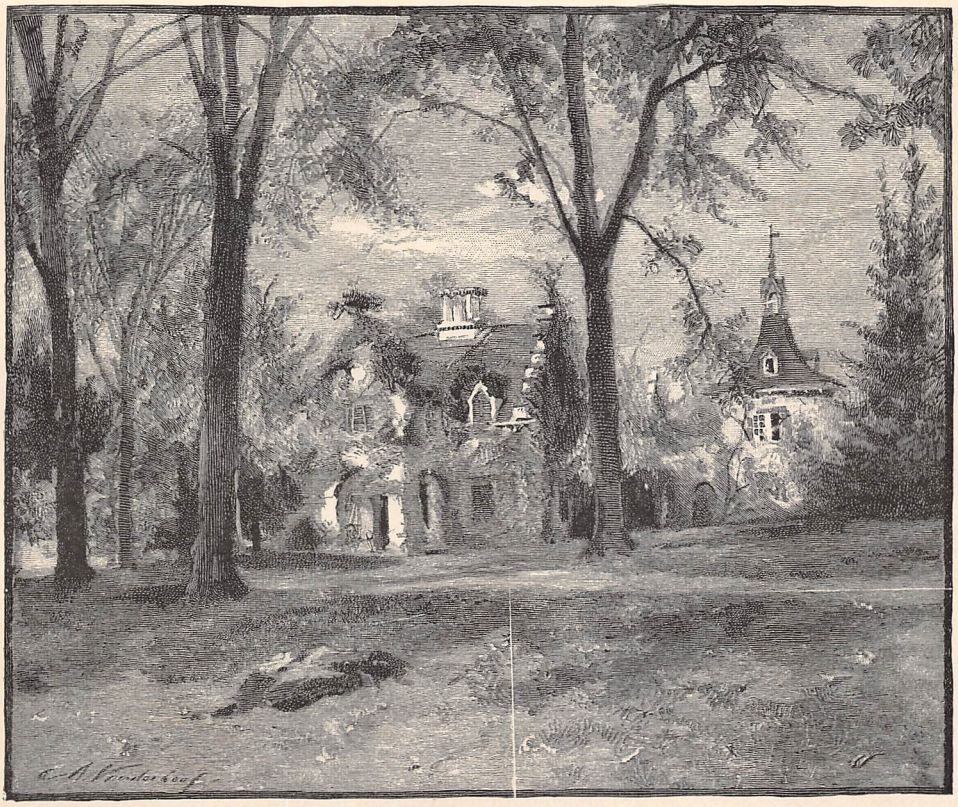
S. G. W. Benjamin.



THE ORIGINAL OF REBECCA IN IVANHOE.

We believe it is not generally known that the honor of having been the prototype and inspiration of the character of Rebecca the Jewess, in "Ivanhoe," belongs to an American lady, whose beauty and noble qualities were described to Scott by a friend. The friend was Washington Irving, and the lady Rebecca Gratz, of an honorable Jewish family of Philadelphia.

Michael Gratz, the father of Rebecca, was a native of Styria in Austria. Having received his inheritance in money from his father, he emigrated to America in 1750, when a mere youth, and engaged in the business of supplying Indian traders with merchandise. He became wealthy, and in 1769 married Miriam Symons, of Lancaster, Pa. Retiring from mercantile life at the close of the war for Independence, he devoted his time to his extensive landed interests, which in Kentucky included the Mammoth Cave. He warmly espoused the cause of the colonists, and his name appears among the signatures to the Non-Importation Resolutions after the passage of the Stamp Act. The Gratz family mansion in Philadelphia was known far and wide as the home of a refined and elegant hospitality. Gifted and distinguished guests—illustrious statesmen, and eminent persons from abroad whom choice or vicissitude brought to the country—found there an appreciative welcome. About 1811 Rebecca's parents died, leaving a family of eleven children. Many of their descendants filled important public positions, or were prominent as merchant princes of their day. Simon, the eldest son, retired from business in 1825, and purchased a portion of the old Willing estate, in what is now the twenty-ninth ward of the city of Philadelphia, and resided at "Willington" until his death in 1839. He was the founder of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine



"SUNNYSIDE," IRVING'S HOME ON THE HUDSON.



REBECCA GRATZ. (FROM THE MINIATURE BY MALBONE, IN POSSESSION OF MRS. REBECCA GRATZ NATHAN.)

Arts, and remarkable for vigor of intellect, benevolence of character, and manly beauty. His brother Hyman, a man of elegant presence, was President of the Pennsylvania Insurance Company. Rebecca was born on the 4th of March, 1781, and in her younger days, and even beyond middle life, she possessed singular beauty. Her eyes were of exquisite shape, large, black, and lustrous; her figure was graceful, and her carriage was marked by quiet dignity—attractions which were heightened by elegant and winning manners. Gentle, benevolent, with instinctive refinement and innate purity, she inspired affection among all who met her; and having received the best instruction that the time and country afforded, she was well fitted for practical and social duties. In company with her brother, she was accustomed to spend her summers at Saratoga Springs, where she became the center of a brilliant circle of men and women of position and culture from all parts of the country. Her visits at the home of her brother in Lexington, Kentucky, whither her fame had preceded her, partook of the nature of ovations. On these occasions she received marked attention from Henry Clay, between whom and her brother a warm friendship existed. Several members of her family intermarried with the Clays, the Schuylers and other Gentile families; and the society of few persons was more courted by Christians than was that of Rebecca Gratz.

It is said that, when a young lady, Rebecca won the regard of a gentleman of character, position, and wealth, whose passion was devotedly returned. The difference in their religious faith, however,—the one a conscientious Christian, the other devoted to the ancient creed of Israel,—proved an insuperable barrier to their union. She was never married. Accustomed to the society of Christians, loving them and beloved by them, the attachment to her ancestral faith is rendered more conspicuous, and her firmness in the strife between inclination and duty may be considered an index of the exalted character of the woman. Self-denial and lofty conscientiousness distinguished her life, which was one long chain of golden deeds. There was scarcely a charitable institution of her day in her native city that did not have her name inscribed upon its records as an active officer, or as an adviser and benefactress. As early as 1811 her name appears as an officer of the Female Association. She founded the Orphan Asylum of that city, and was its secretary and warmest friend for more than forty years. She was one of the founders of the Female Benevolent Society, the Foster Home, the Fuel Society, and the Sewing Society. In 1838 she founded a mission Sunday-school for Hebrew children, where prayers of her own composition were in daily use, and for which she procured the writing and compilation of text-books. This is said to be the

oldest institution of the kind in America. Gentiles, as well as Hebrews, were made the recipients of her zealous kindness. For a half-century she was thus actively engaged in benevolent enterprises, and for many subsequent years was a valued counselor in charitable work. She died on the 27th day of August, 1869, at the age of eighty-eight.

One of her brother's most intimate friends was Washington Irving, then in the early freshness of his literary fame. When in Philadelphia he was a welcome guest at the mansion, and the "big room" was assigned him to "roost in," as he termed it. The beauty and character of Rebecca, together with the fact that she was a representative of a race whose history is full of romance, deeply impressed him, and the foundation was laid of a cordial friendship and admiration which lasted through life. In the following letter to her, introducing Thomas Sully the artist, Irving expresses his respect and esteem:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1807.

"I hardly need introduce the bearer, Mr. Sully, to you, as I trust you recollect him perfectly. He purposes passing the winter in your city, and as he will be a mere 'stranger and sojourner in the land,' I would solicit for him your good graces. He is a gentleman for whom I have great regard, not merely on account of his professional abilities, which are highly promising, but for his amiable character and engaging manners. I think I cannot render him a favor for which he ought to be more grateful, than in introducing him to the notice of yourself and your connections. Mr. Hoffman's family are all well, and you are often the subject of their conversation. Remember me affectionately to all the family. Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me, with the warmest friendship,

"Ever yours,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

Miss Gratz passed many of her younger days with the Hoffmans and other old families in New York, with whom she was on intimate terms. Among her friends at this time were the literary wits of Salmagundi. Matilda Hoffman, the object of Irving's first, last, and only love, was her dearest friend. Miss Hoffman, who is described as lovely in person and mind, with engaging manners, delicate sensibilities, and playful humor, faded early and died in April, 1809, at the age of eighteen. Rebecca was her constant companion during her illness, sharing with the family the cares of her sick-bed, and holding her in her arms when she died. Irving was then twenty-six years old, and for the half-century of his later life he cherished faithfully the memory of his early love. He slept with her Bible and Prayer-book under his pillow, and they were ever his inseparable companions. After his death, a package was found containing some private memoranda, a miniature of great beauty, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper containing her name in his own handwriting. In his private note-book he wrote: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful." Portions of his writings convey the impress of the event, as the following passage in "St. Mark's Eve," in "Bracebridge Hall:" "There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved." In "Rural Funerals," in the "Sketch Book," the same tinge of quiet sadness is discernible. The painful experience through which his friend Rebecca had passed, and her grief at Miss Hoffman's death, were well known to Irving, and the delicate sympathy arising from the knowledge each possessed of the other's sorrow was the firmest bond of their friendship.

For many years, during which he studied law and was admitted to the bar, Irving's naturally gay temperament was overshadowed by this grief, and his frequent intervals of depression unfitted him for literary labor. Engaging in business with his brother at Liverpool, he passed much of his time abroad. His mercantile career, however, proved a failure, and he thenceforth devoted himself to literature. It was in the fall of the year 1817 that Scott and Irving met for the first time. With a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell, who was aware of Scott's high estimate of Irving's genius, the latter visited Abbotsford. He was most cordially received and welcomed by Scott himself, who came limping down to the gate, attended by his favorite stag-hound, and grasped his hand in a way that made Irving feel as if they were already old friends. Here Irving passed several of the most delightful days of his life, rambling from morning till night about the hills and streams; listening to old tales told as no one but Scott could tell them; and charmed by the storied and poetical associations of the Tweed. A warm, mutual attachment ensued. Scott was then forty-six, and in the brilliancy of his early fame. Irving was thirty-four, and just rising in literary reputation from the favorable reception of his "Salmagundi," and the "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Scott's opinion of Irving is thus expressed in a letter to John Richardson:

"When you see Tom Campbell, tell him with my love that I have to thank him for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

Irving's opinion of Scott is given in a letter to Paulding:

"I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease in a moment."

To this friendship we owe the character of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." During one of their many conversations, when personal and family affairs were the topics, Irving spoke of his own, and Miss Hoffman's cherished friend, Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, described her wonderful beauty, related the story of her firm adherence to her religious faith under the most trying circumstances, and particularly illustrated her loveliness of character, and zealous philanthropy. Scott was deeply interested and impressed, and conceived the plan of embodying the pure, moral sentiment, that like a thread of silver ran through the story. Although "Rob Roy" was then unfinished, he was already revolving in his mind the plot and characters of "Ivanhoe." He immediately determined to introduce a Jewish female character, and, on the strength of Irving's vivid description, he named his heroine Rebecca.

More than in the Cœur de Lion himself, or in the Knight of Ivanhoe, or in any of the haughty templars and barons so prominent in this romance, its strength and charm lie in the sad, devoted and unrequited tenderness of the Jewish damsel. In almost every one of Scott's works there is a poetical, may we not say impossible, character—some one too good and enchanting to be believed in—yet so identified with our nature as to pass for a reality. Rebecca is the angelic being in "Ivanhoe," and at the last engrosses all the interest. It is by far the finest and the most romantic creation of female character that the author ever conceived, and ranks with any in the annals of poetry or romance. It is, moreover, an exhibition of Scott's wonderful power of will, in view of its composition during moments of intense physical pain. He was obliged to dictate a large portion of the work to his faithful amanuenses, William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne as he lay on a sofa, frequently turning on his pillow with a groan of torment. Yet, when the dialogue became animated, he rose from his couch and walked up and down the room, and vividly personated the different characters. Ballantyne entered with keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, and could not repress exclamations of surprise and delight. "Gude keep us a'!" "The like o' that!" "Eh, sirs! eh, sirs!" Laidlaw, too, related the following: "I remember being so much interested in a part of 'Ivanhoe' relating to Rebecca the Jewess, that I exclaimed, 'That is fine, Mr. Scott! get on—get on!' Mr. Scott, himself highly pleased with the character, laughed and replied, 'Ay, Willie, but recollect I have to make the story—I shall make something of my Rebecca.'"

Scott finished the book in December, 1819, and immediately sent the first copy to Irving. In the letter accompanying it, he asked: "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?"

This source of the character was known to Miss Gratz, upon whom Irving had made his first call when he returned to Philadelphia to superintend the publication of his works. Shrinking as she did from any publicity, she would seldom acknowledge the fact, and when pressed upon the subject would deftly evade it by a change of topic. The resemblance is closely marked in many points, which the reader of "Ivanhoe" may be left to find for himself.

In addition to the miniature of Miss Gratz by Malbone, who was famous for the faithfulness and beauty of his art, there is in existence a portrait by Sully, which is said to be one of his most successful works, though he himself was dissatisfied with it.

As an illustration of the regard in which Miss Gratz was held, we may relate the following incident. An aunt of hers was married to Dr. Nicholas Schuyler, of Albany, a surgeon in the Revolutionary war, a friend of Washington, and a near relative of General Schuyler. The Doctor was a Christian, and the differences of religious faith made the marriage very objectionable to the bride's father, who had, however, the highest regard for his son-in-law. A long estrangement ensued, and a reconciliation seemed impossible. During his last illness, the grandfather was attended by Miss Gratz, whose gentleness and skill seem always to have made her in demand in the sick-room. Calling her to him one day, he said: "My dear child, what can I do for you?" Turning upon him her beautiful eyes filled with tears, she replied, in a tone of earnest entreaty: "Grandfather, forgive Aunt Shinah." The old gentleman sought her hand, pressed it, and after a silence said in a broken voice, "Send for her." In due course the lady came, received her father's forgiveness and blessing, and when, a few days later, he breathed his last, the arms of his long-estranged child were about him, while Rebecca Gratz sat silently at his side.

Gratz Van Rensselaer.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

XX.

"*On dit* that the charming Mrs. Sylvestre, so well known and so greatly admired in society circles as Miss Agnes Wentworth, has, after several years of absence much deplored by her numberless friends, returned to make her home in Washington, having taken a house on Lafayette Square. The three years of Mrs. Sylvestre's widowhood have been spent abroad, chiefly in Italy,—the land of love and beauty,—where Tasso sang and Raphael dreamed of the Immortals."

Thus, the society column of a daily paper, and a week later Mrs. Merriam arrived, and the house on Lafayette Square was taken possession of.

It was one of the older houses—a large and substantial one, whose rather rigorous exterior still held forth promises of possibilities in the way of interior development. Arbuthnot heard Bertha mention one day that one of Mrs. Sylvestre's chief reasons for selecting it was that it "looked quiet," and he reflected upon this afterward as being rather unusual as the reason of a young and beautiful woman.

"Though, after all, she 'looks quiet' herself," was his mental comment. "If I felt called upon to remark upon her at all, I should certainly say that she was a perfectly composed person. Perhaps that is the groove she chooses to live in—or it may be simply her nature. I shouldn't mind knowing which."

He was rather desirous of seeing what she would make of the place inside, but the desire was by no means strong enough to lead him to make his first call upon her an hour earlier than he might have been expected according to the strictest canons of good taste.

On her part Mrs. Sylvestre found great pleasure in the days spent in establishing herself. For years her life had been an unsettled one, and the prospect of arranging a home according to her own tastes—and especially a home in Washington—was very agreeable to her. Her fortune was large, her time was her own, and as in the course of her rambling she had collected innumerable charming and interesting odds and ends, there was no reason why her house should not be a delightful one.

For several days she was quite busy and greatly interested. She found her pictures, plaques, and hangings even more absorbing than she had imagined they would be. She spent her mornings in arranging and re-arranging cabinets, walls, and mantels, and moved about her rooms wearing a faint smile of pleasure on her lips, and a faint tinge of color on her cheeks.

"Really," she said to Bertha, who dropped in to see her one morning, and found her standing in the middle of the room reflecting upon a pretty old blue cup and saucer, "I am quite happy in a quiet way. I seem to be shut in from the world and life, and all busy things, and to find interest enough in the color of a bit of china, or the folds of a *portière*. It seems almost exciting to put a thing on a shelf, and then take it down and put it somewhere else."

When Arbuthnot passed the house he saw that rich Eastern-looking stuffs curtained the windows, and great Indian jars stood on the steps and balconies, as if ready for plants. In exhausting the resources of the universe, Mr. Sylvestre had given some attention to India, and being a man of caprices had not returned from his explorings empty-handed. A carriage stood before the house, and the door being open revealed glimpses of pictures and hangings in the hall, which were pleasantly suggestive.

"She will make it attractive," Arbuthnot said to himself. "That goes without saying: And she will be rather perilously so, herself."

His first call upon her was always a very distinct memory to him. It was made on a rather chill and unpleasant evening, and, being admitted by a servant into the hall he had before caught a glimpse of, its picturesque comfort and warmth impressed themselves upon him in the strongest possible contrast to the raw dampness and darkness of the night. Through half-drawn *portières* he had a flitting glance at two or three rooms and a passing impression of some bright or deep point of color on drap-

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ery, bric-à-brac, or pictures, and then he was ushered into the room in which Mrs. Sylvestre sat herself. She had been sitting before the fire with a book upon her lap, and she rose to meet him, still holding the volume in her hand. She was dressed in violet and wore a large cluster of violets loosely at her waist. She looked very slender and tall and fair, and the rich, darkly glowing colors of the furniture and hangings formed themselves into a background for her, as if the accomplishment of that end had been the sole design of their existence. Arbuthnot even wondered if it was possible that she would ever again look so well as she did just at the instant she rose and moved forward, though he recognized the folly of the thought before ten minutes had passed.

She looked quite as well when she reseated herself, and even better when she became interested in the conversation which followed. It was a conversation which dealt principally with the changes which had taken place in Washington during her absence from it. She found a great many.

"It strikes me as a little singular that you do not resent them more," said Arbuthnot.

"Most of them are changes for the better," she answered.

"Ah!" he returned, "but that would not make any difference to the ordinary mind—unless it awakened additional resentment. There is a sense of personal injury in recognizing that improvements have been made entirely without our assistance."

"I do not feel it," was her reply, "or it is lost in my pleasure in being at home again."

"She has always thought of it as 'home,' then," was Arbuthnot's mental comment. "That is an inadvertent speech which tells a story."

His impressions of the late Mr. Sylvestre were not agreeable ones. He had heard him discussed frequently by men who had known him, and the stories told of him were not pleasant. After fifteen minutes in the crucible of impartial public opinion, his manifold brilliant gifts and undeniable graces and attainments had a habit of disappearing in vapor, and leaving behind them a residuum of cold-blooded selfishness and fine disregard of all human feelings in others, not easily disposed of. Arbuthnot had also noticed that there was but one opinion expressed on the subject of his marriage.

"He married a lovely girl twelve or fifteen years younger than himself," he had heard a man say once. "I should like to see what he has made of her."

"You would!" ejaculated an older man. "I shouldn't! Heaven forbid!"

It added greatly to Arbuthnot's interest in her that she bore no outward signs of any conflict she might have passed through. Whatever it had been, she had borne it with courage, and kept her secret her own. The quiet of her manner was not suggestive either of sadness or self-repression, and she made no apparent effort to evade mention of her married life, though, as she spoke of herself but seldom, it seemed entirely natural that she should refer rarely to the years she had passed away from Washington.

When, a little later, Mrs. Merriam came in, she proved to be as satisfactory as all other appurtenances to the household. She was a picturesque, elderly woman, with a small, elegant figure, an acute little countenance, and large, dark eyes, which sparkled in the most amazing manner at times. She was an old Washingtonian herself, had lived through several administrations, and had made the most of her experience. She seemed to have personally known the notabilities of half a century, and her reminiscences gave Arbuthnot a feeling of being surpassingly youthful and modern. She had been living abroad for the last seven years, and, finding herself at home once more, seemed to settle down with a sense of relief.

"It is a bad habit to get into—this of living abroad," she said. "It is a habit, and it grows on one. I went away intending to remain a year, and I should probably have ended my existence in Europe if Mrs. Sylvestre had not brought me home. I was always a little homesick, too, and continually felt the need of a new administration, but I lacked the resolution it required to leave behind me the things I had become accustomed to."

When he went away, Arbuthnot discovered that it was with her he had talked more than with Mrs. Sylvestre, and yet, while he had been in the room, it had not occurred to him that Mrs. Sylvestre was silent. Her silence was not unresponsiveness. When he looked back upon it he found that there was even something delicately inspiring in it. "It is that expression of gentle attentiveness in her eyes," he said. "It makes your most trivial remark of consequence, and convinces you that, if she spoke, she would be sure to say what it would please you most to hear. It is a great charm."

For a few moments before returning to his rooms, he dropped in upon the Amory household.

There was no one in the parlor when he entered but Colonel Tredennis, who stood with his back to the fire, apparently plunged deep in thought, his glance fixed upon the rug at his feet. He was in evening dress,

and held a pair of white gloves in his hand, but he did not wear a festive countenance. Arbuthnot thought that he looked jaded and worn. Certainly there were deep lines left on his forehead, even when he glanced up and straightened it.

"I am waiting for Mrs. Amory," he said. "Amory is out of town, and, as we were both going to the reception at the Secretary of State's, I am to accompany her. I think she will be down directly. Yes, there she is."

They saw her through the *portières* descending the staircase as he spoke. She was gleaming in creamy satin and lace, and carried a wrap over her arm. She came into the room with a soft rustle of trailing draperies, and Tredennis stirred slightly, and then stood still.

"Did I keep you waiting very long?" she said. "I hope not," and then turned to Arbuthnot, as she buttoned her long glove deliberately.

"Richard has gone to Baltimore with a theater party," she explained. "Miss Varien went and half a dozen others. I did not care to go; and Richard persuaded Colonel Tredennis to assume his responsibilities for the evening and take me to the Secretary of State's. The President is to be there, and as I have not yet told him that I approve of his Cabinet and don't object to his message, I feel I ought not to keep him in suspense any longer."

"Your approval will naturally remove a load of anxiety from his mind," said Arbuthnot. "Can I be of any assistance to you in buttoning that glove?"

She hesitated a second and then extended her wrist. To Arbuthnot, who had occasionally performed the service for her before, there was something novel both in the hesitation and the delicate suggestion of coquettish surrender in her gesture. It had been the chief of her charms for him that her coquetries were of the finer and more reserved sort, and that they had never expended themselves upon him. This was something so new that his momentary bewilderment did not add to his dexterity, and the glove-buttoning was of longer duration than it would otherwise have been.

While it was being accomplished Colonel Tredennis looked on in silence. He had never buttoned a woman's glove in his life. It seemed to him that it was scarcely the thing for a man who was neither husband, brother, nor lover, to do. If there was any deep feeling in his heart, how could this careless, conventional fellow stand there and hold her little wrist and meet her lifted eyes without betraying himself. His reasoning was not very logical in its nature: it was the reasoning of pain and hot anger and other uneasy and masterful emotions, which so got the better of him that he turned suddenly away that he might not see, scarcely knowing what he did. It was an abrupt movement and attracted Arbuthnot's attention, as also did something else—a movement of Bertha's—an unsteadiness of the gloved hand which, however, was speedily controlled or ended. He glanced at her, but only to find her smiling, though her breath came a little quickly and her eyes looked exceedingly bright.

"I am afraid you find it rather troublesome," she said.

"Extremely," he replied; "but I look upon it in the light of moral training, and, sustained by a sense of duty, will endeavor to persevere."

He felt the absurdity and triviality of the words all the more, perhaps, because as he uttered them he caught a glimpse of Tredennis's half-averted face. There was that in its jaded look which formed too sharp a contrast to inconsequent jesting.

"It is not getting easier for him," was his thought. "It wont until it has driven him harder even than it does now."

Perhaps there was something in his own humor which made him a trifle more susceptible to outward influences than usual. As has been already intimated, he had his moods, and he had felt one of them creeping upon him like a shadow during his brief walk through the dark streets.

"I hear the carriage at the door," he said, when he had buttoned the glove. "Don't let me detain you. I am on my way home."

"You have been ——?" questioned Bertha, suddenly awakening to a new interest on her own part.

"I called upon Mrs. Sylvestre," he answered.

And then he assisted her to put on her wrap and they all went out to the carriage together. When she was seated and the door closed, Bertha leaned forward and spoke through the open window.

"Don't you think the house very pretty?" she inquired.

"Very," was his brief reply, and though she seemed to expect him to add more, he did not do so, and the carriage drove away and left him standing upon the sidewalk.

"Ah!" said Bertha, leaning back with a faint smile, "he will go again and again, and yet again."

"Will he?" said the Colonel. "Let us hope he will enjoy it." But the truth was

that the subject did not awaken in him any absorbing interest.

"Oh! he will enjoy it," she responded.

"And Mrs. Sylvestre?" suggested Tredennis.

"He will never be sure what she thinks of him, or what she wishes him to think of her, though she will have no caprices, and will always treat him beautifully, and the uncertainty will make him enjoy himself more than ever."

"Such a state of bliss," said the Colonel, "is indeed greatly to be envied."

He was always conscious of a rather dreary sense of bewilderment when he heard himself giving voice in his deep tones to such small change as the above remark. Under such circumstances there was suggested to him the idea that for the moment he had changed places with some more luckily facile creature and represented him but awkwardly. And yet, of late, he had found himself gradually bereft of all other conversational resource. Since the New Year's Day when Bertha had called his attention to the weather, he had seen in her no vestige of what had so moved him in the brief summer holiday in which she had seemed to forget to arm herself against him.

It appeared that his place was fixed for him, and that nothing remained but to occupy it with as good a grace as possible. But he knew he had not borne it well at the outset. It was but nature that he should have borne it ill and have made some effort at least to understand the meaning of the change in her.

"All this goes for nothing," he had said to her, but it had not gone for nothing after all. A man who loves a woman with the whole force of his being, whether it is happily or unhappily, is not a well-regulated creature wholly under his own control. His imagination will play him bitter tricks and taunt him many an hour, both in the bright day and in the dead watches of the night, when he wakens to face his misery alone. He will see things as they are not, and be haunted by phantoms whose vague outlines torture him, while he knows their unreality.

"It is not true," he will say. "It cannot be—and yet if it should be—though it is not."

A word, a smile, the simplest glance or tone, will distort themselves until their very slightness seems the most damning proof. But that he saw his own folly and danger, there were times on those first days when Tredennis might have been betrayed by his fierce sense of injury into mistakes which it would have been impossible for him to retrieve by any after effort. But even in the moments of his greatest weakness he refused to trifle with himself. On the night of the New Year's Day when Bertha and Agnes had sat together, he had kept a vigil too. The occupant of the room below his had heard him walking to and fro, and had laid his restlessness to a great number of New Year's calls instead of to a guilty conscience. But the Colonel had been less lenient with himself, and had fought a desperate battle in the silent hours.

"What rights have I," he had said in anguish and humiliation—"what rights have I at the best? If her heart was as tender toward me as it seems hard, that would be worse than all. It would seem then that I must tear myself from her for her sake as well as for my own. As it is I can at least be near her and torture myself and let her torture me, and perhaps some day do her some poor kindness of which she knows nothing. Only I must face the truth that I have no claim upon her—none. If she chooses to change her mood, why should I expect or demand an explanation? The wife of one man, the—the beloved of another—Oh, Bertha! Bertha!" And he buried his face in his hands and sat so in the darkness, and in the midst of his misery he seemed to hear again the snatch of song she had sung as she sat on the hillside, with her face half upturned to the blue sky.

The memory of that day, and of some of those which had gone before it, cost him more than all else. It came back to him suddenly when he had reduced himself to a dead level of feeling, once or twice when he was with Bertha herself; it returned to him with such freshness and vivid truth, that it seemed for a moment that a single word would sweep every barrier away, and they would stand face to face, speaking the simple truth, whatever it might be.

"Why not!" he thought. "Why not, after all, if she is unhappy and needs a friend, why should it not be the man who would bear either death or life for her?" But he said nothing of this when he spoke to her. After their first two or three interviews, he said less than ever. Each of those interviews was like the first. She talked to him as she talked to Arbuthnot, to Planefield, to the attachés of the legations, to the clever newspaper man from New York or Boston, who was brought in by a friend on one of her evenings, because he wished to see if the paragraphists had overrated her attractions. She paid him graceful conventional attentions; she met him with a smile when he entered; if he was grave, she hoped he was not unwell or out of spirits; she made fine,

feathery, jesting little speeches, as if she expected them to amuse him; she gave him his share of her presence, of her conversation, of her laugh, and went her way to some one else to whom she gave the same things.

"And why should I complain?" he said.

But he did complain, or some feverish, bitter ache in his soul complained for him, and wrought him all sorts of evil, and wore him out, and deepened the lines on his face, and made him feel old and hopeless. He was very kind to Janey in those days and spent a great deal of time with her. It was Janey who was his favorite, though he was immensely liberal to Jack, and bestowed upon Meg, who was too young for him, elaborate and expensive toys, which she reduced to fragments and dissected and analyzed with her brother's assistance. He used to go to see Janey in the nursery and take her out to walk and drive, and at such times felt rather glad that she was not like her mother. She bore no likeness to Bertha, and was indeed thought to resemble the Professor, who was given to wondering at her as he had long ago wondered at her mother. The Colonel fancied that it rested him to ramble about in company with this small creature. They went to the parks, hand in hand, so often that the nursemaids who took their charges there began to know them quite well, the popular theory among them being that the Colonel was an interesting widower, and the little one his motherless child. The winter was a specially mild one, even for Washington, and it was generally pleasant out of doors, and frequently Janey's escort sat on one of the green benches and read his paper while she disported herself on the grass near him, or found entertainment in propelling her family of dolls up and down the walk in their carriage. They had long and interesting conversations together, and once or twice even went to the Capitol itself, and visited the House and the Senate, deriving much pleasure and benefit from looking down upon the rulers of their country "rising to points of order" in their customary awe-inspiring way. On one of these occasions, possibly overpowered by the majesty of the scene, Janey fell asleep, and an hour later, as Bertha stepped from her carriage, with cards and calling list in hand, she encountered a large, well-known figure bearing in its arms, with the most astonishing accustomed gentleness and care, a supine little form, whose head confidingly reposed on the broadest of shoulders.

"She went to sleep," said the Colonel, with quite a paternal demeanor.

He thought at first that Bertha was going to kiss the child. She made a step forward, an eager tenderness kindling in her eyes, then checked herself and laughed, half shrugging her shoulders.

"May I ask if you carried her the entire length of the Avenue in the face of the multitude," she said. "You were very good and displayed most delightful moral courage if you did, but it must not occur again. She must not go out without a nurse, if she is so much trouble."

"She is no trouble," he answered, "and it was not necessary to carry her the length of the Avenue."

Bertha went into the house before him.

"I will ring for a nurse," she said at the parlor door. "She will be attended to—and you are extremely amiable. I have been calling all afternoon and have just dropped in for Richard, who is going with me to the Drummonds' *musicale*."

But Tredennis did not wait for the nurse. He knew the way to the nursery well enough, and bore off his little burden to her own domains *sans cérémonie*, while Bertha stood and watched him from below.

If she had been gay the winter before, she was gayer still now. She had her afternoon for reception and her evening at home, and gave, also, a series of more elaborate and formal entertainments. At these festivities the political element was represented quite brilliantly. She professed to have begun at last to regard politics seriously, and, though this statement was not received with the most entire confidence, the most liberal encouragement was bestowed upon her. Richard, especially, seemed to find entertainment in her whim. He even admitted that he himself took an interest in the affairs of the nation this winter. He had been awakened to it by his intimacy with Planefield, which increased as the business connected with the Westoria lands grew upon him. There was a great deal of this business to be transacted, it appeared, though his references to the particular form of his share of it were never very definite, being marked chiefly by a brilliant vagueness which, Bertha was wont to observe, added interest to the subject.

"I should not understand if you explained it, of course," she said. "And, as I don't understand, I can give play to a naturally vivid imagination. All sorts of events may depend upon you. Perhaps it is even necessary for you to 'lobby,' and you are engaged in all sorts of machinations. How do people 'lobby,' Richard, and is there an opening in the profession for a young person of undeniable gifts and charms?"

In these days Planefield presented himself more frequently than ever. People began to

expect to see his large, florid figure at the 'evenings' and dinner parties, and gradually he and his friends formed an element in them. It was a new element, and not altogether the most delightful one. Some of the friends were not remarkable for polish of manner and familiarity with the *convenances*, and one or two of them, after they began to feel at ease, talked a good deal in rather pronounced tones, and occasionally enjoyed themselves with a freedom from the shackles of ceremony which seemed rather to belong to some atmosphere other than that of the pretty, bright parlors. But it would not have been easy to determine what Bertha thought of the matter. She accepted Richard's first rather apologetic mention of it gracefully enough, and, after a few evenings, he no longer apologized.

"They may be a trifle uncouth," he had said, "but some of them are tremendous fellows when you understand them—shrewd, far-seeing politicians, who may astonish the world any day by some sudden, brilliant move. Such men nearly always work their way from the ranks, and have had no time to study the graces—but they are very interesting, and will appreciate the attention you show them. There is that man Bowman, for instance—began life as a boy in a blacksmith's shop, and has been in Congress for years. They would send him to the Senate if they could spare him. He is a positive mine of political information, and knows the Westoria business from beginning to end."

"They all seem to know more or less of it," said Bertha. "That is our atmosphere now. I am gradually assimilating information myself."

But Tredennis did not reconcile himself to the invasion. He looked on in restless resentment. What right had such men to be near her, was his bitter thought. Being a man himself, he knew more of some of them than he could remember without anger or distaste. He could not regard them impartially as mere forces, forgetting all else. When he saw Planefield at her side, bold, fulsome, bent on absorbing her attention and frequently succeeding through sheer thick-skinned pertinacity, he was filled with wrathful repulsion. This man at least he knew had no right to claim consideration from her, and yet somehow he seemed to have established himself in an intimacy which appeared gradually to become a part of her everyday life. This evening, on entering the house, he had met him leaving it, and when he went into the parlor he had seen upon Bertha's little work-table the customary sumptuous offering of Jacqueminot roses. She carried the flowers in her hand now—their heavy perfume filled the carriage.

"There is no use in asking why she does it," he was thinking. "I have given up expecting to understand her. I suppose she has a reason. I wont believe it is as poor a one as common vanity or coquetry. Such things are beneath her."

He understood himself as little as he understood her. There were times when he wondered how long his unhappiness would last, and if it would not die a natural death. No man's affection and tenderness could feed upon nothing and survive, he told himself again and again. And what was there to sustain his? This was not the woman he had dreamed of—from her it should be easy enough for him to shake himself free. What to him were her cleverness, her bright eyes, her power over herself and others, the subtle charms and graces which were shared by all who came near her? They were only the gift of a finer order of coquette, who was a greater success than the rest because nature had been lavish with her. It was not these things which could have changed and colored all life for him. If all his thoughts of her had been mere fancies it would be only natural that he should outlive his experience, and in time look back upon it as simply an episode which might have formed a part of the existence of any man. There had been nights when he had left the house, thinking it would be far better for him never to return if he could remain away without awakening comment; but, once in the quiet of his room, there always came back to him memories and fancies he could not rid himself of, and which made the scenes he had left behind unreal. He used to think it must be this which kept his tenderness from dying a lingering death. When he was alone it seemed as if he found himself face to face again with the old, innocent ideal that followed him with tender appealing eyes and would not leave him. He began to have an odd fancy about the feeling. It was as if, when he left the silent room, he left in it all the truth and reality of his dream and found them there when he returned.

"Why do you look at me so?" Bertha said to him one night, turning suddenly aside from the group she had been the central figure of. You look at me as if—as if I were a ghost, and you were ready to see me vanish into thin air."

He made a slight movement as if rousing himself.

"That is it," he answered. "I am waiting to see you vanish."

"But you will not see it," she said. "You

will be disappointed. I am real—real! A ghost could not laugh as I do—and enjoy itself. Its laugh would have a hollow sound. I assure you I am very real indeed."

But he did not answer her, and after looking at him with a faint smile for a second or so, she turned to her group again. To-night as they drove to their destination, once or twice in passing a street-lamp, the light flashing into the carriage showed him that Bertha leaned back in her corner with closed eyes, her flowers lying untouched on her lap. He thought she seemed languid and pale, though she had not appeared so before they left the house. And this touched him as such things always did. There was no moment, however deep and fierce his bewildered sense of injury might have been before it, when a shade of pallor on her cheek, or of sadness in her eyes, a look or tone of weariness, would not undo everything, and stir all his great heart with sympathy and the tender longing to be kind to her. The signs of sadness or pain in any human creature would have moved him, but such signs in her overwhelmed him and swept away every other feeling but this yearning desire to shield and care for her. He looked at her now with anxious eyes and bent forward to draw up her wrap which had slipped from her shoulders.

"Are you warm enough, Bertha?" he said with awkward gentleness. "It is a raw night. You should have had more—more shawls—or whatever they are."

She opened her eyes with a smile.

"More shawls!" she said. "We don't wear shawls now when we go to receptions. They are not becoming enough even when they are very grand indeed. This is not a shawl, it is a *sortie du bal* and a very pretty one, but I think I am warm enough, thank you, and it was very good in you to ask." And though he had not known that his own voice was gentle, he recognized that hers was.

"Somebody ought to ask," he answered. And just then they turned the corner into a street already crowded with carriages, and their own drew up before the lighted front of a large house. Tredennis got out and gave Bertha his hand. As she emerged from the shadow of the carriage, the light fell upon her again and he was impressed even more forcibly than before with her pallor.

"You would have been a great deal better at home," he said, impetuously. "Why did you come here?"

She paused a second, and it seemed to him as if she suddenly gave up some tense hold she had previously kept upon her external self. There was only the pathetic little ghost of a smile in her lifted eyes.

"Yes, I should be better at home," she said, almost in a whisper. "I would rather be asleep with—with the children."

"Then why in heaven's name do you go?" he protested. "Bertha, let me take you home and leave you to rest. It must be so —I ——"

But the conventionalities did not permit that he should give way to the fine masculine impulse which might have prompted him in the heat of his emotions to return her to the carriage by the sheer strength of his unaided arm, and he recognized his own tone of command, and checked himself with a rueful sense of helplessness.

"There is the carriage of the French minister," said Bertha, "and madame wonders who detains her. But—if I were a regiment of soldiers, I am sure I should obey you when you spoke to me in such a tone as that."

And as if by magic she was herself again, and, taking her roses from him, went up the carpeted steps lightly and with a gay rustle of trailing silk and lace.

The large rooms inside were crowded with a distinguished company made up of the material which forms the foundation of every select Washingtonian assemblage. There were the politicians, military, and naval men, attachés of legations, foreign ministers and members of the Cabinet, with their wives and daughters, or other female relatives. A distinguished scientist loomed up in one corner, looking disproportionately modest; a well-known newspaper man chatted in another. The Chinese minister, accompanied by his interpreter, received with a slightly wearied air of quiet patience the conversational attentions proffered him. The wife of the Secretary of State stood near the door with her daughter, receiving her guests as they entered. She was a kindly and graceful woman, whose good breeding and self-poise had tided her safely over the occasionally somewhat ruffled social waters of two administrations. She had received a hundred or so of callers each Wednesday—the majority of them strangers, and in the moments of her greatest fatigue and lassitude had endeavored to remember that each one of them was a human being, endowed with human vanity and sensitiveness; she had not flinched before the innocent presumption of guileless ignorance; she had done her best by timorousness and simplicity; she had endeavored to remember hundreds of totally uninteresting people, and if she had forgotten one of them who modestly expected a place in her memory, had made an effort to repair the injury with aptness and grace. She had

given up pleasures she enjoyed and repose she needed, and had managed to glean entertainment and interesting experience by the way, and in course of time, having occupied for years one of the highest social positions in the land, and done some of the most difficult and laborious work, would retire simply and gracefully, more regretted than regretting, and would look back upon her experience more as an episode in her husband's career than her own.

She was one of the few women who produced in Professor Herrick neither mild perturbation nor mental bewilderment. He had been a friend of her husband's in his youth, and during their residence in Washington it had been his habit to desert his books and entomological specimens once or twice in the season for the purpose of appearing in their parlors. There was a legend that he had once presented himself with a large and valuable beetle pinned to the lapel of his coat, he having absent-mindedly placed it in that conspicuous position in mistake for the flower Bertha had suggested he should decorate himself with.

He was among the guests to-night, her hostess told Bertha, as she shook hands with her.

"We were very much pleased to see him, though we do not think he looks very well," she said. "I think you will find him talking to Professor Borrowdale, who has just returned from Central America."

She gave Bertha a kind glance of scrutiny.

"Are *you* looking very well?" she said. "I am afraid you are not. That is not a good way to begin a season."

"I am afraid," said Bertha, laughing, "that I have not chosen my dress well. Colonel Tredennis told me, a few moments ago, that I ought to be at home."

They passed on shortly afterward, and, on the way to the other room, Bertha was unusually silent. Tredennis wondered what she was thinking of, until she suddenly looked up at him and spoke.

"Am I so very haggard?" she said.

"I should not call it haggard," he answered. "You don't look very well."

She gave her cheek a little rub with her gloved hand.

"No; you should not call it haggard," she said, "that is true. It is bad enough not to look well. One should always have a little rouge in one's pocket. But you will see that the excitement will do me good."

"Will it, Bertha?" said the Colonel.

But, whether the effect it produced upon her was a good or bad one, it was certainly strong enough. The room was full of people she knew or wished to know. She was stopped at every step by those who spoke to her, exchanging gay speeches with her, paying her compliments, giving her greeting. Dazzling young dandies forgot their indifference to the adulation of the multitude, in their eagerness to make their bows and their *bon mots* before her; their elders and superiors were as little backward as themselves, and in a short time she had gathered quite a little court about her, in which there was laughter and badinage, and an exhilarating exchange of gayeties. The celebrated scientist joined the circle, the newspaper man made his way into it, and a stately, gray-haired member of the Supreme Bench relaxed his grave face in it, and made more clever and gallant speeches than all his younger rivals put together; it was even remarked that the Oriental visage of the Chinese ambassador himself exhibited an expression of more than slight curiosity and interest. He addressed a few words to his interpreter as he passed. But somehow Colonel Tredennis found himself on the outer edge of the enchanted ground. It was his own fault, perhaps. Yes, it was his own fault, without a doubt. Such changes were too rapid for him, as he himself had said before. He did not understand them; they bewildered and wounded him, and gave him a sense of insecurity, seeming to leave him nothing to rely on. Was it possible that sadness or fatigue which could be so soon set aside and lost sight of could be very real? and if these things which had so touched his heart were unreal and caprices of the moment, what was there left which might not be unreal too? Could she look pale, and make her voice and her little hand tremulous at will when she chose to produce an effect, and why should it please her to produce effects upon him? She had never cared for him, or shown kindness or friendly feeling for him, but in those few brief days in Virginia. Was she so flippant, such a coquette and trifler that, when there was no one else to play her pretty tricks upon, she must try them on him and work upon his sympathies in default of being able to teach him the flatteries and follies of men who loved her less. He had heard of women who were so insatiable in their desire for sensation that they would stoop to such things, but he did not believe he had ever met one. Perhaps he had met several, and had been too ingenuous and generous to understand their wiles and arts. At any rate, they had always been myths to him, and it seemed to him that he himself, as well as all existence, must have changed when he could even wonder if such a thing might be true of Bertha. But nothing could be more

certain than that there were no longer any traces of her weariness about her. A brilliant color glowed in her cheeks, her eyes were as bright as diamonds, there was something,—some vividness about her before which every other woman in the room paled a little, though there were two or three great beauties present, and she had never taken the attitude of a beauty at all. The Colonel began to see, at last, that there was a shade of something else, too, in her manner, from which it had always before been free. In the midst of all her frivolities she had never been reckless, and there had never been any possibility that the looker-on could bear away with him any memory which had not the charm of fineness about it. But to-night, as one man hung over her chair, and others stood around and about it, one holding her fan, another wearing in his coat a rose which had fallen from her bouquet, all sharing her smiles and vying with each other in their efforts to win them, Tredennis turned away more than once with a heavy heart.

"I would go home if I could leave her," he said. "I don't want to see this. I don't know what it means. This is no place for me."

But he could not leave her, and so lingered about and looked on, and when he was spoken to answered briefly and abstractedly, scarcely knowing what he said. There was no need that he should have felt himself desolate, since there were numbers of pretty and charming women in the rooms who would have been pleased to talk to him, and who, indeed, showed something of this kindly inclination when they found themselves near him; his big, soldierly figure, his fine sun-browned face, his grave manner and the stories they heard of him, made him an object of deep interest to women, though he had never recognized the fact. They talked of him and wondered about him, and made up suitable little romances which accounted for his silence and rather stern air of sadness. The favorite theory was that he had been badly treated in his early youth by some soulless young person totally unworthy of the feeling he had lavished upon her, and there were two or three young persons—perhaps even a larger number—who, secretly conscious of their own worthiness of any depth of affection, would not have been loath to bind up his wounds and pour oil upon them and frankincense and myrrh, if such applications would have proved effectual. There were among these some very beautiful and attractive young creatures indeed, and as their parents usually shared their interest in the Colonel, he was invited to kettledrums and musicales and theater parties and dinners, and always welcomed warmly when he was encountered anywhere. But though he received these attentions with the simple courtesy and modest appreciation of all kindness which were second nature with him, and though he paid his party calls with the most unflinching conventional promptness, and endeavored to return the hospitalities in masculine fashion by impartially sending bouquets to mammas and daughters alike, it frequently happened that various reasons prevented his appearing at the parties; or if he appeared he disappeared quite early; and, indeed, if he had been any other man he would have found it difficult to make his peace with the young lady who discovered that the previous engagement which had kept him away from her kettledrum had been a promise made to little Janey Amory that he would take her to see Tom Thumb.

"It is very kind in you to give us any of your time at all," Bertha had said to him once, "when you are in such demand. Richard tells me your table is strewn with invitations, and that there is not a belle of his acquaintance who is so besieged with attentions. Mr. Arbuthnot is filled with envy. He has half a dozen new songs which he plays without music, and he has learned all the new dances, and yet is not invited half so much."

"It is my conversational powers they want," was the Colonel's sardonic reply.

"That goes without saying," responded Bertha. "And if you would only condescend to waltz, poor Laurence's days of usefulness would be over. Wont you be persuaded to let me give you a lesson?"

And she came toward him with mocking in her eyes and her hands extended.

But the Colonel blushed up to the roots of his hair and did not take them.

"I should tread on your slippers, and knock off the buckles, and grind them into powder," he said. "I should tear your gown and lacerate your feelings, and you could not go to the German to-night. I am afraid I am not the size for waltzing."

"You are the size for anything and everything," said Bertha, with an exaggerated little obeisance. "It is we who are so small that we appear insignificant by contrast."

This, indeed, was the general opinion, that his stalwart proportions were greatly to his advantage, and only to be admired. Among those who admired them most were graceful young waltzers, who would have given up that delightful and exhilarating exercise on any occasion, if Colonel Tredennis would have sat out with them in some quiet corner,

where the eyes of a censorious world might be escaped. Several such were present to-night, and cast slightly wistful glances at him as they passed to and fro, or deftly managed to arrange little opportunities for conversations which, however, did not flourish and grow strong even when the opportunities were made. It was not entertainment of this sort—innocent and agreeable as it might be—that Colonel Tredennis wanted. It would be difficult to say exactly what he *wanted*, indeed, or what satisfaction he obtained from standing gnawing his great mustache among Mrs. Amory's more versatile and socially gifted adorers.

He did not want to be a witness of her coquetries—they were coquetries, though to the sophisticated they might appear only delightful ones, and a very proper exercise of feminine fascination upon their natural prey; but to this masculine prude, who unhappily loved her and had no honest rights in her, and whose very affection was an emotion against which his honor must struggle, it was a humiliation that others should look on and see that she could so amuse herself.

So he stood on the outer edge of the little circle, and was so standing when he first caught sight of the Professor at the opposite end of the room. He left his place then and went over to him. The sight of the refined, gentle old face brought to him something bordering on a sense of relief. It removed a little of his totally unreasonable feeling of friendlessness and isolation.

"I have been watching you across the room," the Professor said kindly. "I wondered what you were thinking about? You looked fierce, my boy, and melancholy. I think there were two or three young ladies who thought you very picturesque as you stared at the floor and pulled your mustache, but it seemed to me that your air was hardly gay enough for a brilliant occasion."

"I was thinking I was out of place and wishing I was at home," replied the Colonel, with a short laugh, unconsciously pulling his mustache again. "And I daresay I was wishing I had Mrs. Amory's versatility of gifts and humor. I thought she was tired and unwell when I helped her out of the carriage; but it seems that I was mistaken, or that the atmosphere of the great world has a most inspiring effect."

The Professor turned his spectacles upon the corner Tredennis had just left.

"Ah!" he remarked quietly, "it is Bertha, is it? I fancied it might be, though it was not easy to see her face, on account of the breadth of Commander Barnacles' back. And it was you who came with her?"

"Yes," said Tredennis.

"I rather expected to see Mr. Arbuthnot," said the Professor. "I think Richard gave me the impression that I should."

"We saw Mr. Arbuthnot just before we left the house," returned the Colonel. "He had been calling upon Mrs. Sylvestre."

"Upon Mrs. Sylvestre!" echoed the Professor, and then he added rather softly. "Ah, she is another."

"Another!" Tredennis repeated.

"I only mean," said the Professor, "that I am at my old tricks again. I am wondering what will happen now to that beautiful, graceful young woman."

He turned his glance a little suddenly upon Tredennis's face.

"Have you been to see her?" he inquired.

"Not yet."

"Why not yet?"

"Perhaps because she is too beautiful and graceful," Tredennis answered. "I don't know of any other reason. I have not sufficient courage."

"Mr. Arbuthnot has sufficient courage," said the Professor. "And some of those gentlemen across the room would not shrink from the ordeal. They will all go to see her,—Commander Barnacles included,—and she will be kind to them every one. She would be kind to me if I went to see her—and some day I think I shall."

He glanced across at Bertha. She was talking to Commander Barnacles, who was exhibiting as much chivalric vivacity as his breadth would allow. The rest of her circle were listening and laughing, people outside it were looking at her with interest and curiosity.

"She is very gay to-night," the Professor added. "And I dare say Mrs. Sylvestre could give us a better reason for her gayety than we can see on the surface."

"Is there always a reason?" said the Colonel. For the moment he was pleasing himself with the fancy that he was hardening his heart.

But just at this moment a slight stir at one of the entrances attracted universal attention. The President had come in and was being welcomed by his host and hostess. He presented to the inspection of those to whom he was not already a familiar object, the unimposing figure of a man past middle life, his hair grizzled, his face lined, his expression a somewhat fatigued one.

"Yes, he looks tired," said Bertha to the newspaper man who stood near her, "though it is rather unreasonable in him. He has nothing to do but satisfy the demands of two political parties who hate each other, and to

retrieve the blunders made during a few score years by his predecessors, and he has four years to do it in—and every one will give him advice. I wonder how he likes it, and if he realizes what has happened to him. If he were a king and had a crown to look at and try on in his moments of uncertainty, or if he were obliged to attire himself in velvet and ermine occasionally, he might persuade himself that he was real; but how can he do so when he never wears anything but an ordinary coat and cannot cut people's heads off, or bowstring them, and hasn't a dungeon about him. Perhaps he feels as if he is imposing on us and is secretly a little ashamed of himself. I wonder if he is not haunted by a disagreeable ghost who persists in reminding him of the day when he will only be an abject ex-President and we shall pity where we don't condemn him. And he will be dragged to the Capitol in the triumphal car of the new one and know that he has awakened from his dream—or, perhaps, he will call it a nightmare and be glad it is over."

"That is Planefield who came in with him," said her companion. "He would not object to suffer from a nightmare of the same description."

"Would he be willing to dine off the indigestibles most likely to produce it?" said Bertha. "You have indigestibles on your political *menu*, I suppose. I have heard so, and that they are not always easy to swallow because the cooks at the Capitol differ so about the flavoring."

"Planefield would not differ," was the answer. "And he would dine off them, and breakfast and sup off them, and get up in the night to enjoy them, if he could only bring about the nightmare."

"Is there any possibility that he will accomplish it?" Bertha inquired. "If there is, I must be very kind to him when he comes to speak to me. I feel a sort of eagerness to catch his eye and nod and beck and bestow wreathed smiles upon him already; but don't let my modest thrift waste itself upon a mere phantasy if the prospect is that the indigestibles will simply disagree with him and will *not* produce the nightmare." And the Colonel, who was just approaching with the Professor, heard her and was not more greatly elated than before.

It was not very long, of course, before there was an addition to the group. Senator Planefield found his way to it,—to the very center of it, indeed,—and so long as it remained a group formed a permanent feature in its attractions. When he presented himself Bertha gave him her hand with a most bewitching little smile, whose suggestion of archness was somehow made to include the gentleman with whom she had previously been talking. Her manner was so gracious and inspiring that Planefield was intoxicated by it and wondered what it meant. He was obliged to confess to himself that there were many occasions when she was not so gracious, and if he had been easily rebuffed, the wounds his flourishing and robust vanity received might have led him to retire from the field. Frequently, when he was most filled with admiration of her cleverness and spirit, he was conscious of an uneasy sense of distrust, not only of her, but of himself. There was one special, innocent and direct gaze of which her limpid eyes were capable, which sometimes made him turn hot and cold with uncertainty, and there was also a peculiarly soft and quiet tone in her voice which invariably filled him with perturbation.

"She's such a confounded cool little devil," he had said gracefully to a friend on one occasion when he was in a bad humor. "She's afraid of nothing, and she's got such a hold on herself that she can say anything she likes, with a voice as soft as silk, and look you straight in the eyes like a baby while she does so; and when you say the words over to yourself you can't find a thing to complain of, while you know they drove home like knives when she said them herself. She looks like a school-girl half the time, but she's made up of steel and iron, and—the devil knows what."

She did not look like a school-girl this evening—she was far too brilliant and self-possessed and entertaining; but he had nothing to complain of and plenty to congratulate himself upon. She allowed him to take the chair near her which its occupant reluctantly vacated for him; she placed no obstacles in the way of his conversational desires, and she received all his jokes with the most exhilarating laughter. Perhaps it was because of all this that he thought he had never seen her so pretty, so well dressed, and so inspiring. When he told her so, in a clumsy whisper, a sudden red flushed her cheek, her eyes fell, and she did not reply, as he had feared she would, with a keen little two-edged jest far more discouraging than any displeasure at his boldness would have been. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses, and found it necessary to remain silent a few seconds to give himself time to recover his equilibrium. It was he who was with her when Tredennis saw her presentation to the President, who, it was said, had observed her previously and was pleased, after the interview was over, to comment admiringly upon her and

ask various questions concerning her. It doubtless befell his Excellency to be called upon to be gracious and ready of speech when confronted with objects less inspiring than this young person, and it might have been something of this sort which caused him to wear a more relaxed countenance and smile more frequently than before when conversing with her, and also to appear to be in no degree eager to allow her to make her bow and withdraw.

It was just after she had been permitted to make this obeisance and retire that Colonel Tredennis, standing near a group of three persons, heard her name mentioned and had his ears quickened by the sound.

The speakers were a man and two women.

"Her name," he heard a feminine voice say, "is Amory. She is a little married woman who flirts."

"Oh!" exclaimed the man, "that is Mrs. Amory, is it—the little Mrs. Amory. And—yes—that is Planefield with her now. He generally is with her, isn't he?"

"At present," was the answer. "Yes."

The Colonel felt his blood warming. He began to think he recognized the voice of the first speaker, and when he turned found he was not mistaken. It belonged to the "great lady" who had figured prominently in the cheery little encounter whose story had been related with such vivacity the first evening he had dined with the Amorys. She had, perhaps, not enjoyed this encounter as impartially as had her opponent, and had probably not forgotten it so soon. She wore the countenance of a woman with an excellent memory, and not totally devoid of feminine prejudice. Perhaps she had been carrying her polished little stone in her pocket, and turning it occasionally ever since the memorable occasion when justice had been meted out to her not so largely tempered with mercy as the faultless in character might have desired.

"The matter gives rise to all the more comment," she remarked, "because it is something no one would have expected. Her family is entirely respectable. She was a Miss Herrick, and though she has always been a gay little person she has been quite cleverly prudent. Her acquaintances are only just beginning to realize the state of affairs, and there is a great division of opinion, of course. The Westoria lands have dazzled the husband, it is supposed, as he is a person given to projects, and he has dazzled her—and the admirer is to be made use of."

The man—a quiet elderly man, with an astutely humorous countenance, glanced after Bertha as she disappeared into the supper-room. She held her roses to her face, and her eyes smiled over them as Planefield bent to speak to her.

"It is a tremendous affair—that Westoria business," he said. "And it is evident she has dazzled the admirers. There is a good deal of life and color, and—and audacity about her, isn't there?"

"There is plenty of audacity," responded his companion with calmness. "I think that would be universally admitted, though it is occasionally referred to as wit and self-possession."

"But she has been very much liked," timorously suggested the third member of the group, who was younger and much less imposing. "And—and I feel sure I have heard women admire her as often as men."

"A great deal may be accomplished by cleverness and prudence of that particular kind," was the answer. "And, as I said, she has been both prudent and clever."

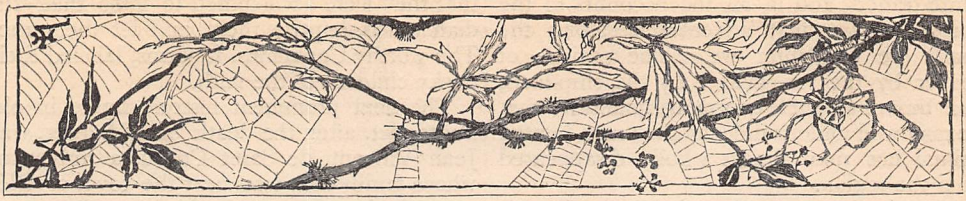
"It isn't pleasant to think about," remarked the man. "She will lose her friends and—and all the rest of it, and may gain nothing in the end. But I suppose there is a good deal of that sort of thing going on here. We outsiders hear it said so, and are given to believing the statement."

"It does not usually occur in the class to which this case belongs," was the response. "The female lobbyist is generally not so—not so ——"

"Not so picturesque as she is painted," ended her companion with a laugh. "Well, I consider myself all the more fortunate in having seen this one who is picturesque, and has quite a charming natural color of her own."

(To be continued.)





AN OLD TOWN WITH A HISTORY.

It is not easy to connect, even in imagination, the sterile coast of Maine, now inhabited by a plain, practical, and commonplace people, with any of the stirring scenes that were being enacted on the continent of Europe during the century immediately following the discovery of America by Columbus. But the rival European powers early took possession of the most notable points along the coast, and the struggle for ascendancy was maintained with such vigor that rulers of the houses of Medici and Valois, and the ambitious Plantagenets, and the most Catholic sovereigns of Spain, even in the midst of their schemes, plots and wars, were frequently obliged to turn their eyes in this direction.

The importance of the Penobscot River was early acknowledged by explorers, as well as by the nations engaged in the strife for possession of its bay and entrance. The region watered by this stream, and stretching for many leagues to the eastward, was inhabited by a warlike race known as the Abenakis. A subdivision of the community, the Tarratines, held the entrance to the river. At the mouth of the Penobscot, anciently known as the Norumbegue (and by other names), where that majestic stream broadens into the bay, and on the eastern side of the bay, is a peninsula formed by the Penobscot on the west, and by an arm of the sea on the east. The peninsula is irregular, and contains only about ten or twelve hundred acres; but the fighting for its possession which has distracted so many generations, would seem to indicate for it an importance very much out of proportion to its dimensions. This bit of land projects boldly into the bay, and, while it is bluffy and even precipitous on the side next the mainland and toward the roadstead to the southward, it slopes pleasantly to the east, and on this sunny slope is built the modern town of Castine.

The arm of the sea was anciently known by as many names as were given to the Penobscot. The Indians called it Pentagoet, or entrance to a river. The Dutch, who, in their turn, had had a hand in the exploration of the region, corrupted this into Pentegeovett; and, according to some authorities, another Dutch translation of Pentagoet was Pountegouycet. This was Gallicized into Majabagaduce by the next possessors of the country, and, finally, the estuary was dubbed "the Bagaduce," by which name it is known unto this day. Naturally, the peninsula was called Pentagoet, and by this name were all the early settlements on the point known to the historians of the time.

The voyager approaching these shores beholds a wonderful panorama of sea and land. The bay of the Penobscot is studded with unnumbered islands. These are covered, for the most part, with fir, spruce, and larch. The shores are bold and rocky, and rich tones of brown, gray and purple are reflected in the silvery tide. Far up the Penobscot, as one rounds the eastern end of Long Island, stretches a lovely vista of tender blue melting into more positive hues in the middle distance, where old Fort Point, once Fort Pownal, stands like a sentinel at the entrance of the river. To the right and eastward, the bluffy and well-wooded extremity of the peninsula of ancient Pentagoet dominates the scene, its light-house marking, like a white finger, the highest point of that section of the shore. To the right of the light-house opens another vista where the Bagaduce, with the shores of Brooksville mirrored in its tide, leads the eye up into a tangle of hills and dales, over which rises the azure peak of Blue Hill. Still farther to the eastward, over the hills, and resting like a cloud on the horizon, are the heroic lines of the ridges of Mount Desert.

As early as 1556 there was a French trading and fishing station on Pentagoet, but it was not until 1613, so far as we know, that the French claimants erected any fortification on the peninsula. In that year, Captain Argall, of Virginia, was cast ashore here; and a year later the illustrious Captain John Smith paid it a flying visit. The Plymouth colony of Massachusetts, with an eye to trade with the Tarratines, set up a trading house at Pentagoet, in 1626, Isaac Allerton being at the head of the enterprise. In those days beaver-skins were ardently coveted by the

white traders, and in all the accounts of the doings of the first adventurers along the coast, we encounter wearisome recitals of beaver by the ton, beaver by the ship-load, and beaver in such enormous quantities that we may well understand why the much-hunted animal has now almost wholly disappeared from the region.

The pilgrims were driven out by the French in 1632, but the Englishmen came back and were again driven out, in 1635, by Razillai, then governor of Acadie. Razillai, dying soon after this, left the command of Acadie to his two lieutenants, De la Tour and D'Aulney. The first-named was a Huguenot and the latter a Catholic. Between the two there raged a long and arduous contest, each claiming priority in the government. D'Aulney's seat was at Pentagoet, and he fortified himself there in the work now in ruins, and known as the old French fort.

The English took possession of Pentagoet in 1654, under orders from Cromwell, then Protector, but the French remained in their peaceable pursuits of trading. By the treaty of Breda, in 1667, the much-disputed territory of Acadie, including Pentagoet by name, was ceded by the English to the French. It was not until 1670, however, that the French flag was hoisted over the place, when the Chevalier de Grandfontaine, acting under orders from Colbert, minister, took possession of the peninsula, with express instructions to hold it against the English.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of Castine, in a southerly direction and toward the entrance to the harbor, is the site of the old fort originally built by the Pilgrims, enlarged and occupied by D'Aulney, assaulted by De la Tour, and plundered alternately by French, Dutch, English, and by buccaneers. Antiquarians have run trenches across the plateau on which stood the ancient fortress, and have laid bare the solid masonry of the foundations. When the present writer re-visited the spot a year ago, he found that vandals had carried off some of the stones laid in the early part of the seventeenth century, to repair the underpinning of the town-house. A copper plate, nailed by the unlearned finder to the bow of his boat, was discovered to bear an inscription in Latin setting forth the fact that the chapel of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" was founded here in January 8, 1648, by Friar Leo, of the Capuchin Mission. Another odd relic of the Romanist propaganda in North America is a rude copper disk, dug up near the old fortress, and stamped with emblem and date showing that it was a medal used as a badge by an Indian convert. It is said of the early Catholic fathers of California that they were accustomed to lasso their Indian wards, baptize them, and let them run. The worthy Capuchins, it seems, labeled their dusky children of the faith.

The next prominent historic figure in old Pentagoet, after the death of D'Aulney, was Jean Vincent de Saint Castin, a nobleman whose family-seat was near the town of Oléron, District of Béarn, in the Lower Pyrenees. As the archives of the town are supposed to have been destroyed during the French Revolution, very little is known of St. Castin's early history. When a young man, he joined with other youthful nobles the regiment of Carignan Salières, a famous organization that took part in the War of the Fronde, and afterward was incorporated into the French Corps furnished to Leopold, Emperor of Germany, by Louis XIV., to aid in the campaign against the Turks, who had overrun Transylvania, and were then threatening Germany. In 1665, the Carignans were transferred to Canada, after having achieved renown in the war against the unspeakable Turk in Eastern Europe. In the New World their services were required against an enemy equally savage, though perhaps less worthy of their steel—the Iroquois, who proposed nothing less than the extermination of the French colony on the St. Lawrence.

When the Iroquois had been reduced to submission, the Baron de St. Castin turned his steps toward the French post, at the mouth of the Penobscot, on the peninsula that now bears his name. Why he came here nobody seems to know. It was a strange adventure for a scion of the *ancienne noblesse*, with great expectations awaiting him in his native land. Perhaps he was fascinated by the stories told him by Madockawando, the chief of the Tarratines, who visited Quebec during St. Castin's sojourn there. At any rate, he was not only the friend and companion in arms of the great chieftain of the Tarratines, but he soon became his son-in-law, marrying his daughter Mathilde. There is no historical warrant for the glowing description of the Baroness de St. Castin, which is given in Longfellow's poem of "The Baron Castin, of St. Castin." But we do know that the baron was received by the subjects of Madockawando with great favor and even reverence. He was made a sachem of the tribe. He adopted its manners and costume, and so great was their veneration for him, that, when alighting from his expeditions, he was never allowed by the Indians to tread the common ground, but skins and mats were spread for his sacred feet to rest upon.

During Castin's time, in 1674, the Dutch took possession of Pentagoet, first sending



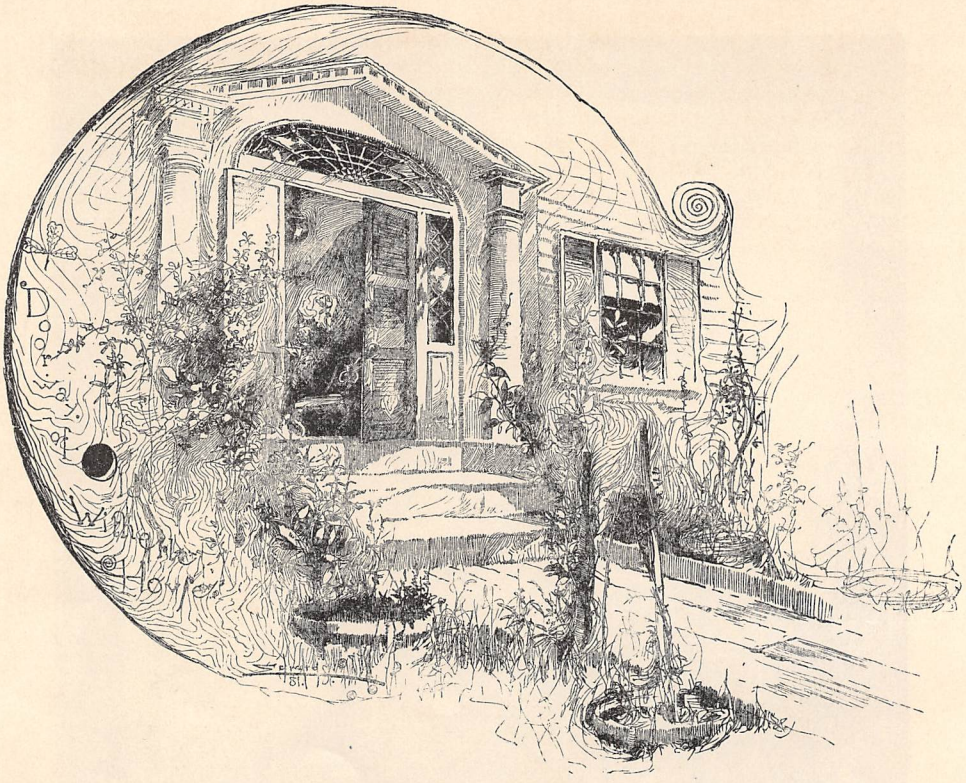
BARON CASTIN, OF ST. CASTIN.

" * * * One whose bearded cheek
And white and wrinkled brow bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France.
A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morion flow,
And from the rivets of the vest,
Which girds in steel his ample breast
The slanted sunbeams glance.

In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace;
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
No signs of weary age are there.
His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
The lordly frame of old Castine."

Whittier's "Mogg Megone."

thither a privateer, and afterward a frigate. Next, the Boston English drove out the Dutch. The Baron de St. Castin, however, continued to hold his own during all these



DOORWAY OF WITHERLE HOUSE.

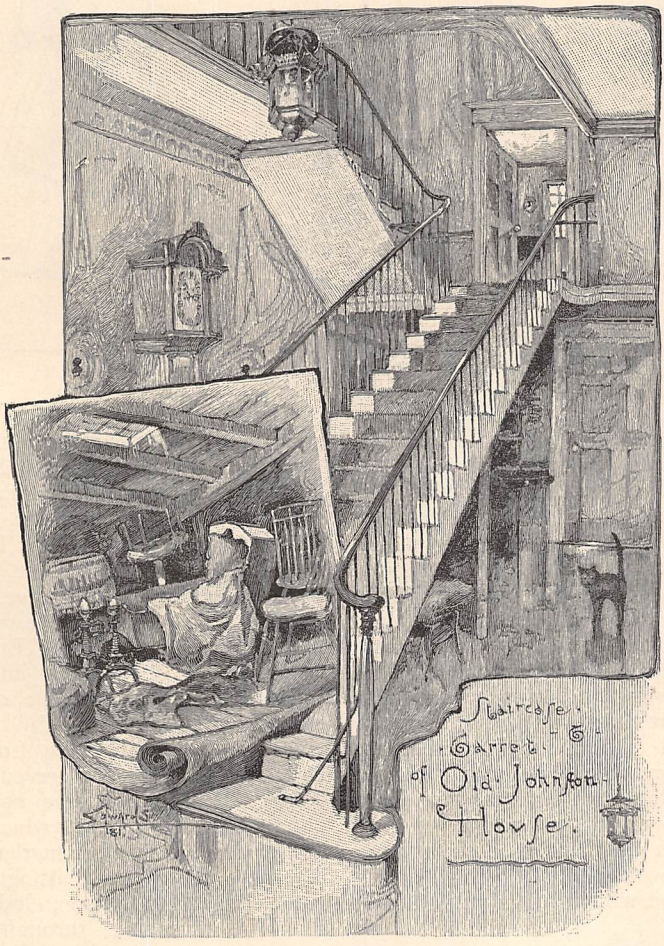
mutations. St. Castin had two sons by Dame Mathilde, Anselm and Joseph Dabadis, the former of whom succeeded to his father's estates and title. His second wife was Marie Pidiansge, by whom he had at least two daughters.

St. Castin returned to France in 1701, but he did not "come to his own again," as Longfellow, with a poet's license, has told us. He was cheated out of his inheritance, which amounted to five thousand pounds a year, the lieutenant-general of Oléron having seized it while St. Castin was dallying with the dusky women of the Tarratines. But, as the worthy baron carried home a fortune (according to the history of the period), "in good dry gold," he never came to want.

Permanent possession of the Penobscot country was taken in behalf of the English, in 1759, soon after the fall of Louisburg, by Governor Pownal, of Massachusetts. The governor built, near the mouth of the Penobscot River, at what is now known as Fort Point, a fortification which long bore his name, and which cost £4,969 7*s.* 2*d.*, according to the governor's own accurate account. Pownal went over to the eastern side of the bay and inspected the peninsula of Pentagoet, for the occupation of which there had been so much fighting and intrigue. He found the old French fort abandoned and in ruins, the descendants of the Castins having gone, none now knows whither. The worthy governor hoisted the king's colors and drank the king's health in token of the final subjection of Pentagoet to His Majesty's authority.

Under the fostering care of Governor Pownal, settlements were made at various points along the bays and shores of the Penobscot region, several families having taken sites on the peninsula of Pentagoet, or Penobscot, or Bagaduce, as the place was then variously called. During the war of the Revolution, in June, 1779, General Francis McLean, with a fleet of seven or eight sail, was sent from Halifax to take possession of Pentagoet, then known on the maps as Bagaduce, or Majabagaduce. The forces landed seven hundred strong, comprising detachments from the Seventy-fourth and Eighty-third regiments of His Britannic Majesty's foot. The precise spot at which the British disembarked is pointed out to this day. But of more account than this is the fort on the ridge above the town, in the construction of which McLean's forces were at once engaged, and which was called Fort George, in honor of the king. The seizure of Bagaduce greatly excited New England, and it was

resolved that the British must be dislodged at all hazards. An expedition, the most costly ever fitted out by the Americans during the Revolutionary war, and under the command of Brigadier-General Solomon Lovell, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, was sent to retake the place, General Dudley Saltonstall being in command of the fleet. General Peleg Wadsworth, the maternal grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was second to Lovell in command, and Lieutenant Paul Revere, whose midnight ride has since been celebrated by the poet, was in charge of the ordnance. The best account of the siege is found in the journal of General Lovell, recently published by the Weymouth Historical Society. It is sufficient to say that Saltonstall refused to go in with his ships and attack the three British war-ships then defending the harbor entrance. Wadsworth landed on Nautilus Island, which commands the mouth of the harbor, and dislodged the British. Another party was commanded by Lieutenant Moore, afterward famed as Sir John Moore, and killed at the battle of Corunna, Spain. Lovell landed at the western side of the peninsula, known as Block-house Point, under a galling fire, and, scaling a precipitous and woody bank, drove the British off and secured a foothold for his troops. Still Saltonstall would not go in and attack the British ships. Lovell's landing, of which he exultingly says, "I don't think such a landing has been made since Wolfe," was effected on the 28th of July, and it was not until August 13th that any decisive action was taken. Then the brave Lovell prepared an attack on Fort George, which had been greatly strengthened by the British during the long delay, and would possibly have carried it by assault. It was too late. As he moved, a British fleet of seven sail, carrying



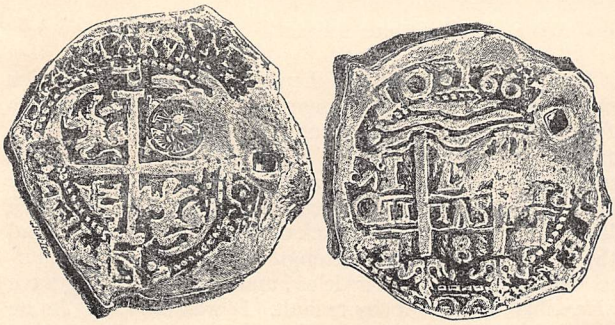
STAIRCASE AND GARRET OF OLD JOHNSTON HOUSE.



IN THE OLD DAYS.

two hundred and four guns, was descried coming up the bay to the relief of the beleaguered garrison. The attack was abandoned, and Lovell, with rare ability, successfully reëmbarked his men without loss. The American fleet got under way, but, instead of attempting a defense, Saltonstall crowded on all sail and fled up the Penobscot River. By this blunder he was in a trap where he could have been easily picked up and dispatched at leisure by the British. The American ships and transports, that had cost so much, were set on fire, run ashore, or abandoned with all sail set. The men succeeded in getting ashore, on the west bank of the Penobscot, leaving their craft to the mercies of the enemy. So great a rout was never before known in the history of the country, and the disastrous end of the expedition was long remembered with rage and bitterness by the patriots, who heard from many lips the story told by Lovell in his journal.

General Wadsworth was destined to visit Bagaduce again, and this time as a prisoner. He was captured in 1780, after a vigorous resistance, during which he was severely wounded, at his own home, near Thomaston. Brought to Fort George, he was lodged in the guard-house to await the sailing of a privateer bound for England. It was thought that he was too important a prisoner to keep on this side of the Atlantic. Joined soon afterward by Major Burton, who was also a captive from the patriot camp, and who had served under Wadsworth, the two prisoners contrived a desperate plan of escape, which they carried out under the most remarkable difficulties. The account of their cutting an aperture in the ceiling of the prison, eluding the guards, plunging through abattis, chevaux-de-frise and moat, and finally crossing the Penobscot, is one of the thrilling stories of the war. The British privateer sailed for England without General Peleg Wadsworth, and perhaps it was this lucky chance that saved to us and to the world the best beloved of American poets.

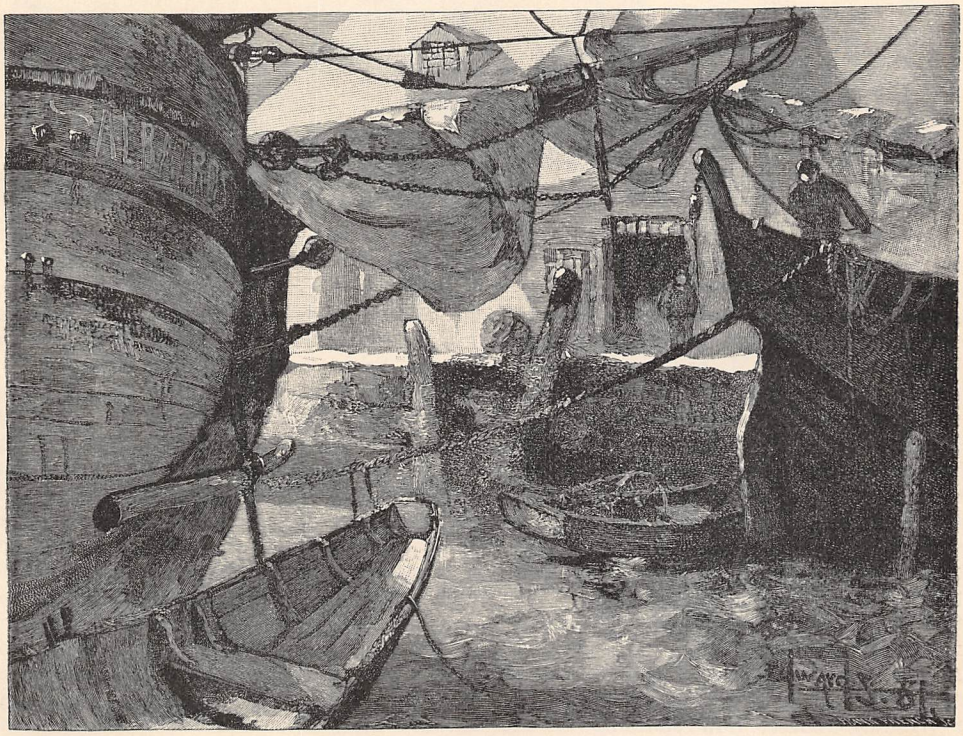


A "PIECE OF EIGHT."

The British held possession of Bagaduce until 1783, when the evacuation took place amid great rejoicings on the part of the inhabitants. A few tories were left, how-

ever, and they were commanded by proclamation from the people of the town "to depart out of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on or before the 13th day of September, 1784, or they will gain the displeasure of the Subscribers and many others of the citizens who have suffered by the war."

It was not until 1796 that the name of the Baron de St. Castin was given to the town. Previous to that date, the town had been incorporated by the General Court of Massachusetts (of which commonwealth Maine was then a district), under the title of Penobscot. The township embraced the settlement on the peninsula of Bagaduce, that on the opposite

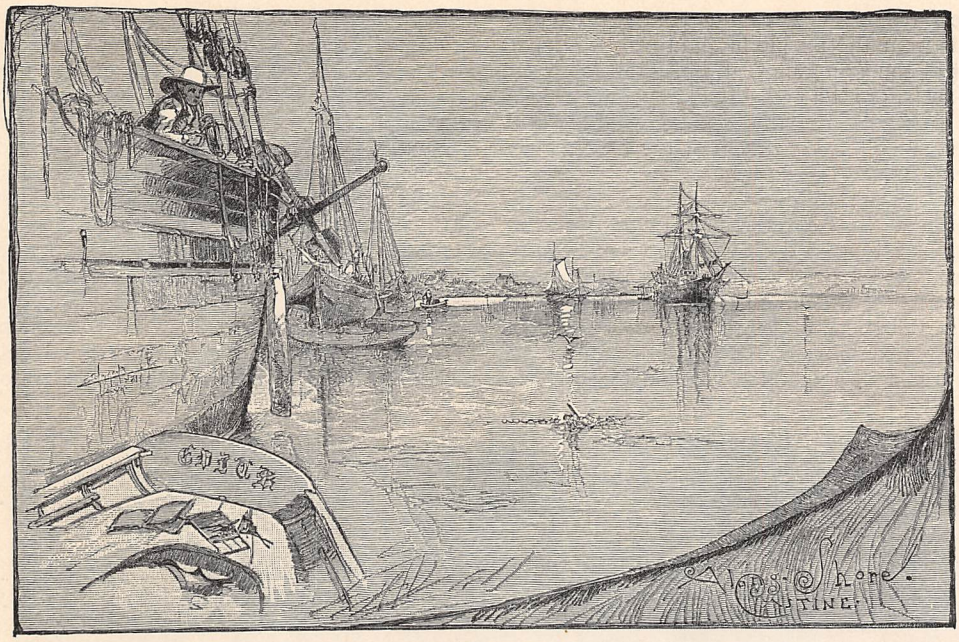


OLD WHARVES.

or eastern bank of the river, and that on the mainland, to the west and north. The settlement of the largest part of the mainland was set off in 1796 and retained the old name of Penobscot. The village of the peninsula was given its present name, Castine. Subsequently the settlement on the eastern bank of the Bagaduce was divided from Castine and was given the name of Brooksville.

As we have seen, Castine had not been without a garrison from 1630 to 1783. The peninsula is covered with the remains of fortifications, redoubts, pits for the breaking of advancing ranks of men, and other military works. Exclusive of Fort George and Fort Pentagoet, there are fourteen batteries, or earthworks, still left in a fair state of preservation, on the peninsula, and five smaller works mark landing-places that were defended. The landing in front of D'Aulney's Fort was protected by a line of oaken palisades running parallel with the shore, and closed at one end of the narrow passage. From time to time the sharpened points of these sticks of timber are dragged out of the sandy ooze in which they have been buried for so many centuries, and are made into antiquarian relics by the lucky finders. A richer find is an occasional coin picked up by some stroller whose eyes are on the historic soil rather than on the wonderful landscape that is spread around him. In 1840, about two thousand old silver coins were unearthed on a farm in Penobscot, a few miles from Castine. These were chiefly of foreign coinage, and are very curious and interesting. The dates are of the early part of the seventeenth century, and it is supposed that a deposit of treasure may have been made here by some fugitive early settler, flying before an invader.

Once more, in September, 1814, during what is now known as "the War of 1812," Castine fell into the hands of a foreign foe. A for-



ALONG SHORE.

midable expedition, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir John Sherbrooke, and with the naval contingent under the command of Rear-Admiral Griffith, was sent from Halifax against this place. Major-General Gerard Gosselin, who subsequently was in command of the town garrison, and made himself very unpopular with the citizens by his pompous ways and his overbearing conduct, was with the fleet. The troops, numbering thirty-five hundred men, were detachments from the Twenty-ninth, Sixty-second, Ninety-eighth, and Sixtieth regiments, the first-named being notorious as "The Boston Regiment," as it figured as the firing party in the Boston massacre of historic renown.

A relic of the occupation of the British was a rude drawing made on a window-pane in the Whitney House, now standing on the village common. This was a scrawl representing the American flag upside down, around which was written the contemptuous legend, "Yankee Doodle upset." No words of mine can express the satisfaction with which the townspeople, to the latest generation, have regarded this bit of empty and premature boasting. Some of the officers of the staff of General Gosselin amused themselves with carving, apparently with pocket-knives, a rude picture of a naval engagement on the smooth oaken surface of the wainscoting of a mantel-piece in the Dyer Mansion, the glorification of the British flag being the evident purpose of this bit of vandalism.

The only road out of Castine winds over a steep acclivity known as Windmill Hill, on which once stood a grist-mill. Just below the hill, going down the road leading to the main-land, and near an old battery erected by the British, is a spot that is haunted by tragic memories. Here, during the occupation of the town, six British deserters were shot. The poor fellows had managed to get as far up the river from Castine as Bucksport, twenty miles away, and, while chaffering with an American who kept the ferry at that point on the river, were induced by him to stay all night at the ferry-house. The wretch, knowing that a reward was offered for the apprehension of the deserters, sent word to the scouting party, and the men were captured in the morning, taken back to Castine, and shot. To this day the name of the faithless informer, Couliard, is held in execration by the inhabitants of the region. The date of this tragical occurrence is involved in some doubt, but it is well known that the ghosts of the betrayed soldiers reappear on the anniversary of their execution, and that the wayfarer through the pasture in which the old battery stands hears a ghostly volley of musketry, a far-off scream, and then sees six blood-stained forms pass in solemn procession into the alder bushes where the soldiers were buried.

A much more authentic ghost, however, is that of a little drummer-boy who was left imprisoned in the dungeon of Fort George, when the British evacuated Castine, after the signing of the treaty of Ghent. Forgotten in the hurry of embarkation, the lad was left to starve

to death. The dungeon was not opened until years afterward, and when the visitors explored its darkness they found the skeleton of the prisoner drooped over his dust-covered drum. Fortunately for the truth of history, the date of this tragical occurrence is fixed, and as the British evacuated the place in April, we can understand why, on the fifteenth night of each month of April, ever since, a ghostly drum-beat issues from the ruined dungeon, as if the shade of the imprisoned drummer-boy strove to attract the attention of the troops marching away from the fort to the shore.

Great was the rejoicing when the Treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814, and greater joy reigned, when, in the following February, the British evacuated the town for a second time. The overjoyed inhabitants illuminated their houses and indulged in general merry-making. During the British occupation the port was free for all imports, and the traffic of smugglers was brisk. Gold was plenty, and trade flourished, as the invaders paid good prices for whatever they bought. When this happy state of things was broken up by the peace, there were a few grumblers, doubtless, but the patriotism of the townspeople overcame all mercenary considerations.



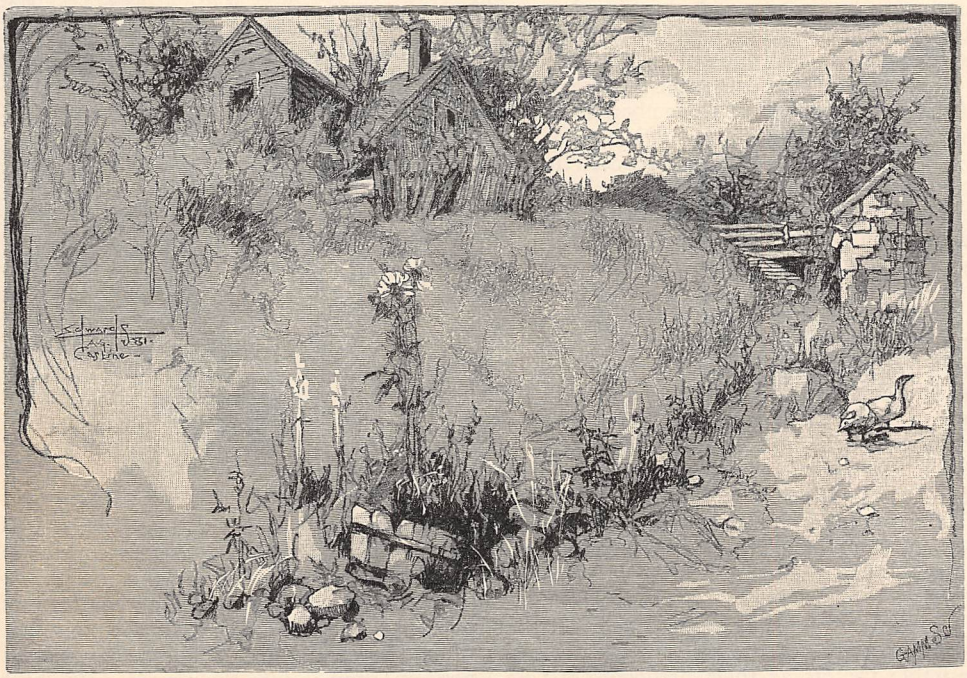
GENERAL GOSSELIN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

It was thought necessary, however, for the General Government to maintain a garrison at Castine, and so once more the town was made a military post. Fort George was occupied with regular troops, and it is recorded that these successors of the British were not such desirable visitors as their predecessors. Betwixt the soldiers and the sailors of the port there was an irrepressible conflict. The former chiefly frequented a disreputable resort known as "The Hive," near the shore of the upper part of the harbor. "Oakum Bay," the rendezvous of the sailors and fishermen, was so near this house that frequent collisions and rows kept the town in an uproar. Curiously enough, this feud between the soldiers and the men of Oakum Bay was perpetuated until long after both parties had disappeared. Even to this time, for all that I know, there has been a standing quarrel between the inhabitants of Oakum Bay and "the down-towners." Sol Douglas, a fisherman's son, was chief of the Oakum Bay army, and when an attack was to be made on the other side, this valiant leader paraded his forces on Hatch's wharf, in full sight of the attentive enemy. Having thus struck terror into the hearts of the down-towners, the cohorts of Douglas, when night fell, assailed the foe with really dangerous vigor. The roughness of the boys of that period may be surmised when I say that one is told that a favorite means of extermination adopted by the down-towners was to raise a long and heavy plank against a tall poplar tree, in the darkness of the night, and, when the enemy from Oakum Bay were in position, drop it into their ranks with crushing effect. Sports like these resulted in so many maimings and woundings that the Selectmen were finally forced to interfere.

A tranquil sleepiness has come over the old port in these later years. The decay of American shipping has taken away from Castine one of its chief industries. The wharves are well-nigh deserted save where an old vessel's repairs engage the attention of a few solitary and leisurely workers. Along the water-front there is a flavor of mild decay mingled with the odor of the ancient fishing days. For Castine was once a famous fishing port, and from these weather-beaten wharves has sailed many a fleet for the Grand Bank, Bay Chaleur, and other fishing-grounds. And many a gray slab in the burying-ground, on the hill above the town, bears the sad inscription "Lost at Sea," last token of a mother's love for the brave young sailor who had gone out from the port never to return.

The town is pervaded by a semi-foreign aroma, reminiscent of the days when the chief

business of the port was with lands beyond the seas. In the more ancient houses the visitor sees odd souvenirs of the old-time marine life of the inhabitants—queer bits of bric-à-brac brought from distant climes, curious waifs from ports frequented only by sailors and solitary explorers, and pathetic reminders of the weary watch on deck and the leisure hours in the forecastle. Along the now deserted wharves one stumbles upon

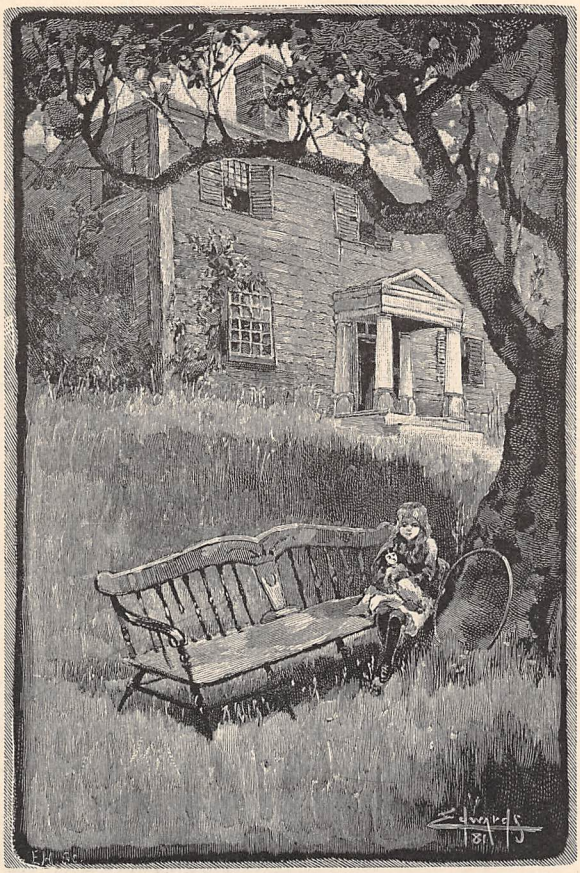


BACK FROM THE BEACH.

suggestive relics of the days of ancient grandeur when the port of Castine was a famous depot for a thriving shipping trade, and when the sound of the ship-builders' mallet on the gnarled oak mingled with the "Yo, heave ho" of the sailor. These are all gone now, and the sleepy port, basking in the summer sun, seems a lotos-land, in which it is ever afternoon.

There is a curious fascination, too, about the old place. He who comes once, comes again and again, as if, like the fabled lotos-eaters, he were ready to cry "We will no longer roam." The people of the town have been divided into two camps—those who desire summer visitors and those who set their faces as a flint against all incursions of strangers. The former are those who want to see a little life infused into the old place and who have need to turn an honest penny by taking boarders, while the latter are of the old conservative party who have secured in-comes, and who regard all of non-Castine birth as being little better than aliens and foreigners. Most of the great families of the elder days have decayed, leaving behind them but a few representatives of their renown. The pomp and glory of those old days linger only in tradition. There are those who remember when the yellow four-horse coach, with outriders, of the first United States Senator from Maine, Honorable John Holmes, used to drive grandly hither from Alfred, two hundred miles away, to bring the Senator and his family to visit his relatives in Castine. Here, too, were the kin of General Cobb, Washington's friend, counsellor, and associate. Elegant people were there in those grand old days, when Castine was reckoned an aristocratic place, and when famous men and beautiful women, who had traveled the world around, used to say that they met nowhere in the young republic finer society than this.

Like many another community removed from the stress and strain of the world's activities, Castine has a social structure that is peculiarly its own. The line betwixt the upper and the lower crust is not so sharply drawn as in the elder days, perhaps; but it is there, nevertheless. There is a great gulf fixed between the upper and the middle class, although the population of Castine is so small that either of the two divisions



OLD TILDEN HOUSE.

mentioned cannot number more than a few score. Men and women attend the same church as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers did before them, greet each other with formal courtesy on the street, and consider each other perfectly respectable, and yet would no more think of exchanging visits than of flying through the air. There is an upper, a middle, and a lower class as well defined as in an old-fashioned English borough town.

The peninsula, according to the records, was nearly equally divided betwixt Captain Joseph Perkins and Captain John Perkins, and almost all the deeds of lands run back to one or the other of these two worthies. The documents signed by Captain John Perkins, by the way, bear, over his proper name, the legend "his X-mark," much to the chagrin of members of "the Royal Family," who probably do not know that their illustrious ancestor was afflicted with a palsied hand that made necessary that sign of inability to write. It was in front of Captain Joseph Perkins's house, near the foot of Main street, that the British landed in the Revolutionary war. The family mansion bearing the name of this gentleman of the old school was built later, about one hundred years ago, and is a very good specimen of the antique gambrel-roofed habitation now so rarely met with, even in New England. There are yet standing in the village a few houses of the ante-Revolutionary period. In these days of renaissance, when eager searchers after the old and curious pervade the land, even so remote a place as Castine has suffered from the ruthless invader. Bric-à-brac hunters from the great cities have swooped down upon the place, begging permission to ransack old garrets in search of brass andirons, spinning-wheels, Washington pitchers, Dutch clocks, and the discarded paraphernalia of other generations. These forayers are held in contempt by the high-bred inhabitants, who resent the impertinence of those who have carried off, by main strength and assurance, many an heir-loom which the lawful owner would neither sell nor give away.

The human bric-à-brac, too, is becoming each year more scarce. The town is rich in traditions of queer characters whose adventures and whose racy sayings would be a mine of richness to a novelist. "Old Dave Sawyer" yet lingers to tell fortunes and chant his ditties for the rising generation as he did for the former one. But the visitor will miss old Fitts, the barber, bell-ringer, and general factotum of the village, who settled every question by lugging forth his only book, "Mackenzie's Five Thousand Receipts," that eminent authority being considered sufficient for all things. Then there was Daddy Morey, the author of "Morey's Dictionary," a work which existed wholly in the imagination of those who quoted from it, for the alleged lexicographer, a sort of "Caleb Quotem" of the town, used words of learned length and thundering sound, without the slightest idea of their meaning. But Dave Sawyer is still the poet-laureate of Castine, and, for the reasonable price of ninepence, he has been known to tell five very excellent fortunes; and for the moderate compensation of half a dollar, he will "chuck in" a few choice songs. Last summer, walking along the summits of the cliffs of Light-house Point, with an old friend, we heard, in the still summer air, the dip of oars on the sea below, and, looking over the woody margin of the cliffs, beheld Dave Sawyer lazily drifting along on the transparent water, which, sea-green and changeable blue, swam beneath his little cock-boat like another atmosphere. Descrying us far above his head, Dave paused, resisting the tide-flow with a backward stroke of his oars, and lifted up his voice in a strange, wild chant. And as he seemed to float in the glorified air, we heard some such words as these:

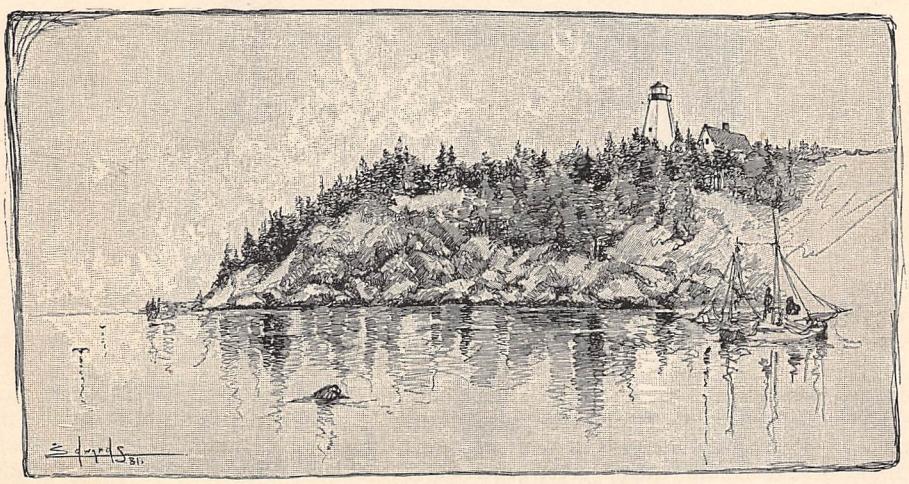
"Twas March the twentieth day,
No bread corn to be found;
We were forced to go a-codfishing
Upon the fairy ground.

When we got to Deer Island,
Our anchors we let go,
We overboard our small skiff,
And on shore did quickly go.

"We bought two quarts of rum, my boys,
Our friend-folks for to treat,
And down to Bill Morey's
And joined the drunken fleet."

There are forty verses more of this delicious ballad, all of which tell the adventures of a party of fishermen who finally resolve

"Never to go to Bill Morey's
A long time for to stay."



LIGHT-HOUSE POINT.

Of the old customs yet surviving, none is more delightful to the returning children of Castine than that of the ringing of the curfew. At nine o'clock at night, the old church-bell, which has swung in its belfry high for many a year, admonishes the villagers that it is time to extinguish lights and fires. The matin rings at seven o'clock in the morning, and the day is divided by a solemn peal at twelve, noon. Until 1817 the "meeting-house" was not warmed in winter, the families of the great being allowed the use of foot-stoves, little tin contrivances filled with live coals for the comfort of elderly ladies and invalids of the privileged class. As late as 1820, one of the members of the church was publicly excommunicated for the offense of "the selling of bull beef," and twenty years earlier, three persons were visited with the

same ecclesiastical discipline for having refused "to make public confession of sin committed before uniting with the Church." In the memory of the present writer, it was not uncommon for intentions of marriage to be proclaimed by "reading the banns of matrimony." After the morning service in the meeting-house, the town-clerk mounted a footstool, and, beseeching the attention of the congregation (every one of whom knew what was coming), read in a loud and formal manner the written proclamation of intended marriage. Subsequently, the "publishment" of intentions of matrimony was written and posted in the church vestibule, and it was delightful for the smaller boys to stand by and watch for the coming of the promised bride, who needs must pass, with averted but self-conscious looks, under the bulletin whereon her impending fate appeared.

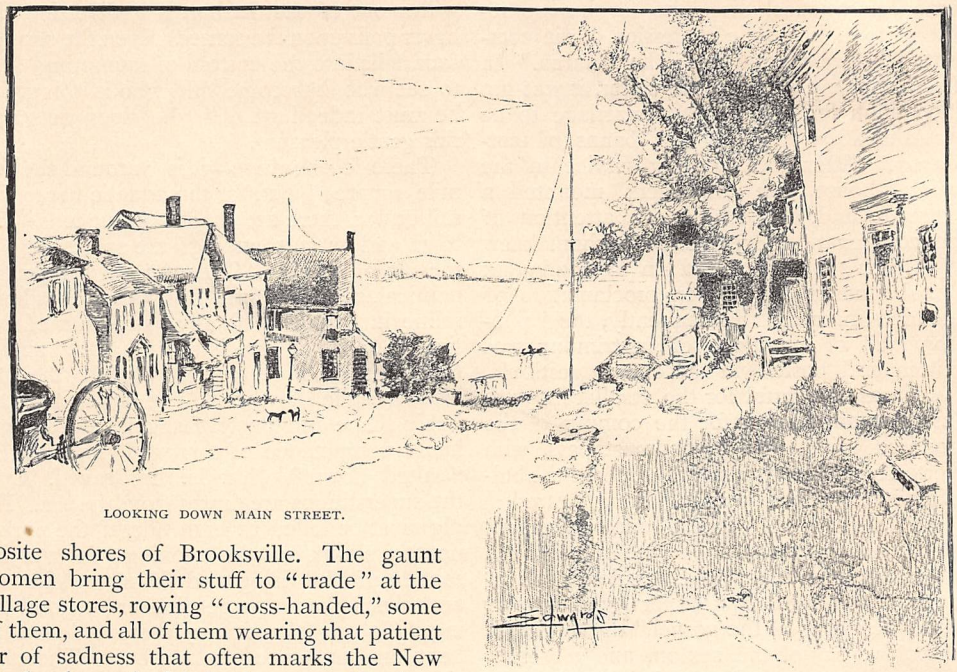
Until a very recent date, all matters ecclesiastical were regulated by a vote of the town. It was the town that voted, in solemn convocation, the money required for "the support of the preaching of the gospel," the minister's salary, the pay of the sexton, and all other incidental costs and charges, being matters for public debate. It is on record that when certain inhabitants of the peninsula, who objected to going several miles to the main-land to attend Divine worship, commenced a subscription to raise funds for an edifice nearer home, the town of Castine, in solemn assembly, resolved that it, the aforesaid town, "deems the undue and immoral measures which have been adopted by the agents of this subscription, as an insult offered to its inhabitants at large, and calculated to form a schism in their religious communion, and establish a party spirit." Nevertheless, the meeting-house was built, and the town, in consonance with the time-honored tradition and usage, assumed charge of this "immoral" establishment, and ultimately indemnified its daring projectors to the amount of its cost. To this day, the town in its corporate capacity rings the bell that has knelled the flight of the souls of many generations of sturdy New Englanders.

It does not require a great event to disturb the even current of social life in Castine. As in the old days, the coming of the daily stage down Windmill Hill, carrying the mail and heralded by a pompously blown horn, was the event of the day, so now the arrival of the steamer at the village wharf, twice a week from Portland, furnishes an occasion for a reunion of most of the leisurely inhabitants, men, women and children. To see the people come and go, to speculate upon the appearance of an infrequent stranger, and to watch the noble *Lewiston* as she glides out of the harbor, is a diversion that never palls upon the senses. Even the stranger soon falls into the custom of sauntering down to see who has come and who is going, and he must indeed be dull who does not enjoy this gentle pleasure.

There is one drive—it is "around the ten-mile square;" but, for the aquatic rover with sail or oar, there are endless excursions. The town and its surroundings are saturated with the air of the sea. The current phrases are nautical, and local figures of speech are almost saline in flavor. With any native son of Castine, to climb a tree is to "go aloft," and he for whom the sexton has tolled the bell has "weighed anchor." The door-yards are "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and he who has a competence of this world's goods has "salted down" what he has saved. Even the superstitions are drawn from the sea. The pig must be killed at high tide, if the pork is not to shrink in the cooking; the varying sounds of the rising and falling of the sea are tokens that presage disaster or good tidings. To go almost anywhere on pleasure bent, one must needs take a boat. Therefore almost everybody owns a sailing craft, and he who cannot row or sail any ordinary craft is little better than a "land-lubber" whose imperfect education unfits him for human fellowship. There is a tradition that Castine boys are born web-footed.

There are few more lovely and extended panoramas of land and water than that beheld from any one of a half-dozen points on the ridge above the village of Castine. The irregular peninsula is divided at its highest part by a sort of backbone, on one side of which the town is built; the other, which slopes to the north and westward, is mostly covered with woody pastures. Southward is the bright bay, skirted by the low blue line of Long Island, backed by the azure hills of Camden. North-westerly, the Penobscot winds around the bluffy headlands, and disappears in the distance of purple and gray-green hills. To the eastward, the quiet town, half hidden in masses of foliage and bright with old-fashioned flower-gardens, stretches to the water's edge, where a few weather-beaten craft lie sleeping at the wharves. And, around all, the beautiful bay of the Penobscot, gemmed with innumerable islands, sweeps like an enchanted sea.

One street skirts the water, and along its edge are built the few shops or "stores" required for the modest wants of the inhabitants of the region. Here one may study character in the amphibii who bring hither their slender products of fishing and farming from the islands of the bay, or from the op-

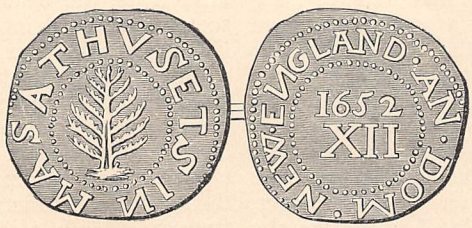


LOOKING DOWN MAIN STREET.

posite shores of Brooksville. The gaunt women bring their stuff to "trade" at the village stores, rowing "cross-handed," some of them, and all of them wearing that patient air of sadness that often marks the New England provincial for its own. Up from the stores, Main street, embowered with horse-chestnuts, maples, and elms, leads steeply to the ridge; and, cutting Main street at right angles, is the street called Court, grass-bordered and skirting the Common, a turfy mall given to common use by one of the founders of the town. Other thoroughfares branch out from this simple system of streets, and lanes and roads stray away delightfully from the center of the village and lose themselves in the sweet fields that environ the fringed and scattered groups of houses. There, on a breezy hill-top, is the village pound; beyond it the venerable burying-ground, which strangers and new-fangled people call a "cemetery." There is a hearse-house, which is a corporate care, and the town-house; and there floats the flag of our country over an ancient brick custom-house in which the records of a dead commerce are still scrupulously guarded.

Easily reached by steamer, and lying on one of the much-traveled routes to Mount Desert, Castine has, of late, attracted the covetous eyes of pleasure-seekers and yachtsmen. The old town is half-startled into a vague expectancy, as one awakening from a dream. There are many signs of summer visitors. And, since all other sources of income have dried up or dwindled, the long-despised stranger is tolerated by some and welcomed frigidly by others. It is possible that Castine will never again be the slumbrous and tranquil town that it has been. But no rude influx of strangers, no incursion of unappreciative sight-seers, can destroy for the thoughtful and well-versed reader of history the subtile charm that invests the storied peninsula. The village may be said to be overlaid with traditions. Now and again the Maine Historical Society makes a pilgrimage hither, and a local chronicler, Dr. G. A. Wheeler, has gathered, with much care and loving labor, ancient records and documents into one valuable volume, whose pages well attest that Castine is, as Dr. Holmes has said, "one of those old towns with a history."

Noah Brooks.



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

THE ACADEMIC CAREER OF EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.



THE WOOLSEY MEDAL.—OBVERSE.

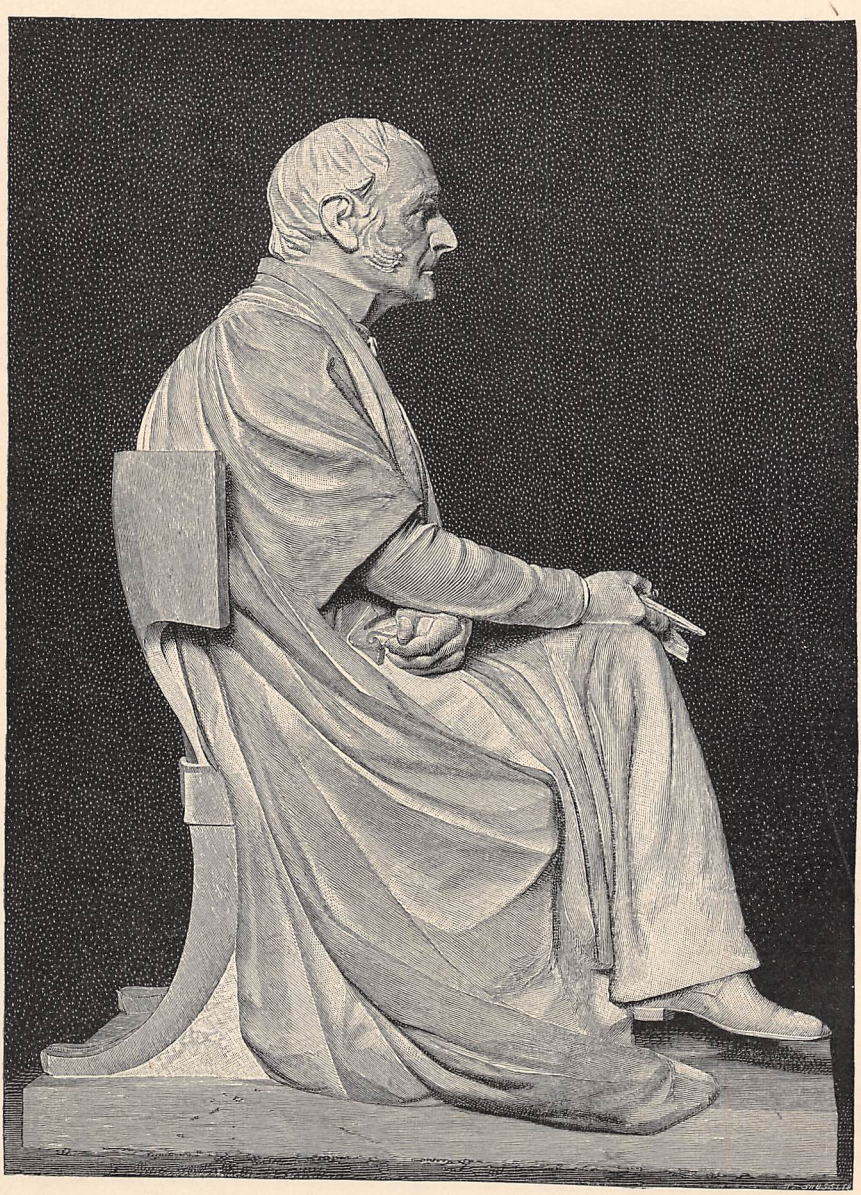
THE completion, by Dr. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, of an academic service of fifty years in official relations to Yale College, where he has been successively Professor, President, and Member of the Corporation, was chosen by the professors in the various departments of that institution as a suitable occasion for manifesting to him their reverence and esteem by the gift of a gold medal. The medal—a beautiful product of art—is the work of Chaplain, of Paris. On one side is a spirited and correct likeness of Dr. Woolsey; on the reverse side stands the inscription:

"PRÆCEPTORI SVO
PRÆCEPTORES YALENSES
MDCCCXXXI
MDCCCLXXXI."

Not all of the permanent "preceptors" or teachers now at Yale have ever been formally enrolled among his pupils, or have passed through the college either during his connection with it as an instructor or since his resignation. But there is not one who does not honor him as a "preceptor"—as an intellectual guide and example. Those of their number who have long been associated with him, whether graduates of Yale College or not, are profoundly aware of the debt which they owe to him. They prize, in a degree not easily estimated, the influences, both moral and scholastic, which have gone forth upon them during many years of intercourse with him. This unanimous appreciation of Dr. Woolsey's worth and usefulness was expressed in the felicitous address at the offering of the medal, which was read in an assembly of the professors by Professor Thomas A. Thacher, the one of them who had been longest an officer of the college, he having entered it as a pupil on the day when Dr. Woolsey was installed in the office of Professor of Greek. Professor Thacher was naturally restrained by the presence of Dr. Woolsey from the utterance of any direct or prolonged eulogy; but in adverting, as he did, in well-chosen phraseology, to the truthfulness, courage, and disinterestedness of the venerable President, which he had evinced through so extended a course of academic labor, the obviously suppressed emotion of the speaker indicated how much was held back which would gladly have found utterance, and made his reserved allusions to the virtues of his friend more expressive than any profuse encomium. The reply of Dr. Woolsey was one of characteristic simplicity. Having referred to the utter surprise with which he had received, a few days before, from Professors Newton and Packard, the information that he was to be the recipient of this honor, he spoke of the pleasure it gave him to have a



THE WOOLSEY MEDAL.—REVERSE.



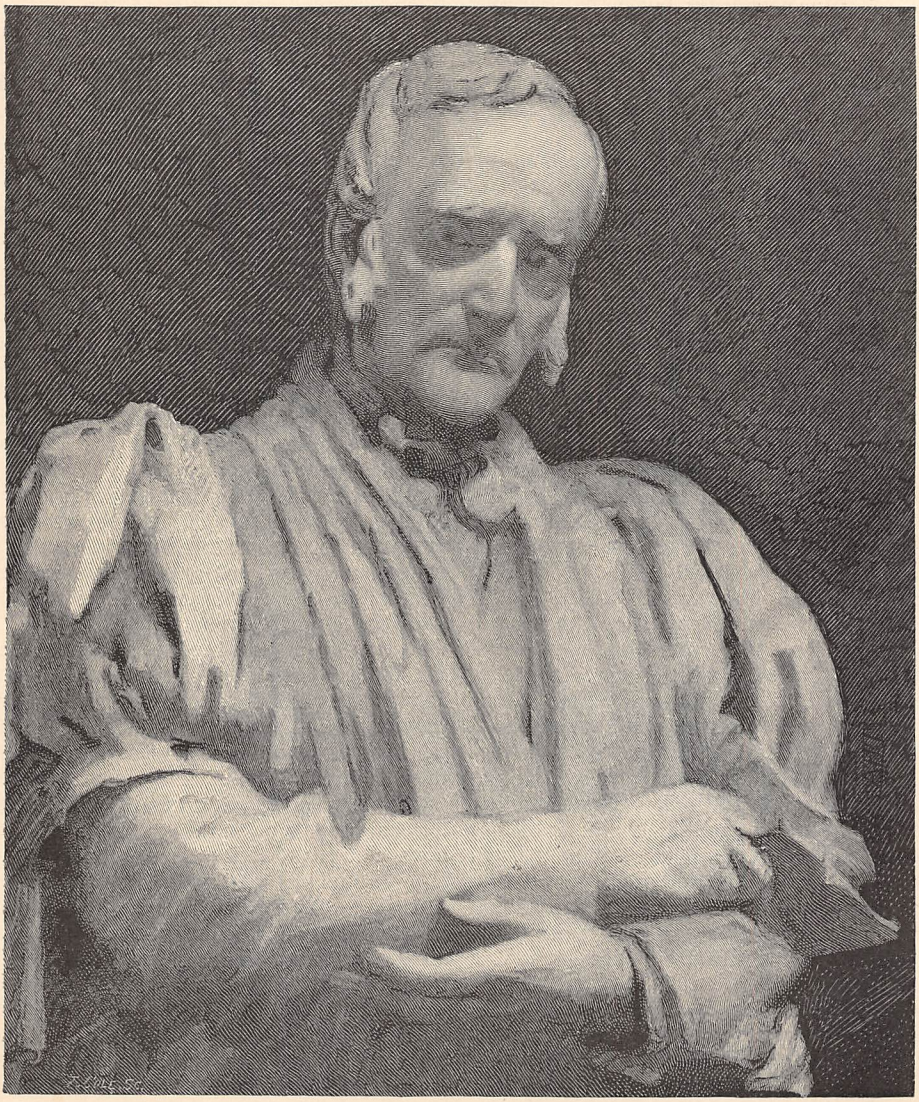
EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, OF YALE COLLEGE. ENGRAVED BY SHUSSLER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STATUE BY JOHN F. WEIR.

testimony of the approval of those with whom he had acted and who knew him best. He then reverted to circumstances relating to his early connection with the college. He was a theological student at Princeton when he was elected (in 1823) to the place of tutor in Yale, where he had been graduated in 1820. His wish was to be a minister, but he had scruples of conscience about his fitness for that profession, and the call of the college came as an audible voice of Providence, pointing out to him another path of work. The striking contrast between the Yale College of half a century ago and the Yale College of to-day was made a topic of brief remark; and the informal address of the ex-President closed with an expression of confidence in the good prospects of the college for the future, and of cordial wishes for the success of the body of professors who were gathered around him—happy to listen once more to his familiar voice.

Avoiding whatever might be thought by such as have little knowledge of Dr. Woolsey to savor of adulation, something may without impropriety be said respecting his academic career and his public services. Happily his published writings will serve as indices both of the character of his studies and of the measure and variety of his attainments. Reference to these will help to give a somewhat more impersonal quality to the observations which follow. The reader will understand that the aim is not to paint a portrait. No attempt will be made to delineate in full the characteristics either of the man, or of his work in the capacity of a teacher and author.

The drift of President Woolsey's studies and pursuits, one may think, was in some degree foreshadowed by the character of his ancestry and by his earliest associations. In childhood he had the opportunity of seeing at the table of his father, who was a prominent merchant in the city of New York, leading men of the Hamiltonian Federal school of politics. Conservative political sentiment and a practical ability for the handling of economic questions, which abstruse investigations in philology and history did not weaken, were natural to one thus born and bred. On his maternal side the lineal descendant of Jonathan Edwards, he would be likely to partake of the religious earnestness which has come down, with some notable exceptions, in this famous New England family. In his early days he listened to the animated conversation of President Dwight, his mother's brother, and to some of his eloquent and pathetic sermons; for President Dwight did not die until several months after Dr. Woolsey had entered college. So his early studies can be seen to have had an intimate bearing on the labors which he was destined afterward to perform for the country and the Church. The period which he spent at the theological school at Princeton, and the period which he passed in the law office of Charles Chauncey, in Philadelphia, may possibly have seemed to him time lost, when he found himself a Greek professor at Yale. To a superficial student these early occupations might in truth have proved fruitless. There can be no doubt that to Dr. Woolsey they were, even though not protracted according to his original purpose, periods of thorough work. They did their part in turning his reflections and researches into the channels of which the outcome is seen in the treatise on International Law, and in the important service done by him as a preacher in the college pulpit and as a translator of sacred scripture. To trace more carefully the process by which seemingly discordant threads in this instance converged to form the web of a consistent and beneficent life might be interesting; but it is impossible here to pursue the topic.

When Dr. Woolsey became tutor he was twenty-two years of age. It happened to be an era when a disorderly, mutinous spirit prevailed among the students at Yale—a period which Dr. Day, who was then president, used to designate as the "reign of terror." In his address, at the reception of the medal, Dr. Woolsey, alluding to Professor Thacher's ascription to him of uncommon courage, modestly disowned any title to this virtue, but remarked still that his experience as a tutor was the "making of him." The pluck, however, which developed itself out of the necessity of facing bands of unruly youth would never have come out if it had not been a latent natural quality. No doubt it was a tonic for a retiring young scholar to be placed in circumstances where the exercise of manly intrepidity was imperatively called for. Certain it is that unflinching courage, united, as we might expect it to be, with transparent sincerity, essentially contributed to the ascendancy which Dr. Woolsey maintained over professors and students while he held the presidency of the institution. Whether by nature, or as the result of self-training, he had no lack of the quality vulgarly termed "grit." He was never afraid of the students. He stood in no dread of a perverse public opinion. He despised mobs and the tyranny of numbers. The righteous indignation which wrong-doing excited in his soul, no matter who might be confederated in the performance of it, lifted him above cowardly considerations of expediency.



Theodore D. Woolsey

ENGRAVED BY COLE, AFTER A DRAWING BY ABBOTT THAYER OF THE BUST BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

The "Schuljahre" are followed by "Wanderjahre." But the years of travel, or rather of residence abroad (1827–1830), were mainly employed by Dr. Woolsey in study in German universities. He devoted himself chiefly to the Greek language and literature. But concentration upon a chosen branch in his case did not mean indifference to kindred studies in art, history, and general literature. Few students who have attained to distinction in certain special branches have been more catholic in their studies. Few have been more avaricious of knowledge in fields beyond the limit of their own private domain. Politics and religion, with which are inseparably involved the vital interests of mankind, could never cease to be directly or indirectly themes of thought and investigation. Professor Woolsey—he assumed the professorship of Greek in 1830—was a philologist, with a native bent for the study of languages, and with attainments, especially in Greek, which at that time were not excelled, if they were equaled, in America. His editions of four of the classic Greek tragedies, and of the Gorgias of Plato, brought before the teachers and the students of our colleges the best results of German linguistic scholarship. The notes exhibited a grammatical accuracy, combined with a critical acumen, to which American students were little accustomed. These publications did much to create a new epoch in the study of Greek on this side of the ocean. At the same time it was not in the nature of Dr. Woolsey to treat, in the spirit of a Dryasdust, the masterpieces of human genius merely as illustrative of Greek syntax and prosody; he himself felt, and he helped his readers and pupils to feel, their power. The contents of the writings of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Plato, profoundly interested his mind for the truth and beauty which belong to them, and as presenting types of thought and phases of sentiment which it is in the highest degree instructive to compare with those of Christian ages. In the Gorgias, Dr. Woolsey sympathized with that disdain of rhetorical show and sophistical adroitness which is the key-note of this wonderful dialogue. In reading his prefaces and annotations, one feels himself in contact with a scholar who is much more than a painstaking editor; with a scholar whose heart throbs in sympathy with the Socratic abhorrence of false dealing and of intellectual frivolity, and is quick to catch glimpses of that eternal truth which Christian revelation has brought more fully to light. The effect of a long study of antiquity, and of communing with the masterly productions of the Attic poets and philosophers, on a mind capable of appreciating them on every side, while yet keenly alive to the problems of immediate interest to society, it is not difficult to understand. The effect is *culture* in the broadest meaning of the term.

On the resignation of Dr. Day, in 1846, Dr. Woolsey reluctantly complied with the desire of his colleagues, and the request of the corporation, and accepted the presidency of the college. He now retired from the chair of Greek, and placed in it a scholar whom he had selected and trained for the post,—James Hadley, whose death, in 1872, just as he had reached the maturity of his powers, deprived the college and the world of a man of rare gifts and of accurate and varied learning. Dr. Woolsey himself, on becoming President, took up the branches of Modern History and International Law, to which the wants of the institution, not less than his personal predilection, attracted him. His comprehensive studies had made him no stranger to these sciences, to the further exploration of which he brought not only the advantage of a familiarity with the principal modern languages, but also the inestimable aid afforded by a thorough acquaintance, acquired by the labor of a score of years, with the history, literature, and polity of the ancient nations. The first notable fruit of his labors in this department that was given to the public was his "Introduction to the Study of International Law." The unpretending form in which this work was put forth did not prevent the legal profession, as well as historical students, from at once discerning the solid learning at the basis of it, as well as the soundness and sagacity of the comments which were interspersed in the course of the exposition. This work spread his reputation as a publicist. The successive editions which have been called for since its first publication, testify to the esteem in which it is held by competent judges in this country. Its use at Oxford is one proof of the appreciation of it abroad. In this book the author does not content himself with a bare recital of the actual state of public law, or a description of international jurisprudence as a fact; he points out the relation of agreement or antagonism in which the law of nations, as recognized and acted upon, stands to the immutable principles of justice, and suggests modifications which ought to be made in existing usages. But here extreme views are avoided. For example, while Dr. Woolsey attaches great value to arbitration as a method of adjusting differences among nations and of preventing war, he does not go so far as to hold that it is a remedy applicable to all cases, or to deny that grievances may exist which the offended party ought not to consent,

and will never be disposed to consent, to refer to an umpire.

Indicative of the general line of Dr. Woolsey's studies are the two smaller works, that on "Divorce and Divorce Legislation," and the book on "Communism and Socialism." These bear closely on evils and dangers of the times. The treatment in each case is largely historical, but the historical review only paves the way for the more intelligent consideration of practical and present duties and problems. The laxness of the legislation and of the administration of the law respecting divorce in recent times, in a number of our States, has been such that the little treatise of President Woolsey was quite timely; and an effect of it in at least one of the States, Connecticut, has been to produce an alteration, in the right direction, of the statutes relating to the subject. The collected essays on Communism and Socialism explain the different phases which the portentous movement suggested by these terms has assumed. Following this retrospect is a statement of reasons why Socialism will not be able to overthrow the present form of society. This is succeeded by a discussion of the future prospects of Socialism. In these treatises, as in his other writings, the author never indulges in declamation. There is nowhere the least effort at fine writing. The truth is plainly and dispassionately set forth, with no eloquence save that which is inseparable from earnest conviction, and with no outlay of ornament save that which is unsought. There is a force of language, at times a startling force; but it is the spontaneous outcome of intense feeling. Illustrations from nature, as well as from literary sources, are not wanting; but they are such as suggest themselves at the moment to a full mind, enriched by reading and alive to the analogies of the outer world.

The elaborate treatise of Dr. Woolsey on "Political Science, or the State Theoretically and Practically Considered," was published after his retirement from the presidency. The survey of political theories and political constitutions which it contains is marked by an amplitude of learning such as it is doubtful whether any other American writer could bring to the illustration of the subject. Through the entire work, which comprises twelve hundred large octavo pages, we find an amount of vigorous thought which is fitly matched to this masterly historical review. The length of the work is owing solely to the variety and richness of the topics; for there is no waste of words. As in all of the author's writings, there is a compact body of thought which requires the close attention of the reader. The whole discussion in the volumes referred to is pervaded by a strong sense of justice and an intolerance of all violation of natural rights, together with a spirit of conservatism as regards political institutions. The distinction between natural rights and political privileges, or the exercise of political power, is sharply drawn. Hence, the doctrine of universal suffrage is combated, and shown to have no good foundation in sound political theory. The limitations as to age, sex, etc., which are always made in defining the qualifications of voters, are a decisive proof that political expediency, and not natural right, is the implied criterion in alloting political power among the members of a community. The author considers religious establishments to be excluded by no just theory of the function of the State, and holds that they are to be condemned only when, on account of a division of opinion in religion, or for kindred reasons, they are inexpedient. The work of which we are speaking has been received with honor by professed students of the science of politics, both in America and England. But as yet it has not commanded the attention of our public men to an extent corresponding to its just claims. It can hardly be doubted that its extraordinary value will be more and more recognized. Politicians who aspire to rise above the commonplaces of political knowledge will find it a mine of thought and information. A member of Congress could not better qualify himself for his post than by reading carefully, before he enters on the function of a legislator, this noble discussion, which is elevated above the level of partisan contests, and lifts the student into the pure atmosphere of a wise political philosophy.

The method pursued by Dr. Woolsey, in the writings which have been referred to above, is that which has been adopted by German scholars, but has been slow in establishing itself among American scholars, or even in England. It is marked by the connecting of a thorough historical and critical survey of the field into which the author takes his reader, with the opinions which he himself propounds, and the arguments by which he supports them. The late Dr. Lieber remarked this German thoroughness of President Woolsey. It is the only method which gives a scientific character, the only method, at least, which is likely to secure a scientific progress to the philosophical and political branches. The new laborer begins where his predecessors left off. Instead of ignoring their work, or, perhaps, doing over again what has been accomplished before, he moves onward from a point previously gained.

On his accession to the Presidency, Dr. Woolsey was ordained as a Congregational

minister. During his administration he conducted morning worship in the chapel. "He prays as if he were used to it," was the blunt comment of a student not over-attentive to religious exercises. The most thoughtless persons could not fail to be impressed at times by the earnest and edifying character of these services. When the office of College Preacher was vacant, and occasionally while it was filled, he preached on the Lord's Day. His printed volume of discourses, entitled "The Religion of the Present and of the Future," includes a portion of the sermons delivered from time to time in the chapel pulpit. They are packed with thought—not thought wrought into scholastic forms or cast in the mold of any theological sect, but such thought as a highly educated mind, long wonted to reflection on religious themes, and imbued with a profound sense of the verities of the Gospel, might naturally produce. To say that a deep spirit of reverence and a vivid consciousness of the evil of sin and of the transcendent importance of faithfulness to religious obligations breathes in every paragraph of these sermons, at once so evangelical and so catholic, is simply to express what every one who heard them or has read them must feel. Two additional discourses on "Serving our Generation" and "God's Guidance in Youth," given just as he withdrew from the presidency, bring out in an indirect but touching manner the thoughts which were evidently suggested to him at the moment of retiring from the active work of life.

In managing the affairs of the college, President Woolsey adhered to certain maxims which had long been observed at Yale, and on which, in his address when he handed his office over to his successor, he insisted as of primary importance in the government of such an institution. One was that no person ought to be chosen into a Faculty without the assent of the body of which he is to be a member. In other words, the Professors ought to have the privilege either of nomination or of veto, with regard to the admission of new members of their corps. When this right exists, whether by explicit law or by custom, the Faculty are likely to be a united body. They will have a satisfaction in one another which will enable them to coöperate cordially and efficiently in promoting the good of the college. When, by the fiat of a board of trustees, Professors are thrust into a Faculty who are distasteful to their colleagues, mischief is almost sure to arise. Moreover, generally speaking, the Faculty are altogether more competent than anybody else, or any collection of persons, to judge of the fitness of candidates for the chairs of instruction. Of course there must be a guard against nepotism and other sorts of favoritism; but the fact that the nominations by the Faculty are made with the foresight that they must have the approval of the corporation is commonly a sufficient protection against this danger. Another principle to which President Woolsey gave his sanction was that the internal administration of the college should be left mainly in the hands of the Faculty. They make it their business to take care of the college, and men generally understand their own business better than people who are busied with other occupations. The Faculty are on the ground; they know the students personally; they are supposed to be, and, if they are fit for their places, they are, conversant with the science of education, and with their own departments in particular. The trustees take care of the funds, and, we may add, ought to be interested in their increase. They are supervisors whose concurrence is necessary in every important change. But incalculable harm has been done in many American colleges by the meddlesome temper and dictatorial disposition of overseers who take on themselves work which they are incompetent to do, interfere with Professors in their appropriate business, or treat them as hired laborers whom they can appoint, dismiss, and direct with an arbitrary freedom. Not unfrequently they commit the blunders which persons who, because they are clothed with authority, feel bound to do something, they know not exactly what, are very liable to fall into. A better system has thus far prevailed at Yale College.

The relation of the President (who at Yale is a member of the Corporation) to the Faculty is another point of much importance in the practical working of a college. President Woolsey considered that parliamentary government is the right method. He presided in the Faculty, and his opinion necessarily, both from his station and his personal qualities, carried great weight. He had by the laws of the college the reserved right to interpose a veto on the action of the Faculty. This right he very seldom, if ever, exercised. On one or two occasions the intimation that he might feel bound to deny his concurrence to measures caused them to be dropped. One of these instances may, without impropriety, be mentioned. It was proposed that the honors of the college should be awarded on a basis compounded of scholarship and correct behavior. No one set a higher value on moral qualities in a student than the President. This measure, however, he told the Faculty, would have the effect to lower

the standards of scholarship, and rather than have this done he would prefer to plant cannon before the buildings and blow them down. The mutual respect and harmonious action of the President and the Faculty of the Academical Department, or the college proper —the Faculty with which he was actively connected—conduced greatly to the prosperity and peace of the institution. Where there is a body of self-respecting Professors, there will not be a silent submission to the "one-man power," which the ancients, with whatever equity that power might be exercised, called "tyranny." Unless favored by circumstances, such as internal divisions in the Faculty which paralyze their action, a President who would play the part of an autocrat invites on himself a fate analogous to that of the "blessed martyr" of the House of Stuart, who was bent on ruling England without a parliament.

In relation to students, President Woolsey never favored petty interference with their doings, nor was he disposed to raise an issue and provoke a collision which good sense and forbearance could avert. But he believed in authority. It belonged to the Faculty and not to their classes, to govern. He never looked on the undergraduates as entitled to prescribe rules for the management of studies or of discipline. At a moment of popular excitement in college, one of the undergraduates waited on him, probably not without some fear and trembling, as the bearer of "Resolutions" from a students' meeting, but was struck with astonishment, if not dismay, when the President, not lifting his hand to receive the solemn document, said to him: "The Faculty do not receive resolutions; they receive petitions, but not resolutions,"—a reply which led to the speedy withdrawal of the alarmed deputy.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," describes the professors of his college days as he saw them later, on revisiting the chapel at Yale. After speaking of President Day, he thus delineates his successor:

> "A new man now filled his place in the President's seat; but he was one whom I had known, and been proud to know. His figure was bent and thin—the very figure that an old Flemish master would have chosen for a scholar. His eye had a kind of piercing luster, as if it had long been fixed on books; and his expression—when unrelieved by his affable smile—was that of hard midnight toil. With all his polish of mind, he was a gentleman at heart, and treated us always with a manly courtesy that is not forgotten."

There are two classes of college teachers. The one seems to be born for nothing else. They are pedagogues from center to circumference. Highly qualified they may be for their work, but it is plain that they could do nothing else. Their manners take their hue from their wonted and predestined occupation. The other class is made up of the smaller number, who were men before they were schoolmasters. They wear the impress of a larger contact with society and the world. It is evident that, even if they have not left a broader and more public arena, they would be at home elsewhere than in the recitation-room. A certain high-bred air and tone, it may be, indicates familiarity with an atmosphere more ample than that in which their daily work lies. The gentleman is not lost in the scholar. To this type, as Mr. Mitchell's brief delineation will suggest, President Woolsey belongs. From such a man the student, on leaving college, does not part. He does not look upon him as merely a companion adapted to his youthful needs. He recognizes him as a peer, a guide and example, through his whole career.

Of the special services rendered to Yale College by Dr. Woolsey while he was President; of the high ideal of scholarly and scientific excellence which he cherished, and moved all around him to cherish; of his unflagging punctuality in the performance of college work; of his self-sacrifice in taking on himself labors from which most men would consider that their position might properly exempt them; of his consuming abhorrence of false pretences; of his contempt for all ostentation in learning, and of his intolerance of everything base in conduct; of the sense of religious responsibility which was obviously the ruling sentiment in his mind, and which he did so much to communicate to the corps of teachers associated with him, it is not for us here to speak. The thousands of young men who passed through Yale College during the administration of President Woolsey, and daily met him, in the senior year, in the class-room, had before their eyes, in this critical period of life, one to whom they all looked up. They are so many witnesses to the venerableness of righteous character. The superiority which inheres in those with whom duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God," is the controlling law, they could not avoid feeling. Who can measure the value of such impressions on the minds of youth?

If there is one lesson which it is desirable to stamp indelibly on students, it is that of the supreme worth of character. They are ready enough to admire power of every sort. They are roused to enthusiasm by intellectual ability, and in particular by intellectual brilliancy. Even moral excellence may fail to engage that respect which incites to imitation, when it is associated with only a moderate endowment of talents or a slender stock of

knowledge. But when there is mental vigor and learning such as they cannot but admire, held in manifest subordination to the moral element, and leavened by a genuine spirit of justice and godliness, then are combined all the sources which tend to inspire young students with homage for the right. That which is most worthy in the soul is seen to be on the throne. The comparative worthlessness of mere dexterity of intellect, or of acquisitions of knowledge, by the side of moral rectitude, is vividly discerned.

The academic spirit it is not easy to describe in precise definitions. It is a spirit that finds itself at home in the serene atmosphere of study and contemplation. It is so far withdrawn from the turmoil of practical life that it can look upon it from an elevated point of view, and judge of it dispassionately. It is perpetually conscious that a great past lies behind, as well as a great future before, the present scene. The experiences of mankind, the analogies of history, are ever in mind as aids to the interpretation of passing phenomena. It looks below the surface of occurrences to the silent drift which the busy actors are apt to overlook. It is alien from the temper of partisans. It is self-contained and self-content. Yet the academic spirit may and should be in living sympathy with the struggles which are going forward on the public arena. It is not the spirit of a mere book-worm whom events that took place long ago excite, while with parallel events now occurring he is unconcerned. Rather, if an emergency occurs it is ready, as seen in the example of Milton or of Niebuhr, to close the volumes of which it is fond, and to mingle in the fray. The true academic spirit does not dwell in the air. It does not abide in a region aloof from the concerns of mankind in the day that now is. It brings its own contribution of light and help to the cause of human culture. Its aim is not the luxurious enjoyment of art and letters, but to do something, in its own way, for the well-being of the race. It is not too much to say, that of the academic spirit, in the best conception of it, Dr. Woolsey has been a living illustration.

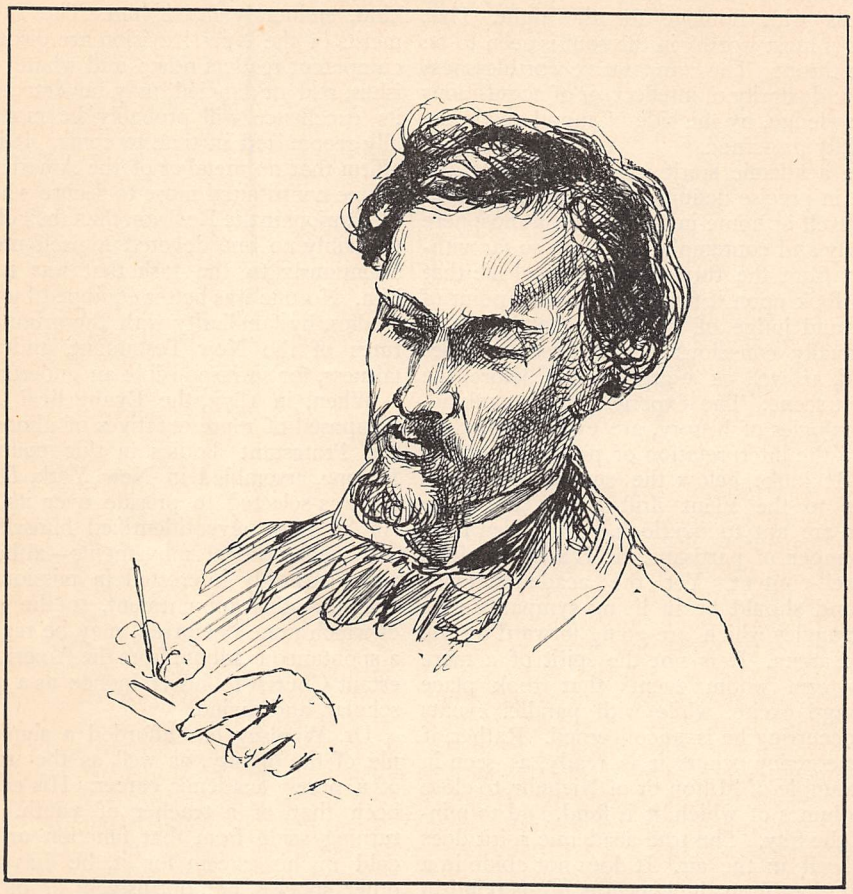
The relinquishment of the Presidency of Yale did not mean a relaxation of industry on the part of Dr. Woolsey. Release from the routine of official duty gave him ampler opportunity for the prosecution of his studies. He took his seat in the corporation of the college, which still has the benefit of his counsels. He has given one course of lectures in the Divinity School, and more than one in the Law School. His principal public labor has been in connection with the Board for the Revision of the New Testament, over which he has presided down to the completion of their work. For this task his learning and his critical acumen, not less than his relish for work of this kind, eminently fitted him. The substantial merits of the New Revision are discerned by competent readers now; and whatever blemishes, real or fancied, may be detected in it, its excellence will probably be more generally recognized in time to come. It is safe to affirm that no member of the American committee contributed more to secure whatever is meritorious in the Revision than their chairman. Certainly no one devoted himself more conscientiously to the task that was laid upon him. No one was better equipped by previous studies, by familiarity with the original Scriptures of the New Testament, and by rigid fairness, for so responsible an undertaking.

When, in 1873, the Evangelical Alliance, composed of representatives of almost all of the Protestant bodies in this country and Europe, assembled in New York, Dr. Woolsey was selected to preside over its sessions. As he had never identified himself closely with ecclesiastical movements—although always earnestly interested in missions to the heathen—this appointment, to the propriety of which none demurred, may be regarded as a spontaneous tribute from the American Protestant Church to his eminence as a publicist, scholar, and divine.

Dr. Woolsey has afforded a signal example of the dignity, as well as the usefulness, of a purely academic career. His calling has been that of a teacher of youth. Without turning aside from that function or growing cold in his esteem for it, he has acted in other spheres, not obtrusively or of his own motion, but when his services were required or the public need imperatively invoked his aid. His opinion has been sought and given to the National Government on important points in controversy with foreign powers; but he has declined flattering offers of public office. It must be a gratification to this venerable man—a man who has never stepped out of his path to conciliate any person's favor—to receive, from his former colleagues and their associates, ten years after he has withdrawn from official labor in college, the spontaneous tribute of honor and affection of which the gold medal was the token. The gift might be taken as a symbol as well as a token—the symbol of a character of so genuine a quality, a character mingled with so little dross, that its like is seldom to be seen among men.

George P. Fisher.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PEN-DRAWING, TAKEN IN 1853.)

THOSE whose privilege it was to meet the late Mr. Gabriel Rossetti at once in the plenitude of his powers and in the freshness of their own impressions, will not expect to be moved again through life by so magnetic a presence. In his dealings with those much younger than himself, his tact and influence were unequaled; he received a shy but ardent youth with such a noble courtesy, with so much sympathy yet with no condescension, with so grand an air and yet so warm a welcome, that his new acquaintance was enslaved at the first sentence. This seems to me to have been in a certain sense the key-note of the man. He was essentially a point of fire; not a peripatetic in any sense, not a person of wide circumference, but a nucleus of pure imagination, that never stirred or shifted, but scintillated in all directions. The function of Gabriel Rossetti, or at least his most obvious function, was to sit in isolation, and to have vaguely glimmering spirits presented to him for complete illumination. He was the most prompt in suggestion, the most regal in giving, the most sympathetic in response, of the men I have known or seen; and this without a single touch of the prophetic manner, the air of such professional seers as Coleridge or Carlyle. What he had to give was not mystical or abstract; it was purely concrete. His mind was full of practical artistic schemes, only a few of which were suited to his own practice in painting or poetry; the rest were at the service of whoever would come in a friendly spirit and take them. I find among

his letters to me, which I have just been reading once again, a paper of delightful suggestions about the cover of a book of verse; the next youth who waited upon him would perhaps be a painter, and would find that the great genius and master did not disdain the discussion of picture-frames. This was but the under-current of his influence; as we shall see more and more every year as the central decades of this century became history, its main stream directed the two great arts of painting and poetry into new channels, and set a score of diverse talents in motion.

But, as far as anything can be seen plainly about Rossetti at present, to me the fact of his immovability, his self-support, his curious reserve, seems to be the most interesting. He held in all things to the essential and not to the accidental; he preferred the dry grain of musk to a diluted flood of perfume. An Italian by birth and deeply moved by all things Italian, he never visited Italy; a lover of ritual and a sympathizer with all the mysteries of the Roman creed, he never joined the Catholic Church; a poet whose form and substance alike influenced almost all the men of his generation, he was more than forty years of age before he gave his verse to the public; a painter who considered the attitude of the past with more ardor and faith than almost any artist of his time, he never chose to visit the churches or galleries of Europe. It has been said, among the many absurd things which his death has provoked, that he shrank from publicity from timidity, or spurned it from ill-temper. One brilliant journalist has described him as sulking like Hector in his tent. It used to be Achilles who sulked when I was at school; but it certainly never was Gabriel Rossetti. Those who only knew him after his constitution had passed under the yoke of the drug which killed him, cannot judge of his natural reserve from that artificial and morbid reserve which embittered the last years of his life. The former was not connected with any objection to new faces or dislike of cordial society, but with the indomitable characteristic of the man, which made him give out the treasures of the spirit, and never need to receive them. So far from disliking society, it is my impression that he craved it as a necessity, although he chose to select its constituents and narrow its range.

He was born in 1828. The story of his parentage is well known, and has been told in full detail since his death. He was born in London and christened Gabriel Charles Rossetti; it was not, I am told, until he was of age to appreciate the value of the name, that he took upon himself the cognomen which his father had borne, the Dante by which the world, though not his friends, have known him. Living with his father in Charlotte street, with two sisters and a brother no less ardently trained in letters than himself, he seems to have been turned to poetry, as he was afterward sustained in it, by the interior flame. The household has been described to me by one who saw it in 1847: the father, titular professor of Italian literature, but with no professional duties, seated the live-long day, with a shade over his eyes, writing devotional or patriotic poetry in his native tongue; the girls reading Dante aloud with their rich maiden voices; Gabriel buried here in his writing, or darting round the corner of the street to the studio where he painted. From this seclusion he wrote to the friend who has kindly helped me in preparing these notes, and whose memories of the poet extend over a longer period than those of any survivor not related to him.

Mr. W. B. Scott, now so well known in more arts than one, had then but just published his first book, his mystical and transcendental poem of "The Year of the World." This seems to have fallen under Rossetti's notice, for on the 25th of November, 1847, he wrote to the author, a perfect stranger to himself, a letter of warm sympathy and acknowledgment. Mr. Scott was living in Newcastle, and instead of meeting, the young poets at first made acquaintance with each other by correspondence. Rossetti soon mentioned, of course, his own schemes and ambitions, and he sent, as a sample of his powers, his poems of "The Blessed Damozel," and "The Sister's Sleep," which he had written about eighteen months before.

Mr. Scott tells me that his first feeling on receiving these poems, written in English by an Italian boy of eighteen, was one of amazement. I cannot wonder at it. If the "Blessed Damozel," when it was published a quarter of a century later, seemed a masterpiece to those who had, in the meanwhile, read so much that was vaguely inspired by it, what must it have been in 1846? Certain pieces in Mr. Tennyson's "Poems" of 1842, and a few fragments of Mr. Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," were the only English poems which can be supposed to have given it birth, even indirectly. In its interpretation of mystical thoughts by concrete images, in its mediæval fervor and consistence of fancy, in its peculiar metrical facility, it was distinctly new—original as few poems except those by the acknowledged masters of the craft can ever be.

"The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the clear weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."

This was a strange accent in 1846. Miss Barrett and Mr. Tennyson were then the most accepted poets. Mr. Browning spoke fluently and persistently, but only to a very little circle; Mr. Horne's "Orion" and Mr. Bailey's "Festus" were the recent outcomes of Keats and Goethe; the Spasmodic School, to be presently born of much unwise study of "Festus," was still unknown; Mr. Clough, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Patmore were quite unapparent, taking form and voice in solitude; and here was a new singer, utterly unlike them all, pouring out his first notes with the precision and independence of the new-fledged thrush in the woodland chorus.

In painting the process was somewhat different. In this art, no less than in poetry, Rossetti understood at once what it was that he wished to do himself, and what he desired to see others doing; but the difficulties of technique were in his way. He had begun to write in childhood, but he had taken up design late in his youth, and he had undergone no discipline in it. At the present day, when every student has to pass a somewhat stringent examination in design, Rossetti, at eighteen could not have entered the schools of the Royal Academy. He did so, however, yet without ever advancing to the Life School. The soul of art, at this early period, interested him far more than the body, especially such a substance as he found under the presidency of Sir Martin Shee and the keepership of George Jones. Let us not forget, meanwhile, that it is easy to sneer at the incompetence of mannered old artists, and yet hard to over-estimate the value of discipline in a school, however conventional. Rossetti was too impatient to learn to draw, and this he lived to regret. His immediate associates, the young men whom he began to lead and impress, were better draughtsmen than he. His first oil picture, I believe, was a portrait of his father, now in possession of the family. But, as far as can be now made out, he did not begin to paint seriously till about January, 1848, when he persuaded another Royal Academy student, W. Holman Hunt, to take a large room close to the paternal house in Charlotte street, and make it their studio. Here Mr. Scott visited them in the early spring of that year; he describes to me the large pictures they were struggling upon, Hunt on his "Oath of Rienzi," and Rossetti on his "Girlhood of Mary Virgin." The latter was evidently at present but poorly equipped; the painting was timid and boyish, pale in tone, and with no hint or promise of that radiant color which afterward became Rossetti's main characteristic. But the feeling was identical with that in his far more accomplished early poems. The very pulse and throb of mediæval adoration pervaded the whole conception of the picture, and Mr. Scott's first impression was that, in this marvelous poet and possible painter, the new Tractarian movement had found its expositor in art. Yet this surely was no such feeble or sentimental echo as had inspired the declared Tractarian poets of eight or nine years earlier; there was nothing here that recalled such a book as the "Cherwell Water Lily" of Father Faber. This contained the genuine fleshly mysticism, bodily presentment of a spiritual idea, and intimate knowledge of mediæval sentiment without which the new religious fervor had no intellectual basis. This strong instinct for the forms of the Catholic religion, combined with no attendance on the rites of that church, fostered by no study of ecclesiastical literature or association with teachers or proselytes, but original to himself and self-supported, was at that time without doubt the feature in Rossetti's intellectual character which demands our closest attention. Nor do I believe that this passion for the physical presentation of a mystical idea was ever entirely supplanted by those other views of life and art which came to occupy his maturer mind. In his latest poems—in "Rose Mary," for instance—I see this first impulse returning upon him with more than its early fascination. In his youth, however, the mysticism was very naïve and straightforward. It was fostered by one of the very few excursions which Rossetti ever took—a tour in Belgium in October, 1849. I am told that he and the painter-friend who accompanied him were so purely devoted to the mediæval aspect of all they saw, that, in walking through the galleries, they turned away their heads in approaching modern pictures, and carefully closed their eyes while they were passing Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." In Belgium, or as the result of his tour there, Rossetti wrote several curious poems, which were so harsh and forced that he omitted them from his collection when he first published his "Poems," in 1870. One of these, which was indeed printed anonymously in the pages of the "Germ," but is quite unknown, may be given here as a curiosity. It is a "preraphaelite" poem by design. It attempts, with crude exactness, to give all those aspects of the scene

which had, up to that time, evaded the notice of poets.

"PAX VOBIS.

"'Tis of the Father Hilary.
He strove, but could not pray: so took
The darkened stair, where his feet shook
A sad, blind echo. He kept up
Slowly. 'Twas a chill sway of air
That autumn noon within the stair,
Sick, dizzy, like a turning cup.
His brain perplexed him void and thin:
He shut his eyes and felt it spin;
The obscure deafness shut him in.
He said: 'The air is calm outside.'

"He leaned unto the gallery
Where the chime keeps the night and day:
It hurt his brain—he could not pray.
He had his face upon the stone:
Deep 'twixt the narrow shafts, his eye
Passed all the roofs unto the sky
Whose grayness the wind swept along.
Close by his feet he saw it shake
With wind in pools that the rains make;
The ripple set his eyes to ache.
He said: 'Calm hath its peace outside.'

"He stood within the mystery
Girding God's blessed Eucharist:
The organ and the chaunt had ceased;
A few words paused against his ear,
Said from the altar; drawn round him,
The silence was at rest and dim.
He could not pray. The bell shook clear
And ceased. All was great awe,—the breath
Of God is near, that warranteth
Wholly the inner things of Faith.
He said: 'There is the world outside.'"

The effort here is too marked. I remember once hearing Rossetti say that he did not mind what people called him, if only they would not call him "quaint." But the fact was that, if quaintness be defined as the inability to conceal the labor of an art, there is no doubt that both his poems and his designs occasionally deserved this epithet. He was so excessively sincere an artist, so determined not to permit anything like trickiness of effect or meaningless smoothness to conceal the direct statement of an idea, that his lack of initial discipline sometimes made itself felt in a curious angular hardness. The poem which I have quoted above, and which seems to me as invaluable to the poetical student as it must be perplexing to the mere lover of poetry, is an excellent instance in point.

And now it would be necessary, if I were attempting a complete study of Gabriel Rossetti's intellectual career, to diverge into a description of what has so much exercised popular curiosity, the preraphaelite movement of 1848. But there is no reason why, in a few notes on character, I should repeat from hearsay what one of the seven brothers, Mr. William Michael Rossetti, has reported from authoritative memory. It is admitted, by him and by all who have understood the movement, that Gabriel Rossetti was the founder, and in the Shaksperian sense "begetter," of all that was done by this earnest band of young artists. One of them, Mr. Millais, was already distinguished; two others, Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Woolner, had at that time more training and technical power than he; but he was, nevertheless, the brain and soul of the enterprise. What these young men proposed was excellently propounded in the sonnet by "W. M. R.," which they prefixed to their little literary venture, the "Germ," in 1850. Plainly to think even a little thought, to express it in natural words which are native to the speaker, to paint even an insignificant object as it is, and not as the old masters or the new masters have said it should be painted, to persevere in looking at truth and at nature without the smallest prejudice for tradition, this was the whole mystery and cabal of the P. R. B. They called themselves "preraphaelite" because they found in the wings of Lippi's angels, and the columbines of Perugino's gardens that loving and exact study of minute things which gave to them a sense of sincerity, and which they missed in the breadth and ease of later work. They had no ambition to "splash as no one splashed before since great Caldasi Polidore"; but they did wish to draw a flower or a cloud so that it should be a portrait of that cloud or flower. In this ambition it would be curious to know, and I do not think that I have ever heard it stated, how far they were influenced by Mr. Ruskin and his "Modern Painters." I should not expect to find Rossetti influenced by any outside force in this any more than in other instances, but at all events Mr. Ruskin eagerly accepted the brotherhood as practical exponents of the theories he had pronounced. None of them, I think, knew him personally when he wrote the famous letter to the "Times," in 1851, defending Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt from the abuse of ignorant critics, who, he said, had failed to perceive the very principles on which these "two young men" were proceeding. Somebody wrote to him to explain that there were "three young men," and Mr. Ruskin wrote a note to Gabriel Rossetti, desiring to see his work, and thus the acquaintance of these two remarkable men commenced.

Meanwhile, although the more vigorous members of the brotherhood had shown no special sympathy for Rossetti's religious mysticism, a feebler artist, himself one of the original seven, had taken it up with embarrassing effusion. This was the late James Collinson, whose principal picture, "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," finished in 1851, produced a sort

of crisis in Rossetti's career. This painting out-mystified the mystic himself; it was simply maudlin and hysterical, though drawn with some feeling for grace, and in a very earnest spirit. Rossetti, with his strong good sense, recognized that it would be impossible ever to reach the public with art of this unmanly character, and from this time forth he began to abandon the practice of directly sacred art. Meanwhile, as is proved by two sonnets which Mr. W. B. Scott kindly permits me to print, one of them for the first time, the poet continued to dwell on that field of thought from which, as a painter, he had now shut himself out. The earlier of these sonnets, which were written in 1852, and sent to Mr. Scott at Newcastle, was published for the first time, with various alterations, in 1881:

"THE CHURCH PORCHES."

I.

"SISTER, first shake we off the dust we have
Upon our feet, lest it defile the stones
Inscriptured, covering their sacred bones
Who lie i' the aisles which keep the names they gave,
Their trust abiding round them in the grave;—
Whom painters paint with silent orisons,
And to whom sculptors pray in stone and bronze;
Their voices echo still like a spent wave.
Without here, the church-bells are but a tune,
And on the gothic church-door this hot noon
Lays all its heavy sunshine here without:
But having entered in, we shall find there
Silence, and lighted tapers, and deep prayer,
And faces of crowned angels all about.

II.

"Sister, arise: we have no more to sing,
Or say. The priest abideth as is meet
To minister. Rise up out of thy seat,
Though peradventure 'tis an irksome thing
To cross again the threshold of a king,
Where his doors stand against the evil street,
And let each step increase upon our feet
The dust we shook from them at entering.
Must we of very sooth go hence; the air,
Whose heat outside makes mist that can be seen,
Is very clear and cool where we have been.
The priest abideth ministering. Lo!
As he for service, why not we for prayer?
It is so bidden. Sister, let us go."

For some little time after abandoning the directly sacred field in painting, Rossetti seems to have passed through a disconsolate and dubious period. I am told that he worked for many months over a large picture called "Kate the Queen," from some well-known words by Mr. Browning. He made no progress with this, seemed dissatisfied with his own media, felt the weight of his lack of training, and passed, in short, through one of those downcast moods, which Shakspere has so marvelously described in "Tired with all these," and which are incident sooner or later to every man of genius. While his touch in poetry grew constantly more sure and masterly, his power as a draughtsman threatened to leave him altogether. He was to have drawn one of the frontispieces in the "Germ," but, although he toiled with a design, he could not make it "come right." At last a happy accident put him on the true track, and revealed his proper genius to himself. He began to make small drawings of poetical subjects in water-colors,—most of those which I have seen are not more than twenty inches by twelve,—over which he labored, and into which he poured his exquisite sense of color, inspired without doubt by the glass of mediæval church windows. He traveled so very little, that I do not know whether he ever saw the treasuries of radiant jewel-work which fret the gloom of Chartres or of Bourges; but if he never saw them, he divined them, and these are the only pieces of color which in the least degree suggest the drawings of this, Rossetti's second period. As far as one can gather, his method was, first, to become interpenetrated with the sentiment of some ballad or passage of emotional poetry, then, to meditate on the scene till he saw it clearly before him; then,—and this seems to have always been the difficult and tedious part,—to draw in the design, and then with triumphant ease to fill in the outlines with radiant color. He had an almost insuperable difficulty in keeping his composition within the confines of the paper upon which he worked, and at last was content to have a purely accidental limit to the design, no matter what limbs of the *dramatis personæ* were sheered away by the frame. It would not be the act of a true friend to Rossetti's memory to pretend that these drawings, of which for the next ten or fifteen years he continued to produce a great number, were without faults of a nature which any coxcomb could perceive, or without eccentricities which an untrained eye might easily mistake for faults; but this does not in the least militate against the fact that in two great departments of the painter's faculty, in imaginative sentiment and in wealth of color, they have never been surpassed. They have rarely, indeed, been equaled in the history of painting. A Rossetti drawing of this class hung with specimens of other art, ancient or modern, simply destroys them. I do not mean that it is better or worse than they are, but that it kills them as the electric light puts out a glow-worm. No other man's color will bear these points of ruby-crimson, these expanses of deep turquoise-blue, these flagrant scarlets and thunderous purples. He

paints the sleeve of a trumpeter; it is such an orange as the eye can scarce endure to look at. He paints the tiles of a chimney-corner; they are as green as the peacock's eyes in the sunshine.

The world is seldom ready to receive any new thing. These drawings of Rossetti's were scarcely noticed even by those who are habitually on the watch for fresh developments in art. But when the painter next emerges into something like publicity we find him attended by a brilliant company of younger men, all more or less influenced by his teaching and attracted by his gifts. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood had been a very ephemeral institution; in three years, or four at the most, it had ceased to exist; but its principles and the energy of its founder had left their mark on the whole world of art. In 1849 Rossetti had exhibited his picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," at the Portland Gallery, an exhibition in rivalry of the Royal Academy, which existed but a very short time. As far as I can discover he did not exhibit again in London until 1856, when he and his friends opened a collection of their pictures at 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. We would rather have seen that little gallery than see most of the show-exhibitions of Europe. In it the fine art of the Anglo-Saxon race was seen dawning again after its long and dark night. Rossetti himself was the principal exhibitor, but his two earliest colleagues, now famous painters, Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt, also contributed. And here were all the new talents whom Rossetti had attracted around him during the last seven years: Mr. Madox Brown, with his fine genius for history; Mr. J. D. Watson, with his strong mediæval affinities; Mr. Boyce, with his delicate portraiture of rustic scenes; Mr. Brett, the finest of our students of the sea; Mr. W. B. Scott himself; besides one or two others, Mr. Charles Collins, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Halliday, Mr. Martineau, whom death or adverse fortune removed before they had quite fulfilled their promise. Gabriel Rossetti contributed to this interesting and historic exhibition five or six of those marvelous drawings of which mention has just been made. "Dante's Dream," the famous vision of the 9th of June, 1290, with its counterpart, "The Anniversary of the Dream" in 1291, were the most prominent of these. A "Mary Magdalene" was perhaps the most moving and exciting. This extremely original design showed the Magdalene pursued by her lovers, but turning away from them all to seek Jesus in the house of Simon the Pharisee. The architecture in this drawing was almost childish; the wall of Simon's house is not three inches thick, and there is not room for a grown-up person on the stairs that lead to it; but the tender imagination of the whole, the sweet persuasiveness of Christ, who looks out of a window, the passion of the awakened sinner, who tears the roses out of her hair, the curious novelty of treatment in the heads and draperies, all these combine to make it one of those works the moral force and directness of which appeal to the heart at once. Perhaps the most brilliant piece of color at the Russell Place Gallery may have been Rossetti's "Blue Closet," a picture which either illustrated, or as I should rather suppose suggested, Mr. Morris's wonderful poem published two years later.

The same year that displayed him to the public already surrounded by a brilliant phalanx of painter-friends, discovered him also, to the judicious, as a center of poetic light and heat. The circumstances connected with Rosetti's visit to Oxford a little earlier than this are too recent, are fresh in the memories of too many living persons of distinction, to be discussed with propriety by one who was not present. But certain facts are public, and may be mentioned. The Oxford Union still shows around the interior of its cupola strange, shadowy frescoes, melting into nothingness, which are the work of six men of whom Rossetti was the leader. These youths had enjoyed no practical training in that particularly artificial branch of art, mural painting, and yet it seems strange that Rossetti himself, at least, should not have understood that a vehicle, such as yolk of egg mixed with vinegar, was absolutely necessary to tempera, or that it was proper, in fresco-painting, to prepare the walls, and paint in the fresh wet mortar. They used no vehicle, they fixed their colors in no coat of plaster, but they threw their ineffectual dry paint on the naked brick. The result has been that their interesting boyish efforts are now decayed beyond any chance of restoration. It is impossible, however, to ascend the gallery of the Oxford Union and examine the ghostly frescoes that are fading there, without great interest and even emotion. Of the young men who painted there under Gabriel Rossetti's eye, all have become greatly distinguished. Mr. Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Spencer Stanhope were undergraduates at Oxford. Mr. Valentine Prinsep and Mr. Arthur Hughes, I believe, were Royal Academy students who were invited down by Rossetti. Their work was naïve and queer to the last degree. It is perhaps not fair to say which one of them found so much difficulty in painting the legs of his figures that he drew an impenetrable covert

of sunflowers right across his picture, and only showed the faces of his heroes and heroines between the golden disks.

The "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," which also dates from the year 1856, is a still more notable expression of budding genius than the dome of the Oxford Union. It was edited by Mr. Godfrey Lushington, all its articles were anonymous, and it contrived to exist through twelve consecutive monthly numbers. A complete set is now rare, and the periodical itself is much less known than befits such a receptacle of pure literature. It contains three or four of Rossetti's finest poems; a great many of those extraordinary pieces, steeped in mediæval coloring, which Mr. William Morris was to collect in 1858 into his bewitching volume called "The Defense of Guenevere"; several delightful prose stories of life in the Middle Ages, also by Mr. Morris, which, like certain prose romances by Mr. Burne-Jones, have never been publicly claimed or reprinted by their author; and not a little else that was as new as it was notable. A little later Mr. William Morris's first book was dedicated "To my Friend Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Painter," and in 1860 Mr. Swinburne followed with a like inscription of his first-fruits, his tragic drama of "The Queen-Mother." Thus in the course of a little more than ten years Rossetti had become the center and sun of a galaxy of talent in poetry and painting, more brilliant perhaps than any which has ever acknowledged the beneficent sway of any one Englishman of genius.

But all this while the world outside knew nothing of the matter. One by one the younger men stepped forward on the public stage and secured the plaudits of the discerning, and ascended the slow incline of general reputation. But Rossetti remained obstinately recluse, far preferring to be the priest and confessor of genius to acting himself a public part. To this determination several outward things engaged him still further. He married quite early in life; and his wife, who was herself an artist of rare, if somewhat wild and untrained talent, bore him a son who died at birth, and then shortly after died herself. During his brief married months Rossetti had collected the MSS. of his poems, and thought to publish them; but when he lost his wife, in a paroxysm of grief he placed the sheets of his poems in her coffin, and would hear no more a suggestion of publication. In 1861 he presented the world with a very learned and beautiful anthology of early Italian poetry, and proposed as early as that year to print his original poems. It was his scheme to name the little volume "Dante in Verona, and other Poems"; but it came to nothing. About 1867 the scheme of publication again took possession of him. I have been told that a sudden sentiment of middle age, the fact that he found himself in his fortieth year, led him to conquer his scruples, and finally arrange his pieces. But he was singularly fastidious; the arrangement would never please him; the cover must be cut in brass, the paper at the sides must bear a special design. These niceties were rarer twelve years ago than they are now, and the printers fatigued him with their persistent obstinacy. It was not till early in 1870 that the "Poems" in stately form first appeared, and were hailed with a shout of admiration which was practically universal.

It was about Christmas in that same year, 1870, that he who writes these lines was first presented to Gabriel Rossetti. The impression on my mental eye is as fresh as if it had been made yesterday, instead of twelve years ago. He was a man of average height, commonly loosely clad in black, so as to give one something of the notion of an abbé; the head very full, and domed like that of Shakspere, as it was then usual to say,—to my thinking more like that of Chaucer,—in any case a head surcharged with imagination and power, strongly Italian in color and cast. The eyes were exceedingly deep-set, in cavernous sockets; they were large, and black, and full of a restless brilliance, a piercing quality which consoled the shy novice by not being stationary. Lastly, a voice of bell-like tone and sonority, a voice capable of expressing without effort every shade of emotion from rage and terror to the most sublime tenderness. I have never heard a voice so fitted for poetical effect, so purely imaginative, and yet, in its absence of rhetoric, so clear and various, as that of Gabriel Rossetti. I retain one special memory of his reading in his own studio the unfinished MS. of "Rose Mary" in 1873, which surpassed in this direction any pleasure which it has been my lot to enjoy; and on various occasions I have listened to his reading of sonnets, his own and those of others, with a sense that his intonation revealed a beauty in the form of that species of verse which it had never been seen to possess before. I have already spoken of his wonderful courtliness to a new acquaintance, his bewitching air of sympathy; on a closer intimacy this stately manner would break up into wild fits of mirth, and any sketch of Rossetti would be incomplete that did not describe his loud and infectious laughter. He lived very much apart from the every-day life of mankind, not ostentatiously, but from a genuine lack of interest in passing events. An old friend tells

me that during the French Revolution he burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England!" "Has he?" said Rossetti calmly, "What has he come for?" That certain political events, in which he saw a great symbolic significance, could move him deeply, is easily proved by such sonnets as the noble "On the Refusal of Aid between Nations," and "Czar Alexander II." But such glances out of window into the living street were rare, and formed no characteristic part of his scheme of life.

As a poet in these great years he possessed rare gifts of passionate utterance, and harmony of vision and expression. Mr. Swinburne has characterized these qualities in words which leave no later commentator the chance of distinguishing himself. But it would be totally unjust, even in so cursory and personal a sketch as this, to allow the impression to go undisputed that Rossetti preferred the external form to the inward substance of poetry. This charge was brought against him, as it has always been brought against earnest students of poetic art. I will rather quote a few words from a letter of Rossetti to me, written in 1873, when he was composing his own *magnum opus* of "Rose Mary." I have always felt them to be very salutary, none the less because it is obvious that the writer did not at all times contrive, or perhaps desire, to make them true in his own work:

> "It seems to me that all poetry, to be really enduring, is bound to be as *amusing* (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature; and I do not think that enough amusement to keep it alive can ever be got out of incidents not amounting to events, or out of traveling experiences of an ordinary kind, however agreeably, observantly, or even thoughtfully treated. I would eschew in writing all themes that are not so trenchantly individualized as to leave no margin for discursiveness."

During the last eight years of his life, Rossetti's whole being was clouded by the terrible curse of an excitable temperament—sleeplessness. To overcome this enemy, which interfered with his powers of work and concentration of thought, he accepted the treacherous aid of the new drug, chloral, which was then vaunted as perfectly harmless in its effect upon the health. The doses of chloral became more and more necessary to him, and I am told that at last they became so frequent and excessive that no case has been recorded in the annals of medicine in which one patient has taken so much, or even half so much chloral as Rossetti took. Under this unwholesome drug his constitution, originally a magnificent one, slipped unconsciously into decay, the more stealthily that the poison seemed to have no effect whatever on the powers of the victim's intellect. He painted until physical force failed him; he wrote brilliantly to the very last, and two sonnets dictated by him on his death-bed are described to me as being entirely worthy of his mature powers. There is something almost melancholy in such a proof of the superior vitality of the brain. If the mind had shared the weakness of the body, the insidious enemy might perhaps have been routed in time to secure the elastic rebound of both. But when the chloral was stoutly met at last, it was too late.

So at the age of fifty-four we have lost a man whom we should have retained, in the nature of things, for twenty years longer in the plentitude of his powers, but for a mistake in hygiene—a medical experiment. His work of inspiring the young, of projecting his fiery originality along the veins of others, was perhaps over; it is doubtful whether this can ever be continued with advantage through more than two generations. The prophet is apt at last to become a tyrant, and from this ill apotheosis Rossetti was spared. But there was no reason why he should not, for at least a score of years, have produced noble pictures and have written gorgeous poems, emphasizing a personal success which he would have extended, though he hardly could have raised it. Yet he was always a melancholy man; of late years he had become almost a solitary man. Like Charles of Austria, he had disbanded his body-guard, and had retired to the cloister. Perhaps a longer life would not have brought much enjoyment with it. But these are idle speculations, and we have rather to call to our remembrance the fact that one of the brightest and most distinguished of our race, a man whose very existence was a protest against narrowness of aim and feebleness of purpose, one of the great torch-bearers in the procession of English art, has been called from us in the prime of life, before the full significance of his genius had been properly felt. He was the contemporary of some mighty names older than his, yet there scarcely was to be found among them all a spirit more thoroughly original; and surely, when the paltry conflicts of passing taste are laid to rest forever, it will be found that this man has written his signature indelibly on one of the principal pages of the register of our intellectual history.

Edmund W. Gosse.

NINGPO AND THE BUDDHIST TEMPLES.

On a glorious afternoon, at the close of April, 1879, we drove along the broad, handsome quays of Shanghai till we reached the China Merchant Company's wharf, where we found the *Kiang Teen* about to start for Ningpo. She is an American steamer, with good accommodation for first-class passengers, and abundant space for an unlimited number of Chinamen, to whom close packing is no objection provided the fares are sufficiently low. My own cabin was roomy and luxurious, but with the first glimpse of dawn I was astir, and gladly accepted an invitation from the genial captain to share his early chocolate and take possession of a snug corner on the bridge commanding a perfect view of the Ningpo River, which we entered at daybreak, passing the Chinhai Fort, a picturesque old castle on a small hill, with a foreground of quaint junks. Thence for about sixteen miles we steamed slowly up the stream, the morning mists rising dreamily from the river and from the low, damp rice-lands and canals, and giving strange relief to the many dark hillocks which here mark ancestral graves, groups of which, in tens, twenties, hundreds, lie thickly strewn in every direction. They number, perhaps, tens of thousands, and usurp a most unfair proportion of the flat, alluvial land, which yields such rich green crops wherever the farmer ventures to cultivate. Throughout this district nearly all graves are marked by simple mounds, the picturesque horse-shoe form so common in Southern China being here unknown.

As we approached the fine old walled city of Ningpo, the principal objects which revealed themselves were buildings much larger than ordinary dwelling-houses, and having very high, pitched, thatched roofs. Of these we counted three hundred and eighty. These are ice-houses, in which, during the winter months, the ice is stored for fish-curing. It is collected day by day in layers only about half an inch thick and pounded into a solid mass. About 7 A. M. the great steamer was moored alongside the wharf. Our first hour was devoted to the shops of the wood-carvers, exquisite carving in white wood being the industry for which Ningpo is most justly celebrated. The finest of this work commands a price which, even in Europe or America, would be considered high, but the second-class carvings sell at very low figures. Picture-frames and brackets seem to be the favorite objects of manufacture. We saw one cabinet on which endless patient skill had been expended. To our eyes, however, accustomed to the rich tone of Canton black wood furniture, this pale wood was rather an unpleasant material.

Having secured bearers, and open chairs of wicker-work in preference to the closely covered, upright ones in common use, we were next carried about two miles through the city, crossing the river by a ferry, and at last reaching the English church mission, where we received most cordial welcome from the late Bishop Russell and his wife, who were most hospitable. Here, in the heart of the heathen city, and on a site which, but a few years ago, was devoted to accumulations of foulest refuse, now stands the pleasant home, with its bright little garden, fragrant with roses and orange-blossoms, and enlivened by a charming group of tiny Chinese children, with quaintly shaven heads, and in their pretty native dresses of every vivid hue. These are children of some of the native clergy and teachers, whose very small salary makes it a real boon when one of their little ones here finds a temporary home and wise and loving care. On either side of the bishop's house were his schools—that for boys in the care of a clergyman of the Church of England, while the girls' school was in the charge of an English lady, with Chinese assistants. The children, of all ages, were lodged in the school, and a brighter, more intelligent assemblage could nowhere be found. Every effort is made to save the girls from the cruel torture of foot-binding, but such is the force of a distorted public opinion that the poor children themselves, though unable to restrain the tears caused by positive suffering, often insist on enduring the pain, rather than sacrifice their vanity and incur the risk of being despised in the matrimonial market as large-footed plebeians. Facing the house was the neat church, where, on several days of the week, one of the native clergy sits for

hours, instructing such of his heathen countrymen as care to come quietly and hear his message, while the regular services are attended by a large and most reverent congregation. There are three other churches belonging to this mission in different parts of the city, and small chapels at various points in the neighborhood, the whole forming a Christian body, small indeed when compared with the vast pagan population around, but no mean harvest when viewed as the fruit of one devoted life; for, without detracting one jot from the credit due to his fellow-workers, it must be recorded that Bishop Russell has been the soul of the whole movement.

We spent a pleasant morning in Bishop Russell's home, and Miss L—— took me to see all her Chinese girls busily at work, some reading, some writing, others with large, picturesque wheels winding the silk spun by their own silk-worms, which are fed on the mulberry leaves grown in the garden. All looked bright and intelligent, and strikingly clean and tidy, their neatly dressed, glossy black hair reflecting the sunlight. The style of hair-dressing fashionable in Ningpo is not encouraged among the school-girls, and it is certainly very peculiar, and curiously unlike that of any other district in China. A woman having rolled up her own hair quite simply, purchases two enormous wings of black hair made up on wire, which she attaches to the back of her head. She also purchases a small neat fold of hair, with which she conceals the fastening. There is no attempt at deception in the wearing of this false hair; it is simply a head-dress which could not possibly be made of growing hair.

After lunch the Bishop kindly undertook to show us some of the city lions: so we once more betook us to our chairs, he escorting us on his pony. Our first visit was to the temple of the City Defenders, a large, national temple, where the municipal authorities offer solemn worship at stated festivals. Here, as in most of the military temples we visited, the objects of adoration are several huge idols of the Tartar type, with very long black mustaches. There were the usual altars, with bronze vessels for flowers, incense and candles, the quaintly carved mythological stone animals, the furnace in which are daily burnt all papers collected in the streets, and over all the coating of dirt, which, except at the great New Year purification, seems so invariable an adjunct of all Chinese temples, striking the traveler the more forcibly from contrast with the exquisite cleanliness of those in Japan. That furnace for the burning of all scraps of paper points to the strange reverence for learning which characterizes this people. As the Mahommedan carefully commits to the flame any paper on which the name of the Almighty might chance to be inscribed, that he may thus save it from possible profanation, so the Chinese honor all papers, that by so doing they may preserve any quotation from the writings of Confucius, or other classical authority, from being trampled under foot. It is therefore an act of merit either to go in person or by deputy, carrying a large basket, and therein to collect every paper which chance or house-sweeping may have deposited in the streets, and then carry these to the temple to be burnt.

We next went to the great Pagoda, a very tall white tower, but poor and naked looking, its galleries having been destroyed by fire. Either this very building, or a similar one on the same site, was built a thousand years ago. It is fourteen stories high and shows seven tiers of windows. We climbed to the top, and had an extensive view of the city, which is flat and wanting in distinct features—a flat country all around, with hills in the far distance. Descending thence, we continued our journey through the city, passing innumerable objects of artistic interest, combined with an indescribable amount of dirt. The simplest shopping expedition, to me so wearisome in other lands, here became a delight; the shop itself, with its huge, quaint sign-board, and gorgeously decked domestic shrine, and still more the glimpses of home-life in the inner court, were each a study to rejoice an artist. Only the too rapid succession of such subjects is bewildering. You are carried through the narrowest streets you can imagine, thronged with a most picturesque crowd of men and women, rich and poor, children, beggars, and street hawkers; quaint sign-boards of every sort are hung out from the shops, or rise fifteen or eighteen feet from a carved stand at the door. The shops themselves rarely have a frontage of more than ten feet, all open to the street, whence you can watch each skillful workman deftly manufacturing his wares. For here the show-room is the workshop, and the curious gaze of the passer-by in no way disturbs the artisan, who calmly proceeds with his work. We noted the exquisitely fine ivory carving, and among the articles of manufacture, strange masks and garments for the theaters; jewelry in which the gay plumage of the kingfisher is used instead of enamel; ornaments of green jade, more precious than diamonds to the ladies of the Celestial land and well-nigh as costly; fans, artificial flow-

ers, large paper umbrellas, and all manner of pretty Chinese lanterns (such as hang outside every shop or house). All kinds of cakes and sugar-plums, and savory soups and stews and biscuits are being prepared at the ovens in the open street, and there consumed by hungry passers-by. Here are street barbers hard at work, and there itinerant fish-mongers selling large cuttle-fish, and other creatures repulsive in our eyes. There is an extensive demand for a large, flat eel, so silvery white as to resemble a polished sword. We pass by flower-stalls and fruit-stalls, we see coopering and tailoring, laundry work and watch making, and shops full of handsome coffins, which dutiful children present to their living parents. Smooth-shaven men in garments of amazing cleanliness, and with glossy pig-tails down to their heels, welcome us to curio shops, where beautiful or curious objects of every sort tempt us as the same things seen in England or America never could do. We halted for some time in a street wholly devoted to the sale of carved wood furniture, and, while the good Bishop, as was his wont, engaged a group of shopmen in conversation, I explored the innermost recesses of one of the principal shops, examining especially the curious, large bedsteads, which answer all the purposes of a dressing-room, having drawers beneath the bed, and all necessary arrangements for washing and hair-dressing, so arranged as to be shut in by an outer inclosure of beautiful carved work. I have often seen these, in the sleeping-rooms of Chinese ladies, with rich hangings of colored silk and embroidery. Passing on thence, and glancing at the shops of the money-changers, and at many shops devoted only to the sale of sham silver taels, *i. e.*, large lumps of money made of paper coated with tin-foil, to be given as burnt-offerings in the temples, we came to a fine Roman Catholic church. The next place which we visited, was the beautiful Fokien temple, the approaches to which were crowded by a dense mass of people, thronging to witness a theatrical performance for the amusement of the idols.

The following day being Sunday, we attended service in the native church. In the course of long wanderings I had heard our beautiful liturgy recited in many strange tongues, to me unknown, but this was my first experience of it in Chinese, to my ear the most uncouth of all. A native clergyman preached with much earnestness, and apparently with much eloquence. His long plait of black hair hung over his surplice almost to his feet. There was a full and attentive congregation, of whom about fifty stayed for the Holy Communion; and I was told that there was quite as large an attendance at the other three native churches.

In the cool of the day we strolled out for a walk on the city wall, the one point in every Chinese city where walking is pleasant, it being removed above the crowds and filth of the densely peopled streets. The walls of Ningpo were to me especially attractive—they are quiet and old and gray, and in many places thickly covered with fragrant jessamine and wild honeysuckle. The Chinese people cannot understand what pleasure can be derived from an idle saunter, or indeed, from walking at all, and you will rarely meet a human being, except here and there a group of very untidy Tartar soldiers at their post. There is much waste ground just inside the walls of Ningpo, and in the spring-time this is green and beautiful. The path reminded me of an English lane, but the tangled roses and honeysuckle grew more luxuriantly than our wild flowers are wont to do. They veil some of the countless graves, which here as elsewhere form so prominent a feature, but their fragrance cannot conceal the horrible smells which here and there assail us, and which are wafted from the Baby towers, two of which we had to pass. These are square towers with small windows, about twelve feet from the ground, and are built to receive the bodies of such babies as die too young to have souls, and therefore do not require coffins. We passed several temples. One of these was sacred to the patron god of actors, who, though they pursue a sorely despised profession, are nevertheless a numerous body, and here have their own guild, which always combines the purposes of club, theater, and temple. We looked into one temple which was undergoing repairs, and in which all the *Boussahs* or images had little strips of pink paper pasted over their eyes. The priest explained that these are prayers to the gods to retire from the temple till it is ready to receive them again. In the meantime, the images are only images, and are not sacred. Next we halted at one of the innumerable ancestral halls, which represent so large a phase of the religious life of China. For here is offered that worship which is thought to soothe the spirits of each departed ancestor, and here are presented offerings of savory meats, on the fragrance of which the hungry dead are supposed to feast; here, too, are solemnly burnt paper effigies of horses, houses, garments and money, the smoke of which, it is believed, ascends gratefully to the unseen world, there to assume the real and useful forms which here they only represent. It



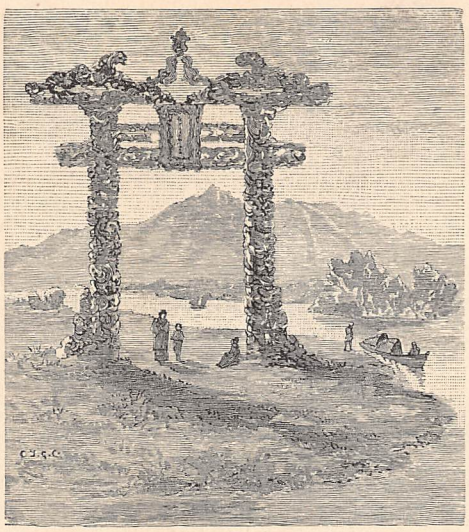
CHINESE SHOE MERCHANT.

is a strange development of that filial reverence inculcated by Confucius, and which leads to no kindliness or respect from sons to their living parents, but to a slavish dread of the dead, whose power to avenge any slight or neglect is so firmly believed in that no amount of pains and expense is spared in striving to propitiate them. This is the one article of faith common to all sects, and is inculcated alike by the Buddhist and Taoist priests, who herein find their most profitable source of revenue. Many are the masses that must be offered for the dead, and offerings made to or for them, whenever sickness or trouble, befalling the living, leads these to suspect that they have in any way offended them. This system of ancestral worship permeates the entire life of China, and makes the living literally slaves of the dead. Naturally, it is the greatest hinderance to the spread of Christianity, for strong indeed must be the convictions which can lead a Chinaman to conquer his own superstitious dread of the evils to be expected from his vengeful ancestors, and even if his own mind can rise superior to this deep-rooted belief, still he knows that in abandoning this worship, he must necessarily incur, not only the indignation of his own relatives, but the scorn and aversion of his countrymen, who believe that the neglected spirits will go forth, dealing troubles and woes on every side; spirits thus forsaken by their descendants become beggars in the unseen world, wholly dependent upon the charitable offerings which the devout periodically make by burning large sums of paper-money to be transmitted to Purgatory for their benefit.

Our first halt the next day was at an old Buddhist temple, which interested me particularly, because, on the cloud canopy of the great gilt image of Buddha, were represented seven dragons'-heads, and this was the first indication I had seen of any suggestion of that legend of the seven-headed serpent, which holds so conspicuous a place in the Buddhism of ancient India and Ceylon, where it is generally represented uprearing itself as a protecting canopy above the Buddha. At the back of this shrine we found the usual altar to the goddess of mercy, who is here represented standing on the head of a gigantic serpent, while attendants float around her on clouds—a singular counterpart of the ordinary representations of the Blessed Virgin, and one which recalled to my memory a curious little chapel we visited in a remote district of Ceylon, where the semi-Catholicized people had erected an altar to Buddha on one side and to the Madonna on the other! Passing onward, we stopped at a paper-hanger's to examine a curious picture of the Buddhist Pantheon, representing heaven, with all its multitudinous gods placed in their proper gradation. Strange, indeed, it is to find these many lords and gods incorporated with Buddhism, which in its early purity so utterly repudiated them all. In this city there



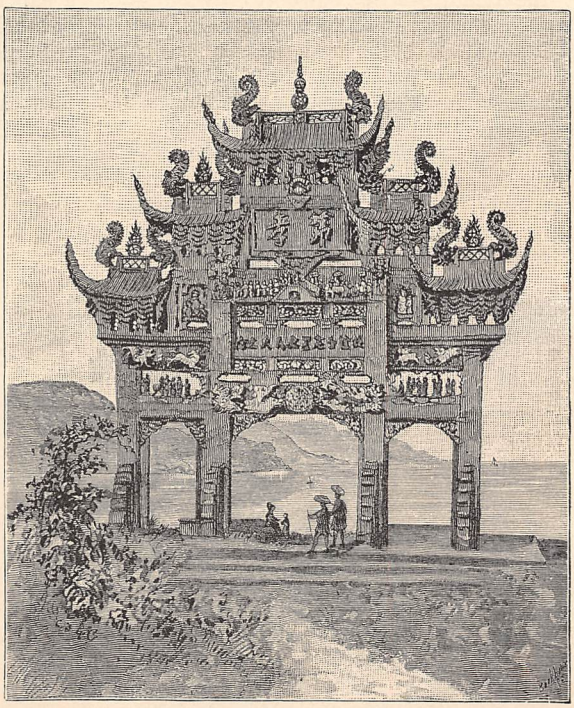
A PASSENGER BARROW.



WIDOW'S ARCH.

seems to be scarcely a house which has not a domestic altar for the god of wealth, in addition to the shrines for the kitchen god, the door god, and the family ancestors.

We passed on to the lakes, the name given to a small sheet of water in the midst of many temples. We explored two of these, one military, sacred to a deified hero, the other to the god of wealth, who is always represented as a most jovial person, seated on a couch, and immensely fat, which is the Chinese idea of prosperity. This temple was in perfect order, and evidently was in high favor. Great theatricals were held here a few days before our visit, attended by many thousand persons. On this day all was quiet, and we found only a family of women, feeding their fat silk-worms with fresh mulberry leaves, in the rooms behind the temple. On we went, through intricate streets, crossing most picturesque canal-bridges, with quaint little shrines, and totally regardless of ever-changing and most horrible odors, till we reached the temple, which was the special object of our search. It is sacred to all the gods of time,—the gods of the year, the months, the days, and the hours. All are represented with long black mustaches. The central one is seated under the triple scarlet umbrella, richly embroidered in gold and colors, which now, as in ancient days, is the highest emblem of authority. The amount of detail in one of these innumerable temples is wonderful—the multitude of small carved figures, the profusion of gilding and rich color, the various objects used in the service of the temple. One shrine, I think that of the seventh month, was almost hidden by the number of theatrical crowns hung before it, while countless strips of straw were tied to the railing. These are all *ex votos* from women who come here to pray for additions to their families. The object we had come to see was a representation of the Buddhist hells, which occupies the side court on the left hand. It was closed for repairs, but, at the Bishop's request, the attendant priests kindly opened it and revealed that strangest of incongruities, representations of spiritual beings, revealing the lath and plaster of which they are constructed, and the paint-pots to which they owe their splendor. It is one of the most striking peculiarities of the Chinese, that in their public buildings, as in their own homes, there is no system of keeping things in repair; nowhere is the theory of the stitch in time so wholly ignored. In a mandarin's home, as in these temples, no expense is spared in the first instance; but thenceforward dirt is allowed to accumulate, and decay to work quiet destruction, unchecked for years, till the whole is in a state of ruin. Then great efforts are made to raise large funds, and the whole is thoroughly repaired, and reappears in all the glory of new carving, with much gold and gaudy coloring. It is need-

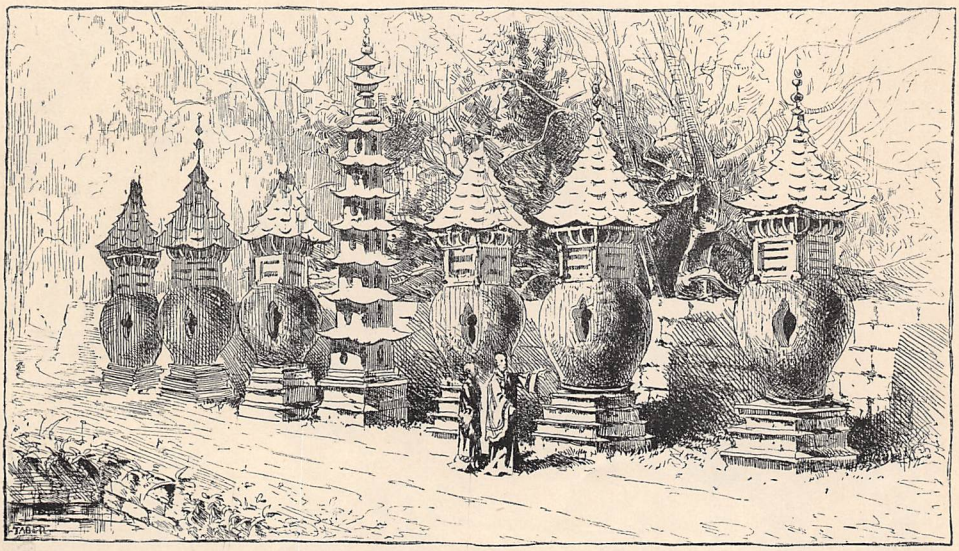


ARCH IN HONOR OF A CHINESE VIRGIN.

less to say that the chamber of horrors in which we now found ourselves was in every respect as repulsive as might be expected from artists whose ideas of punishment are derived from the tortures commonly used in Chinese courts of justice. The various penalties for every conceivable form of sin are represented by different groups of dolls, supposed to be human culprits enduring every form of torture which the ingenuity of the devils can devise. The whole is presided over by a large, repulsive figure in white, with blood streaming from eyes and nostrils, who is ever on the watch to seize the souls of the dying. Her beauty was being enhanced by a fresh coat of paint. There was no lack of material fire and devils with pitchforks, and I thought with humiliation how nearly akin to the atrocities here represented are the pictures which I have seen used by the largest division of the Christian Church, both here and in Japan, for the edification of its converts.

Our next visit was to the old Confucian temple, which stood by itself in forsaken-looking grounds, overgrown with tall grass. In front was a sheet of water, with a quaint bridge. The temple was in the usual state of semi-decay, but handsome in its severe simplicity. Like all other Confucian temples, it contained no image of any sort, the sole object of worship being the scarlet and gold tablet, which bore the name of Confucius. On the left hand were ranged the tablets of his most honored disciples, placed sideways; at the same distance on the right were those who attained to the next degree of wisdom; the third grade were on the left, farther off; the fourth at the corresponding distance on the right. Lower grades were arranged in order all along the wall, and still humbler sages occupied the outer courts, to which, on payment of given sums, even modern disciples can gain admission.

On leaving this temple we made a long expedition across the city to the West Gate, outside of which, on the very brink of the river, stood a large group of those curious



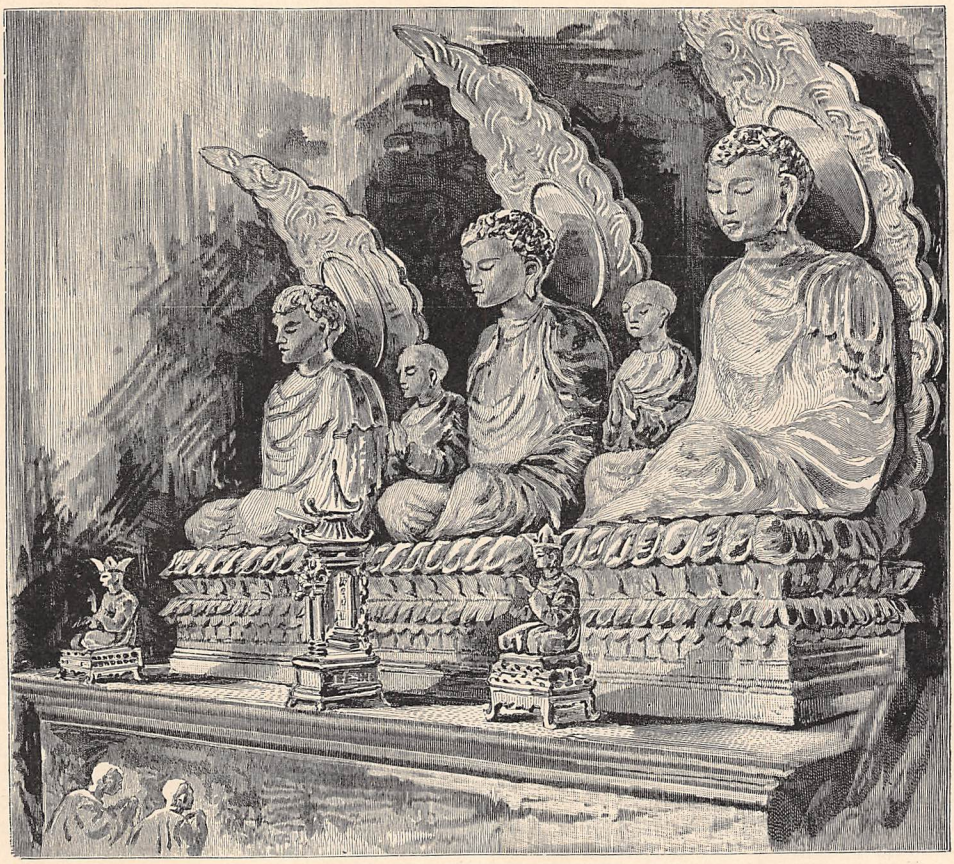
RECEPTACLES FOR ASHES FROM THE VESSELS OF INCENSE.

structures called widows' arches, which are erected by permission of the Emperor, and sometimes at very great expense, to the memory of such women as, having lost a husband in early life, have remained true to his memory; or else to virgins, whose betrothed having died, have continued unwedded to the end of their days. I had seen many fine specimens of these monuments placed singly about the country, some of them so exquisitely carved as to resemble lace-work in stone, but here were such a number placed close together that their pictorial effect was altogether destroyed.

Of the many temples which we visited none interested me more than one in which the Bishop had for many years made his humble home. This, and the adjacent courts were now rented from the gods by a Chinese tea-merchant, and we saw the baskets, boxes and ovens, where a few days later five hundred busy workers would be engaged in firing and packing, and other processes of tea preparation. On this day they were only preparing pounded indigo and gypsum in large flat baskets, to give that bloom without which tea is not marketable

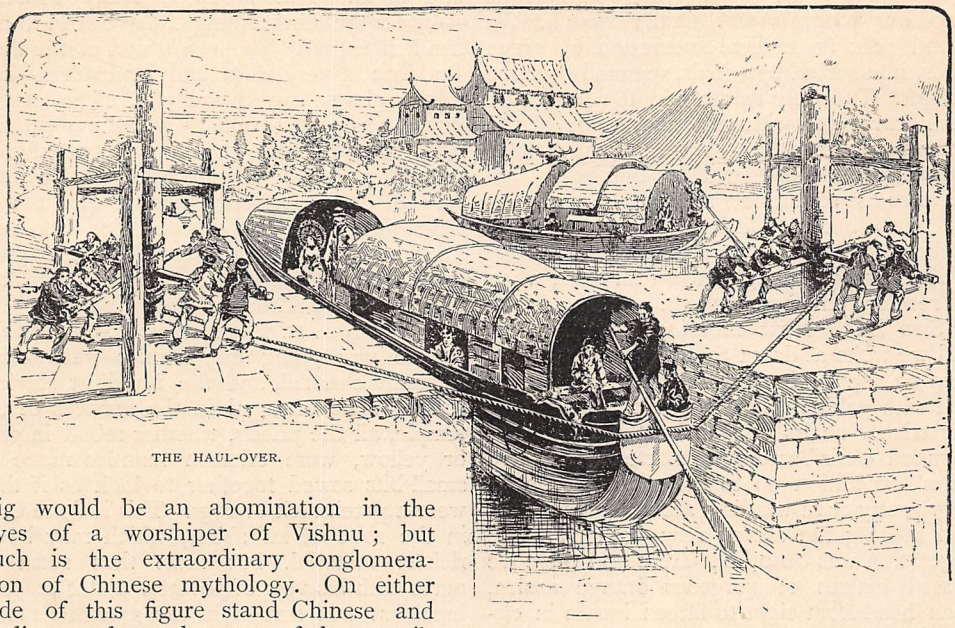
in England or America. We had watched this process frequently in other tea-firing hongs.

Close to this temple is a very celebrated one to the Thunder god, whose image occupies the central court. Another worshipful group represents the ancestor of thunder, supported on either side by his descendants, thunder and lightning, the latter holding cymbals. Immense crowds assemble here annually ox is offered, and then broken, and the worshipers scramble for the fragments with which to fertilize their fields. This temple was temporarily occupied as barracks by the City Guard, and their cannon were ranged all round the court without the slightest deference to the gods or the unlucky priests, who saw their flocks dispersed and their revenues lost. This guard was a force of



THE THREE PURE ONES.

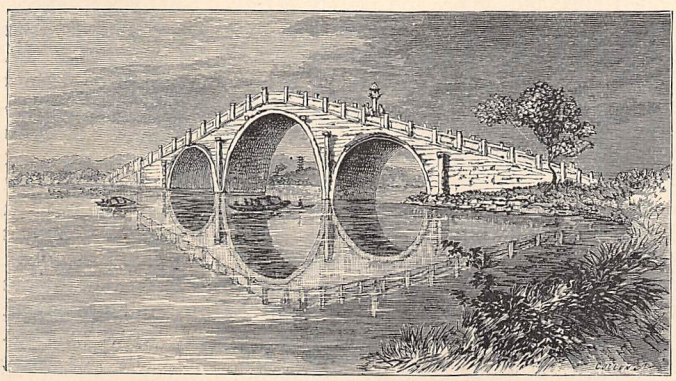
to pray for the preservation of their homes, but as the temple itself has more than once been struck by lightning, such guardianship is suggestive of the broken reed. The people are, however, very considerate for the difficulties of their deities. When the rebels captured Ningpo, the old priest of this temple fled to Mr. Russell's house for protection, which, of course, was gladly given. But the Bishop could not resist asking what the gods were doing that they did not protect their priest. The poor old man replied that they had all returned to Heaven in great alarm. In the entrance court are ranged the gods of the seasons, and here, at the spring festival, a clay about one hundred and fifty men, specially trained by English officers to assist the civic authorities to dislodge the rebel troops. They are said to have done excellent service. The officers' quarters in this temple were certainly unique, as without removing the shrines, they had converted the various chapels into most comfortable bed-rooms and sitting-rooms. Thus, a light, sunny dining-room, with luxurious arm-chairs and sofas, was presided over by a fine full-sized Goddess of Mercy, which is simply an Indian Vishnu with eight arms. Her lotus throne rests on wheels, and, strangest of all, from beneath this peep out about a dozen small pigs, carved and colored. The



THE HAUL-OVER.

pig would be an abomination in the eyes of a worshiper of Vishnu; but such is the extraordinary conglomeration of Chinese mythology. On either side of this figure stand Chinese and Indian gods, and rows of large, gilt statues are ranged on each side of the room. In the bath-room is a splendid shrine to "the Lord of Heaven and of Earth," and in another room a shrine with a very beautiful image of a goddess with a child in her arms. But, as this is meant for the worship of women only, it is concealed by a large mirror. This temple is surrounded by fine old trees, and the air is fragrant with the scent of the Pride of India, a tree somewhat like the English ash, but bearing blossoms which in appearance and scent resemble the lilac.

I had planned my visit to Ningpo at this season in order to see the wonderful masses of azaleas, which cover the neighboring hills in many places so densely as to lend them strong local coloring, making the term *rainbow-tinted* the simple expression of a fact. I found, however, that, arriving at the end of April, I was just a little too late, the flowers having been at their prime about a fortnight earlier. The point we selected to visit was a large Buddhist monastery, known as the Tien Dong or Heavenly Boy, and distant about twenty miles. Of these the first fifteen are done by water, the last five by land. Our conveyance was a house-boat of the simplest sort, an ordinary native boat with roof, forming a sleeping-room and a tiny kitchen. Having gone a short distance by river, we were next to turn into one of the innumerable canals which intersect the whole country; but, as these are on a higher level than the river, there is a singular contrivance by which boats are raised to the canal or lowered thence to the river. A sort of lock, just wide enough to admit one boat at a time, connects the two by a mud slope, the summit of which is higher than either river or canal; and on the massive stone wall on either side are placed windlasses, which, being turned simultaneously, draw up a strong rope, which is passed behind the boat, and thus raise it to the summit of the incline, whence it is allowed to slide down into the canal. As hundreds of boats sometimes pass to and fro in a day, the amount of physical labor in-



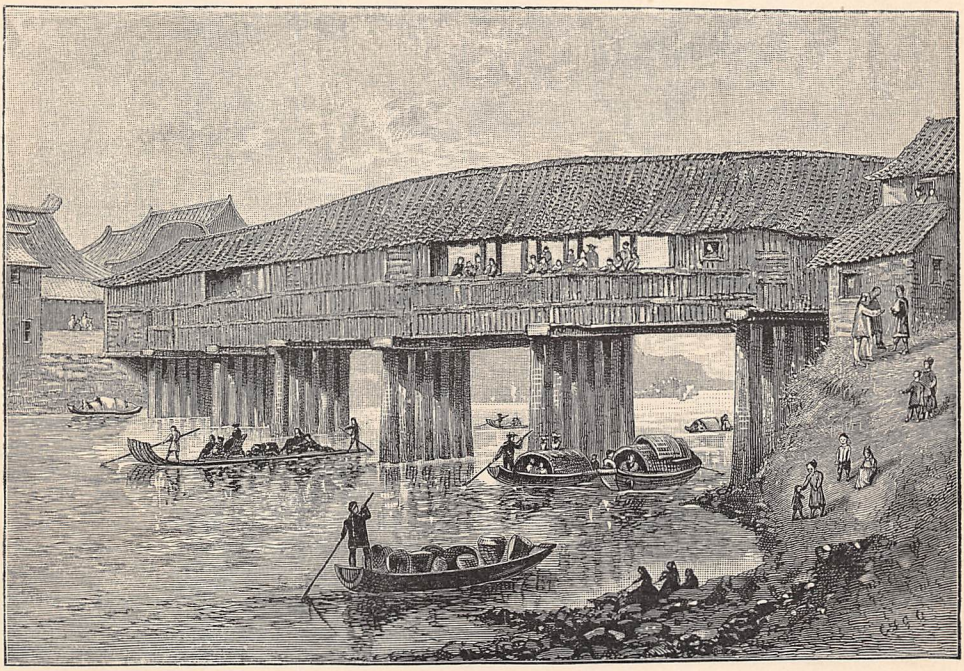
TYN-CHEE, NEAR NINGPO.

volved must be immense. Once afloat on the canal our progress was simple enough. We rowed past an endless succession of green fields, intersected by canals, spanned by stone bridges. The only features in the landscape were graves and widows' arches, some of the latter really very fine—but the graves were singularly hideous; neither the horse-shoe grave of the south, nor the simple mound of the north, but ugly little stone houses, some of them covered all over with straw matting.

Thus we quietly glided on till dark, when we reached the foot of the hills and anchored at Siao Bah. Next morning was May-day, and we woke at dawn to find abundant May dew on the fields of pink clover and banks rich with golden celandine. We had brought our wicker chairs on the boat, and, having engaged chair-bearers, we started on our five miles' expedition up to the monastery, by a very pretty road winding around green hills, and making the ascent very gradually. The vegetation was beautiful. Here and there we passed masses of gorgeous orange azalea, each head from eight to fifteen inches in circumference, and many having forty to fifty blossoms on a head. Higher up we found lilac azaleas, and a few of a delicate rose-color; also a beautiful shrub bearing masses of lilac blossom, which in the distance we mistook for azalea, but which, on closer inspection, we failed to recognize, the flowers being more wax-like and the leaves small and smooth. Our path lay sometimes through fields, sometimes through clumps of bamboo, then along avenues of fir-trees. The road for the whole distance is a paved causeway, and as we approached within about a mile of the monastery we observed a carved lotus-blossom on every twenty-ninth stone. Passing by a row of curious red and gray pillars, in which are stored the ashes from the vessels of incense, we reached the fine old monastery, with faded red walls and heavy roofs of gray thatch—all most harmonious in color, and with background of richly wooded hills, and a quiet pool in the foreground. Passing through a large outer temple containing an immense image of the fat, laughing god of Wealth, we entered an inner court, whence a flight of steps led us to the great temple, which is very fine indeed. It is a large hall, supported by great red pillars. As you enter, you face three immense gilt images of Buddhas with canopy of gold clouds. Each image is fully forty feet high, and rests on a pedestal which adds at least ten feet more. Between them are two smaller images of standing disciples, and two of the Queen of Heaven on lotus throne. All these are gilt, as are also large statues of the gods of heaven and earth. This group is really beautiful—by far the finest thing I have seen in any heathen temple. The expression of the three Buddhas is very calm and benevolent—one might almost say worshipful. The central figure was partly veiled by yellow curtains with blue dragons, hanging between great red pillars, which sounds gaudy, but was not so. On each side of the temple is a row of large gilt images of the disciples, also very fine; and all adjuncts, such as the great drum, the bell, and the sacrificial vessels, are in good taste and fine of their kind.

It was 9 A. M. when we arrived, and a full service was going on; litanies were being solemnly chanted, and the Buddhist services read. While engaged in the services of the temple, all the priests, whether robed in gray or yellow, wore crimson mantles made of small bits sewed together to look as if they were a patchwork of rags. This is done even in the robe of an abbot, which may be of richest material, but must thus seem to agree with his vow of poverty. After prayers, breakfast was served in the great refectory. The abbot, though too old to attend the services of the chief temple, continues to preside at meals, sitting at a small table apart. Just behind his chair, hanging on a nail, we remarked something like a salad fork and spoon, representing two wooden hands. A servitor brought this to the abbot after the first grace was chanted, and he thereon placed a few grains of rice from his own bowl. These the young man, first raising them toward the sun, deposited on a stone pillar outside, as an offering to the small gods—*i. e.*, such minor gods as may exist unrecognized by men. A second grace is then said, after which the hungry brethren devour their bowls of rice and vegetables in perfect silence, and, of course, with the aid of chopsticks. There were one hundred monks at this monastery, some of whom were bright, intelligent-looking men, while others were of a low, bad type, and plainly betrayed what is well-known to be the case, that many were refugees from justice, who had shaved their heads and adopted the yellow robe simply to escape from the law. They are not compelled to remain at one place, but are at liberty to come and go as they please, without reference to the abbot. They are, however, obliged when traveling to carry a document proving them to be true priests or monks, and their claim to the hospitality of any one temple must not be overstrained. We began to think that, as our coolies had not arrived with our provisions, we might as well have a monastic meal. There was no difficulty about this, as there were many Chinese visitors at the monastery,

and consequently much food was being prepared. A bright-looking young priest took us to a guest-room where an equally bright-looking boy brought us a capital dinner in several courses, all of which were entirely of vegetables; some of the preparations of corn-husk and other things tasted so exceedingly like meat or preserved fish that we found it almost impossible to believe that they were not animal food, though we knew that to pre-

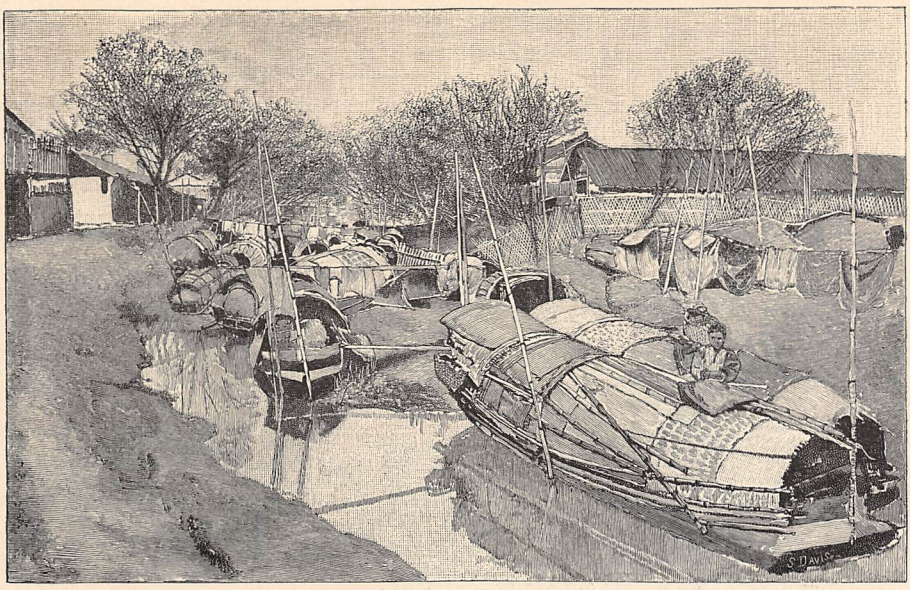


BRIDGE AT KONGKE'O.

pare such here would be an unpardonable sin. First we were offered a tray of sweets, cakes, and pea-nuts. Then a large bowl of rice and three bowls of different soups, and then nine plates of other things. We both ate a hearty meal, the food being excellent and ourselves hungry. Miss L—— directed her "boy" to pay whatever was due, and was told that the charge for a whole table at which six persons could eat abundantly, was two hundred cash—*i. e.* twenty cents! We paid sixteen cents, which was evidently satisfactory, and the pretty boy who waited on us grinned with delight when I gave him five cents! Can I give you a better proof that we had reached a spot where foreigners are almost unknown?

Still craving to see those sheets of scarlet azaleas, which we were told had, but a few days previously, caused the hills to glow with color, we started to explore the neighborhood, but failed to see them in any abundance, so rapidly does their glory bloom and fade. But there was an abundance of the magnificent orange variety and many sorts of brilliant young leaves.

Retiring to the monastery, we found our own bedding spread on two comfortable bedsteads in a quiet upstairs room, overlooking the gray roofs of the temples and monastic buildings, and commanding a fine view of the hills all around and the valley below. Many people gathered around us, and began asking Miss L—— to tell them about "the doctrine," meaning Christianity, which she did—and some of the principal women asked her to go to their room for a long, quiet talk. These people were members of wealthy families, who had come to the monastery for the express purpose of having special services for the benefit of their deceased ancestors. There were three distinct families, and each was paying sixty dollars a day (besides their expenses for lodging), and had already been staying there about a week. Great indeed are the expenses entailed on the living by the dead. In no land can the loss of a kinsman be more seriously felt. To begin with, there are heavy funeral expenses. The body must be dressed in fine new clothes, and another good suit must be burnt, as also his boots and shoes, most of his wardrobe, his bed and bedding, and the things most essential to his comfort when living, for he is sup-



BEGGAR-BOATS.

posed to require all these in the unseen world; and though paper representations are useful later, the real articles are needed for the original outfit. Then a handsome coffin is essential, and the priests must be largely paid for funeral services at the house of the deceased, and again for their services in ascertaining the lucky day for burial—while a professor of *fung shui* must also be paid, to choose the exact spot where they may safely prepare the grave so that the dead may be shielded from the evil influences which proceed from the north, and encompassed by all the good which breathes from the south. From the 10th to the 17th day after death, the priests, whether Taoist or Buddhist, hold services in the house, to protect the living from the inroads of hosts of spirits who are supposed to crowd in, in the wake of their new friend, and as all relatives and friends of the family must be entertained, as well as the priests, this is another heavy item of expense. In short, many families are often permanently impoverished, by the drain to which they are thus subjected, and which, in the form of masses for the departed and offerings at his grave or before his tablet, are certain to recur again and again. To omit them would be to incur the anger of the spiteful dead, who are now in a position to avenge themselves on the living, by inflicting all manner of sickness and suffering. Besides, if the priests know that there is any possibility of extracting money from a family by playing on their feelings, they pretend to have had revelations from the spirit-world, showing the unfortunate dead to be tortured in purgatory, and that the only means by which he can be extricated is by a fresh course of costly services in the house. The price to be paid for these is fixed at the highest sum which they judge it possible to extract—say a thousand dollars, and though the family may remonstrate, and endeavor to make a better bargain, it generally ends in their raising every possible coin, and even selling their jewels to procure the necessary sum which shall free their dead from suffering, and also secure his protection and good-will. The sums thus expended in connection with the worship of the dead are almost incredible. I heard a calculation once made by one well entitled to know what he spoke of, to the effect that fully thirty million dollars are annually expended in China at the three great festivals in honor of the dead; while, in addition to the above, by calculating the average expenditure of each family at a dollar and a half a year, he computed that fully a hundred and fifty million dollars are annually spent in quieting the spirits. If a tithe of these sums could be devoted to the relief of the loathsome and miserable beggars who, unhappily for themselves, still rank among the living, what a difference there would be in the streets of every Chinese town!

It was bright moonlight when, on our return, we reached our boat, which lay moored in a pretty reach of the river with hills all around. We started at once for the eastern lake, Tongwoo, and, though the clear moonlight on the waters was very attractive, we were so tired we betook us to our really comfortable beds. About mid-

night we reached the entrance to the lake, into which boats must be raised by windlass up a very steep "haul-over." We found the village silent as death, and great was the wrath of the locksmen at being disturbed. They turned out, growling hideously, but a present of seventy cash beyond the eighty cash due to them (the whole sum being equal to about a quarter of a dollar), restored them to beaming good-humor. Once afloat on the lake, we were able to hoist sail and speed on our way toward a village, where we anchored for the night beside a row of very pretty trees which grew right out of the water. We were wakened at daybreak by the blowing of horns on passenger-boats, and, looking forth, we beheld a blue crowd at the village open-air market, from which we got fresh fish and eggs. (Every crowd in China—men, women, and children—is emphatically blue, owing to the cheapness of indigo dye.)

After breakfast we landed and ascended a green hill behind the village, commanding a fine general view of the lakes. A considerable crowd gathered around us of rather an unpleasant sort, many of them reiterating that Miss L—— was a child-stealer, and that we were both "red-bristled"—a common epithet to describe all foreigners, but to which she replied by pointing to her own raven hair. Some of the women, however, were civil, and asked us to go to their houses to drink tea, but we preferred to climb a higher hill, passing through masses of white roses. On our descent the crowd again gathered densely around us, and some of the children threw stones at us; so I was not sorry to get safely back to the boat.

We sculled against the wind (to the head of the lake), a nasty, sickening motion, and, landing at a large and unusually filthy village, walked right across it, escorted by a very disagreeable mob, till we came to the house of the native catechist, a fine old man, one of Bishop Russell's converts, who determined to devote the evening of his days to endeavoring to spread the truth in these dark places. A little band of six Christians are all he can number as yet, and now the old man has had a touch of paralysis, which threatens to stop his work; but who can prophesy how widely this little root of good may ramify? I felt special interest in our visit to this infant church, remembering how short a time it is since not only in the district of Ningpo, but throughout the length and breadth of China, the Protestant missions had failed to make one convert. Now, though the name of Christian is still a term of reproach, there are in China upward of fifteen thousand regular communicants, belonging to all denominations of the Reformed Church. The old catechist, who was greatly rejoiced to see us, welcomed us to his humble home; we sat in a tiny room fitted with benches, in which he holds his little meetings. About half a dozen women (not Christians) had the courage, or curiosity, to come in for a talk with Miss L——, while I tried to make friends with one or two girls, who were evidently horribly frightened at us, the propensities of the barbarian women for child-stealing being a favorite theme of the people. Such a mob had followed us to the house that I felt thankful that the bolts of the door were secure, and that the window was guarded by strong iron bars. As it was, the light was darkened by a pyramid of hideous faces which stared in upon us, as if we were strange animals in a cage. Our walk back to the boat was not pleasant, the children howling at us; but Miss L——'s perfect knowledge of the language and its curious idioms enabled her to enlist the sympathies of some of the more respectable members of the community. She appealed to one old patriarch by the length of his mustaches. "Sir," she said, "your mustaches are of great length! Can you not desire these children to cease from molesting us?" The appeal was successful, and we were allowed to proceed in comparative peace, though the temptation to send a shower of stones as our boat pushed off was irresistible. This did not seem a promising field for a clergyman to undertake, but the Bishop told me that, having now established similar beginnings in most of the villages in the lake district, he purposed, very shortly, building a central church at which these tiny scattered congregations might meet, and so strengthen one another.

A favoring breeze enabled us to sail all the way down the lake, and (having been windlassed across the haul-over) even down the canals. The latter, however, was most tedious work, as we had to pass under fifteen bridges, taking down, not only our sail, but the heavy mast, every time, and as it occupied the front of the boat we were kept close prisoners. The sun had set before we reached the Ningpo haul-over, and as there were an immense number of boats waiting their turn to be lowered into the river, we left ours to its fate, and, hiring chair-bearers, soon found ourselves back in the Bishop's hospitable home.

After one day's rest we again started to explore the so-called Snowy Valley, famous for its beauty, but chiefly for its wealth of azaleas. This time a third lady accompanied us. We had two house-boats,

and started in the evening, in the mellow light of a full moon, which made the river beautiful. Toward morning we reached Kongke'o, about twenty miles from Ningpo, and anchored just above an extraordinary bridge supported on single upright stones. It was covered in and thatched, and had shops at either end. The people here were extremely civil, thanks to the humanizing influence of the American mission, which has had a station here for some years, and a neat church. After early breakfast we started in chairs, with six luggage coolies and two servants, on a further expedition of twenty miles to the Snowy Valley. Our route lay through a pretty country, chiefly agricultural. The people were planting their rice, which being first sown in one thick mass, is thence transplanted, when a few inches high, to the large fields. I can fancy no more unpleasant task than rice-culture in all its stages, as it involves standing up to the knees in soft mud, and usually inhaling a damp miasma. But to the mere spectator the exquisite green of growing rice is a delight to the eye unequaled by any other crop, and the curious methods of irrigation are also a source of interest. The commonest is an endless chain of buckets, or a simple water-wheel, made to raise the water by means of a windlass turned by bullocks, these being driven by quite small and most picturesque children. Poorer people have to resort to the more toilsome method of standing, one on each side of the canal, and thence swinging the water on their fields in large, closely-woven baskets. Again we passed by fields of pink clover and banks of yellow buttercups, and were sorely tantalized by the abundance of a scarlet berry, in appearance exactly like a luscious strawberry, but tasting only like sand. There were masses of wild roses, and the trees in some places were festooned with fragrant jessamine. We halted at two temples, each with excellent wood-carving. In one there were about fifty most delicately carved large panels, each of which was a really artistic picture in wood. We halted for luncheon on a grassy knoll under a group of pleasant shady trees; but of course a crowd came to gaze at us,—not uncivilly, however. Ascending the valley, we were rejoiced at finding large quantities of true white hawthorn of the greatest beauty. There were also masses of the rich orange azalea, but the crimson was fading and the lilac all dead. Our destination was the Shih-doze monastery, that is, "The Head of Snow," a very old gray-and-red building in a ruinous condition. The temple was dilapidated and the images were hideous. Only eight priests remained, and altogether it struck us unfavorably after the well-appointed monastery we had last visited. We secured a most rickety, tumble-down bed-room, in which, however, there were chairs and a table, and wooden boards on trestles to act as bedsteads, and as we had brought our own bedding, brass wash-basin, and food, we soon made ourselves comfortable, while the flowers we had gathered by the way answered all purposes of decoration. Within a quarter of a mile of the monastery there was a fine waterfall, over sheer crags, and here we spent some hours reveling in the banks of azalea. We were awakened about two A. M. by the tolling of a very rich-toned bell, followed by the beating of the great temple drum. It sounded very solemn in the stillness of the night, and when the chanting began, interest overcame weariness, and, remembering that it was the feast of the full moon, we determined to go down. So, making our way through the monastic kitchen and along tumble-down passages, we slipped quietly into the temple, where the eight priests were holding services in full dress, having the mantle fastened on the left breast by a large ring and hook of jade (or an imitation thereof). One beat the scarlet skull-shaped drum, one knelt apart, the other six walked round and round in a sunwise circle, repeating some sacred sentence. Then all knelt and prostrated themselves again and again most solemnly. The only light in the temple was that one which is ever burning before the altar, and which revealed the great images so dimly that we forgot their ugliness in the weirdness and impressiveness of the scene. As we stood in the deep shadow of a pillar our presence was not detected till the procession passed us in leaving the temple. All the priests were most friendly. We lingered awhile in the glorious moonlight, listening to the chorus of legions of frogs, and then returned to sleep awhile.

On the following day we had a charming excursion farther up the valley, first halting at Ingden, *i. e.*, Shady Dell, a very pretty waterfall in a deep, rocky gorge, and next at a picturesque ruined bridge literally covered by a veil of creeping roses. Here we lay on cool grass beneath dark fir-trees, with the river flowing past us, and enjoyed our luncheon notwithstanding the steady gaze of many spectators, who speedily assembled to see the strange sight of three barbarian women. Farther up the valley we came to another very fine fall, with a single-arch bridge spanning the stream just above it. Everywhere we found masses of white roses, hawthorn, golden azalea, and lingering patches of scarlet.

We met many large parties of men returning from the upper hills with large baskets of

bamboo-shoots, generally about eighteen inches long by four thick. Some had large bundles of much younger shoots, resembling overgrown asparagus. We had some of the latter for supper and found them fresh and tender. At daybreak we started on our return, having determined to vary our route by going down the river on a raft. We were carried the first five miles in our chairs, and were interested to see what a number of people were engaged in rearing silk-worms. The men cut off large branches of the mulberry trees, and the women pick the leaves, wasting the half-ripe fruit which grows along the stem. The fruit, however, is insipid even when ripe. One advantage in this land of drought is that the leaves do not require the careful drying that is necessary in damper climates. At the river we found a multitude of rafts, each formed of about eight or ten bamboos fastened together and turned up at one end. Those returning empty up-stream were sometimes laid one on the other, three deep, so as to be worked by only two men, and these were so raised as to make a good seat. Our journey down was beautiful, with fine views of the river and the hills; but it was also very slow, as the crusty old raftsman had outwitted us by bringing only his small son instead of a second man. The water was very low, and though we could float in about four inches, we frequently stuck or dragged over the mud. Crowds of other rafts bore us company.

It was about 4 P. M. when we reached Kongke'o where we had left the house-boats, and I proceeded to make a rapid sketch of the curious old bridge. The boatmen worked steadily through the night, and in the morning we woke to find ourselves anchored off the north gate of Ningpo. We walked quietly back to the mission in the cool of the early morning, and were comfortably dressed before the family was well awake.

Constance F. Gordon Cumming.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

SWEET my maidens, weep with me,
For my knight so fair to see
In the orchard lieth slain.
I have kissed him as I used,
But his stubborn lips refused
To give back my kiss again.

Sun, gaze well upon him there:
He never looked at you, I swear,
For my face was all his sun.
Moon in vain may cast her spell,
For the witch that ruled him well
Was myself—no other one.

How long is't since he was slain?
Ere the night began to wane?
Or the red o'erruled the gray?
Maidens, haste, for I am sure
My faint heart will not endure
Dawning of another day.

Come, my maidens, weave his shroud;
Make it soft as any cloud—
Make it fair and sweet for him.
Weave my tears in as ye go—
He will like it better so;
I cannot see, my eyes are dim.

And my kisses, broideries
He will praise, weave in likewise;
Write his name with a golden hair.
When the daylight groweth thin
Ye shall lay us both therein;
Sweeter rest did never win
Knight-at-arms and lady fair.

Violet Hunt.

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XXXI.

ONE morning in September, not long before Marcia returned, Bartley found Witherby at the office waiting for him. Witherby wore a pensive face, which had the effect of being studied. "Good-morning, Mr. Hubbard," he said, and when Bartley answered, "Good-morning," cheerfully ignoring his mood, he added, "What is this I hear, Mr. Hubbard, about a personal misunderstanding between you and Mr. Ricker?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Bartley; "but I suppose that, if you have heard anything, *you* know."

"I have heard," proceeded Witherby, a little dashed by Bartley's coolness, "that Mr. Ricker accuses you of having used material in that article you sold him which had been intrusted to you under the seal of confidence, and that you had left it to be inferred by the party concerned that Mr. Ricker had written the article himself."

"All right," said Bartley.

"But, Mr. Hubbard," said Witherby, struggling to rise into virtuous supremacy, "what am I to think of such a report?"

"I can't say; unless you should think that it wasn't your affair. That would be the easiest thing."

"But I *can't* think that, Mr. Hubbard! Such a report reflects through you upon the 'Events'; it reflects upon *me!*" Bartley laughed. "I can't approve of such a thing. If you admit the report, it appears to me that you have—a—done a—a—wrong action, Mr. Hubbard."

Bartley turned upon him with a curious look; at the same time he felt a pang, and there was a touch of real anguish in the sarcasm of his demand, "Have I fallen so low as to be rebuked by *you?*"

"I—I don't know what you mean by such an expression as that, Mr. Hubbard," said Witherby. "I don't know what I've done to forfeit your esteem,—to justify you in using such language to me."

"I don't suppose you really do," said Bartley. "Go on."

"I have nothing more to say, Mr. Hubbard, except—except to add that this has given me a great blow,—a *great* blow. I had begun to have my doubts before as to whether we were quite adapted to each other, and this has—increased them. I pass no judgment upon what you have done, but I will say that it has made me anxious and—a—unrestful. It has made me ask myself whether upon the whole we should not be happier apart. I don't say that we should; but I only feel that nine out of ten business men would consider you, in the position you occupy on the 'Events,'—a—a—dangerous person."

Bartley got up from his desk, and walked toward Witherby, with his hands in his pockets; he halted a few paces from him, and looked down on him with a sinister smile. "I don't think they'd consider *you* a dangerous person in *any* position."

"May be not, may be not," said Witherby, striving to be easy and dignified. In the effort he took up an open paper from the desk before him, and, lifting it between Bartley and himself, feigned to be reading it.

Bartley struck it out of his trembling hands. "You impudent old scoundrel! Do you pretend to be reading when I speak to you? For half a cent ——"

Witherby, slipping and sliding in his swivel-chair, contrived to get to his feet. "No violence, Mr. Hubbard, no violence *here!*"

"Violence!" laughed Bartley. "I should have to *touch* you! Come! Don't be afraid! But don't you put on airs of any sort! I understand your game. You want, for some reason, to get rid of me, and you have seized the opportunity with a sharpness that does credit to your cunning. I don't condescend to deny this report,"—speaking in this lofty strain, Bartley had a momentary sensation of its being a despicable slander,—"but I see that, as far as you are concerned, it answers all the purposes of truth. You think that, with the chance of having this thing exploited against me, I wont expose your nefarious practices, and you can get rid of me more safely now than ever you could again. Well, you're right. I dare say you heard of this report a good while ago, and you've waited till you could fill my place without inconvenience to yourself. So I can go at once. Draw

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your check for all you owe me, and pay me back the money I put into your stock, and I'll clear out at once."

He went about putting together a few personal effects on his desk.

"I must protest against any allusion to nefarious practices, Mr. Hubbard," said Witherby, "and I wish you to understand that I part from you without the slightest ill-feeling. I shall always have a high regard for your ability, and—and—your social qualities."

While he made these expressions he hastened to write two checks.

Bartley, who had paid no attention to what Witherby was saying, came up and took the checks.

"This is all right," he said of one; but, looking at the other, he added, "Fifteen hundred dollars!—where is the dividend?"

"That is not due till the end of the month," said Witherby. "If you withdraw your money now, you lose it."

Bartley looked at the face to which Witherby did his best to give a high judicial expression.

"*You* old thief!" he said good-humoredly, almost affectionately. "I *have* a mind to tweak your nose!"

But he went out of the room without saying or doing anything more. He wondered a little at his own amiability; but, with the decay of whatever was right-principled in him, he was aware of growing more and more incapable of indignation. Now, his flash of rage over, he was not at all discontented. With these checks in his pocket, with his youth, his health, and his practised hand, he could have faced the world, with a light heart, if he had not also had to face his wife. But when he thought of the inconvenience of explaining to her, of pacifying her anxiety, of clearing up her doubts on a thousand points, and of getting her simply to eat or sleep till he found something else to do, it dismayed him.

"Good Lord!" he said to himself, "I wish I was dead—or some one."

That conclusion made him smile again.

He decided not to write to Marcia of the change in his affairs, but to take the chance of finding something better before she returned. There was very little time for him to turn round, and he was still without a place or any prospect when she came home. It had sufficed with his acquaintance when he said that he had left the "Events" because he could not get on with Witherby; but he was very much astonished when it seemed to suffice with her.

"Oh, well," she said, "I am glad of it. You will do better by yourself; and I know you can earn just as much by writing on the different papers."

Bartley knew better than this, but he said:

"Yes, I shall not be in a hurry to take another engagement just yet. But, Marsh," he added, "I was afraid you would blame me—think I had been reckless, or at fault——"

"No," she answered, after a little pause, "I shall not do that any more. I have been thinking all these things over, while I was away from you, and I'm going to do differently after this. I shall believe that you've acted for the best,—that you've not meant to do wrong in anything,—and I shall never question you or doubt you any more."

"Isn't that giving me rather too *much* rope?" asked Bartley, with lightness that masked a vague alarm lest the old times of exaction should be coming back with the old times of devotion.

"No; I see where my mistake has always been. I've always asked too much, and expected too much, even when I didn't ask it. Now, I shall be satisfied with what you don't do, as well as what you do."

"I shall try to live up to my privileges," said Bartley, with a sigh of relief. He gave her a kiss, and then he unclasped Kinney's nugget from his watch-chain, and fastened it on the baby's necklace, which lay in a box Marcia had just taken from her trunk. She did not speak; but Bartley felt better to have the thing off him; Marcia's gentleness, the tinge of sadness in her tone, made him long to confess himself wrong in the whole matter, and justly punished by Ricker's contempt and Witherby's dismissal. But he did not believe that he could trust her to forgive him, and he felt himself unable to go through all that without the certainty of her forgiveness.

As she took the things out of her trunk, and laid them away in this drawer and that, she spoke of events in the village, and told who was dead, who was married, and who had gone away.

"I staid longer than I expected—a little, because father seemed to want me to. I don't think mother's so well as she used to be. I—I'm afraid she seems to be failing, somehow."

Her voice dropped to a lower key, and Bartley said:

"I'm sorry to hear that. I guess she isn't failing. But of course she's getting on, and every year makes a difference."

"Yes, that must be it," she answered, looking at a bundle of collars she had in her hand, as if absorbed in the question as to where she should put them.

Before they slept that night she asked:

"Bartley, did you hear about Sally Morrison?"

"No. What about her?"

"She's gone—gone away. The last time she was seen was in Portland. They don't know what's become of her. They say that Henry Bird is about heart-broken; but everybody knows she never cared for him. I hated to write to you about it."

Bartley experienced so disagreeable a sensation that he was silent for a time. Then he gave a short, bitter laugh.

"Well, that's what it was bound to come to, sooner or later, I suppose. It's a piece of good luck for Bird."

Bartley went about picking up work from one paper and another, but not securing a basis on any. In that curious and unwholesome leniency which corrupt natures manifest, he and Witherby met at their next encounter on quite amicable terms. Bartley reported some meetings for the "Events," and experienced no resentment when Witherby at the office introduced him to the gentleman with whom he had replaced him. Of course Bartley expected that Witherby would insinuate things to his disadvantage, but he did not mind that. He heard of something of the sort being done in Ricker's presence, and of Ricker's saying that in any question of honor and veracity between Witherby and Hubbard he should decide for Hubbard. Bartley was not very grateful for this generous defense; he thought that if Ricker had not been such an ass in the first place there would have been no trouble between them, and Witherby would not have had that handle against him.

He was enjoying himself very well, and he felt entitled to the comparative rest which had not been of his seeking. He wished that Halleck would come back, for he would like to ask his leave to put that money into some other enterprise. His credit was good, and he had not touched the money to pay any of his accumulated bills; he would have considered it dishonorable to do so. But it annoyed him to have the money lying idle. In his leisure he studied the stock market, and he believed that he had several points which were infallible. He put a few hundreds—two or three—of Halleck's money into a mining stock which was so low that it *must* rise. In the meantime he tried a new kind of beer—Norwegian beer,—which he found a little lighter even than Tivoli. It was more expensive, but it was *very* light, and it was essential to Bartley to drink the lightest beer he could find.

He staid a good deal at home now, for he had leisure, and it was a much more comfortable place since Marcia had ceased to question or reproach him. She did not interfere with some bachelor habits he had formed, in her absence, of sleeping far into the forenoon; he now occasionally did night-work on some of the morning papers, and the rest was necessary; he had his breakfast whenever he got up, as if he had been at a hotel. He wondered upon what new theory she was really treating him; but he had always been apt to accept what was comfortable in life without much question, and he did not wonder long. He was immensely good-natured now. In his frequent leisure he went out to walk with Marcia and Flavia, and sometimes he took the little girl alone. He even went to church with them one Sunday, and called at the Hallecks as often as Marcia liked. The young ladies had returned, but Ben Halleck was still away. It made Bartley smile to hear his wife talking of Halleck with his mother and sisters, and falling quite into the family way of regarding him as if he were somehow a saint and martyr.

Bartley was still dabbling in stocks with Halleck's money; some of it had lately gone to pay an assessment which had unexpectedly occurred in place of a dividend. He told Marcia that he was holding the money ready to return to Halleck when he came back, or to put it into some other enterprise where it would help to secure Bartley a new basis. They were now together more than they had been since the first days of their married life in Boston; but the perfect intimacy of those days was gone; he had his reserves, and she her preoccupations,—with the house, with the little girl, with her anxiety about her mother. Sometimes they sat a whole evening together, with almost nothing to say to each other, he reading and she sewing. After an evening of this sort, Bartley felt himself worse bored than if Marcia had spent it in taking him to task as she used to do. Once he looked at her over the top of his paper, and distinctly experienced that he was tired of the whole thing.

But the political canvass was growing more interesting now. It was almost the end of October, and the speech-making had become very lively. The Democrats were hopeful and the Republicans resolute, and both parties were active in getting out their whole strength, as the saying is at such times. This was done not only by speech-making, but by long nocturnal processions of torch-lights; by day as well as by night, drums throbbed and horns brayed, and the feverish excitement spread its contagion through the whole population. But it did not affect Bartley. He had cared nothing about the canvass from the beginning, having

an equal contempt for the "bloody shirt" of the Republicans and the reform pretensions of the Democrats. The only thing that he took an interest in was the betting; he laid his wagers with so much apparent science and sagacity that he had a certain following of young men who bet as Hubbard did. Hubbard, they believed, had a long head; he disdained bets of hats, and of barrels of apples, and ordeals by wheelbarrows; he would bet only with people who could put up their money, and his followers honored him for it; when asked where he got his money, being out of place, and no longer instant to do work that fell in his way, they answered from a ready faith that he had made a good thing in mining stocks.

In her heart, Marcia probably did not share this faith. But she faithfully forbore to harass Bartley with her doubts, and on those evenings when he found her such dull company she was silent because if she spoke she must express the trouble in her mind. Women are more apt to theorize their husbands than men in their stupid self-absorption ever realize. When a man is married, his wife almost ceases to be exterior to his consciousness; she afflicts or consoles him like a condition of health or sickness; she is literally part of him in a spiritual sense, even when he is rather indifferent to her; but the most devoted wife has always a corner of her soul in which she thinks of her husband as *him;* in which she philosophizes him wholly aloof from herself. In such an obscure fastness of her being, Marcia had meditated a great deal upon Bartley during her absence at Equity,—meditated painfully and, in her sort, prayerfully upon him. She perceived that he was not her young dream of him; and since it appeared to her that she could not forego that dream and live, she could but accuse herself of having somehow had a perverse influence upon him. She knew that she had never reproached him except for his good, but she saw too that she had always made him worse, and not better. She recurred to what he said the first night they arrived in Boston: "I believe that, if you have faith in me, I shall get along; and when you don't, I shall go to the bad." She could reason to no other effect, than that hereafter, no matter what happened, she must show perfect faith in him by perfect patience. It was hard, far harder than she had thought. But she did forbear; she did use patience.

The election day came and went. Bartley remained out until the news of Tilden's success could no longer be doubted, and then came home jubilant. Marcia seemed not to understand. "I didn't know you cared so much for Tilden," she said, quietly. "Mr. Halleck is for Hayes; and Ben Halleck was coming home to vote."

"That's all right: a vote in Massachusetts makes no difference. I'm for Tilden, because I have the most money up on him. The success of that noble old reformer is worth seven hundred dollars to me in bets." Bartley laughed, rubbed her cheeks with his chilly hands, and went down into the cellar for some beer. He could not have slept without that, in his excitement; but he was out very early the next morning, and in the raw damp of the rainy November day he received a more penetrating chill when he saw the bulletins at the newpaper offices intimating that a fair count might give the Republicans enough Southern States to elect Hayes. This appeared to Bartley the most impudent piece of political effrontery in the whole history of the country, and among those who went about denouncing Republican chicanery at the Democratic club-rooms, no one took a loftier tone of moral indignation than he. The thought that he might lose so much of Halleck's money through the machinations of a parcel of carpet-bagging tricksters filled him with a virtue at which he afterward smiled when he found that people were declaring their bets off. "I laid a wager on the popular result, not on the decision of the Returning Boards," he said in reclaiming his money from the referees. He had some difficulty in getting it all back, but he had got it when he walked homeward at night, after having been out all day; and there now ensued in his soul a struggle as to what he should do with this money. He had it all except the three hundred he had ventured on the mining stock, which would eventually be worth everything he had paid for it. After his frightful escape from losing half of it on those bets, he had an intense longing to be rid of it, to give it back to Halleck, who never would ask him for it, and then to go home and tell Marcia everything, and throw himself on her mercy. Better poverty, better disgrace before Halleck and her, better her condemnation, than this life of temptation that he had been leading. He saw how hideous it was in the retrospect, and he shuddered; his good instincts awoke, and put forth their strength, such as it was; tears came into his eyes; he resolved to write to Kinney and exonerate Ricker, he resolved humbly to beg Ricker's pardon. He must leave Boston; but if Marcia would forgive him, he would go back with her to Equity, and take up the study of the law in her father's office again, and fulfil all her wishes. He would have a hard time to overcome the old man's prejudices, but he deserved a hard

time, and he knew he should finally succeed. It would be bitter, returning to that stupid little town, and he imagined the intrusive conjecture and sarcastic comment that would attend his return; but he believed that he could live this down, and he trusted himself to laugh it down. He already saw himself there, settled in the Squire's office, reinstated in public opinion, a leading lawyer of the place, with Congress open before him whenever he chose to turn his face that way.

He had thought of going first to Halleck, and returning the money, but he was willing to give himself the encouragement of Marcia's pleasure, of her forgiveness and her praise in an affair that had its difficulties and would require all his manfulness. The maid met him at the door with little Flavia, and told him that Marcia had gone out to the Hallecks', but had left word that she would soon return, and that then they would have supper together. Her absence dashed his warm impulse, but he recovered himself, and took the little one from the maid. He lighted the gas in the parlor, and had a frolic with Flavia in kindling a fire in the grate, and making the room bright and cheerful. He played with the child and made her laugh; he already felt the pleasure of a good conscience, though with a faint nether ache in his heart which was perhaps only his wish to have the disagreeable preliminaries to his better life over as soon as possible. He drew two easy-chairs up at opposite corners of the hearth, and sat down in one, leaving the other for Marcia; he had Flavia standing on his knees, and clinging fast to his fingers, laughing and crowing while he danced her up and down, when he heard the front door open, and Marcia burst into the room.

She ran to him and plucked the child from him, and then went back as far as she could from him in the room, crying, "Give *me* the child!" and facing him with the look he knew. Her eyes were dilated, and her visage white with the transport that had whirled her far beyond the reach of reason. The frail structure of his good resolutions dropped to ruin at the sight, but he mechanically rose and advanced upon her till she forbade him with a muffled shriek of "Don't *touch* me! So!" she went on, gasping and catching her breath, "it was *you!* I might have known it! I might have guessed it from the first! *You!* Was *that* the reason why you didn't care to have me hurry home this summer? Was that —was that——" She choked, and convulsively pressed her face into the neck of the child, which began to cry.

Bartley closed the doors, and then, with his hands in his pockets, confronted her with a smile of wicked coolness.

"Will you be good enough to tell me what you're talking about?"

"Do you pretend that you don't know? I met a woman at the bottom of the street, just now. Do you know who?"

"No; but it's very dramatic. Go on!"

"It was Sally Morrison! She reeled against me; and when I—such a fool as I was!—pitied her, because I was on my way home to you, and was thinking about you, and loving you, and was so happy in it, and asked her how she came to that, she *struck* me, and told me to—to—ask my—husband!"

The transport broke in tears; the denunciation had turned to entreaty in everything but words; but Bartley had hardened his heart now past all entreaty. The idiotic penitent that he had been a few moments ago—the soft, well-meaning dolt—was so far from him now as to be scarce within the reach of his contempt. He was going to have this thing over once for all; he would have no mercy upon himself or upon her; the Devil was in him and uppermost in him, and the Devil is fierce and proud, and knows how to make many base emotions feel like a just self-respect.

"And did you believe a woman like that?" he sneered.

"Do I believe a man like this?" she demanded, with a dying flash of her fury. "You—you don't dare to deny it."

"Oh, no, I don't deny it. For one reason it would be of no use. For all practical purposes, I admit it. What then?"

"What then?" she asked bewildered. "Bartley! You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do. I mean it. I *don't* deny it. What then? What are you going to do about it?" She gazed at him in incredulous horror. "Come! I mean what I say. What will you do?"

"Oh, merciful God! what shall I do?" she prayed aloud.

"That's just what I'm curious to know. When you leaped in here, just now, you must have meant to do something, if I couldn't convince you that the woman was lying. Well, you see that I don't try. I give you leave to believe whatever she said. What then?"

"Bartley!" she besought him in her despair. "Do you drive me from you?"

"Oh, no, certainly not. That isn't my way. You have driven me from you, and I might claim the right to retaliate, but I don't. I've no expectation that you'll go away, and I want to see what else you'll do. You would have me, before we were married; you were

tolerably shameless in getting me; when your jealous temper made you throw me away, you couldn't live till you got me back again; you ran after me. Well, I suppose you've learnt wisdom, now. At least you wont try *that* game again. But what *will* you do?"

He looked at her smiling, while he dealt her these stabs one by one.

She set down the child, and went out to the entry where its hat and cloak hung. She had not taken off her own things, and now she began to put on the little one's garments with shaking hands, kneeling before it.

"I will never live with you again, Bartley," she said.

"Very well. I doubt it, as far as you're concerned; but if you go away now, you certainly *wont* live with me again, for I shall not let you come back. Understand that."

Each had most need of the other's mercy, but neither would have mercy.

"It isn't for what you won't deny. I don't believe that. It's for what you've said now."

She could not make the buttons and the button-holes of the child's sack meet with her quivering fingers; he actually stooped down and buttoned the little garment for her as if they had been going to take the child out for a walk between them. She caught it up in her arms, and sobbing "Good-by, Bartley!" ran out of the room.

"Recollect that if you go, you don't come back," he said.

The outer door crashing to behind her was his answer.

He sat down to think, before the fire he had built for her. It was blazing brightly now, and the whole room had a hideous cosiness. He could not think—he must act. He went up to their room, where the gas was burning low, as if she had lighted it and then frugally turned it down as her wont was. He did not know what his purpose was, but it developed itself. He began to pack his things in a traveling-bag which he took out of the closet, and which he had bought for her when she set out for Equity in the summer; it had the perfume of her dresses yet.

When this was finished, he went down-stairs again, and being now strangely hungry, he made a meal of such things as he found set out on the tea-table. Then he went over the papers in his secretary; he burnt some of them, and put others into his bag.

After all this was done he sat down by the fire again, and gave Marcia a quarter of an hour longer in which to return. He did not know whether he was afraid that she would or would not come. But when the time ended, he took up his bag and went out of the house. It began to rain, and he went back for an umbrella; he gave her that one chance more, and he ran up into their room. But she had not come back. He went out again, and hurried away, through the rain, to the Albany Depot, where he bought a ticket for Chicago. There was as yet nothing definite in his purpose, beyond the fact that he was to be rid of her: whether for a long or short time, or forever, he did not yet know; whether he meant ever to communicate with her, or seek or suffer a reconciliation, the locomotive that leaped westward into the dark with him knew as well as he.

Yet all the mute, obscure forces of habit, which are doubtless the strongest forces in human nature, were dragging him back to her. Because their lives had been united so long, it seemed impossible to sever them, though their union had been so full of misery and discord; the custom of marriage was so subtile and so pervasive, that his heart demanded her sympathy for what he was suffering in abandoning her. The solitude into which he had plunged stretched before him so vast, so sterile and hopeless, that he had not the courage to realize it; he insensibly began to give it limits: he would return after so many months, weeks, days.

He passed twenty-four hours on the train, and left it at Cleveland for the half-hour it stopped for supper. But he could not eat; he had to own to himself that he was beaten, and that he must return, or throw himself into the lake. He ran hastily to the baggage-car, and effected the removal of his bag; then he went to the ticket-office and waited at the end of a long queue for his turn at the window. His turn came at last, and he confronted the nervous and impatient ticket-agent, without speaking.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" demanded the agent. Then, with rising temper, "What is it? Are you deaf? Are you dumb? You can't expect to stand there all night!"

The policeman outside the rail laid his hand on Bartley's shoulder:

"Move on, my friend."

He obeyed, and reeled away in a fashion that confirmed the policeman's suspicions. He searched his pockets again and again; but his porte-monnaie was in none of them. It had been stolen, and Halleck's money with the rest. Now he could not return; nothing remained for him but the ruin he had chosen.

XXXII.

Halleck prolonged his summer vacation beyond the end of October. He had been in town from time to time, and then had set off

again on some new absence; he was so restless and so far from well during the last of these flying visits, that the old people were glad when he wrote them that he should stay as long as the fine weather continued. He spoke of an interesting man whom he had met at the mountain resort where he was staying—a Spanish-American, attached to one of the legations at Washington, who had a scheme for Americanizing popular education in his own country. "He has made a regular set at me," Halleck wrote, "and if I had not fooled away so much time already on law and on leather, I should like to fool away a little more on such a cause as this."

He did not mention the matter again in his letters; but the first night after his return, when they all sat together in the comfort of having him at home again, he asked his father:

"What would you think of my going to South America?"

The old man started up from the pleasant after-supper drowse into which he was suffering himself to fall, content with Halleck's presence, and willing to leave the talk to the women folk.

"I don't know what you mean, Ben?"

"I suppose it's my having the matter so much in mind that makes me feel as if we had talked it over. I mentioned it in one of my letters."

"Yes," returned his father; "but I presumed you were joking."

Halleck frowned impatiently; he would not meet the gaze of his mother and sisters, but he addressed himself again to his father.

"I don't know that I was in earnest." His mother dropped her eyes to her mending, with a faint sigh of relief. "But I can't say," he added, "that I was joking, exactly. The man himself was very serious about it."

He stopped, apparently to govern an irritable impulse, and then he went on to set the project of his Spanish-American acquaintance before them, explaining it in detail.

At the end:

"That's good," said his father, "but why need *you* have gone, Ben?"

The question seemed to vex Halleck; he did not answer at once. His mother could not bear to see him crossed, and she came to his help against herself and his father, since it was only supposing the case.

"I presume," she said, "that we could have looked at it as a missionary work."

"It isn't a missionary work, mother," answered Halleck, severely, "in any sense that you mean. I should go down there to teach, and I should be paid for it. And I want to say at once that they have no yellow fever nor earthquakes, and that they have not had a revolution for six years. The country's perfectly safe every way, and so wholesome that it will be a good thing for me. But I shouldn't expect to convert anybody."

"Of course not, Ben," said his mother, soothingly.

"I hope you wouldn't object to it if it *were* a missionary work," said one of the elder sisters.

"No, Anna," returned Ben.

"I merely wanted to know," said Anna.

"Then I hope you're satisfied, Anna," Olive cut in. "Ben won't *refuse* to convert the Uruguayans, if they apply in a proper spirit."

"I think Anna had a right to ask," said Miss Louisa, the eldest.

"Oh, undoubtedly, Miss Halleck," said Olive. "I like to see Ben reproved for misbehavior to his mother, myself."

Her father laughed at Olive's prompt defense.

"Well, it's a cause that we've all got to respect; but I don't see why *you* should go, Ben, as I said before. It would do very well for some young fellow who had no settled prospects, but you've got your duties here. I presume you looked at it in that light. As you said in your letter, you've fooled away so much time on leather and law——"

"I shall never amount to anything in the law!" Ben broke out. His mother looked at him in anxiety; his father kept a steady smile on his face; Olive sat alert for any chance that offered to put down her elder sisters, who drew in their breath, and grew silently a little primmer. "I'm not well——"

"Oh, I know you're not, dear," interrupted his mother, glad of another chance to abet him.

"I'm not strong enough to go on with the line of work I've marked out, and I feel that I'm throwing away the feeble powers I have."

His father answered with less surprise than Halleck had evidently expected, for he had thrown out his words with a sort of defiance; probably the old man had watched him closely enough to surmise that it might come to this with him at last. At any rate, he was able to say, without seeming to assent too readily.

"Well, well, give up the law, then, and come back into leather, as you call it. Or take up something else. We don't wish to make anything a burden to you; but take up some useful work at home. There are plenty of things to be done."

"Not for me," said Halleck gloomily.

"Oh, yes, there are," said the old man.

"I see you are not willing to have me go," said Halleck, rising in uncontrollable irritation. "But I wish you wouldn't all take this tone with me!"

"We haven't taken any tone with you, Ben," said his mother, with pleading tenderness.

"I think Anna has decidedly taken a tone," said Olive.

Anna did not retort, but "What tone?" demanded Louisa, in her behalf.

"Hush, children," said their mother.

"Well, well," suggested his father to Ben, "think it over, think it over. There's no hurry."

"I've thought it over; there *is* hurry," retorted Halleck. "If I go, I must go at once."

His mother arrested her thread, half drawn through the seam, letting her hand drop, while she glanced at him.

"It isn't so much a question of your giving up the law, Ben, as of your giving up your family and going so far from us all," said his father. "That's what I shouldn't like."

"I don't like that, either. But I can't help it." He added, "Of course, mother, I shall not go without your full and free consent. You and father must settle it between you." He fetched a quick, worried sigh as he put his hand on the door.

"Ben isn't himself at all," said Mrs. Halleck, with tears in her eyes, after he had left the room.

"No," said her husband. "He's restless. He'll get over this idea in a few days." He urged this hope against his wife's despair, and argued himself into low spirits.

"I don't believe but what it *would* be the best thing for his health, may be," said Mrs. Halleck, at the end.

"I've always had my doubts whether he would ever come to anything in the law," said the father.

The elder sisters discussed Halleck's project apart between themselves, as their wont was with any family interest, and they bent over a map of South America, so as to hide what they were doing from their mother.

Olive had left the room by another door, and she intercepted Halleck before he reached his own.

"What is the matter, Ben?" she whispered.

"Nothing," he answered, coldly. But he added, "Come in, Olive."

She followed him, and hovered near after he turned up the gas.

"I can't stand it here,—I must go," he said, turning a dull, weary look upon her.

"Who was at the Elm House that you knew this last time?" she asked, quickly.

"Laura Dixmore isn't driving me away, if you mean that," replied Halleck.

"I *couldn't* believe it was she! I should have despised you if it was. But I shall hate her, whoever it was."

Halleck sat down before his table, and his sister sank upon the corner of a chair near it, and looked wistfully at him.

"I know there is some one!"

"If you think I've been fool enough to offer myself to any one, Olive, you're very much mistaken."

"Oh, it needn't have come to that," said Olive, with indignant pity.

"My life is a failure here," cried Halleck, moving his head uneasily from side to side. "I feel somehow as if I could go out there and pick up the time I've lost. Great Heaven!" he cried, "if I were only running away from some innocent young girl's rejection, what a happy man I should be!"

"It's some horrid married thing, then, that's been flirting with you!"

He gave a forlorn laugh.

"I'd almost confess it to please you, Olive. But I prefer to get out of the matter without lying, if I could. Why need you suppose any reason but the sufficient one I've given? —Don't afflict me! don't imagine things about me, don't make a mystery of me! I've been blunt and awkward, and I've bungled the business with father and mother; but I want to get away because I'm a miserable fraud here, and I think I might rub on a good while there before I found myself out again."

"Ben," demanded Olive, regardless of his words, "what have you been doing?"

"The old story,—nothing."

"Is that true, Ben?"

"You used to be satisfied with asking once, Olive."

"You *haven't* been so wicked, so careless, as to get some poor creature in love with you, and then want to run away from the misery you've made?"

"I suppose if I look it there's no use denying it," said Halleck, letting his sad eyes meet hers, and smiling drearily. "You insist upon having a lady in the case?"

"Yes. But I see you wont tell me anything; and I *wont* afflict you. Only I'm afraid it's just some silly thing that you've got to brooding over, and that you'll let drive you away."

"Well, you have the comfort of reflecting that I can't get away, whatever the pressure is."

"You know better than that, Ben; and so do I. You know that, if you haven't got father and mother's consent already, it's only

because you haven't had the heart to ask for it. As far as that's concerned, you're gone already. But I hope you won't go without thinking it over, as father says,—and talking it over. I hate to have you seem unsteady and fickle-minded, when I know you're not; and I'm going to set myself against this project till I know what's driving you from us,—or till I'm sure that it's something worth while. You needn't expect that I shall help to make it easy for you; I shall help to make it hard."

Her loving looks belied her threats; if the others could not resist Ben when any sort of desire showed itself through his habitual listlessness, how could she, who understood him best and sympathized with him most? "There was something I was going to talk to you about, to-night, if you hadn't scared us all with this ridiculous scheme, and ask you whether you couldn't do something." She seemed to suggest the change of interest with the hope of winning his thoughts away from the direction they had taken; but he listened apathetically, and left her to go farther or not, as she chose. "I think," she added abruptly, "that some trouble is hanging over those wretched Hubbards."

"Some new one?" asked Halleck, with sad sarcasm, turning his eyes toward her, as if with the resolution of facing her.

"You know he's left his place on that newspaper."

"Yes, I heard that when I was at home before."

"There are some very disagreeable stories about it. They say he was turned away by Mr. Witherby for behaving badly—for printing something he oughtn't to have done."

"That was to have been expected," said Halleck.

"He hasn't found any other place, and Marcia says he gets very little work to do. He must be running into debt, terribly. I feel very anxious about them. I don't know what they're living on."

"Probably on some money I lent him," said Halleck, quietly. "I lent him fifteen hundred in the spring. It ought to make him quite comfortable for the present."

"Oh, Ben! Why did you lend him money? You might have known he wouldn't do any good with it."

Halleck explained how and why the loan had been made, and added, "If he's supporting his family with it, he's doing some good. I lent it to him for her sake."

Halleck looked hardily into his sister's face, but he dropped his eyes when she answered, simply:

"Yes, of course. But I don't believe she knows anything about it; and I'm glad of it: it would only add to her trouble. She worships you, Ben!"

"Does she?"

"She seems to think you are perfect, and she never comes here but she asks when you're to be home. I suppose she thinks you have a good influence on that miserable husband of hers. He's going from bad to worse, I guess. Father heard that he is betting on the election. That's what he's doing with your money."

"It would be somebody else's money if it wasn't mine," said Halleck. "Bartley Hubbard must live, and he must have the little excitements that make life agreeable."

"Poor thing!" sighed Olive, "I don't know what she would do if she heard that you were going away. To hear her talk, you would think she had been counting the days and hours till you got back. It's ridiculous, the way she goes on with mother; asking everything about you as if she expected to make Bartley Hubbard over again on your pattern. I should hate to have anybody think me such a saint as she does you. But there isn't much danger, thank goodness! I could laugh, sometimes, at the way she questions us all about you, and is so delighted when she finds that you and that wretch have anything in common. But it's all too miserably sad. She certainly *is* the most single-hearted creature alive," continued Olive, reflectively. "Sometimes she *scares* me with her innocence. I don't believe that even her jealousy ever suggested a wicked idea to her: she's furious because she feels the injustice of giving so much more than he does. She hasn't really a thought for anybody else: I do believe that, if she were free to choose from now to doomsday, she would always choose Bartley Hubbard, bad as she knows him to be. And if she were a widow, and anybody else proposed to her, she would be utterly shocked and astonished."

"Very likely," said Halleck, absently.

"I feel very unhappy about her," Olive resumed. "I know that she's anxious and troubled all the time. *Can't* you do something, Ben? Have a talk with that disgusting thing, and see if you can't put him straight again, somehow?"

"No!" exclaimed Halleck, bursting violently from his abstraction. "I shall have nothing to do with them! Let him go his own way and the sooner he goes to the ——. I wont interfere,—I can't, I mustn't! I wonder at you, Olive!" He pushed away from the table, and went limping about the room, searching here and there for his hat and stick, which were on the desk where he had put them, in plain view. As he laid hand on

them at last, he met his sister's astonished eyes. "If I interfered, I should not interfere because I cared for *him* at all!" he cried.

"Of course not," said Olive. "But I don't see anything to make you *wonder* at me about that."

"It would be because I cared for her ——"

"Certainly! You didn't suppose I expected you to interfere from any other motive?"

He stood looking at her in stupefaction, with his hand on his hat and stick, like a man who doubts whether he has heard aright. Presently a shiver passed over him, another light came into his eyes, and he said quietly, "I'm going out to see Atherton."

"To-night?" said his sister, accepting provisionally, as women do, the apparent change of subject. "Don't go to-night, Ben! You're too tired."

"I'm not tired. I intended to see him to-night, at any rate. I want to talk over this South-American scheme with him."

He put on his hat and moved quickly toward the door.

"Ask him about the Hubbards," said Olive. "Perhaps he can tell you something."

"I don't want to know anything. I shall ask him nothing."

She slipped between him and the door.

"Ben, you haven't heard anything against poor Marcia, have you?"

"No!"

"You don't think she's to blame in any way for his going wrong, do you?"

"How could I?"

"Then I don't understand why you wont do anything to help her."

He looked at her again, and opened his lips to speak once, but closed them before he said:

"I've got my own affairs to worry me. Isn't that reason enough for not interfering in theirs?"

"Not for you, Ben."

"Then I don't choose to mix myself up in other people's misery. I don't like it, as you once said."

"But you can't help it sometimes, as *you* said."

"I can this time, Olive. Don't you see ——" he began.

"I see there's something you wont tell me. But I shall find it out," she threatened him half playfully.

"I wish you could," he answered. "Then perhaps you'd let me know." She opened the door for him now, and as he passed out he said gently, "I *am* tired, but I sha'n't begin to rest till I have had this talk with Atherton. I'd better go."

"Yes," Olive assented, "you'd better." She added in banter. "You're altogether too mysterious to be of much comfort at home."

The family heard him close the outside door behind him after Olive came back to them, and she explained:

"He's gone out to talk it over with Mr. Atherton."

His father gave a laugh of relief.

"Well, if he leaves it to Atherton, I guess we needn't worry about it."

"The child isn't at all well," said his mother.

XXXIII.

HALLECK met Atherton at the door of his room with his hat and coat on.

"Why, Halleck! I was just going to see if you had come home!"

"You needn't now," said Halleck, pushing by him into the room. "I want to see you, Atherton, on business."

Atherton took off his hat and closed the door with one hand, while he slipped the other arm out of his overcoat sleeve.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was going to mingle a little business myself with the pleasure of seeing you."

He turned up the gas in his drop-light, and took the chair from which he had looked across the table at Halleck, when they talked there before.

"It's the old subject," he said, with a sense of repetition in the situation. "I learn from Witherby that Hubbard has taken that money of yours out of the 'Events,' and from what I hear elsewhere he is making ducks and drakes of it on election bets. What shall you do about it?"

"Nothing," said Halleck.

"Oh! Very well," returned Atherton, with the effect of being a little snubbed, but resolved to take his snub professionally. He broke out, however, in friendly exasperation: "Why in the world did you lend the fellow that money?"

Halleck lifted his brooding eyes, and fixed them half pleadingly, half defiantly upon his friend's face.

"I did it for his wife's sake."

"Yes, I know," returned Atherton. "I remember how you felt. I couldn't share your feeling, but I respected it. However, I doubt if your loan was a benefit to either of them. It probably tempted him to count upon money that he hadn't earned, and that's always corrupting."

"Yes," Halleck replied. "But I can't say that, so far as he's concerned, I'm very sorry. I don't suppose it would do her any good if I forced him to disgorge any balance he may have left from his wagers?"

"No, hardly."

"Then I shall let him alone."

The subject was dismissed, and Atherton waited for Halleck to speak of the business on which he had come. But Halleck only played with the paper-cutter which his left hand had found on the table near him, and, with his chin sunk on his breast, seemed lost in an unhappy reverie.

"I hope you won't accuse yourself of doing him an injury," said Atherton, at last, with a smile.

"Injury?" demanded Halleck, quickly. "What injury? How?"

"By lending him that money."

"Oh! I had forgotten that; I wasn't thinking of it," returned Halleck, impatiently. "I was thinking of something different. I'm aware of disliking the man so much that I should be willing to have greater harm than that happen to him—the greatest, for that matter. Though I don't know, after all, that it would be harm. In another life, if there is one, he might start in a new direction; but that isn't imaginable of him here; he can only go from bad to worse; he can only make more and more sorrow and shame. Why shouldn't one wish him dead, when his death could do nothing but good?"

"I suppose you don't expect me to answer such a question seriously."

"But suppose I did?"

"Then I should say that no man ever wished any such good as that, except from the worst motive; and the less one has to do with such questions, even as abstractions, the better."

"You're right," said Halleck. "But why do you call it an abstraction?"

"Because, in your case, nothing else is conceivable."

"I told you I was willing the worst should happen to him."

"And I didn't believe you."

Halleck lay back in his chair, and laughed wearily.

"I wish I could convince somebody of my wickedness. But it seems to be useless to try. I say things that ought to raise the roof, both to you here and to Olive at home, and you tell me you don't believe me, and she tells me that Mrs. Hubbard thinks me a saint. I suppose now, that if I took you by the button-hole and informed you confidentially that I had stopped long enough at 129 Clover street to put a knife into Hubbard in a quiet way, you wouldn't send for a policeman."

"I should send for a doctor," said Atherton.

"Such is the effect of character! And yet, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Out of the heart proceed all those unpleasant things enumerated in Scripture; but if you bottle them up there, and keep your label fresh, it's all that's required of you—by your fellow-beings, at least. What an amusing thing morality would be if it were not—otherwise. Atherton, do you believe that such a man as Christ ever lived?"

"I know you do, Halleck," said Atherton.

"Well, that depends upon what you call *me*. If what I was,—if my well Sunday-schooled youth—is I, I do. But if I, poising dubiously on the momentary present between the past and future, am I—I'm afraid I don't. And yet it seems to me that I have a fairish sort of faith. I know that, if Christ ever lived on earth, some One lived who imagined him, and that One must have been a God. The historical fact oughtn't to matter. Christ being imagined, can't you see what a comfort, what a rapture, it must have been to all these poor souls to come into such a presence and be looked through and through? The relief, the rest, the complete exposure of Judgment Day——"

"Every day is Judgment Day," said Atherton.

"Yes, I know your doctrine. But I mean the Last Day. We ought to have something in anticipation of it, here, in our social system. Character is a superstition, a wretched fetish. Once a year wouldn't be too often to seize upon sinners whose blameless life has placed them above suspicion, and turn them inside out before the community, so as to show people how the smoke of the Pit had been quietly blackening their interior. That would destroy character as a cult."

He laughed again.

"Well, this isn't business—though it isn't pleasure, either, exactly. What I came for was to ask you something. I've finished at the law school, and I'm just ready to begin here in the office with you. Don't you think it would be a good time for me to give up the law? Wait a moment!" he said, arresting in Atherton an impulse to speak. "We will take the decent surprise, the friendly demur, the conscientious scruple, for granted. Now, honestly, do you believe I've got the making of a lawyer in me?"

"I don't think you're very well, Halleck," Atherton began.

"Ah, *you're* a lawyer! You won't give me a direct answer!"

"I will if you wish," retorted Atherton.

"Well."

"Do you want to give it up?"

"Yes."

"Then do it. No man ever prospered in it yet who wanted to leave it. And now, since it's come to this, I'll tell you what I really

have thought all along. I've thought that, if your heart was really set on the law, you would overcome your natural disadvantages for it; but if the time ever came when you were tired of it, your chance was lost: you never would make a lawyer. The question is, whether that time has come."

"It has," said Halleck.

'Then stop, here and now. You've wasted two years' time, but you can't get it back by throwing more after it. I shouldn't be your friend, I shouldn't be an honest man, if I let you go on with me, after this. A bad lawyer is such a very bad thing. This isn't altogether a surprise to me, but it will be a blow to your father," he added, with a questioning look at Halleck, after a moment.

"It might have been, if I hadn't taken the precaution to deaden the place by a heavier blow first."

"Ah! you have spoken to him already?

"Yes, I've had it out in a sneaking, hypothetical way. But I could see that, so far as the law was concerned, it was enough; it served. Not that he's consented to the other thing; there's where I shall need your help, Atherton. I 'll tell you what my plan is." He stated it bluntly at first; and then went over the ground and explained it fully, as he had done at home. Atherton listened without permitting any sign of surprise to escape him; but he listened with increasing gravity, as if he heard something not expressed in Halleck's slow, somewhat nasal monotone, and at the end he said, "I approve of any plan that will take you away for a while. Yes, I'll speak to your father about it."

"If you think you need any conviction, I could use arguments to bring it about in you," said Halleck, in recognition of his friend's ready concurrence.

"No, I don't need any arguments to convince me, I believe," returned Atherton.

"Then I wish you'd say something to bring *me* round! Unless argument is used by somebody, the plan always produces a cold chill in me." Halleck smiled, but Atherton kept a sober face. "I wish my Spanish-American was here! What makes you think it's a good plan? Why should I disappoint my father's hopes again, and wring my mother's heart by proposing to leave them for any such uncertain good as this scheme promises?" He still challenged his friend with a jesting air, but a deeper and stronger feeling of some sort trembled in his voice.

Atherton would not reply to his emotion; he answered, with obvious evasion: "It's a good cause; in some sort—the best sort—it's a missionary work."

"That's what my mother said to me."

"And the change will be good for your health."

"That's what I said to my mother!"

Atherton remained silent, waiting apparently for Halleck to continue, or to end the matter there, as he chose.

It was some moments before Halleck went on: "You would say, wouldn't you, that my first duty was to my own undertakings, and to those who had a right to expect their fulfillment from me? You would say that it was an enormity to tear myself away from the affection that clings to me in that home of mine, yonder, and that nothing but some supreme motive could justify me? And yet you pretend to be satisfied with the reasons I've given you. You're not dealing honestly with me, Atherton!"

"No," said Atherton, keeping the same scrutiny of Halleck's face which he had bent upon him throughout, but seeming now to hear his thoughts rather than his words. "I knew that you would have some supreme motive; and if I have pretended to approve your scheme on the reasons you have given me, I haven't dealt honestly with you. But perhaps a little dishonesty is the best thing under the circumstances. You haven't told me your real motive, and I can't ask it."

"But you imagine it?"

"Yes."

"And what do you imagine? That I have been disappointed in love? That I have been rejected? That the girl who had accepted me has broken her engagement? Something of that sort?" demanded Halleck, scornfully.

Atherton did not answer.

"Oh, how far you are from the truth! How blest and proud and happy I should be if it were the truth!" He looked into his friend's eyes, and added bitterly: "You're not curious, Atherton: you don't ask me what my trouble really is! Do you wish me to tell you what it is without asking?"

Atherton kept turning a pencil end for end between his fingers, while a compassionate smile slightly curved his lips.

"No," he said, finally, "I think you had better not tell me your trouble. I can believe very well, without knowing it, that it's serious ——"

"Oh, tragic!" said Halleck, self-contemptuously.

"But I doubt if it would help you to tell it. I've too much respect for your good sense to suppose that it's an unreality; and I suspect that confession would only weaken you. If you told me, you would feel that you had made me a partner in your responsibility, and you would be tempted to leave the struggle

to me. If you're battling with some temptation, some self-betrayal, you must make the fight alone: you would only turn to an ally to be flattered into disbelief of your danger or your culpability."

Halleck assented with a slight nod to each point that the lawyer made.

"You are right," he said, "but a man of your subtlety can't pretend that he doesn't know what the trouble is in such a simple case as mine."

"I don't know anything certainly," returned Atherton, "and, as far as I can, I refuse to imagine anything. If your trouble concerns some one besides yourself,—and no great trouble can concern one man alone,—you've no right to tell it."

"Another Daniel come to judgment!"

"You must trust to your principles, your self-respect, to keep you right——"

Halleck burst into a harsh laugh, and rose from his chair:

"Ah, there you abdicate the judicial function! Principles, self-respect! Against *that?* Don't you suppose I was approached *through* my principles and self-respect? Why, the Devil always takes a man on the very highest plane. *He* knows all about our principles and self-respect, and what they're made of. How the noblest and purest attributes of our nature, with which we trap each other so easily, must amuse him! Pity, rectitude, moral indignation, a blameless life,—he knows that they're all instruments for him! No, sir! No more principles and self-respect for me,—I've had enough of them; there's nothing for me but to *run*, and that's what I'm going to do. But you're quite right about the other thing, Atherton, and I give you a beggar's thanks for telling me that my trouble isn't mine alone, and I've no right to confide it to you. It *is* mine in the sense that no other soul is defiled with the knowledge of it, and I'm glad you saved me from the ghastly profanation, the sacrilege, of telling it. I *was* sneaking round for your sympathy; I *did* want somehow to shift the responsibility onto you; to get you—God help me!—to flatter me out of my wholesome fear and contempt for myself. Well! That's past, now, and— Good-night!"

He abruptly turned away from Atherton, and swung himself on his cane toward the door.

Atherton took up his hat and coat. "I'll walk home with you," he said.

"All right," returned Halleck, listlessly.

"How soon shall you go?" asked the lawyer, when they were in the street.

"Oh, there's a ship sailing from New York next week," said Halleck, in the same tone of weary indifference. "I shall go in that."

They talked desultorily of other things.

When they came to the foot of Clover Street, Halleck plucked his hand out of Atherton's arm. "I'm going up through here!" he said, with sullen obstinacy.

"Better not," returned his friend, quietly.

"Will it hurt her if I stop to look at the outside of the house where she lives?"

"It will hurt you," said Atherton.

"I don't wish to spare myself!" retorted Halleck. He shook off the touch that Atherton had laid upon his shoulder, and started up the hill; the other overtook him, and, like a man who has attempted to rule a drunkard by thwarting his freak, and then hopes to accomplish his end by humoring it, he passed his arm through Halleck's again, and went with him. But when they came to the house, Halleck did not stop; he did not even look at it; but Atherton felt the deep shudder that passed through him.

In the week that followed, they met daily, and Halleck's broken pride no longer stayed him from the shame of open self-pity and wavering purpose. Atherton found it easier to persuade the clinging reluctance of the father and mother, than to keep Halleck's resolution for him: Halleck could no longer keep it for himself. "Not much like the behavior of people we read of in similar circumstances," he said once. "*They* never falter when they see the path of duty: they push forward without looking to either hand; or else," he added, with a hollow laugh at his own satire, "they turn their backs on it,—like men! Well!"

He grew gaunt and visibly feeble. In this struggle the two men changed places. The plan for Halleck's flight was no longer his own, but Atherton's; and when he did not rebel against it, he only passively acquiesced. The decent pretense of ignorance on Atherton's part necessarily disappeared: in all but words the trouble stood openly confessed between them, and it came to Atherton's saying, in one of Halleck's lapses of purpose, from which it had required all the other's strength to lift him: "Don't come to me any more, Halleck, with the hope that I shall somehow justify your evil against your good. I pitied you at first; but I blame you now."

"You're atrocious," said Halleck, with a puzzled, baffled look. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you secretly think you have somehow come by your evil virtuously; and you want me to persuade you that it is different from other evils of exactly the same kind,—that it is beautiful and sweet and pitiable, and not ugly as hell and bitter as death, to be torn out of you mercilessly and flung from

you with abhorrence. Well, I tell you that you are suffering guiltily, for no man suffers innocently from such a cause. You must *go*, and you can't go too soon. Don't suppose that I find anything noble in your position. I should do you a great wrong if I didn't do all I could to help you realize that you're in disgrace, and that you're only making a choice of shames in running away. Suppose the truth was known,—suppose that those who hold you dear could be persuaded of it,—could you hold up your head?"

"Do I hold up my head as it is?" asked Halleck. "Did you ever see a more abject dog than I am at this moment? Your wounds are faithful, Atherton; but perhaps you might have spared me this last stab. If you want to know, I can assure you that I don't feel any melodramatic vainglory. I know that I'm running away because I'm beaten, but no other man can know the battle I've fought. Don't you suppose I know how hideous this thing is? No one else can know it in all its ugliness!" He covered his face with his hands. "You are right," he said, when he could find his voice. "I suffer guiltily. I must have known it when I seemed to be suffering for pity's sake; I knew it before, and when you said that love without marriage was a worse hell than any marriage without love, you left me without refuge: I had been trying not to face the truth, but I had to face it then. I came away in hell, and I have lived in hell ever since. I tried to think it was a crazy fancy, and put it on my failing health; I used to make believe that some morning I should wake and find the illusion gone. I abhorred it from the beginning as I do now; it has been torment to me; and yet somewhere in my lost soul—the blackest depth, I dare say!—this shame has been so sweet,—it is so sweet,—the one sweetness of life— Ah!" He dashed the weak tears from his eyes, and rose and buttoned his coat about him. "Well, I shall go. And I hope I shall never come back. Though you needn't mention this to my father as an argument for my going when you talk me over with him," he added, with a glimmer of his wonted irony. He waited a moment, and then turned upon his friend, in sad upbraiding: "When I came to you a year and a half ago, after I had taken that ruffian home drunk to her— Why didn't you warn me then, Atherton? Did you see any danger?"

Atherton hesitated: "I knew that, with your habit of suffering for other people, it would make you miserable; but I couldn't have dreamed this would come of it. But you've never been out of your own keeping for a moment. You are responsible, and you are to blame if you are suffering now, and can find no safety for yourself but in running away."

"That's true," said Halleck, very humbly, "and I won't trouble you any more. I can't go on sinning against her belief in me here, and live. I shall go on sinning against it there, as long as I live; but it seems to me the harm will be a little less. Yes, I will go."

But the night before he went, he came to Atherton's lodging to tell him that he should not go; Atherton was not at home, and Halleck was spared this last dishonor. He returned to his father's house through the rain that was beginning to fall lightly, and as he let himself in with his key, Olive's voice said, "It's Ben!" and at the same time she laid her hand upon his arm with a nervous, warning clutch. "Hush! Come in here!" She drew him from the dimly lighted hall into the little reception-room near the door. The gas was burning brighter there, and in the light he saw Marcia, white and still, where she sat holding her baby in her arms. They exchanged no greeting: it was apparent that her being there transcended all usage, and that they need observe none.

"Ben will go home with you," said Olive, soothingly. "Is it raining?" she asked, looking at her brother's coat. "I will get my waterproof."

She left them a moment. "I have been—been walking—walking about," Marcia panted. "It has got so dark—I'm—afraid to go home. I hate to—take you from them—the last—night."

Halleck answered nothing; he sat staring at her till Olive came back with the water-proof and umbrella. Then, while his sister was putting the water-proof over Marcia's shoulders, he said, "Let me take the little one," and gathered it, with or without her consent, from her arms into his. The baby was sleeping; it nestled warmly against him with a luxurious quiver under the shawl that Olive threw around it. "You can carry the umbrella," he said to Marcia.

They walked fast, when they got out into the rainy dark, and it was hard to shelter Halleck as he limped rapidly on. Marcia ran forward once, to see if her baby were safely kept from the wet, and found that Halleck had its little face pressed close between his neck and cheek. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm looking out for it."

His voice sounded broken and strange, and neither of them spoke again till they came in sight of Marcia's door. Then she tried to stop him. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, I'm afraid—afraid to go in," she pleaded.

He halted, and they stood confronted in the light of a street lamp; her face was twisted with weeping.

"Why are you afraid?" he demanded harshly.

"We had a quarrel, and I—I ran away—I said that I would never come back. I left him ——"

"You must go back to him," said Halleck. "He's your husband!"

He pushed on again, saying over and over, as if the words were some spell in which he found safety, "You must go back, you must go back, you must go back!"

He dragged her with him now, for she hung helpless on his arm, which she had seized, and moaned to herself. At the threshold, "I can't go in!" she broke out. "I'm afraid to go in! What will he say? What will he do? Oh, come in with me! You are good,—and then I shall not be afraid!"

"You must go in alone! No man can be your refuge from your husband! Here!"

He released himself, and, kissing the warm little face of the sleeping child, he pressed it into her arms. His fingers touched hers under the shawl; he tore his hand away with a shiver.

She stood a moment looking at the closed door; then she flung it open, and, pausing as if to gather her strength, vanished into the brightness within.

He turned, and ran crookedly down the street, wavering from side to side in his lameness, and flinging up his arms to save himself from falling as he ran, with a gesture that was like a wild and hopeless appeal.

XXXIV.

MARCIA pushed into the room where she had left Bartley. She had no escape from her fate; she must meet it, whatever it was. The room was empty, and she began doggedly to search the house for him, upstairs and down, carrying the child with her. She would not have been afraid now to call him; but she had no voice, and she could not ask the servant anything when she looked into the kitchen. She saw the traces of the meal he had made in the dining-room, and when she went a second time to their chamber to lay the little girl down in her crib, she saw the drawers pulled open, and the things as he had tossed them about in packing his bag. She looked at the clock on the mantel—an extravagance of Bartley's, for which she had scolded him—and it was only half-past eight; she had thought it must be midnight.

She sat all night in a chair beside the bed; in the morning she drowsed and dreamed that she was weeping on Bartley's shoulder, and he was joking her and trying to comfort her, as he used to do when they were first married; but it was the little girl, sitting up in her crib, and crying loudly for her breakfast. She put on the child a pretty frock that Bartley liked, and when she had dressed her own tumbled hair she went down-stairs, feigning to herself that they should find him in the parlor. The servant was setting the table for breakfast, and the little one ran forward:

"Baby's chair; mamma's chair; papa's chair!"

"Yes," answered Marcia, so that the servant might hear too. "Papa will soon be home."

She persuaded herself that he had gone as before for the night, and in this pretense she talked with the child at the table, and she put aside some of the breakfast to be kept warm for Bartley. "I don't know just when he may be in," she explained to the girl. The utterance of her pretense that she expected him encouraged her, and she went about her work almost cheerfully.

At dinner she said, "Mr. Hubbard must have been called away, somewhere. We must get his dinner for him when he comes; the things dry up so in the oven."

She put Flavia to bed early, and then trimmed the fire, and made the parlor cozy against Bartley's coming. She did not blame him for staying away the night before; it was a just punishment for her wickedness, and she should tell him so, and tell him that she knew he never was to blame for anything about Sally Morrison. She enacted over and over in her mind the scenes of their reconciliation. In every step on the pavement he approached the door; at last all the steps died away, and the second night passed.

Her head was light, and her brain confused with loss of sleep. When the child called her from above, and awoke her out of her morning drowse, she went to the kitchen and begged the servant to give the little one its breakfast, saying that she was sick and wanted nothing herself. She did not say anything about Bartley's breakfast and she would not think anything; the girl took the child into the kitchen with her, and kept it there all day.

Olive Halleck came during the forenoon, and Marcia told her that Bartley had been unexpectedly called away.

"To New York," she added, without knowing why.

"Ben sailed from there to-day," said Olive sadly.

"Yes," assented Marcia.

"We want you to come and take tea with us this evening," Olive began.

"Oh, I can't," Marcia broke in. "I mustn't be away when Bartley gets back." The thought was something definite in the sea of uncertainty on which she was cast away; she never afterward lost her hold of it; she confirmed herself in it by other inventions; she pretended that he had told her where he was going, and then that he had written to her. She almost believed these childish fictitions as she uttered them. At the same time, in all her longing for his return, she had a sickening fear that when he came back he would keep his parting threat and drive her away; she did not know how he could do it, but this was what she feared.

She seldom left the house, which at first she kept neat and pretty, and then let fall into slatternly neglect. She ceased to care for her dress or the child's; the time came when it seemed as if she could scarcely move in the mystery that beset her life, and she yielded to a deadly lethargy which paralyzed all her faculties but the instinct of concealment.

She repelled the kindly approaches of the Hallecks, sometimes sending word to the door when they came, that she was sick and could not see them; or when she saw any of them, repeating those hopeless lies concerning Bartley's whereabouts, and her expectations of his return.

For the time she was safe against all kindly misgivings; but there were some of Bartley's creditors who grew impatient of his long absence, and refused to be satisfied with her fables. She had a few dollars left from some money that her father had given her at home, and she paid these all out upon the demand of the first-comer. Afterward, as other bills were pressed, she could only answer with incoherent promises and evasions that scarcely served for the moment. The pursuit of these people dismayed her. It was nothing that certain of them refused further credit; she would have known, both for herself and her child, how to go hungry and cold; but there was one of them who threatened her with the law if she did not pay. She did not know what he could do; she had read somewhere that people who did not pay their debts were imprisoned, and if that disgrace were all she would not care. But if the law were enforced against her the truth would come out; she would be put to shame before the world as a deserted wife; and this when Bartley had *not* deserted her. The pride that had bidden her heart break in secret rather than suffer this shame, even before itself, was baffled; her one blind device had been concealment, and this poor refuge was possible no longer. If all were not to know, some one must know.

The law with which she had been threatened might be instant in its operation; she could not tell. Her mind wavered from fear to fear. Even while the man stood before her, she perceived the necessity that was upon her, and when he left her she would not allow herself a moment's delay.

She reached the "Events" building, in which Mr. Atherton had his office, just as a lady drove away in her coupé. It was Miss Kingsbury, who made a point of transacting all business matters with her lawyer at his office, and of keeping her social relations with him entirely distinct, as she fancied, by this means. She was only partly successful, but at least she never talked business with him at her house, and doubtless she would not have talked anything else with him at his office, but for that increasing dependence upon him in everything which she certainly would not have permitted herself if she had realized it. As it was, she had now come to him in a state of nervous exaltation, which was not business-like. She had been greatly shocked by Ben Halleck's sudden freak; she had sympathized with his family till she herself felt the need of some sort of condolence, and she had promised herself this consolation from Atherton's habitual serenity. She did not know what to do when he received her with what she considered an impatient manner, and did not seem at all glad to see her. There was no reason why he should be glad to see a lady calling on business and no doubt he often found her troublesome, but he had never shown it before. She felt like crying at first; then she passed through an epoch of resentment, and then through a period of compassion for him. She ended by telling him with dignified severity that she wanted some money: they usually made some jokes about her destitution when she came upon that errand. He looked surprised and vexed, and:

"I have spent what you gave me last month," she explained.

"Then you wish to anticipate the interest on your bonds?"

"Certainly not," said Clara, rather sharply. "I wish to have the interest up to the present time."

"But I told you," said Atherton, and he could not, in spite of himself, help treating her somewhat as a child, "I told you then that I was paying you the interest up to the first of November. There is none due now. Didn't you understand that?"

"No, I didn't understand," answered Clara. She allowed herself to add, "It is very

strange!" Atherton struggled with his irritation, and made no reply. "I can't be left without money," she continued. "What am I to do without it?" she demanded with an air of unanswerable argument. "Why, I *must* have it!"

"I felt that I ought to understand you fully," said Atherton, with cold politeness. "It's only necessary to know what sum you require."

Clara flung up her veil and confronted him with an excited face.

"Mr. Atherton, I don't wish a *loan;* I can't *permit* it; and you know that my principles are entirely against anticipating interest."

Atherton, from stooping over his table, pencil in hand, leaned back in his chair, and looked at her with a smile that provoked her:

"Then may I ask what you wish me to do?"

"No! I can't instruct you. My affairs are in your hands. But I must *say* ——" She bit her lip, however, and did not say it. On the contrary she asked, rather feebly, "Is there nothing due on anything?"

"I went over it with you, last month," said Atherton patiently, "and explained all the investments. I could sell some stocks, but this election trouble has disordered everything, and I should have to sell at a heavy loss. There are your mortgages and there are your bonds. You can have any amount of money you want, but you will have to borrow it."

"And that you know I wont do. There should always be a sum of money in the bank," said Clara decidedly.

"I do my very best to keep a sum there, knowing your theory; but your practice is against me. You draw too many checks," said Atherton, laughing.

"Very well!" cried the lady, pulling down her veil. "Then I'm to have nothing?"

"You wont allow yourself to have anything," Atherton began. But she interrupted him haughtily.

"It is certainly very odd that my affairs should be in such a state that I can't have all the money of my own that I want, whenever I want it."

Atherton's thin face paled a little more than usual.

"I shall be glad to resign the charge of your affairs, Miss Kingsbury."

"And I shall accept your resignation," cried Clara, magnificently, "whenever you offer it." She swept out of the office, and descended to her coupé like an incensed goddess. She drew the curtains and began to cry. At her door, she bade the servant deny her to everybody, and went to bed, where she was visited a little later by Olive Halleck, whom no ban excluded. Clara lavishly confessed her sin and sorrow. "Why, I *went* there, more than half, to sympathize with him about Ben; I don't need any money, just yet; and the first thing I knew, I was accusing him of neglecting my interests, and I don't know what all! Of course he had to say he wouldn't have anything more to do with them, and I should have despised him if he hadn't. And now I don't care what becomes of the property: it's never been anything but misery to me ever since I had it, and I always knew it would get me into trouble sooner or later." She whirled her face over into her pillow, and sobbed. "But I *didn't* suppose it would ever make me insult and outrage the best friend I ever had,—and the truest man,—and the noblest gentleman! Oh, *what* will he think of me?"

Olive remained sadly quiet, as if but superficially interested in these transports, and Clara lifted her face again to say in her handkerchief:

"It's a shame, Olive, to burden you with all this at a time when you've care enough of your own."

"Oh, I'm rather glad of somebody else's care; it helps to take my mind off," said Olive.

"Then what would you do?" asked Clara, tempted by the apparent sympathy with her in the effect of her naughtiness.

"You might make a party for him, Clara," suggested Olive, with lack-luster irony.

Clara gave way to a loud burst of grief.

"Oh, Olive Halleck! I didn't suppose you could be *so* cruel!"

Olive rose impatiently.

"Then write to him, or go to him and tell him that you're ashamed of yourself, and ask him to take your property back again."

"Never!" cried Clara, who had listened with fascination. "What would he think of me?"

"Why need you care? It's purely a matter of business!"

"Yes."

"And you needn't mind what he thinks."

"Of course," admitted Clara, thoughtfully.

"He will naturally despise you," added Olive, "but I suppose he does that, now."

Clara gave her friend as piercing a glance as her soft blue eyes could emit, and, detecting no sign of jesting in Olive's sober face, she answered haughtily:

"I don't see what right Mr. Atherton has to despise me!"

"Oh, no! He must admire a girl who has behaved to him as you've done."

Clara's hauteur collapsed, and she began to truckle to Olive.

"If he were *merely* a business man, I shouldn't mind it; but knowing him socially, as I do, and as a—friend, and—an acquaintance, that way, I don't see how I can do it."

"I wonder you didn't think of that before you accused him of fraud and peculation, and all those things."

"I *didn't* accuse him of fraud and peculation!" cried Clara, indignantly.

"You said you didn't know what all you'd called him," said Olive with her hand on the door.

Clara followed her down-stairs.

"Well, I shall never do it in the world," she said, with reviving hope in her voice.

"Oh, I don't expect you to go to him this morning," said Olive, dryly. "That would be a little *too* barefaced."

Her friend kissed her.

"Olive Halleck, you're the strangest girl that ever was. I do believe you'd joke at the point of death! But I'm *so* glad you have been perfectly frank with me, and of course it's worth worlds to know that you think I've behaved horridly, and ought to make *some* reparation."

"I'm glad you value my opinion, Clara. And if you come to me for frankness, you can always have all you want; it's a drug in the market with me."

She meagerly returned Clara's embrace, and left her in a reverie of tactless scheming for the restoration of peace with Mr. Atherton.

Marcia came in upon the lawyer before he had thought, after parting with Miss Kingsbury, to tell the clerk in the outer office to deny him; but she was too full of her own trouble to see the reluctance which it taxed all his strength to quell, and she sank into the nearest chair unbidden. At sight of her Atherton became the prey of one of those fantastic repulsions in which men visit upon women the blame of others' thoughts about them: he censured her for Halleck's wrong; but in another instant he recognized his cruelty, and atoned by relenting a little in his intolerance of her presence. She sat gazing at him with a face of blank misery, to which he could not refuse the charity of a prompting question:

"Is there something I can do for you, Mrs. Hubbard?"

"Oh, I don't know,—I don't know!"

She had a folded paper in her hands, which lay helpless in her lap. After a moment she resumed, in a hoarse, low voice:

"They have all begun to come for their money, and this one—this one says he will have the law of me—I don't know what he means—if I don't pay him."

Marcia could not know how hard Atherton found it to govern the professional suspicion which sprung up at the question of money. But he overruled his suspicion by an effort that was another relief to the struggle in which he was wrenching his mind from Miss Kingsbury's outrageous behavior.

"What have you got there?" he asked, gravely, and not unkindly, and being used to prompt the reluctance of lady clients, he put out his hand for the paper she held.

It was the bill of the threatening creditor, for indefinitely repeated dozens of Tivoli beer.

"Why do they come to *you* with this?"

"Mr. Hubbard is away."

"Oh, yes. I heard. When do you expect him home?"

"I don't know."

"Where is he?"

She looked at him piteously without speaking.

Atherton stepped to his door, and gave the order forgotten before. Then he closed the door, and came back to Marcia.

"Don't you know where your husband is, Mrs. Hubbard?"

"Oh, he will come back! He *couldn't* leave me! He's dead,—I know he's dead; but he will come back! He only went away for the night, and something must have happened to him."

The whole tragedy of her life for the past fortnight was expressed in these wild and inconsistent words; she had not been able to reason beyond the pathetic absurdities which they involved; they had the effect of assertions confirmed in the belief by incessant repetition, and doubtless she had said them to herself a thousand times. Atherton read in them, not only the confession of her despair, but a prayer for mercy, which it would have been inhuman to deny, and for the present he left her to such refuge from herself as she had found in them. He said, quietly:

"You had better give me that paper, Mrs. Hubbard," and took the bill from her. "If the others come with their accounts again, you must send them to me. When did you say Mr. Hubbard left home?"

"The night after the election," said Marcia.

"And he didn't say how long he should by gone?" pursued the lawyer, in the feint that she had known he was going.

"No," she answered.

"He took some things with him?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you could judge how long he meant to be absent from the preparation he made?"

"I've never looked to see. I couldn't!"

Atherton changed the line of his inquiry. "Does any one else know of this?"

"No," said Marcia, quickly, "I told Mrs. Halleck and all of them that he was in New York, and I said that I had heard from him. I came to you because you were a lawyer, and you would not tell what I told you."

"Yes," said Atherton.

"I want it kept a secret. Oh, do you think he's dead?" she implored.

"No," returned Atherton, gravely. "I don't think he's dead."

"Sometimes it seems to me I could bear it better if I knew he was dead. If he isn't dead, he's out of his mind! He's out of his mind, don't you think, and he's wandered off somewhere."

She besought him so pitifully to agree with her, bending forward and trying to read the thoughts in his face, that he could not help saying, "Perhaps."

A gush of grateful tears blinded her, but she choked down her sobs.

"I said things to him that night that were enough to drive him crazy. I was always the one in fault, but he was always the one to make up first, and he never would have gone away from me if he had known what he was doing! But he will come back, I know he will," she said, rising. "And oh, you won't say anything to anybody, will you? And he'll get back before they find out. I will send those men to you, and Bartley will see about it as soon as he comes home—"

"Don't go, Mrs. Hubbard," said the lawyer. "I want to speak with you a little longer." She dropped again in her chair, and looked at him inquiringly. "Have you written to your father about this?"

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, with an effect of shrinking back into herself.

"I think you had better do so. You can't tell when your husband will return, and you can't go on in this way."

"I will never tell *father*," she replied, closing her lips inexorably.

The lawyer forbore to penetrate the family trouble he divined. "Are you all alone in the house?" he asked.

"The girl is there. And the baby."

"That won't do, Mrs. Hubbard," said Atherton, with a compassionate shake of the head. "You can't go on living there alone."

"Oh, yes, I can. I'm not afraid to be alone," she returned with the air of having thought of this.

"But he may be absent some time yet," urged the lawyer; "he may be absent indefinitely. You must go home to your father and wait for him there."

"I can't do that. He must find me here when he comes," she answered firmly.

"But how will you stay?" pleaded Atherton; he had to deal with an unreasonable creature who could not be driven, and he must plead. "You have no money, and how can you live?"

"Oh," replied Marcia, with an air of having thought of this too, "I will take boarders."

Atherton smiled at the hopeless practicality and shook his head; but he did not oppose her directly. "Mrs. Hubbard," he said, earnestly, "you have done well in coming to me, but let me convince you that this is a matter which can't be kept. It must be known. Before you can begin to help yourself, you must let others help you. Either you must go home to your father and let your husband find you there—"

"He must find me here, in our own house—"

"Then you must tell your friends here that you don't know where he is, nor when he will return, and let them advise together as to what can be done. You must tell the Hallecks—"

"I will *never* tell them!" cried Marcia. "Let me go! I can starve there and freeze, and if he finds me dead in the house, none of them shall have the right to blame him,—to say that he left me,—that he deserted his little child! Oh! oh! oh! oh! What shall I do?"

The hapless creature shook with the thick-coming sobs that overpowered her now, and Atherton refrained once more. She did not seem ashamed before him of the sorrows which he felt it a sacrilege to know, and in a blind, instinctive way he perceived that in proportion as he was a stranger it was possible for her to bear her disgrace in his presence. He spoke at last from the hint he found in this fact: "Will you let me mention the matter to Miss Kingsbury?"

She had looked at him with sad intensity in the eyes, as if trying to fathom any nether thought that he might have. It must have seemed to her at first that he was mocking her, but his words brought her the only relief from her self-upbraiding she had known. To suffer kindness from Miss Kingsbury would be in some sort an atonement to Bartley for the wrong her jealousy had done him; it would be self-sacrifice for his sake; it would be expiation. "Yes, tell her," she answered with a promptness whose obscure motive was not illumined by the flash of passionate pride with which she added, "I shall not care for *her*."

She rose again, and Atherton did not detain her; but when she had left him he lost no time in writing to her father the facts of the case as her visit had revealed them. He spoke of her reluctance to have her situation known to her family, but assured the Squire that he need have no anxiety about her for the present.

He promised to keep him fully informed in regard to her, and to telegraph the first news of Mr. Hubbard. He left the Squire to form his own conjectures, and to take whatever action he thought best. For his own part, he had no question that Hubbard had abandoned his wife, and had stolen Halleck's money; and the detectives to whom he went were clear that it was a case of European travel.

XXXV.

ATHERTON went from the detectives to Miss Kingsbury, and boldly resisted the interdict at her door, sending up his name with the message that he wished to see her immediately on business. She kept him waiting while she made a frightened toilet, and leaving the letter to him which she had begun half finished on her desk, she came down to meet him in a flutter of despondent conjecture. He took her mechanically yielded hand, and seated himself on the sofa beside her. "I sent word that I had come on business," he said, "but it is no affair of yours,"—she hardly knew whether to feel relieved or disappointed,—"except as you make all unhappy people's affairs your own."

"Oh!" she murmured in meek protest, and at the same time she remotely wondered if these affairs were his.

"I came to you for help," he began again, and again she interrupted him in deprecation.

"You are very good, after—after—what I —what happened,—I'm sure." She put up her fan to her lips, and turned her head a little aside. "Of course I shall be glad to help you in anything, Mr. Atherton; you know I always am."

"Yes, and that gave me courage to come to you, even after the way in which we parted this morning. I knew you would not misunderstand me—"

"No," said Clara softly, doing her best to understand him.

"Or think me wanting in delicacy—"

"Oh, no, no!"

"If I believed that we need not have any embarrassment in meeting in behalf of the poor creature who came to see me just after you left me. The fact is," he went on, "I felt a little freer to promise your interest since I had no longer any business relation to you, and could rely on your kindness like—like—any other."

"Yes," assented Clara, faintly; and she forbore to point out to him, as she might fitly have done, that he had never had the right to advise or direct her at which he hinted, except as she expressly conferred it from time to time. "I shall be only too glad—"

"And I will have a statement of your affairs drawn up to-morrow, and sent to you." Her heart sank; she ceased to move the fan which she had been slowly waving back and forth before her face. "I was going to set about it this morning, but Mrs. Hubbard's visit—"

"Mrs. Hubbard!" cried Clara, and a little air of pique qualified her despair.

"Yes; she is in trouble,—the greatest: her husband has deserted her."

"*Oh*, Mr. Atherton!" Clara's mind was now far away from any concern for herself. The woman whose husband has deserted her supremely appeals to all other women. "I can't believe it! What makes you think so?"

"What she concealed, rather than what she told me, I believe," answered Atherton. He ran over the main points of their interview, and summed up his own conjectures. "I know from things Halleck has let drop that they haven't always lived happily together; Hubbard has been speculating with borrowed money, and he's in debt to everybody. She's been alone in her house for a fortnight, and she only came to me because people had begun to press her for money. She's been pretending to the Hallecks that she hears from her husband, and knows where he is."

"Oh, poor, poor thing!" said Clara, too shocked to say more. "Then they don't know?"

"No one knows but ourselves. She came to me because I was a comparative stranger, and it would cost her less to confess her trouble to me than to them, and she allowed me to speak to you for very much the same reason."

"But I know she dislikes me!"

"So much the better! She can't doubt your goodness—"

"Oh!"

"And if she dislikes you, she can keep her pride better with you."

Clara let her eyes fall, and fingered the edges of her fan. There was reason in this, and she did not care that the opportunity of usefulness was personally unflattering, since he thought her capable of rising above the fact. "What do you want me to do?" she asked, lifting her eyes docilely to his.

"You must find some one to stay with her, in her house, till she can be persuaded to leave it, and you must lend her some money till her father can come to her or write to her. I've just written to him, and I've told her to send all her bills to me; but I'm afraid she may be in immediate need."

"Terrible!" sighed Clara, to whom the destitution of an acquaintance was appalling after all her charitable knowledge of want and

suffering. "Of course, we mustn't lose a moment," she added; but she lingered in her corner of the sofa to discuss ways and means with him, and to fathom that sad enjoyment which comfortable people find in the contemplation of alien sorrows. It was not her fault if she felt too kindly toward the disaster that had brought Atherton back to her on the old terms; or if she arranged her plans for befriending Marcia in her desolation with too buoyant a cheerfulness. But she took herself to task for the radiant smile she found on her face, when she ran upstairs and looked into her glass to see how she looked in parting with Atherton: she said to herself that he would think her perfectly heartless.

She decided that it would be indecent to drive to Marcia's under the circumstances, and she walked; though with all the time this gave her for reflection she had not wholly banished this smile when she looked into Marcia's woe-begone eyes. But she found herself incapable of the awkwardnesses she had deliberated, and fell back upon the native motherliness of her heart, into which she took Marcia with sympathy that ignored everything but her need of help and pity. Marcia's bruised pride was broken before the goodness of the girl she had hated, and she performed her sacrifice to Bartley's injured memory, not with the haughty self-devotion which she intended should humiliate Miss Kingsbury, but with the prostration of a woman spent with watching and fasting and despair. She held Clara away for a moment of scrutiny, and then submitted to the embrace in which they recognized and confessed all.

It was scarcely necessary for Clara to say that Mr. Atherton had told her; Marcia already knew that; and Clara became a partisan of her theory of Bartley's absence almost without an effort, in spite of the facts that Atherton had suggested to the contrary. "Of *course!* He has wandered off somewhere, and as soon as he comes to his senses he will hurry home. Why I was reading of such a case only the other day,—the case of a minister who wandered off in just the same way, and found himself out in Western New York somewhere, after he had been gone three months."

"Bartley wont be gone three months," protested Marcia.

"Certainly not!" cried Clara, in severe self-rebuke. Then she talked of his return for a while as if it might be expected at any moment. "In the mean time," she added, "you must stay here; you're quite right about that, too, but you mustn't stay here alone: he'd be quite as much shocked at that as if he found you gone when he came back. I'm going to ask you to let my friend Miss Strong stay with you; and she must pay her board; and you must let me lend you all the money you need. And, dear,"—Clara dropped her voice to a lower and gentler note,—"you mustn't try to keep this from your friends. You must let Mr. Atherton write to your father; you must let me tell the Hallecks: they'll be hurt if you don't. You needn't be troubled; of *course* he wandered off in a temporary hallucination, and nobody will think differently."

She adopted the fiction of Bartley's aberration with so much fervor that she even silenced Atherton's injurious theories with it when he came in the evening to learn the result of her intervention. She had forgotten, or she ignored, the facts as he had stated them in the morning; she was now Bartley's valiant champion, as well as the tender protector of Marcia: she was the equal friend of the whole exemplary Hubbard family.

Atherton laughed, and she asked what he was laughing at.

"Oh," he answered, "at something Ben Halleck once said: a real woman can make righteousness delicious and virtue piquant."

Clara reflected. "I don't know whether I like that," she said finally.

"No?" said Atherton. "Why not?"

She was serving him with an after-dinner cup of tea, which she had brought into the drawing-room, and in putting the second lump of sugar into his saucer she paused again, thoughtfully, holding the little cube in the tongs. She was rather elaborately dressed for so simple an occasion, and her silken train coiled itself far out over the mossy depth of the moquette carpet; the pale blue satin of the furniture, and the delicate white and gold of the decorations, became her wonderfully.

"I can't say, exactly. It seems depreciatory, somehow, as a generalization. But a man might say it of the woman he was in love with," she concluded.

"And you wouldn't approve of a man's saying it of the woman his friend was in love with?" pursued Atherton, taking his cup from her.

"If they were very close friends." She did not know why, but she blushed, and then grew a little pale.

"I understand what you mean," he said, "and I shouldn't have liked the speech from another kind of man. But Halleck's innocence characterized it." He stirred his tea, and then let it stand untasted in his abstraction.

"Yes, he is good," sighed Clara. "If he were not so good, it would be hard to forgive him for disappointing all their hopes in the way he's done."

"It's the best thing he could have done," said Atherton gravely, even severely.

"I know you advised it," asserted Clara. "But it's a great blow to them. How strange that Mr. Hubbard should have disappeared the last night Ben was at home! I'm glad that he got away without knowing anything about it."

Atherton drank off his tea, and refused a second cup with a gesture of his hand. "Yes, so am I," he said. "I'm glad of every league of sea he puts behind him." He rose, as if eager to leave the subject.

Clara rose, too, with the patient acquiescence of a woman, and took his hand proffered in parting. They had certainly talked out, but there seemed no reason why he should go. He held her hand, while he asked, "How shall I make my peace with you?"

"My peace? What for?" She flushed joyfully. "I was the one in fault."

He looked at her mystified. "Why, surely, *you* didn't repeat Halleck's remark?"

"Oh!" she cried indignantly, withdrawing her hand. "I meant *this morning* It doesn't matter," she added. "If you still wish to resign the charge of my affairs, of course I must submit. But I thought—I thought—" She did not go on, she was too deeply hurt. Up to this moment she had imagined that she had befriended Marcia, and taken all that trouble upon herself for goodness' sake; but now she was ready to upbraid him for ingratitude in not seeing that she had done it for his sake. "You can send me the statement, and then—and then—I don't know what I *shall* do! *Why* do you mind what I said? I've often said quite as much before, and you know that I didn't mean it. I want you to take my property back again, and never to mind anything I say: I'm not worth minding." Her intended upbraiding had come to this pitiful effect of self-contempt, and her hand somehow was in his again. "Do take it back!"

"If I do that," said Atherton, gravely, "I must make my conditions," and now they sat down together on the sofa from which he had risen. "I can't be subjected again to your—disappointments,"—he arrested with a motion of his hand the profuse expression of her penitence and good intentions,—"and I've felt for a long time that this was no attitude for your attorney. You ought to have the right to question and censure; but I confess I can't grant you this. I've allowed myself to make your interests too much my own in everything to be able to bear it. I've thought several times that I ought to give up the trust; but it seemed like giving up so much more, that I never had the courage to do it in cold blood. This morning you gave me my chance to do it in hot blood, and if I resume it, I must make my terms."

It seemed a long speech to Clara, who sometimes thought she knew whither it tended, and sometimes not. She said in a low voice, "Yes."

"I must be relieved," continued Atherton, "of the sense I've had that it was indelicate in me to keep it, while I felt as I've grown to feel—toward you." He stopped: "If I take it back, you must come with it!" he suddenly concluded.

The inconsistency of accepting these conditions ought to have struck a woman who had so long imagined herself the chase of fortune-hunters. But Clara apparently found nothing alarming in the demand of a man who openly acted upon his knowledge of what could only have been matter of conjecture to many suitors she had snubbed. She found nothing incongruous in the transaction, and she said, with as tremulous breath and as swift a pulse as if the question had been solely of herself, "I accept—the conditions."

In the long, happy talk that lasted till midnight, they did not fail to recognize that, but for their common pity of Marcia, they might have remained estranged, and they were decently ashamed of their bliss when they thought of misery like hers. When Atherton rose to bid Clara good-night, Marcia was still watching for Bartley, indulging for the last time the folly of waiting for him as if she definitely expected him that night.

Every night since he disappeared, she had kept the lights burning in the parlor and hall, and drowsed before the fire till the dawn drove her to a few hours of sleep in bed. But with the coming of the stranger who was to be her companion, she must deny herself even this consolation, and openly accept the fact that she no longer expected Bartley at any given time. She bitterly rebelled at the loss of her solitude, in which she could be miserable in whatever way her sorrow prompted, and the pangs with which she had submitted to Miss Kingsbury's kindness grew sharper hour by hour till she maddened in a frenzy of resentment against the cruelty of her expiation. She longed for the day to come that she might go to her, and take back her promises and her submission, and fling her insulting good-will in her face. She said to herself that no one should enter her door again till Bartley opened it; she would die there in the house, she and her baby, and as she stood wringing her hands and moaning over the sleeping little one, a hideous impulse made her brain reel; she wished to look if Bartley had left his pistol

in its place; a cry for help against herself broke from her; she dropped upon her knees.

The day came, and the hope and strength which the mere light so strangely brings to the sick in spirit as well as the sick in body visited Marcia. She abhorred the temptation of the night like the remembrance of a wicked dream, and she went about with a humble and grateful prayer—to something, to some one—in her heart. Her housewifely pride stirred again: that girl should not think she was a slattern; and Miss Strong, when she preceded her small trunk in the course of the forenoon, found the parlor and the guest-chamber, which she was to have, swept and dusted, and set in perfect order by Marcia's hands. She had worked with fury, and kept her heart-ache still, but it began again at sight of the girl. Fortunately, the conservatory pupil had embraced with even more than Miss Kingsbury's ardor the theory of Bartley's aberration, and she met Marcia with a sympathy in her voice and eyes that could only have come from sincere conviction. She was a simple country thing, who would never be a prima-donna; but the overflowing sentimentality which enabled her to accept herself at the estimate of her enthusiastic fellow-villagers made her of far greater comfort to Marcia than the sublimest musical genius would have done. She worshiped the heroine of so tragic a fact, and her heart began to go out to her in honest helpfulness from the first. She broke in upon the monotony of Marcia's days with the offices and interests of wholesome commonplace, and exorcised the ghostly silence with her first stroke on the piano,—which Bartley had bought on the installment plan and had not yet paid for.

In fine, life adjusted itself with Marcia to the new conditions, as it does with women less wofully widowed by death, who promise themselves reunion with their lost in another world, and suffer through the first weeks and days in the hope that their parting will be for but days or weeks, and then gradually submit to indefinite delay. She prophesied Bartley's return, and fixed it in her own mind for this hour and that. "Now, in the morning, I shall wake and find him standing by the bed. No, at night he will come in and surprise us at dinner." She cheated herself with increasing faith at each renewal of her hopes. When she ceased to formulate them at last, it was because they had served their end, and left her established, if not comforted, in the superstition by which she lived. His return at any hour or any moment was the fetish which she let no misgiving blaspheme; everything in her of woman and of wife consecrated it. She kept the child in continual remembrance of him by talking of him, and by making her recognize the photographs in which Bartley had abundantly perpetuated himself; at night, when she folded the little one's hands for prayer, she made her pray God to take care of poor papa and send him home soon to mamma. She was beginning to canonize him.

Her father came to see her as soon as he thought it best after Atherton's letter; and the old man had to endure talk of Bartley to which all her former praises were as refreshing shadows of defamation. She required him to agree with everything she said, and he could not refuse; she reproached him for being with herself the cause of all Bartley's errors, and he had to bear it without protest. At the end he could say nothing but "Better come home with me, Marcia," and he suffered in meekness the indignation with which she rebuked him: "I will stay in Bartley's house till he comes back to me. If he is dead, I will die here."

The old man had satisfied himself that Bartley had absconded in his own rascally right mind, and he accepted with tacit grimness the theory of the detectives that he had not gone alone to Europe. He paid back the money which Bartley had borrowed from Halleck, and he set himself as patiently as he could to bear with Marcia's obstinacy. It was a mania which must be indulged for the time, and he could only trust to Atherton to keep him advised concerning her. When he offered her money at parting, she hesitated. But she finally took it, saying, "Bartley will pay it back, every cent, as soon as he gets home. And if," she added, "he doesn't get back soon, I will take some other boarders and pay it myself."

He could see that she was offended with him for asking her to go home. But she was his girl; he only pitied her. He shook hands with her as usual, and kissed her with the old stoicism; but his lips, set to fierceness by the life-long habit of sarcasm, trembled as he turned away. She was eager to have him go; for she had given him Miss Strong's room, and had taken the girl into her own, and Bartley would not like it if he came back and found her there.

Bartley's disappearance was scarcely a day's wonder with people outside his own circle in that time of anxiety for a fair count in Louisiana and Florida, and long before the Returning Boards had partly relieved the tension of the public mind by their decision he had quite dropped out of it. The reporters who called at his house to get the bottom facts in the case, adopted Marcia's theory, given them by Miss Strong, and

whatever were their own suspicions or convictions, paragraphed him with merciful brevity as having probably wandered away during a temporary hallucination. They spoke of the depression of spirits which many of his friends had observed in him, and of pecuniary losses as the cause. They mentioned his possible suicide only to give the report the authoritative denial of his family; and they added, that the case was in the hands of the detectives, who believe themselves in possession of important clews. The detectives in fact remained constant to their original theory, that Bartley had gone to Europe, and they were able to name with reasonable confidence the person with whom he had eloped. But these were matters hushed up among the force and the press. In the meantime, Bartley had been simultaneously seen at Montreal and Cincinnati, at about the same time that an old friend had caught a glimpse of him on a train bound westward from Chicago.

So far as the world was concerned, the surmise with which Marcia saved herself from final despair was the only impression that even vaguely remained of the affair. Her friends, who had compassionately acquiesced in it at first, waited for the moment when they could urge her to relinquish it and go home to her father; but while they waited, she gathered strength to establish herself immovably in it, and to shape her life more and more closely about it. She had no idea, no instinct, but to stay where he had left her till he came back. She opposed this singly and solely against all remonstrance, and treated every suggestion to the contrary as an instigation to crime. Her father came from time to time during the winter to see her, but she would never go home with him even for a day. She put her plan in force; she took other boarders: other girl students like Miss Strong, whom her friends brought her when they found that it was useless to oppose her and so began to abet her; she worked hard, and she actually supported herself at last in a frugal independence. Her father consulted with Atherton and the Hallecks; he saw that she was with good and faithful friends, and he submitted to what he could not help. When the summer came, he made a last attempt to induce her to go home with him. He told her that her mother wished to see her. She would not understand. "I'll come," she said, "if mother gets seriously sick. But I can't go home for the summer. If I hadn't been at home last summer, *he* would never have got into that way, and *it* would never have happened."

She went home at last, in obedience to a peremptory summons; but her mother was too far gone to know her when she came. Her quiet, narrow life had grown colder and more inward to the end, and it passed without any apparent revival of tenderness for those once dear to her; the funeral publicity that followed seemed a final touch of the fate by which all her preferences had been thwarted in the world.

Marcia stayed only till she could put the house in order after they had laid her mother to rest among the early reddening sumacs under the hot glare of the August sun; and when she came away, she brought her father with her to Boston, where he spent his days as he might, taking long and aimless walks, devouring heaps of newspapers, rusting in idleness, and aging fast, as men do in the irksomeness of disuse.

Halleck's father was beginning to show his age, too; and Halleck's mother lived only in her thoughts of him, and her hopes of his return; but he did not even speak of this in his letters to them. He said very little of himself, and they could merely infer that the experiment to which he had devoted himself was becoming less and less satisfactory. Their sense of this added its pang to their unhappiness in his absence.

One day Marcia said to Olive Halleck:

"Has any one noticed that you are beginning to look like your sisters?"

"*I've* noticed it," answered the girl. "I always *was* an old maid, and now I'm beginning to show it."

Marcia wondered if she had not hurt Olive's feelings; but she would never have known how to excuse herself; and latterly she had been growing more and more like her father in certain traits. Perhaps her passion for Bartley had been the one spring of tenderness in her nature, and, if ever it were spent, she would stiffen into the old man's stern aridity.

(To be continued.)



THE COL. BILL WILLIAMS MINE.

They had struck it at Boulder. The "Col. Bill Williams Mine" up Boulder Cañon was said to be richer than the Comstock. Californians forsook ranches, mines, and vineyards, and poured like a torrent from the West into Denver. At Denver this tide met a like stream from the East. These streams united and flowed on together into Boulder Cañon.

The writer was borne in on the crest of this flood tide and reached the famous "Col. Bill Williams Mine" at twilight, when the Colonel had gone to his supper, and his men were busy lighting the pine torches and knots that hung about the mine, preparatory to setting the miners at work in the shaft for the night.

The mine was situated on a little flat in the great cañon, just under the hotel and the few other houses that made up the town, on one side of the cañon, and the savage cliffs that looked down from the other.

An hour later, when the now famous mine was in operation, there were to be seen a creaking derrick, with ropes enough to rig a ship, a shaft, with men passing up and down, dripping and muddy, and talking mysteriously and wagging their heads at each other, as if down there they had come upon the hidden and awful secrets of the earth; while over all the blazing pine-knots shed a wild and gorgeous light.

Close by the side of this shaft an enterprising red-headed man, called "Ginger," had established a bar for the benefit of the dripping and mysterious men who kept climbing up and down the shaft. An awning of canvas covered the few bottles that stood on the rough boards constituting this "bar"; and behind the derrick, which was kept busy hoisting rocks and buckets of earth from out the shaft, there was piled up as high as a man's head a ragged wall of quartz and granite. Through this there was an open pass or gate-way, by which people entered who wished to see the new discovery, the great "Col. Bill Williams Mine."

Standing there, and out a little from the light of the flaming torches, a thousand campfires could be seen. The whole face of the Rockies seemed to be illuminated. The host that had poured in from the four parts of the world were camped before the mighty citadel of Fortune as in a siege. Looking up this cañon and on and up the mountains into heaven, it was difficult to say where the campfires left off and the stars began.

The men kept coming up and going down this shaft so busily that a stranger, or one not used to mines and miners, would have said there were at least a thousand brave and stalwart men down there. But an old Californian would at once have detected that there was something singularly superficial in this, and, indeed, in all the appointments of the place. He would have noticed, too, that the men saluted the barkeeper familiarly, and drank with suspicious regularity.

From the rocky side of the cañon opposite the little town you could sometimes hear the call of the coyote, and the old trapper, "Rocky Mountain Kit," a wreck and a relic who had been attracted to the new mine by the thirst for whisky rather than gold, straightened up, and once or twice leaned with his hand to his ear to listen. "It mout be wolves and it mout be Injuns," muttered the half-doubled old man as he hobbled away from the bar, where he had sandwiched himself in between two muddy miners and so had succeeded in including himself in the treat.

Suddenly there was a ripple of delight. The red-headed barkeeper ran his two hands up through his flaming hair till it shot up like one of the pine-knots blazing about him. The miners hastened down into the mine. Old Rocky Mountain Kit undoubled himself, as if he were a rusty old jack-knife, and smacked his parched lips. The pine-torches and pine-knots that burned on every hand seemed to glow and burn with brighter flame. Colonel Bill Williams had come booming through the narrow rocky pass in the wall!

A magnificent specimen of physical manhood he was. Tall, strong, broad-breasted, bearded like a prophet, black-eyed, and altogether impressive, he stood before his followers there the acknowledged king of the new mining camp. He had a small, feeble, and unpretentious partner with a stoop in his shoulder, a squint in his eye, and a crack in his shrill, piping voice. This little man's name was Doctor Baggs. The Doctor seemed to have been waiting for the coming of the Colonel too, for as soon as he made his appearance he ceased to seem longer one of the shapeless and dirty rocks that had made a part of the wall, and came briskly forward.

The great, strong arm of the Colonel swooped out and took in the neck of the little

Doctor, as if it were by chance, and with his broad hat pushed back from his brow he strode, without a word, past the mouth of the shaft to the bar. He leaned against the rough boards a moment, and then releasing the neck from his elbow he turned with his back to the wall. Still disdaining a single word, he made another gesture with his arm and swooped in every one, strangers and all, who stood within the light of the pine-knots and torches that flamed behind, before, right and left, and above.

When all had drunk, and the crowd had melted away, the Doctor,—who was really a Doctor, at least by practice and profession,—handed his pill-bags to Ginger, and stood looking up, respectful and expectant, at the face of the bearded leader, from under his glasses, as the giant still loafed against the bar.

A low chuckle of delight reached the ears of the doctor from the black beard, and then the satisfied face of Colonel Bill Williams beamed above him, like the sun through a rift of clouds, as a broad hand descended and covered the narrow shoulders of the doctor, with a force that knocked a cloud of Colorado dust from his old threadbare broadcloth.

"Well, Dock, old Pard, he's a-comin'. Yes, he is, a-comin' to buy our mine. And if I don't sell out to that old duffer this time and see Maine and Maria again, and with a bootleg full o' gold-dust, too, I'm a Dutchman!"

"You seed him, Colonel Bill? Seed the old English lord?"

"No, no, no; I didn't see him, Dock. I never seed a real live English lord in my hull life. No, but Snagly went into the hotel up thar, and seed him for me. Snagly, the Injun agent; Ginger, you know him; pard of yours, eh? Well, he's smart. Gosh, all over. But can't he talk! You can't get a word in edgeways where Snagly is. And can't he lie, though; been a member of Congress; oh, can't he lie, though!"

Hereupon "Rocky Mountain Kit" creaked out:

"And how do you know the old English lord has come to Colorado to buy a mine?"

"How do I know he's come to Colorado to buy a mine? What else do these big bugs come to Colorado for? You don't s'pose a feller comes to Colorado for fun, do you?"

"Come to Colorado to buy a mine, or else to be doctored. Every human bein' that comes to Colorado comes to buy a mine or comes to be doctored for his health, don't he?" spoke up the little doctor, sharply.

There was a pause here, and the great leader looked first at the steady stream of men pouring up and down the shaft with the regularity of little meal-buckets in a great mill, and then at the doorway in the wall of rocks, as if expecting some one. At length Ginger said:

"Got her salted, Colonel Bill?"

Gayly lifting his glass and waltzing forward, and looking down into the shaft, and then prancing back, the Colonel answered:

"Salted?—I salted her—and then, for fear I'd forgot it, I salted her ag'in!"

Here a low chuckle of delight came from the region of the great black beard, and the admiring miners nudged each other with their elbows. The Colonel continued: "Why, I've put in more honest labor a-saltin' of this mine than I ever done in my life afore. Salted? Well, I should illuminate!" The honest miner grew thoughtful for a moment; and then, setting down his glass, said slowly: "I tried first, you know, boys, to catch a syndercate—a syndercate of lambs from New York. Well, they sent out an expert. You all remember him, boys. An expert! And an expert from a college! Never seed a mine in his life afore. Well, this expert, he wanted *half* to report favor'bly. Half! Think of it, boys! Wanted half of an honest miner's money. I wouldn't give it. I've got principle, I have. You all know me."

"Yes, oh, yes! We all know you."

There was a chorus of vociferous answers and another drink; then the Colonel continued:

"Yes, I've got principle. That was the trouble. I wouldn't give him half, on a p'int of principle, p'int of honor. It was too much. I offered him a third."

"And he wouldn't take it!" ejaculated the doctor, as the honest miner mournfully shook his head.

"No! No! Then them fellows up the cañon yonder offered him two-thirds of all they got, and he took it. No principle in them miners up thar at all."

"Ah, principle don't pay in Colorado, Colonel Bill," sighed the Doctor.

"Pay! I lost a fortune right thar, gentlemen, on a p'int of principle, a p'int of honor. But I'll catch 'em this time, boys. Come up and drink again, every one of you." Again the great swooping arm brought the boys together in a knot at the rickety bar. "And you'll all stand by me?" cried the Colonel, as he shot his glass in the air. They all nodded assent. "I'll tell a thing, and you swear to it. Oh, I'm all here!" he added in a vociferous tone.

Again all assented boisterously as the Colonel struck his broad breast and ended his speech. Setting down his glass and unloosening his back from the bar, with the eye

of a brave, battle-loving captain, he looked to see that everything was ready for action. He glanced at the creaking derrick, at the perpetual stream of men passing up and down the shaft, pushed his hat a little farther back from his brow, turned the quid of tobacco in his cheek, and then tranquilly waited, certain of victory, certain that at last he was to sell his mine, pocket the money, and again see old Maine, Maria, and the little ones.

"Shoo! I thought I heard some one a-comin'," said the doctor, as he lifted a finger and leaned forward, looking toward the doorway. For a moment the miners all craned their necks and looked; but, as the expected visitor did not appear, Old Kit creaked out:

"And how will you know him, Colonel Bill, when he comes? A live lord! A real live English lord! Hic—all gold lace down here, eh? Jist that way in picter-books, Colonel Bill. But will you know him without a introduction, Colonel Bill?"

"Know him? Why, I'd a know a lord as far as I could see him. Don't I know the 'stocracy? Haint I be'n to Boston? Oh, I'll know him. Why, I could tell a lord by the noble look of his brow!"

The rickety, drunken old trapper seemed satisfied, and tottered away, chuckling to himself as he jostled through the crowd.

"A real live English lord! All lace and gold, gold and lace all up and down before."

"Yes, and he'll be here in a minute, too!" cried the Colonel. "Listen! There he comes! Pose, boys, pose! Look dignified! Look your best! Look your darned level best!"

The miners all struck imposing attitudes, and the Colonel shouted out to old Kit, in a voice of thunder: "Pose, I tell you!"

But the old trapper only paused a moment in his meanderings, and then, tottering helplessly back to the Colonel, fell laughing, maudlin-like, in his arms. It looked as if he were going to be troublesome. The Colonel spun him about and again shouted as he pushed, wrestled, and dragged him to the other side of the shaft:

"Now you stand in your place, you old juniper stump, and pose!" He planted him hard, and again shouted, as a stout, dumpy figure darkened the narrow pass in the stone wall: "Pose, I tell you! Hang you, pose!"

Poor Kit tried to pose, but could not stand still. "Stand still and pose! And don't you dare to move till that old duffer comes!" cried the excited Colonel. Then, leaving the limp man with his knees smiting together, he stepped back and mounted a pile of rocks by the bar. "Now, boys, yank out your specimens and be lookin' at 'em and a-talkin' about 'em, and a-talkin' about my mine. Say that the Col. Bill Williams Mine is the biggest thing in all Colorado. Say that the Col. Bill Williams mine is a bigger bonanza than the Comstock!"

There was a flourish of rocks, and a chorus of approving voices. The Colonel was hardly in a more exalted state of mind than his men. The prospect of selling a mine for half a million, together with the flood of Colorado whisky, had lifted them far above the plane of ordinary expectation. "The 'Col. Bill Williams Mine' is a bigger bonanza than the Comstock," roared the miners as they rallied around their chief, and flourished their long, ragged arms in the air.

As this proceeding was at its height, the stout, dumpy figure at the gateway, clad in a very rough, soiled suit of gray, advanced down the narrow stone pass to the inner edge of the wall, and looked on in mute amazement.

The Colonel was delighted with the enthusiastic behavior of his boys, and, with head high in the air, shouted:

"That's splendid! That's glorious! Keep it up! Keep it up! Keep it ——" Observing something unusual in the look of the crowd, the Colonel turned, saw the figure in the narrow passage, and pausing and lowering his voice, queried: "Now, who in the name of Old Nick is that? Get out of the way thar! Thar's a lord a-comin'; do you hear?" roared the disgusted Colonel. "Get out or come in, you bloated old loafer. Who is he, Ginger, anyhow?"

"Oh he's a tender-foot, I guess. Get out of the way thar!"

"Oh, get out or come in!" shouted the Colonel. "Do you hear? We are lookin' for a gentleman."

The double chin of the stout, dumpy figure dropped an inch or two, perhaps, but the man himself did not move back, forward, or aside one single inch to make way for the distinguished nobleman who had come to Colorado to buy a mine.

The enraged Colonel leaped down from the rocks at last in a fit of desperation, and, rushing forward, took the stranger by the collar.

"If you wont go out, come in and clear the pass, I say." And with one jerk he brought him half way across to the bar. "There is a lord a-comin' here, all lace and gold and ruffles. Do you hear?" And then he shook him till his teeth chattered. "Do you hear, I say; or are you deaf? Or are you dumb? Or what's the matter with you? Haint you got no manners?" Again he shook him till the breath was out of him, and the stranger attempted in vain to speak. "No! Don't you speak! Don't you dare to

speak to me! If thar's any speakin' to be done, I'll do it myself. And don't you dare to speak to that lord when he comes; for I know your grammar's bad. Now you stand thar and pose!" and here, being quite out of breath, he planted the half-strangled man by the shaft as if he were a post, and belonged there as a part of the machinery of the mine.

"Pose, I tell you, and make an impression. And when that old Lord Howard comes ——"

"Why, why, bless me soul, I—I—I'm Lord Howard!" at last gasped the honest Englishman.

"Eh? Eh? Be you the lord?"

"I—I am."

The Colonel fell back against the bar. He did not cry out. He did not curse. He did not even ask for anything to drink.

"Beaten ag'in, boys," at last murmured the Colonel meekly, aside to the miners. "Another fortune slipped through my honest grasp. Ah, Colorado's a hard country to make a livin' in."

One miner, a green one, who had not been there long, swore furiously for a moment, but, seeing he was alone, and feeling how inadequate were even the most massive oaths, he suddenly stopped, and then the silence that followed was painful. They could hear the wicked little coyote calling from the hills above, but that was all. At last, the two men began to gasp and gaze at each other as they got their respective breaths. The Englishman, who had been rubbing his throat, saw the bar, and, as if resolved to see if he could still swallow, called up the crowd with a jerk of his thumb, and treated promiscuously. This broke the ice; for he swore lustily as he drank, with the very first breath he had to spare.

"He's a gentleman," squeaked the Doctor aside to the Colonel, as he wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"Swears like a gentleman," answered the Colonel.

"Treats like a gentleman," creaked Kit.

"And pays like a gentleman," said Ginger, as he raked in and clinked two sovereigns.

"Well, who cares for a live English lord, anyhow," half sneered the Doctor, taking heart again from his full tumbler of Colorado lightning.

"We licked 'em at Bunker Hill, didn't we?" courageously responded the Colonel, aside to his piping little partner, and then, with the new inspiration upon him, he advanced and, bowing profoundly to Lord Howard as he reached his hand, he exclaimed with a flourish of the arm that took in the whole Rocky Mountains: "You are welcome, sir. Welcome to the balmy breezes, the lofty altitudes, and the aurif'rous regions of Colorado." He broke down, struck an attitude again and went on: "The British Lion, sir—and the American Eagle, sir. The American Eagle, sir—sir—the British Lion and the American Eagle,—sir—sir—sir—I—I—I'd like to sell you a mine, sir. No—no—not this one. Another one. Got another up cañon. Can have it in full operation in two hours, sir."

My lord seemed a bit dazed and did not respond.

"Come to Colorado for your health, I s'pose, my lord?" piped in the Doctor edgewise.

"Ho! ho! bless me soul, no!" puffed the old nobleman at last, with his glass to his eye, and a hand still to his throat.

"Well, that's queer. Everybody comes to Colorado for their health," answered the Doctor.

"Of course, then, you came to Colorado, my lord, to buy a mine?" cried Colonel Bill. "Got the biggest thing in America, sir!"

"Why, bless me soul, no! I want no mine. I want neither mine nor medicine. I—I—will you drink, gentlemen?" He had learned a Colorado trick or two. "The bloody alkali dust of Colorado makes me throat hurt; or was it the w'isky? Hot! bless me soul, that was hot!"

The old nobleman wrestled bravely with the burning liquid, and Colonel Bill, who now stuck like a burr to his elbow, continued:

"Climate! Climate, my lord! Colorado's a hot country. But I'd like to sell you a mine up the cañon, sir; or down the cañon, or anywhere you please, my lord; forty foot vein, dips, spurs, and angles, all solid silver, 'cept the gold in it. 'Spect to find it in a liquid state on next cross-cut and intersection level. Like to sell you that mine, my lord. Buy a silver mine, sir? I'll sell you a gold mine; sell you a diamond mine!"

"Why, bless me soul, do you Colorado men think of nothing but selling a mine?" blustered the old nobleman, finally, after he had screwed his eye-glass in its place and had looked long and curiously at the giant before him. "Why, at Denver, a dozen men wanted to sell me a mine before I got the dust out of me eyes; and here you all seem to think, talk, dream of nothing else."

He went over to the bar and reached his hand to Ginger for his change. He had heard enough, and wanted to go away.

"Oh, that's all right. That's all paid," answered Ginger.

"I want me change. I gave you two sovereigns, me man. I gave you two sovereigns."

"Yes, yes, I know. That's all right. You see, sovereigns are at a discount in Colorado."

"Bless me soul! Then I'd better go at once, and get on into Canada."

And he walked aside, and, big with unborn English oaths, looked down into the now empty shaft.

"Don't want any mine," said the Colonel, mournfully, to the Doctor.

"Nor don't want any medicine," gloomily answered the Doctor. "He's a sort of ole'-margarine lord, anyhow, he is. Let's go for him!"

"Says he wants to git into Canada," chuckled the Colonel.

The big-hearted Colonel Bill Williams was reckless now. He had met with many failures in his stormy life on the border, but none so inglorious as this he had just encountered. He was in disgrace before all his men, who had been appalled at the audacity of the stranger, and were correspondingly losing confidence in Colonel Bill. Now they stood about, gloomy, helpless, almost penniless. If he could not sell the mine, he thought to himself he would at least sell the very green old Englishman. Assuming a gay air of banter, he began:

"Didn't you say you wanted to git to Canada, my lord? I say, you aint got far to go if you want to go to Canada. The line runs right through my silver-mine here," and he winked at the crowd back over his shoulder, as he advanced toward my lord and drew a line with his foot. "That's Canada, and that's the United States. You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The nobleman looked at him a moment in admiration of this unexampled impudence. Then, as if believing all, and quietly accepting the situation of things, he stepped forward and said: "Why, bless me soul! Is that Canada?" and this seemingly simple old man looked at the spot with his glass. "English soil! God bless old England! I love her! I love every foot of her!" and the honest old Briton crossed over and set down his foot firmly. "And this is Canada, hey? Bloody glad to be again on honest English soil." Then, winking an eye, not to that crowd, but to the north star that just grazed the brow of the steep bluff above him, he pompously pretended to take possession. His face was toward the narrow pass in the great stone wall by which he had entered, and taking three or four duck-like strides forward, he passed out and they never saw him more.

The miners melted away in the darkness, one by one, as the lights grew lower, and as the last torch flickered out, the great speculator, whose feeble imitators have since overrun the world, rolled himself in a blanket by the side of his prospect hole, and left Colorado to the wonderful stars and the coyote howling from the hill.

Joaquin Miller.

FROM LANDEN TO NEERWINDEN.

THE sacred cross of England shone;
The lilies white of France were blown;
The battle-steeds were given rein;
Was heard the trumpet's wild refrain
From Landen to Neerwinden.

The polished swords flashed out and crossed;
The field of blood was won and lost;
And thro' the twilight's dusky vail
The victor-lilies glimmered pale
From Landen to Neerwinden.

Breast-high were piled the corpses there;
From dark till dawn the heated air
(Although no bell was heard to toll)
Was thick with many a passing soul
From Landen to Neerwinden.

For twelve long months the slain, at rest,
Lay underneath the earth unblest,
And then the blood from every heart
From out the dust began to start
From Landen to Neerwinden.

For there began from friend and foe
A million scarlet flowers to grow,
And every flower a poppy red,
Until a gorgeous garden spread
From Landen to Neerwinden.

Minnie Irving.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

SECOND PAPER: ACROSS THE ROCKIES IN MONTANA.

THE old order of developing new regions in the West is reversed since the railroad era began. Formerly the country was settled first, and the towns grew up to supply the needs of the rural population. Now the towns are created by speculators far in advance of the farming settlement; and by the conveniences they afford for selling crops, and buying implements, lumber, and household supplies, they attract farmers to their vicinity. Each new frontier town is an advertisement of the surrounding country, upon the settlement of which it must depend for its existence. The towns-folk are untiring in their praises of the soil and climate, and if you believe them the next grade of human felicity to living in their raw little village is to live upon a farm in the neighborhood. Whatever happens in the way of disagreeable weather, they assure you it is good for the crops. If it snows in May or hails in June, they come up smiling, and remark blandly that it is just what the crops need. The creation of a new town on a line of railroad pushing its track out into the vacant, treeless spaces of the far West, is an interesting process to observe. A speculator, or a company of speculators, look over the ground carefully fifty or a hundred miles in advance of the temporary terminus of the railroad, and hit upon a site which they think has special advantages, and is far enough away from the last town. They make a treaty with the railroad company for a section of land, agreeing, perhaps, to share the prospective profits on the sale of lots. Then they "scrip" the adjoining sections of Government land, or take it up with desert land claims. A large amount of land scrip is afloat on the market issued in pursuance of Indian treaties, Agricultural College grants, old Military Bounty Land acts, and other peculiar features of our complicated Public Land System. The speculator with his pocket stocked with scrip is able to pick out any choice sections not occupied by homestead or preëmption claimants. Having thus obtained a sufficient body of land to operate with, the founding of the new town is trumpeted in the newspapers, and in all the frontier region for hundreds of miles there is a stir of excitement about the coming city. Billings, on the Yellowstone, is a good example of a town made by this process. A few months ago it had no existence save in the brains of its inventors. The bare prairie was staked out in streets, avenues, and parks, on a scale for a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. A map was engraved, and within a few weeks after the place got its name, the "Billings boom" began to be talked of as far east as St. Paul. Billings lots were advertised in every town from St. Paul to Miles City, and whole blocks were sold in Chicago and New York. The purchasers, as a rule, knew no more about the valley of the Yellowstone than about that of the Congo, and few of them could have put their finger on a spot upon a map within a hundred miles of Billings. They heard there was a boom, and were eager to take their chances for profit or loss. It was enough for them to hear the place spoken of as the future metropolis of the Yellowstone Valley. Within sixty days from the time when Billings got a local habitation and a name, lots to the value of $220,000 were sold within its limits, and before thirty days more had elapsed the purchasers had advanced the imaginary value of their holdings from one hundred to three hundred per cent.

Charles Dickens once said that the typical American would hesitate about entering heaven, unless assured that he could go further West. Going West is still a potent phrase to stir the blood of the enterprising and adventurous, and the farther West you go the greater seems to be its power. The men who lead the advance of the army of civilization on the frontier skirmish line do not come from the rear. They are always the scouts and pickets. The people of the six-weeks-old town do not come from the East. As a rule they are from the one-year-old and two-year-old towns a little further back. Most of the men I met in the Yellowstone country were from Eastern Dakota, or the Black Hills region, or from Western Minnesota. When asked why they left homes so recently made in a new country, their reply was invariably that they wanted to get further West.

We came upon Billings one sunny day in May—dropped upon it, I might say; for after a ten miles' drive across a high and windy plateau, the immense dazzling range of the Big Snowy Mountains looming up in front, the ground fell away abruptly and the town



THE WESTERN STATES AND THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES. SCALE, 250 MILES TO THE INCH.

lay at our feet in a broad, green valley. The yellow-pine houses, untouched by paint, glistened in the sunlight like gold. The valley, hemmed in by precipitous cliffs on the north, and by black, bare hills beyond the muddy river on the south, stretched away to the west to distant mountain slopes. Under the shadow of a huge sandstone butte lay the little hamlet of Coulson, now quite out of spirits because of the new town a mile further on. Old Coulson, it is called, though I believe its age is only three years. It has made some money buying buffalo robes of the Crow Indians across the river, and selling shirting, groceries, and whisky to a few herdsmen whose cattle graze in the Musselshell Ranges. Now it must abandon its score of "shacks" and shanties or move them up to Billings. The new town, when I visited it, consisted of perhaps fifty cheap structures scattered over a square mile of bottom-land, but the number may be increased tenfold by the time this article is printed. Many people were living in little A tents or in their canvas-covered wagons, waiting for lumber to arrive with which to build houses. Sixty dollars a thousand was the price of a poor quality of green stuff brought from a mill twenty miles up the Yellowstone. All articles of food, except beef, were frightfully dear. Potatoes were eight cents a pound, flour six dollars a sack. I doubt if one in ten of the inhabitants could tell why he had come. The migrating impulse is the only way to account for the movement of merchants, mechanics, farmers, speculators, gamblers, liquor-sellers, preachers, and doctors to a point nearly one hundred and fifty miles from anything that can be called a town—a point, too, in a region inhabited only by Crow Indians and a few scattered herdsmen. At the signal that a town was to be created, all these people, of divers possessions and ambitions, moved forward and occupied the site as though they were soldiers marching at the word of command. What a wonderful self-organizing thing is society! How did the German baker from St. Paul, the milliner from Minneapolis, the Chinese laundryman from the Pacific slope, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the butcher, the beer-seller, the grocer, and all the other constituent parts of a complete community happen to feel the desire, at the same time, to go with their trades and wares to a remote spot in an unknown land?

Billings expects to be a trading center for the stock country between the Yellowstone and the Missouri, and for the Clark's Fork and Maginnis Mines. It is at the western end of a rich bottom about thirty miles long and from three to seven wide, all of which is to be turned into farms by an irrigating ditch. Good crops can be raised without irrigation three seasons out of four on land skirting the river, but the productiveness of the soil will be greatly increased, as well as all fear of droughts removed, by tapping the abundant water supply of the Yellowstone. Divided into small farms, and irrigated, the valley above Billings may, in a few years, be as fruitful in grain and vegetables as it is now attractive for its striking and beautiful scenery.

The Upper Yellowstone Valley differs greatly in its character from the lower valley. The bottom on which Billings stands is the last ample stretch of tillable land as you go toward the mountains. Further up there is a succession of smaller bottoms closely hemmed in by the graceful contour of steep hills, whose tops are sparsely covered with pines. Now and then there is a stone butte, but these monotonous sentinels of the lower stream grow more and more rare. The last one I remember as conspicuous for its form stands a few miles above the mouth of Clark's Fork. We named it Ehrenbreitstein from its resemblance to the great fortress on the Rhine. A colony of farmers from near Ripon, Wisconsin, has settled hard by. As one progresses westward, following the course of the river, or striking across the grassy hill country to avoid its bends and bluffs, there are evidences of diminishing rainfall in the beds of streams (already dry in May), and in the dusty soil and the scantier herbage. Only along the great level, in the valley hugging the river do the ranchmen try to raise crops without irrigation. On the cattle ranches in the hills there is no tillage save where a living spring affords a little water for a garden. All the valley land is admirably situated for irrigation; and the Yellowstone, fed by melting snows, has its highest stage in June and July, when its waters are needed by the thirsty soil. What can be done for the thousands of square miles of rich land between the valleys of the streams in all this wild mountain country is a problem which the future must solve. The soil is excellent for grain and vegetables, yet it can be used for nothing but cattle ranges unless artesian wells can be made to supply the lack of rainfall.

For a day's journey west of Billings the magnificent range of the Snowy Mountains keeps the traveler company. They loom up ahead in the clear air as if hardly ten miles away, though the distance to their nearest base is fifty miles. At the time of my journey their tops were thickly shrouded in snow, and on their sides only here and there a streak of rock was to be seen. There are few Alpine prospects that surpass for grand-

eur and beauty the view of this mighty range. From the heights skirting the valley another range can be seen to the southward—the Prior Mountains, a long, black, regular ridge, with a sheet of snow thrown over its top. The second day out from Billings, the Crazy Mountains, an isolated group, also of marked Alpine character, take the place of the Big Snowies on the western horizon. All these peaks and ridges are virgin to foot of man. Some day, perhaps, there will be cozy hotels at their feet; and young men with alpenstocks in hand and with sun-blistered faces, and hob-nailed shoes, will come down from their summits displaying in their hats, not the Edelweiss, —for this shy, fuzzy flower is nowhere found on our continent,—but the wild larkspur, the blue-bell and the golden wild-pea blossoms which love lofty and sterile places.

The wild flowers of Montana are as abun dant as those of the Alps, and more varied. Choicest of them all, because most delicate and fragrant, is a white, star-shaped, wax-like blossom which grows very close to the ground, and the large golden stamens of which give out an odor like mingled hyacinth and lily of the valley. The people call it the mountain-lily. There is another lily, however, and a real one—yellow with purple stamens—that grows on high slopes in shaded places. The yellow flowering currant abounds on the lower levels, and the streams are often bordered with thickets of wild-rose bushes. Dandelions abound, but do not open in full, rounded perfection. The common blue larkspur, however, is as well developed as in our eastern gardens, and the little yellow violet which in the States haunts the woods and copses is at home in Montana, alike in the moist valleys and upon the bleak dry hill-sides. Small sunflowers are plentiful, the bluebell is equally abundant in valleys and on mountain ridges, and in early June there blooms a unique flower called the shooting star, shaped like a shuttlecock. There are a dozen other pretty flowers, but I could not learn their names—among them a low-growing mass the clumps of which are starred over with delicate white or purple blooms.

It was a surprise to find the Upper Yellowstone Valley already well settled. In the hundred miles before the road to Bozeman leaves the river and climbs the divide of the Belt Mountains one is rarely out of sight of a ranch. The settlers came in from the west during the last two years, anticipating the building of the railroad. They have already done a good deal of fencing with pine saplings, and their little dirt-roofed log "shacks" are snug and warm, if not roomy. A log stable and a corral for stock complete the array of farm buildings. A little land is cultivated close to the river, and there is unlimited range for stock upon the hills. The people are intelligent and hospitable, but very rude in their ways of living. Some have drifted all the way from California or Oregon, establishing ranches in one valley after another and selling them to go to a farther frontier. They will soon meet the tide of settlement moving up the Yellowstone from the east. There is only a gap of about three hundred miles to be closed; and that is by no means a vacant space, for in it are the little towns of Miles City, Junction City, Huntley, Coulson, and Billings.

A serious obstacle to the thorough settlement of this region is the Crow Indian Reservation, which stretches along the south side of the river for over two hundred miles, and has an average width of about seventy-five miles. Its area cannot be much less than that of Massachusetts, and it probably contains as much land valuable for the uses of man as that State. Upon this magnificent domain live about three thousand Indians. I do not know what the statistics of the Interior Department may be upon which rations and blankets are issued, but settlers living near the reservation place the population, including the "squaw-men" and half-breeds, at from two thousand five hundred to three thousand. A squaw-man, by the way, is a white man who has an Indian wife and lives with a tribe. The Crows make no use of their land save to hunt over it. In winter they cluster around the agency and subsist on Government beef and flour, killing a few buffaloes for their hides, which they sell, and in summer they roam across the country. They own forty thousand ponies. They are rarely seen in the valley of late, having been scared away by stories of small-pox in the camps of the graders on the railroad line. Some of the shrewder chiefs begin to recognize the inevitable, and say that their people must soon learn to farm and give up their hunting grounds. The Crows have long been friends of the whites, but they are a thievish, begging race, and far below their old enemies, the Sioux, in intelligence, handicraft, and fighting qualities. On their buffalo robes they picture their warriors as chasing, killing, and scalping the Sioux, but they rarely fail to seek the protection of the nearest military post when the Sioux hunting ponies come within a hundred miles of them. In the North-western country, the Indians have of late seldom committed any more serious crime than running off stock; but solitary travelers still find it prudent to make a display of a magazine rifle, and to keep a

sharp eye on any roving bands they may encounter. The Indian, whether he be Crow, Blackfoot, Flathead, or Sioux, finds it hard to resist the temptation of a good opportunity to secure a horse and a scalp at the same time.

The Crows lately gave up the western end of their reservation—a strip about forty miles long by sixty wide, containing the recently-discovered Clark's Fork gold and silver mines. This strip fronts on the Yellowstone, and contains some good bottom-land favorably situated for irrigation. The bill ratifying the treaty for the cession was signed by the President on the 12th of April. Weeks before, the north bank of the river was dotted at short intervals with the canvas-covered wagons of squatters from the older-settled valleys of Montana, each of whom had his eye on a section opposite, and was waiting for news of the signing of the bill to cross over and take possession. One morning a courier came over the pass from Bozeman with the word that the bill was signed and the land restored to the public domain. Immediately there was a forward movement all along the forty-mile line. It is said that by seven o'clock that evening there was not a single section of good bottom-land unoccupied. When I passed through the valley, six weeks later, most of the new settlers had their log-cabins already up, and had fenced a great deal of land. The eager enterprise shown in the instant occupancy of the retroceded portion of the Crow Reservation is an evidence that good land which can easily be irrigated is not abundant, and has a special value in the eyes of Montana farmers.

It is probably safe to say that west of the mouth of the Big Horn River the whole of the Yellowstone country, including the main valley and those of the tributary streams, is a region where only by irrigation can farming be successfully carried on, year after year. Narrow strips of land bordering a stream are here and there found moist enough to produce oats and potatoes without irrigating; but no general culture of the region is possible save where water can be brought upon the soil by artificial means. The whole of eastern Montana is a vast grazing region, creased with little winding valleys sunk two or three hundred feet below the general level, in which farming by means of irrigating ditches is very profitable. Not one acre in one thousand, however, can ever be made to produce crops unless a system of artesian wells is found in the future to be practicable. The place of eastern Montana in the industrial economy of the Union is to raise beef and mutton. Her farmers will never do more than to supply with grain and provisions the herdsmen of the hills and plateaus and the miners of the mountain gulches. With a home market at high prices always ready to take his products, the Montana farmer will always be more favorably situated than the farmer of Iowa, Kansas, and others of the great agricultural States of the West whose crops must go to the distant eastern cities to find consumers.

Near the mouth of Skull Creek, on the Upper Yellowstone, are the remains of an old Crow cemetery. Upon a rude platform about twelve feet above the ground, lie one on another perhaps thirty bodies, wrapped in blankets and buffalo-robes. The bears have torn down a portion of the platform, and the ground is strewn with a horrible débris of bones, skulls, fragments of garments, and dreadful, half-decayed, shapeless masses covered with vermin. Another platform on a high hill near by we did not care to visit, nor did we go down to the cotton-wood grove by the river to get a closer view of the dark objects hanging like gigantic fruit to the limbs. The Crow custom of placing their dead upon platforms, or of suspending them by leather thongs to the branches of trees, no doubt originated in the difficulty of burying bodies with the rude implements of their savage state, at a sufficient depth to protect them from the coyotes, those jackals of the plains. Some religious superstition has probably grown with time around a practice originally purely utilitarian. Hard by the broken platform with its disgusting burden stands the neat little log-cabin of a settler who has fenced in a claim, and counts upon comfort in the near future from his fertile acres and from his herd of cattle on the range among the hills. Two pretty children were playing around the door. The mother was busy with the house-work, and the father stopped chopping wood to show us the peas and beets growing in his garden. Here was a striking contrast between the old and new order of things in the far West. In sight of the moldering corpses of a dying race of savages stood the homestead of the typical American pioneer—a hardy, intelligent man, delighting in the robust toil with which he was winning from the wilds a competency for his later years, and proud of his place as a private soldier in the advancing army of civilization. Is it not better that such men, with their wives and children, should occupy the land, than that a few thousand painted savages should roam over it in search of buffalo-skins and scalps? I do not overlook the humanities of the Indian question, but I see no reason why a handful of people should keep

vast regions from settlement, should be exempt from toil, and clad and fed at the public expense, merely because they have red skins.

We followed the Yellowstone as far as the Great Bend, where to pursue its course further would have taken us southward through narrow defiles and cañons to the National Park. Thence we crossed the Belt Mountains to Bozeman in the Gallatin Valley. The river for the last two days of our journey was a cold-blue, rapid stream abounding in trout, and drawing its waters from springs and the melting snows in the mountains. The scenery became more and more attractive as we advanced, gigantic peaks, covered with snow, rising on either hand, and making, with their white summits and white-streaked sides, and the dark firs belting their lower slopes, a vivid contrast of color with the turf of the uplands, the vivid light green of the young cotton-woods and aspens, and the Rhine-like blue of the river. Among the mountain groups and ranges the most fascinating and the most decidedly Alpine in appearance is the isolated group of the Crazy Mountains lying north of the river. It resembles somewhat the Shreckhorn and Wetterhorn group near Gründelwald in Switzerland. The Crazies send down no glaciers from their towering rocky sides, but the deep masses of snow which fill the depressions between the shoulders of the different peaks might easily be taken for such rivers of ice as push their way into the Swiss valleys. Skirting the base of the Crazies we were met by one of those sudden and severe storms of wind, rain, and hail so common in the Rocky Mountain regions. It swooped down upon us majestically from the Yellowstone Mountains, a snowy range bounding the valley at that point on the south, and it buffeted us for fifteen minutes with mad fury, and then sailed off to the east like a gigantic black bird. While we were struggling in the icy grasp of the tempest, we could see the white crags and pinnacles of the Crazies luminous in vivid sunlight against a sky of perfect azure. The spectacle seemed almost supernatural, so startling and wonderful was its beauty. It was like gazing on the gleaming walls of Paradise from the midst of the storm and darkness of the vexed and toilsome life of earth.

Animal life is not abundant in the Yellowstone Valley. Buffaloes rarely cross the river now, but the whole country is strewn with their skulls and bones, and now and then one comes upon the remains of a bull killed by the Indians during the last winter hunting season. There are antelope back in the hills, and the enormous antlers of the elk, which adorn the gable of every ranchman's cabin, testify to the sport which may be found by striking back from the valley into the rugged mountain defiles. As to the common black-tail deer, they are still so plentiful that a few hours' tramp of a morning rarely fails to afford the hunter a good shot. The prairie dog still inhabits the whole valley, and you are not long out of sight of a village of these merry, chattering little creatures, who keep tune with their tails to their querulous notes, and provoke you by their impudence to try a shot with your revolver, but always dodge down into their holes in time to escape a bullet.

Large herds of cattle graze in the valleys of the Yellowstone and its tributaries, and in the hill country as far north as the Upper Missouri, wherever there are small streams or water holes. Now that the buffalo is fast disappearing, the region would afford pasturage to at least ten times as many cattle as it supports at present. The stock men who occupy it are generally careful, however, not to let this fact be known, as they naturally would like to keep the whole section for the future increase of their own herds. Cattle-raising in Montana is an exceedingly profitable business. One hears a great deal said in the Territory of the wealth of the "cattle-kings," and how they began their careers a few years ago with only a few hundred dollars. The local estimate of the annual return from money invested in a herd of cattle is from thirty to fifty per cent. The life of a stockman is not, however, an idle and comfortable one, as often pictured in the newspaper accounts of the business. Unless he is rich enough to hire herdsmen he must look after his herd constantly. He lives, as a rule, in a wretched dirt-roof "shack," and passes most of the time in the saddle, seeing that his animals do not stray too far off the range. In the fierce winter storms he must be out driving the herd into ravines and deep valleys, where they will be protected from the wind. No shelter is built for stock in Montana. The dried bunch-grass furnishes abundant winter grazing, and the animals get through the severe weather with a loss rarely exceeding four per cent. In the spring each owner "rounds up" his herd, and brands the calves. Every ranchman has his own brand, which he registers in the office of the county clerk, and advertises in the nearest local paper, printed, it may be, one or two hundred miles from his range. The annual drive of bullocks across the plains southward to the Union Pacific Railroad, or eastward to the temporary terminus of the Northern Pacific, takes place in the summer months.

Before taking leave of the Yellowstone Valley, along which this article has thus far carried the reader, let me say that the pict-

ures I have tried to draw of its scenery are all from observations made in a journey in the brief spring season of May, 1882, when the grass was green. After June it is a sere and yellow land, the bunch-grass curing upon the ground and giving to all the landscape a sad, autumnal look. It is a treeless region, too, save where the cotton-wood, that Proteus of trees, borders the streams, or the dwarf fir clings to the steep mountain sides, making black patches below the snow-line. The beauty of the valley is not, therefore, the beauty of green and wooded valleys like those of the Hudson, the Connecticut, or the Ohio, but the valley has a beauty of its own,—strange, singular, and often startling by its sharp contrasts between lofty and savage mountain peaks, gigantic walls of rock and gentle slopes and fair, level pastures, basking by the side of swift, limpid streams.

The Belt Mountains are crossed by the road leading from the Upper Yellowstone to the Gallatin Valley, at an elevation of five thousand four hundred feet,—a little less than the height of Mount Washington. The ascent is easy and gradual, but the descent is abrupt through a savage gorge, where the narrow path clings to the side of dizzy abysses. Once out of the gorge, you come suddenly into the wide, fertile, and well-settled plain, watered by the Gallatin and its branches, and passing Fort Ellis, are at Bozeman in an hour. A western fort, by the way, has nothing warlike in its appearance. There are neither walls nor cannon,—nothing, in fact, but a rectangle of frame structures surrounding a parade ground, neat cottages for the officers, long, ugly barracks for the men, store-houses, stables, etc. The soldiers look like laborers in blue blouses, and the officers, when not on duty, dress in easy négligé costumes,—blue flannel shirts, loose jackets and trowsers, and felt hats. They are genial, hospitable gentlemen, but are apt to have the failing of the army in Flanders. As story-tellers they are unrivaled, and few men can get as much amusement out of a pack of cards. A pleasant, social life is often found at a post. The older officers have families, and the presence of ladies and children brings to the garrison the refinements of civilized society.

Bozeman, named from the brave Montana pioneer who was killed by Indians on the Yellowstone, has, perhaps, fifteen hundred inhabitants, and, never having been a mining town, wears a settled and respectable air rare in the far West. There are many pretty frame houses with gardens and door-yards, a few substantial brick blocks, two or three churches, a big school-house, and a court-house with an ambitious tower. Indeed, were it not for the irrigating ditches which run through the place and the lofty snow mountains which bound the horizon on all sides, one might think himself in some Illinois or Iowa county-seat.

Strangers visiting Bozeman are always taken by some public-spirited citizen up to a mount of vision west of the town, from whence the whole broad valley can be seen, with its fields of grain, its swift streams, its irrigating ditches glistening in the sunlight like silver ribbons, its cozy little farm-houses, and its encircling rim of gray mountains crowned with snow. It is a lovely prospect, and doubly impressive because of the hundreds of miles of savage, desolate country one traverses to reach it.

At Bozeman I encountered an interesting specimen of the independent western waiter. Nobody serves willingly in the western territories. The man who brings you a pitcher of water, or harnesses your horse, puts on a familiar swagger, as if to show that he is only doing such menial work temporarily, and considers himself just as good as you. The Bozeman waiter came up to the new guest with a patronizing air and asked if he were hungry. The guest replied that he was. "I'm glad of it," remarked the waiter; "I like a hungry man." The next meal the guest presumed upon his enjoyment of the waiter's acquaintance to ask, "How are the cakes this morning?" but the waiter was out of humor and replied in a surly tone, "Darned if I know, I haint tried 'em."

Our party stopped at a wayside inn one day. There was a hamlet of three or four houses on a creek. The place seemed deserted, but the halting of a team before the log building where refreshments were dispensed rallied the whole population. One man appeared from behind a barn, another from a field, a third from a gulch; in fact they seemed to rise up out of the ground; the prospect of a treat, however remote, where liquor is twenty-five cents a drink, never fails to gather a crowd in this thirsty region. One of the party fell into conversation with a man who proved to be a doctor. A rough fellow, wearing leather riding-breeches and an immense dirt-colored felt hat, took a seat on the bar near by and listened intently to the talk. "I suppose your practice here must be largely eleemosynary," said the traveler to the physician. "Hell! stranger," interrupted the cowboy, "that's a good word. Whar did you git it?"

Apropos of frontier manners is an incident which can be located, as well as anywhere, at Kurtzville, a log town of seventeen saloons,

one store, and one hotel. A New York gentleman got out of the stage-coach and entering one of the saloons, asked politely for a little sherry in a wine-glass. The bar-keeper glared at him for a moment, then reached for a six-shooter and pointing it at the terrified traveler shouted, "Now, I tell you, tenderfoot, you take whisky. You take it in a tin-cup and you like it." The stranger took the whisky in the tin-cup, asserted that it was the best he ever drank, and made haste to get back to the coach.

The valleys of the three rivers which form the Missouri, the Gallatin, the Madison, and the Jefferson, seen from the hill east of Bozeman form the best developed agricultural region of Montana, and I think the only section of the Territory where broad areas of land can be seen under cultivation. Elsewhere the farms are narrow strips skirting the banks of streams. Not that the good land all lies in belts close to the creeks and rivers, but thus far farming has only been attempted where water could be brought upon the fields without much labor or expense. The time will soon come when a system of scientific irrigation requiring considerable capital for constructing long main ditches will be introduced, as has already been done in Colorado. Hundreds of thousands of fertile acres lie idle which can easily be reclaimed and made to produce large crops by utilizing the water now running to waste. Montana agriculture thus far is rudimentary and superficial. Men took to it as a business, because the isolation of the Territory and the demands of the mining camps for food and forage opened home markets at exceedingly high prices. When land could be had for the taking, and by a cheap and simple method of irrigation be made to produce sixty bushels of oats, fifty of wheat or three hundred of potatoes to the acre, farming was more profitable than gold mining. The old ranchmen would like to see this state of things continue. They are angry at the railroads pushing into the Territory from east, west, and south, foreseeing that the old era of high prices, free and easy living, vigilance committees and revolver law is doomed, and that they must soon conform to the general conditions of life prevailing in the densely settled portions of the country. One of the results of the construction of railroads through Montana will be to increase the price of land and diminish the value of crops, —a seeming paradox explained by the fact that hitherto no reasonable ratio has existed between the two. A man's farm has hardly been salable for the amount realized from its annual product. For example, a young man, owning one of the best ranches in the Gallatin valley, recently married in the East; and as his wife did not like Montana—no woman does until she has lived a long time in the Territory—he sold his ranch for $2500. A few days after he signed the deed, one of the Bozeman merchants paid him $3500 for the crop of oats he had just harvested.

Farming by irrigation is more laborious and expensive than the ordinary method, but it yields much larger returns. A Montana farmer would think he had unusually bad luck if a field of fifty acres did not average sixty bushels of oats to the acre year after year. The water brought upon the land is believed to have fertilizing properties, although it is usually as clear as spring water. A field farmed by irrigation must be so situated that water can be brought along one side of it in a main ditch, and must have sufficient slope for cross ditches to be run with a plow from twelve to twenty feet apart. If the season is very dry, water must be brought upon the whole field three times; in an ordinary season once or twice is often enough. The ground must be thoroughly moistened plowshare deep. The farmer goes along the ditches with a spade, making little dams to spread the water, and thus patch by patch he gets the whole surface drenched at last.

From Bozeman to Helena is about one hundred miles, and the sparsely settled condition of Montana will be understood when I say, that in the region settled seventeen years ago, with the exception of one little mining village of perhaps two hundred inhabitants, nothing which can possibly be called a town is seen in the whole journey. A little belt of farming settlement follows the banks of the Missouri for twenty miles below the junction of the three rivers, and a few creeks coming down from the mountain sides are dotted with ranches. The lines of black alders fringing these creeks can be seen ten miles away,—narrow, bright-green ribbons laid across the gray, bunch-grass slopes from the gorges in the foot-hills down to the deep valley of the river. There are striking views of the Belt Mountains on the east and the main range of the Rockies on the west to be had from the high divides between the creeks, and at one point the Missouri can be seen for many miles,—a clear, winding stream embracing countless little green islands. The country is covered with a sparse growth of bunch-grass growing in stands of about a dozen stacks with bare spaces as large as a dinner-plate between. The grass gives color to the valleys, slopes, and hills; but nowhere is it thick enough to look like an eastern pasture. Herds of horses and cattle are seen here and there. They look fat and contented, but to

thrive upon the scant grass they require a wide range. As much as ten acres of grazing ground for each animal is the ranchman's usual estimate.

Helena is a town of six thousand inhabitants, wedged in a cleft between base hills and debouching upon the plain as best it can among enormous piles of stones and dirt,—the débris of extensive placer mines. Scarcely have the miners spared room enough for the road to get into the town among their hideous heaps and holes. An unclean business this placer mining, carried on in mud and dirty water and leaving ghastly gashes and scars on the face of the country. The town is the outgrowth of a prosperous mining camp,—the Last Chance gulch, from which it is said more gold has been taken than from any other single locality in the world. Its situation as the nearest point in the mining region to the head of navigation on the Missouri River at Fort Benton made Helena a distributing center in the days when merchants brought in a year's supply of goods during the brief season of navigation. Thus it got a start as the chief commercial town of the territory. It still keeps the lead, and will continue to keep it unless the railroads should develop a larger town in the Yellowstone Valley. Ugly to the eye, with its scrambling, shadeless streets clinging to the steep hills; its narrow, crooked, ill-built business thoroughfare, and its blotch of a Chinese suburb, Helena is, nevertheless, an attractive place. The traveler can enjoy his ease in a comfortable hotel, read the news morning and evening in intelligent, well-printed daily papers, take his choice of seven churches on Sunday, read the new publications in a public library, supply his needs at stores as large and as well-stocked as are found in cities ten times as large in the east, and enjoy the society of people who add to culture that stamp of originality of character so common in the far West, and so rare in old communities. The town is singularly self-centered. Small as it is, it has metropolitan airs. It does its own thinking without reference to Chicago or New York, and has its own code of morals, which includes the toleration of public gaming-houses on the most eligible corners of the main street. People speak of "the States," as of some far-distant country in whose affairs they take but slight interest. The height of human felicity, in their opinion, is to live in Montana and "strike it rich" on a quartz lead. The highest title to distinction is to be an old resident. The red-faced miner or ranchman in a big clay-colored sombrero, who brings down his fist upon the bar and says, "I am an old Montanian," feels as genuine a pride as did the Roman citizen of old when he boasted of a share in the empire of the world. To have come into the territory in 1862 is an honor here as great as a lord's title in England. The cordial hospitality shown to strangers by the better class of residents of the Montana towns is a pleasant surprise. Acquaintances are easily made; and the traveler who lately was glad of a chance to unroll his blankets at night on the floor of a ranchman's cabin finds himself entertained at bountiful tables, and surrounded by the accessories of a tasteful and comfortable home life. It is a thousand miles across vast, desolate spaces to the nearest city; but here are pictures, books, pianos, and luxurious furniture. The only noticeable difference in the talk of social circles observed by one fresh from the east, is that the current news and political discussion of "the States" are of slight interest here, and are rarely mentioned, and that local affairs, including the heroic days of the Vigilance Committee, are much dwelt upon. You will very likely learn that the prominent lawyer or banker who sits next you at dinner, was a leading vigilant and helped hang a dozen robbers and murderers. The papers give but a meager telegraphic summary of events in the world outside Montana, and the St. Paul and Chicago papers are so old when they reach here that they have few readers. Hemmed in by mountains and separated from the well-settled portions of the west by wide areas of vacant country, Montana has thus far been a region apart, and has worked out her own destiny without much help from beyond. Soon the territory will be traversed from east to west by eight hundred miles of railway. Population will pour in and the little mountain community, grown to the dimensions of a State, will assimilate with the nation at large.

We crossed the main divide of the Rockies at Frenchwoman's Pass, about fifteen miles north-west of Helena. The pass gets its name from a woman who was murdered by her husband in the early days of Montana settlement, and over it runs the main road between Helena and the Upper Missouri country, and the valleys watered by the tributaries of the Columbia. We went up the pass in fine style,—four handsome horses and the best driver in Montana, "Gib," a graduate of the Overland Mail service, a powerful man with bronzed face and the neck and shoulders of a Spanish bull-fighter, but with a soft voice, and an admirable dignity and quietness of manner. He talked to his horses in low tones, never a loud word or an oath, chiding or encouraging them as they deserved, and they seemed perfectly to understand every word he said. When we came to narrow places in

the road, overhanging precipices, where two teams could not pass, his voice rang out like a bugle in a high, piercing cry to warn teamsters who might be out of sight around a corner, not to advance further. Less musical, perhaps, than the modulated shout with which the Venetian gondolier turns a corner, the cry of the Rocky Mountain driver, flung back from lofty peak or cañon wall, is nevertheless much more thrilling. Gib's leaders were adorned with a great number of ivory rings attached to the martingales,—the private property of the driver and a badge of distinction on the road. All the farmers' "whips" ornament their leaders in this fashion,—the greater the driver the more ivory rings on the martingales. The teamsters gave way to the great man as we passed, and even the stages yielded half the road,—a courtesy accorded to no ordinary outfit,—and the drivers hailed Gib in tones of respectful comradeship.

The ascent of the eastern slope of Frenchwoman's Pass is not at all difficult. A fair road climbs up through a forest of firs between masses of rock and over brawling torrents. Through rifts in the forest there are here and there views of the broad Prickly Pear Valley and the Belt Range beyond, and of nearer rounded summits of the Rockies,—huge hemispheres of granite and snow. At the top of the pass is a broad green meadow-like expanse, flecked with patches of snow all summer, and rimmed around with the dark firs. Upon the very ridge-pole of the water-shed, where a melting snow-bank divided its favors between two tiny rivulets, one running to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific, we halted and opened a bottle of Beaujolais, presented to one of the party weeks before by a fellow traveler at the foot of Gray's Peak in Colorado.

Flowers grew in abundance among the snow-banks—adder's-tongues, bluebells, yellow violets, wind-flowers, and half a dozen other species. The road from the summit wound down over green slopes, and through woodland patches, following the course of the Little Blackfoot Creek for two hours; then across windy ridges until the deep, broad valley of the Deer Lodge River burst into sight. A great difference was observed between the vegetation on the two sides of the Main Divide. The Pacific Slope shows a much richer flora; the grass is better and more abundant; many shrubs and flowers flourish that are not seen east of the range; the forests of fir and pine descend farther into the valleys; streams are more frequent, and have a greater volume of water. Evidently the warm, moist currents of air from the Pacific Ocean striking against the Rockies leave much of their moisture before they reach the valleys of the eastern slope.

In thirty miles' drive from the pass to Deer Lodge the only signs of settlement we saw were four log-houses, a saw-mill, and a flock of sheep. Plenty of room here for people who want to lead a pastoral life on sunny green slopes near mighty forests, by swift, clear streams, with snow peaks cutting the blue sky and nature furnishing whole acres of dwarf sunflowers and larkspur for flower-gardens. Not so far from the good things of civilization, either; for what is that ten miles away in the valley? Church spires, surely, and pretty white houses in a mass of green. Yes, it is the village of Deer Lodge, prettiest of the Montana towns. Near acquaintance does not lessen its beauty. Its twelve hundred inhabitants support excellent schools in buildings that would do no discredit to a New England town. They live in neat houses, and have gardens and lawns watered by clear, full streams, and boast of the best weekly newspaper in the territory. Their valley lies about four thousand feet above the sea level, and is rather cold for agriculture; but good crops of wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes are produced. Montana potatoes, by the way, are of prodigious size and of corresponding excellence. Until you have eaten them you do not know what the potato is capable of.

From Deer Lodge my route led westward fifty miles over high grassy hills, past placer mining camps where the face of the country for miles has been gashed and scarred—all of the soil washed away in the eager search for grains and nuggets of gold, and nothing left but sand and heaps of bowlders. Hideous little villages squat on the brink of these excavations, or sprawl out, hot and dusty, in the bottoms of the gulches, populated chiefly by saloon-keepers and Chinamen. In the single street of one of these villages, where we stopped for dinner, lay a big rock, an obstruction to teams of fifteen years' date, no doubt. The loungers at the store got into a dispute about its probable weight; bets were quickly made; crowbars and a truck were brought, and with a deal of sweating and swearing, prying and lifting, the rock was put upon a scale and weighed. The losers paid their bets, business at the saloons became brisk for a time, and the excitement promised to last the dull town for the rest of the summer.

The country both sides of the Deer Lodge River is all good pasture land, save where gashed by the gold grubbers for a day's journey west. Then the stream takes another name, and is called the Hell Gate, and runs for another fifty miles through a magnificent mountain gorge, the narrow valley and the

steep declivities being heavily timbered with the red fir and the Rocky Mountain pine *(Pinus ponderosa)*. If the reader has seen the valley of the French Broad River in North Carolina, below Asheville, he will have a tolerably correct idea of the Hell Gate defile, save that the Montana forest has no hard-wood trees, and the somber evergreen hue is only relieved, close to the stream, by the light tint of the pinking aspens. It was a delight to get into the woods after a month of travel across the treeless country of Dakota and Eastern Montana. We passed a caravan of Mormons, who had come five hundred miles from Utah with wagons and wives to work on the railroad. We met bands of Flat-head Indians bound for Camas Prairie to gather and dry the camas root: picturesque at a distance in their motley garb of blankets and skins, but dirty and ugly on near acquaintance. All were mounted, even to babies of three years old, who guided their ponies—by rope halters tied around the lower jaw—with as much skill as the old bucks and squaws. The squaws looked after the spare ponies, of which there was always a numerous drove, and the patient nags that trotted along, dragging the tepee poles, while the braves rode ahead, silent, disdainful, and hideous in red paint and long, braided hair.

Out of the Hell Gate defile we emerged one evening in early June, to rest in the frontier village of Missoula, which thrives on the trade of the Bitter Root Valley—best of the farming valleys of West Montana—on the necessities and vices of a military post, and on what lawful or unlawful business can be done with the dwellers on the Jocko Indian Reservation twenty-five miles distant. Here the river takes a third name, and, after it receives the Bitter Root, is styled the Missoula, and runs with wide and hurrying current westward to join the Clark's Fork of the Columbia.

E. V. Smalley.

(To be continued.)

UNQUENCHED.*

I THINK upon the conquering Greek who ran
(Brave was the racer!) that brave race of old—
Swifter than hope his feet that did not tire.

Calmer than love the hand which reached that goal;
A torch it bore, and cherished to the end
And rescued from the winds the sacred fire.

O life the race! O heart the racer! Hush!
And listen long enough to learn of him
Who sleeps beneath the dust with his desire.

Go! shame thy coward weariness, and wail.
Who doubles contest, doubles victory.
Go! learn to run the race, and carry fire.

O Friend! The lip is brave, the heart is weak.
Stay near. The runner faints—the torch falls pale.
Save me the flame that mounteth ever higher!

Grows it so dark? I lift mine eyes to *thine;*
Blazing within them, steadfast, pure, and strong,
Against the wind there fights the eternal fire.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

* At the Promethean and other festivals, young men ran with torches or lamps lighted from the sacrificial altar. "In this contest, only he was victorious whose lamp remained unextinguished in the race."

MARK TWAIN.

In one form or other, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens has told the story of his life in his books, and in sketching his career I shall have to recur to the leading facts rather than to offer fresh information. He was remotely of Virginian origin and more remotely of good English stock; the name was well-known before his time in the South, where a senator, a congressman and other dignitaries had worn it; but his branch of the family fled from the destitution of those vast landed possessions in Tennessee, celebrated in "The Gilded Age," and went very poor to Missouri. Mr. Clemens was born on the 30th of November, 1835, at Florida in the latter State, but his father removed shortly afterward to Hannibal, a small town on the Mississippi, where most of the humorist's boyhood was spent. Hannibal as a name is hopelessly confused and ineffective; but if we can know nothing of Mr. Clemens from Hannibal, we can know much of Hannibal from Mr. Clemens, who, in fact, has studied a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slave-holding, Mississippi river town of thirty years ago, with such strong reality in his boy's romance of "Tom Sawyer," that we need inquire nothing further concerning the type. The original perhaps no longer exists anywhere; certainly not in Hannibal, which has grown into a flourishing little city since Mr. Clemens sketched it. In his time, the two embattled forces of civilization and barbarism were encamped at Hannibal, as they are at all times and everywhere; the morality of the place was the morality of a slave-holding community: fierce, arrogant, one-sided—this virtue for white, and that for black folks; and the religion was Calvinism in various phases, with its predestinate aristocracy of saints and its rabble of hopeless sinners. Doubtless, young Clemens escaped neither of the opposing influences wholly. His people like the rest were slave-holders; but his father, like so many other slave-holders, abhorred slavery—silently, as he must in such a time and place. If the boy's sense of justice suffered anything of that perversion which so curiously and pitiably maimed the reason of the whole South, it does not appear in his books, where there is not an ungenerous line, but always, on the contrary, a burning resentment of all manner of cruelty and wrong.

The father, an austere and singularly upright man, died bankrupt when Clemens was twelve years old, and the boy had thereafter to make what scramble he could for an education. He got very little learning in school, and like so many other Americans in whom the literary impulse is native, he turned to the local printing-office for some of the advantages from which he was otherwise cut off. Certain records of the three years spent in the Hannibal "Courier" office are to be found in Mark Twain's book of sketches; but I believe there is yet no history anywhere of the *wanderjahre*, in which he followed the life of a jour-printer, from town to town, and from city to city, penetrating even so far into the vague and fabled East as Philadelphia and New York.

He returned to his own country—his *patria*—sated, if not satisfied, with travel, and at seventeen he resolved to "learn the river" from St. Louis to New Orleans as a steam-boat pilot. Of this period of his life he has given a full account in the delightful series of papers, "Piloting on the Mississippi," which he printed seven years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly." The growth of the railroads and the outbreak of the Civil War put an end to profitable piloting, and at twenty-four he was again open to a vocation. He listened for a moment to the loudly calling drum of that time, and he was actually in camp for three weeks on the rebel side; but the unorganized force to which he belonged was disbanded, and he finally did not "go with his section" either in sentiment or in fact. His brother having been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory, Mr. Clemens went out with him as his private secretary; but he soon resigned his office and withdrew to the mines. He failed as a miner, in the ordinary sense; but the life of the mining-camp yielded him the wealth that the pockets of the mountain denied; he had the Midas-touch, without knowing it, and all these grotesque experiences have since turned into gold under his hand. After his failure as a miner had become evident even to himself, he was glad to take the place of local editor on the Virginia City "Enterprise," a newspaper for which he had amused himself in writing from time to time. He had written for the newspapers before this; few Americans escape that fate; and as an apprentice in the Hannibal "Courier" office his humor had embroiled some of the

leading citizens, and impaired the fortunes of that journal by the alienation of several delinquent subscribers.

But it was in the "Enterprise" that he first used his pseudonym of "Mark Twain," which he borrowed from the vernacular of the river, where the man heaving the lead calls out "Mark twain!" instead of "Mark two!" In 1864, he accepted, on the San Francisco "Morning Call," the same sort of place which he had held on the "Enterprise," and he soon made his *nom de guerre* familiar "on that coast"; he not only wrote "local items" in the "Call," but he printed humorous sketches in various periodicals, and, two years later, he was sent to the Sandwich Islands as correspondent of a Sacramento paper.

When he came back he "entered the lecture-field," as it used to be phrased. Of these facts there is, as all English-speaking readers know, full record in "Roughing It," though I think Mr. Clemens has not mentioned there his association with that extraordinary group of wits and poets, of whom Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Mr. Charles H. Webb, Mr. Prentice Mulford, were, with himself, the most conspicuous. These ingenious young men, with the fatuity of gifted people, had established a literary newspaper in San Francisco, and they brilliantly coöperated to its early extinction.

In 1867, Mr. Clemens made in the *Quaker City* the excursion to Europe and the East which he has commemorated in "The Innocents Abroad." Shortly after his return he married, and placed himself at Buffalo, where he bought an interest in one of the city newspapers; later he came to Hartford, where he has since remained, except for the two years spent in a second visit to Europe. The incidents of this visit he has characteristically used in "A Tramp Abroad"; and in fact, I believe the only book of Mr. Clemens's which is not largely autobiographical, is "The Prince and the Pauper": the scene being laid in England, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the difficulties presented to a nineteenth century autobiographer were insurmountable.

The habit of putting his own life, not merely in its results but in its processes, into his books, is only one phase of the frankness of Mr. Clemens's humorous attitude. The transparent disguise of the pseudonym once granted him, he asks the reader to grant him nothing else. In this, he differs wholly from most other American humorists, who have all found some sort of dramatization of their personality desirable if not necessary. Charles F. Browne, "delicious" as he was when he dealt with us directly, preferred the disguise of "Artemus Ward" the showman; Mr. Locke likes to figure as "Petroleum V. Nasby," the cross-roads politician; Mr. Shaw chooses to masquerade as the saturnine philosopher "Josh Billings"; and each of these humorists appeals to the grotesqueness of misspelling to help out his fun. It was for Mr. Clemens to reconcile the public to humor which contented itself with the established absurdities of English orthography; and I am inclined to attribute to the example of his immense success, the humane spirit which characterized our recent popular humor. There is still sufficient flippancy and brutality in it; but there is no longer the stupid and monkeyish cruelty of motive and intention which once disgraced and insulted us. Except the political humorists, like Mr. Lowell—if there were any like him—the American humorists formerly chose the wrong in public matters; they were on the side of slavery, of drunkenness, and of irreligion; the friends of civilization were their prey; their spirit was thoroughly vulgar and base. Before "John Phoenix," there was scarcely any American humorist—not of the distinctly literary sort—with whom one could smile and keep one's self-respect. The great Artemus himself was not guiltless; but the most popular humorist who ever lived has not to accuse himself, so far as I can remember, of having written anything to make one morally ashamed of liking him. One can readily make one's strictures: there is often more than a suggestion of forcing in his humor; sometimes it tends to horse-play; sometimes the extravagance overleaps itself, and falls flat on the other side; but I cannot remember that in Mr. Clemens's books I have ever been asked to join him in laughing at any good or really fine thing. But I do not mean to leave him with this negative praise; I mean to say of him that as Shakspere, according to Mr. Lowell's saying, was the first to make poetry all poetical, Mark Twain was the first to make humor all humorous. He has not only added more in bulk to the style of harmless pleasures than any other humorist; but more in the spirit that is easily and wholly enjoyable. There is nothing lost in literary attitude, in labored dictionary funning, in affected quaintness, in dreary dramatization, in artificial "dialect"; Mark Twain's humor is as simple in form and as direct as the statesmanship of Lincoln or the generalship of Grant.

When I think how purely and wholly American it is, I am a little puzzled at its universal acceptance. We are doubtless the most thoroughly homogeneous people that ever existed as a great nation. There is such

a parity in the experiences of Americans that Mark Twain or Artemus Ward appeals as unerringly to the consciousness of our fifty millions as Goldoni appealed to that of his hundred thousand Venetians. In one phrase, we have somehow all "been there"; in fact, generally, and in sympathy almost certainly, we have been there. In another generation or two, perhaps, it will be wholly different; but as yet the average American is the man who has risen; he has known poverty, and privation, and low conditions; he has very often known squalor; and now, in his prosperity, he regards the past with a sort of large, pitying amusement; he is not the least ashamed of it; he does not feel that it characterizes him any more than the future does. Our humor springs from this multiform American experience of life, and securely addresses itself—in reminiscence, in phrase, in its whole material—to the intelligence bred of like experience. It is not of a class for a class; it does not employ itself with the absurdities of a tailor as a tailor; its conventions, if it has any, are all new, and of American make. When it mentions hash we smile because we have each somehow known the cheap boarding-house or restaurant; when it alludes to putting up stoves in the fall, each of us feels the grime and rust of the pipes on his hands; the introduction of the lightning-rod man, or the book-agent, establishes our brotherhood with the humorist at once. But how is it with the vast English-speaking world outside of these States, to which hash, and stove-pipes, and lightning-rod men and book-agents are as strange as lords and ladies, dungeon-keeps and battlements are to us? Why, in fine, should an English chief-justice keep Mark Twain's books always at hand? Why should Darwin have gone to them for rest and refreshment at midnight when spent with scientific research?

I suppose that Mark Twain transcends all other American humorists in the universal qualities. He deals very little with the pathetic, which he nevertheless knows very well how to manage, as he has shown, notably in the true story of the old slave-mother; but there is a poetic lift in his work, even when he permits you to recognize it only as something satirized. There is always the touch of nature, the presence of a sincere and frank manliness in what he says, the companionship of a spirit which is at once delightfully open and deliciously shrewd. Elsewhere I have tried to persuade the reader that his humor is at its best the foamy break of the strong tide of earnestness in him. But it would be limiting him unjustly to describe him as a satirist; and it is hardly practicable to establish him in people's minds as a moralist; he has made them laugh too long; they will not believe him serious; they think some joke is always intended. This is the penalty, as Dr. Holmes has pointed out, of making one's first success as a humorist. There was a paper of Mark Twain's printed in the "Atlantic Monthly" some years ago and called, "The Facts concerning the late Carnival of Crime in Connecticut," which ought to have won popular recognition of the ethical intelligence which underlies his humor. It was, of course, funny; but under the fun it was an impassioned study of the human conscience. Hawthorne or Bunyan might have been proud to imagine that powerful allegory which had a grotesque force far beyond either of them. It had been read before a literary club in Hartford; a reverend gentleman had offered the author his pulpit for the next Sunday if he would give it as a homily there. Yet it quite failed of the response I had hoped for it, and I shall not insist here upon Mark Twain as a moralist; though I warn the reader that if he leaves out of the account an indignant sense of right and wrong, a scorn of all affectation and pretense, an ardent hate of meanness and injustice, he will come indefinitely short of knowing Mark Twain.

His powers as a story-teller were evident in hundreds of brief sketches before he proved them in "Tom Sawyer" and "The Prince and the Pauper." Both of these books, aside from the strength of characterization, are fascinating as mere narratives, and I can think of no writer living who has in higher degree the art of interesting his reader from the first word. This is a far rarer gift than we imagine, and I shall not call it a subordinate charm in Mark Twain's books, rich as they otherwise are. I have already had my say about "Tom Sawyer," whose only fault is an excess of reality in portraying the character and conditions of south-western boyhood as it was forty years ago, and which is full of that poetic sympathy with nature and human nature which I always find in Mark Twain. "The Prince and the Pauper" has particularly interested me for the same qualities which, in a study of the past, we call romantic, but which alone can realize the past for us. Occasionally the archaic diction gives way and lets us down hard upon the American parlance of the nineteenth century; but mainly the illusion is admirably sustained, and the tale is to be valued not only in itself, but as an earnest of what Mr. Clemens might do in fiction when he has fairly done with autobiography in its various forms. His invention is of the good old sort, like De Foe's more than that of any other English writer,

and like that of the Spanish picturesque novelists, Mendoza and the rest; it flows easily from incident to incident, and does not deepen into situation. In the romance it operates as lightly and unfatiguingly as his memory in the realistic story.

His books abound in passages of dramatic characterization, and he is, as the reader knows, the author of the most successful American play. I believe Mr. Clemens has never claimed the reconstruction of Colonel Sellers for the stage; but he nevertheless made the play, for whatever is good in it came bodily from his share of the novel of "The Gilded Age." It is a play which succeeds by virtue of the main personage, and this personage, from first to last, is quite outside of the dramatic action, which sometimes serves, and sometimes does not serve the purpose of presenting Colonel Sellers. Where the drama fails, Sellers rises superior and takes the floor; and we forget the rest. Mr. Raymond conceived the character wonderfully well, and he plays it with an art that ranks him to that extent with the great actors; but he has in nowise "created" it. If any one "created" Colonel Sellers, it was Mark Twain, as the curious reader may see on turning again to the novel; but I suspect that Colonel Sellers was never created, except as other men are; that he was found somewhere and transferred, living, to the book.

I prefer to speak of Mr. Clemens's artistic qualities because it is to these that his humor will owe its perpetuity. All fashions change, and nothing more wholly and quickly than the fashion of fun; as any one may see by turning back to what amused people in the last generation; that stuff is terrible. As Europe becomes more and more the playground of Americans, and every scene and association becomes insipidly familiar, the jokes about the old masters and the legends will no longer be droll to us. Neither shall we care for the huge Californian mirth, when the surprise of the picturesquely mixed civilization and barbarism of the Pacific coast has quite died away; and Mark Twain would pass with the conditions that have made him intelligible, if he were not an artist of uncommon power as well as a humorist. He portrays and interprets real types, not only with exquisite appreciation and sympathy, but with a force and truth of drawing that makes them permanent. Artemus Ward was very funny, that can never be denied; but it must be owned that the figure of the literary showman is as wholly factitious as his spelling; the conception is one that has to be constantly humored by the reader. But the innumerable characters sketched by Mark Twain are actualities, however caricatured,—and, usually, they are not so very much caricatured. He has brought back the expression of Western humor to sympathy with the same orthography of John Phœnix; but Mark Twain is vastly more original in form. Derby was weighed upon by literary tradition; he was "academic" at times, but Mr. Clemens is never "academic." There is no drawing from casts; in his work evidently the life has everywhere been studied: and it is his apparent unconsciousness of any other way of saying a thing except the natural way that makes his books so restful and refreshing. Our little nervous literary sensibilities may suffer from his extravagance, or from other traits of his manner, but we have not to beat our breasts at the dread apparition of Dickens's or Thackeray's hand in his page. He is far too honest and sincere a soul for that; and where he is obliged to force a piece of humor to its climax—as sometimes happens—he does not call in his neighbors to help; he does it himself, and is probably sorry that he had to do it.

I suppose that even in so slight and informal a study as this, something like an "analysis" of our author's humor is expected But I much prefer not to make it. I have observed that analyses of humor are apt to leave one rather serious, and to result in an entire volatilization of the humor. If the prevailing spirit of Mark Twain's humor is not a sort of good-natured self-satire, in which the reader may see his own absurdities reflected, I scarcely should be able to determine it.

W. D. Howells.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.

If a colony from Jupiter or Saturn could suddenly be planted in our midst, they would scarcely differ from us of Christendom more widely than do the Orientals, in appearance, religion, aims of life, laws, habits, and education. Orientals and the Orient are an enigma to us so long as we pretend to judge them by the rules we are accustomed to apply to ourselves, and we shall never solve the enigma until we weigh them and their actions by their own rules. Yet they vary among themselves as much as we do among ourselves. The differences among English, French, and Germans are no greater than those among the Fellaheen,—laborious tillers of the soil, kindly, with no aim in life save to preserve a mere existence; the Arab,—hospitable, yet fond of travel and combat, ambitious of wealth, yet preferring to gain it by the strong hand and sudden stroke, rather than by patient toil; and the Turk,—hardest of masters, most unscrupulous of diplomatists, no respecter of the rights of others, sensual and lazy, yet capable, when wrought up, of the greatest energy, the most desperate efforts, and the utmost endurance of danger, fatigue, and privations.

These are only a few of the many eastern types produced and intensified by differences of race, climate, and pursuits, or by the influences of the ages during which their surrounding conditions have changed so little. But there are characteristics common to them all, wherein they differ widely from the western nations. Most prominent among these is the general nature of their various religions, of which we will now refer only to that of Islam. With the Mohammedans the Koran is the book of civil law as well as of religion; by its precepts are regulated alike public polity and individual life; they suppose it to contain the sum of all knowledge, and it is, as a rule, the limit of their education. While enjoining charity toward the poor, it omits that nobler charity of opinion peculiar to our own gospels. It teaches that the unbeliever is a dog, deserving only contempt and death, and that the Mohammedan's noblest service to his Prophet and his God is to put this maxim into operation. But as, after all, the Mohammedan is not absolutely perfect, he is in these days usually restrained from carrying his theory into practice by strong considerations of fear and self-interest; nevertheless, it is probable that the involuntary suppression of this feeling renders it only stronger, and more apt to lead him into terrible excesses when the opportunity arises.

With the true son of Islam there can be nothing but absolute hatred and contempt for unbelievers; no servitude more galling than Christian rule; no triumph more rapturous than that which enables him to grind his heel into the Christian's face. When he is excited by success or religious fanaticism, the famished tiger is an angel of mercy in comparison with him. Moreover, he is a born dissembler; when policy requires, he can conceal his opinions and passions under an impenetrable mask. Neither subterfuge nor evasion is unworthy of his use. Even in the ordinary traffic of the bazaar he will chaffer for hours over a pipe-stem or a silver bangle. He maintains his calm and humble demeanor until the dagger is raised to strike, when suddenly the gentle lamb is transformed into the ferocious beast of prey. Ignorant, as a rule, of all except the Koran, he despises all other knowledge, and thus knows little or nothing of the power of the West, except where with his own eyes he has witnessed, or in his own person has felt, some special display of its force; and therefore, when his fanaticism is aroused, there is little to restrain him from its gratification, especially as the sentiment of fatalism is so strong within his breast. The masses of the Orientals have little but life to lose in this world, and much to gain in the other by entering it direct from a conflict with the unbeliever.

Just now the eyes of what we call the civilized world,— meaning by that the Christian nations,— are turned with intense interest upon one spot in the Orient, wondering whether the turmoil, the sounds of battle, and the shrieks of murdered Christians will be confined within the walls bounding the valley of the Nile, or whether the horrid discord will spread until it reaches all the great valleys, widespread plateaus, and mountain masses, where the followers of the cross and the adherents of the crescent can come in contact. Our interest is heightened when we remember that the conflict has commenced in the old land of Egypt, the seat of the earliest civilization recorded by history; that the first guns fired were those of England, an almost unknown and wholly barbarous island when first

invaded by the great Roman who, vanquished by the charms of the fairest of Egyptian queens, bestowed a few more years of life and power upon the last native dynasty of the mysterious land. If the contest is confined to Arabi, with such support as he can find in Egypt, on the one hand, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, backed by all the resources of England, on the other, the result is easy to foretell. But, if it should grow into a general, and perhaps the last great conflict between the cross and the crescent, while we feel sure as to its outcome, we cannot so clearly foresee the phases which it may assume, or the changes it may bring about.

The apparent immediate cause of the Egyptian imbroglio is the dissatisfaction of native ex-office-holders with the Anglo-French control. Arabi and his supporters have had much to say of the Egyptian national party and their impatience of foreign rule. It is difficult, at this distance, to reach the exact truth, although our knowledge of the past will enable us to arrive at conclusions having at least strong probability in their favor. It must first be remarked that there is no similarity between Eastern and Western systems of government. In the East the ruler—whether Sultan, Khedive, or what not—regards himself as proprietor of all persons and property within his control; the rate of taxation is simply the maximum that can be screwed out of the people, and any official charged with the collection of the revenue would regard himself as disgracing his profession did he not collect much more than he was required to, and put in his own pocket not only all the surplus, but as much as possible of the original amount called for. In a country ruled, as Egypt so long has been, by an alien race, this state of things is necessarily intensified and carried to the greatest extreme. The taxes are wrung from the people by forced labor and the bastinado, and a high official on a tax collection tour is accompanied by attendants bearing the stock and koorbash. Under Ismaïl Pacha this system was in full play, and, consequently, his government was intensely hated by the Fellaheen.

During my visit to Egypt—some seven or eight years ago—there was certainly no national feeling among the Egyptians. Neither they nor their ancestors, for nearly two thousand years, had known native rulers. During all these long centuries they had been the spoil of Roman, Arab, Turk, and Mameluke in turn; from none, since the Roman time, had they received protection of life and property, or any national benefits, and it was impossible that patriotism should exist among them, for there is no patriotism save in a country worth loving. The conduct of the Egyptian troops in the late Russian war is a proof of this. The few battalions I saw in Egypt were fine-looking troops—well armed, instructed, and equipped, with intelligent faces and excellent physique; yet they proved utterly worthless, as it seems to me, because they were destitute of that pride which is inspired by patriotism; for them their flag had no meaning, its honor was no concern of theirs. Their conduct in Abyssinia and the Soudan was similar, and no doubt from the same cause. How can valor and patriotism be expected from men whose only knowledge of their government is that derived from the tax-gatherer, the bastinado, and forced labor? The achievements of that great soldier, Ibrahim Pacha, are not in contradiction with this conclusion, because few of his troops were Fellaheen. His conquering armies were mainly composed of Arabs, Syrians, Nubians, Arnauts—in fact, of fighting men from all the neighboring parts of the East, who were reduced to discipline by his stern will, and guided to victory by his great military genius.

To the traveler the Fellaheen of the Upper Nile seem a gentle, amiable race, child-like in their ignorance and simplicity, living in the greatest poverty, in roofless huts, destitute of all comfort. Frequently they are left on the very verge of starvation by the merciless exaction of taxes, and under Ismaïl they were carried off in droves to work without compensation upon the estates of the Khedive. So great was their dread of the Government, that I have known them to abstain from attempting to save lives in imminent danger, because of their fear of being imprisoned as witnesses, or punished as guilty of the death of any they might vainly attempt to save. I once saw a number of men and women upon a wreck on the rough waters of the Nile, floating down among many native boats afraid to aid them; my own men hesitated until I assured them that I would stand between them and all harm, whereupon they cheerfully exerted themselves to save those still left of the wrecked people. When they had rescued them they did all in their power to comfort them—giving them of their own food and clothes, and even of their scanty stock of money. It was clearly proved that their first hesitation did not arise from any lack of humanity and kindness, but from absolute dread of their capricious and unjust government. I have seen whole villages deserted upon the approach of recruiting parties—all rushing to the desert for safety—for the Felláh loves his native village and his family, and for him service in the army meant final

separation from all he held dear. Now, whatever its defects and demerits, the rule of the Anglo-French Control brought with it relief from many of these evils. The taxes were diminished, and seem to have been collected with system, justice, and honesty; the extravagant expenditure of the Government was curtailed or abolished, and the general condition of the peasants was much improved. One of Arabi's charges against the Control is that they ousted the native officials, and replaced them by foreigners at high salaries. This was true, but it was absolutely necessary. Honest officials were rarely or never to be found among the natives, and reform and honest administration were impossible without the employment of foreigners, who, of course, required higher salaries than the natives, but saved to the country and people a sum immensely greater than their pay, by the systematic and comparatively honest administration of affairs.

It must be remembered that the Fellaheen, or Moslem agricultural peasantry, number more than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Egypt proper. The Copts, or native Christians, come next in number; but, though numerically less, they are better educated and hold a higher position in the social scale.

From all this it appears highly improbable that the improved condition of the peasantry should have resulted in the sudden formation of a national party, whose success could only bring about a return to the very condition under which they suffered so intensely. But one can readily understand why the ex-office-holders should combine to form a "National Party," to regain the spoils of office. Such motives have not been unknown even in Christian lands, and seem to be common to men of all races and religions. Omitting for the moment the religious question, it seems probable that the origin of the Egyptian difficulty was simply a scramble for office, and that the moving spirits originally represented a small class of disappointed placemen and ambitious soldiers, but by no means the mass of the people.

It is unreasonable to assume that the interference of England and France with the financial affairs of Egypt arose from any motives of humanity and sympathy with the "spoiled Egyptians"; their purpose was to secure the payment of the debt due their own people, and the only way to attain this result led incidentally and necessarily to the benefit of the Egyptian peasants. It was not wise to count upon the good-will of the former governing classes, or upon the active gratitude of a race so abject as the Fellaheen. Once the Powers were embarked upon this course it was absolutely necessary to keep straight on, and not to permit the existence of any obstacle within their reach. They should have been constantly prepared to employ whatever force might be necessary to retain their position and promptly repress any opposition. Their only right to be there was that of protecting the interests of their own people, and, as the debts to be collected were not incurred for the benefit of Egypt, but to gratify the extravagance of its ruler, it was fair to anticipate that it would not always be plain sailing, especially as their measures necessarily trenched upon the interests of the men who had governed for a long time.

The first mutiny of Arabi, his first insolence to his master, should have been promptly and decisively rebuked, even had it been necessary to land a force for the purpose. If the mutual jealousy of France and England prevented their nipping this difficulty in the bud by combined action, it would have been better for England had she boldly taken the matter in hand, and acted promptly on her own account, taking the ground that her Indian interests and the free use of the Suez canal rendered such a course imperative. But a temporizing policy prevailed, and, closing her eyes against the future, England allowed matters to drift on from bad to worse, now and again uttering futile protests, but doing nothing to guard against the inevitable result. At length an English fleet was gathered in the harbor of Alexandria, and an ultimatum sent to the Egyptian authorities, only to be contemptuously disregarded. But, unlike the practice of England in former times, it was not promptly followed by a resort to the *ultima ratio regum*, and her ignorant and puny foe not unnaturally concluded that it never would be. Then came a bloody massacre in the streets of Alexandria, the history of which we do not fully know as yet—either how it was commenced or who suffered most from it. Statements have been published that it was commenced by Europeans. But the probabilities are that the riot was incited by natives actuated by fanaticism and love of plunder—motives not always entirely distinct.

Here again was an occasion for prompt action; but it was allowed to pass, and Arabi continued fortifying the harbor. Certainly, it was now clear that Arabi meant to fight, the only question being the extent to which his men would stand by him. By this time the English must have determined to demand the surrender of the forts, and, in case of refusal, to open fire. Their guns could destroy the forts and burn the town—one very likely to follow from the other. If the garrison retired —as would no doubt be the case when the

forts were silenced—it was certain that the spirit displayed during the recent massacre would lead to further scenes of murder, plunder, and destruction, which the guns of the fleet could prevent only by the destruction of the very objects it was desirable to save. It was very clear, then, that the attack by the fleet once being determined upon, common sense demanded that there should be present and available when it commenced a sufficient body of troops to be landed as soon as the forts were silenced, to protect the city and immediately follow up the retreating garrison, so as to destroy the prestige of Arabi, and prevent the rising from becoming a general, national, or religious movement.

The dilemma is unpleasant for any admirer of England and her institutions: either she is unable—through defective organization, maladministration, lack of energy, or too full occupation of her resources nearer home—either, we say, she is unable to collect upon reasonable notice an expeditionary force of ten or fifteen thousand men, or her government lacked the wisdom to anticipate the inevitable necessity for such a force at a given time, and proved their incompetency to direct military expeditions abroad. The excuse that the exigencies of diplomacy tied their hands is not a good one, for in this instance there was at stake whatever of importance the Suez canal and peace in Egypt may have for England, and it was one of those cases where a strong nation is fully justified in running risks and incurring responsibility on the side of safety for its most vital interests.

To return to our narrative: The patience of the English Admiral being at length exhausted, he demanded the surrender of the forts. When this demand was made there were no troops with the fleet, and it is believed that none were yet under orders for Alexandria. It does not appear that the armament of the Egyptian batteries was such as to have rendered a further delay of the attack dangerous, if by so doing the presence of troops could have been assured. From all that occurred, it would seem to have been the opinion of the English authorities that the fleet alone could accomplish all that was desirable, and that troops were unnecessary; for it is incredible that, with all the warning they had, they could not have collected ten or fifteen thousand troops at Alexandria by the time the fleet opened fire; the fair and necessary inference is that they proposed only to silence the fire of and destroy the forts—for they had not even force enough to hold them if surrendered—and that they did not anticipate any of the results which have naturally followed, *e. g.*, the partial destruction and plunder of the city, the murder of Europeans within it and elsewhere in Egypt, the necessity of holding the city for its preservation, the measures taken by Arabi in cutting off the water-supply and intrenching himself near the city, the danger to the Suez canal, etc.; in short, they provided against none of the necessary consequences of their action.

Before a wise ruler undertakes a war, he counts the cost, and does his best to anticipate and provide against its emergencies. If to the horrors of Alexandria and Tantah there should be added imminent danger to the Suez canal, further murders of Christians, the spread of anarchy and destruction throughout Egypt, the destruction of Cairo, with the priceless Museum of Boulak, and the loss of thousands of lives precious in English homes, men will ask where was that wisdom and prudent foresight which the British nation can of right demand from those intrusted with the affairs of its vast empire. When, at the close of the stipulated delay, the fleet opened fire, the result was not doubtful, and the affair terminated in the evacuation of the forts. Professionally the detailed report of the Admiral will be looked for with great interest, for this was the first instance in which the heavy modern iron-clads have gone into action. As we write (July 26th) the condition of affairs appears to be about as follows: The English occupy Alexandria, and no doubt in sufficient strength to hold it, should Arabi—against all probability—venture to attack, this is all they have gained. Arabi is intrenching himself strongly some seven or eight miles from Alexandria, with all Egypt and its supplies, its railways, canals, and the Nile behind him. It is for the English to make the next move, for Arabi would be well content to remain indefinitely in his present position, and would ask nothing better than the *status quo*.

Except as a base of operations, Alexandria is a barren acquisition to the English, unless they can restore its communications with the interior, for on them its value and prosperity entirely depend. Should affairs remain unchanged for any length of time, Arabi will have possession of a financial paradise, and can well afford to bring all the population to his side by a large reduction of taxation, for, in the present situation, he avoids the payment of the heavy tribute to the Porte and the interest on the foreign debt. What more can a poor Oriental ask than the undisturbed possession of such a patrimony?

The English cannot now offer any terms to Arabi, nor he to them, and it is not probable that he will recede from his demands until killed, captured, or driven into Nubia or the Soudan. The least that can satisfy the

English will be the undisturbed use of the Suez canal, and the restoration of such a control over the financial administration as will secure the payment of the debt, and such indemnity as they may demand for war expenses and the destruction of life and property in Alexandria, Cairo, and other parts of Egypt. To secure the first of these objects until the normal condition of tranquillity is permanently restored, they must gain and hold possession of Cairo and other important points. To secure the last object they must control the country and its resources at least as far as the first Cataract. In any event, their first step must be to attack Arabi wherever they may find him, and, if possible, to destroy him and his army. Failing in the latter, the character of subsequent operations must depend upon the extent to which Arabi proves to be supported by the people, and also the extent to which the religious element enters into the struggle. In other words, there are three possible phases which the contest may assume:

First. A struggle against Arabi, supported only by such troops as are now with him.

Second. A struggle against Arabi, supported by the Egyptian people.

Third. A war of Islam against Christianity, which may spread from the banks of the Nile to those of the Ganges on one hand, and to the shores of the Atlantic on the other.

For reasons already given, it is improbable that the second contingency will arise, unless Arabi is shrewd enough to repudiate the foreign debt and the tribute to the Porte, thus promising a large reduction of taxation to the people. If the religious question is prominently brought to the front at the same time, the Egyptians may be led to unite in support of Arabi; and it must be borne in mind that there is no necessary incompatibility between a religious war and refusing tribute to the Porte—for a part of the programme may be the substitution of a Caliph for the Sultan, and they may thus consistently sever all connection with the decaying power of Constantinople. In fact, for some years the air has been full of signs that the Moslem world is losing faith in the Sultan as head of their religion; his losses of territory in Europe and Asia Minor, the slender hold by which he retains the remnants of the former possessions of the Porte in Africa, the disturbances in Arabia, the misery arising from misgovernment, rapacity, and oppression throughout his Asiatic dominions, all point in the same direction. Prophecies of the speedy advent of a new Moslem messiah are rife throughout Islam—here and there the very man is indicated. The Moslems feel that the advance of their religion has ceased, except in Central Africa, and that they are pressed closely on every side by Christian arms, energy, and activity; they well may feel that the time has arrived for a last desperate effort to throw back their enemies and restore the waning fortunes of the crescent, or to let it set forever in a sea of blood. It has even been said that one of the chief candidates for the messiahship has already reached Assouan, followed by a motley but formidable crew of warlike barbarians. Even should he not prove to be the coming man, and should he fail to make good his claim to the Caliphate, he may —if it be true that he has reached Egypt— terribly complicate affairs for the English, and greatly increase the difficulties of their task.

Under the most favorable circumstances, England has serious work before her. Even a march on Cairo—if the first attack upon Arabi ends the fighting—is no trifling affair in the hottest season of the year, and it will be no little work for her flying columns to put down brigandage, restore order, and maintain communications. Her delays and indecision have greatly enhanced the difficulties to be encountered, and it is probable that the expedition will finally reach dimensions not as yet anticipated. Contemptible as the Felláh has proved himself as a soldier, there are others who may gather under Arabi's standard who would prove themselves no mean antagonists when fighting for their religion. Even the tame Egyptian, under the influence of fanaticism, may fight more steadily and sturdily than the Zulu or the Afghan.

George B. McClellan.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Herbert Spencer in America.

THE visit of Mr. Herbert Spencer to this country cannot fail to be greeted with pleasure by all intelligent Americans. Few of his many admirers, indeed, are likely to see him; for he comes without any intention of speaking in public, and expects generally to go about very quietly. But, whether one actually sees him or not, there is a certain sort of pleasure in feeling that one to whom we owe so much is at last in our country, and is coming into daily contact with our ways of living and thinking. The people of the United States may fitly welcome Mr. Spencer as a friend. It has been said—and, we believe, with truth—that he has found a greater number of intelligent and sympathetic readers in this country than in England. This sympathy may be partly due to the strongly democratic character of Mr. Spencer's political philosophy. His earliest work, "Social Statics," has always found many interested readers in America; and, although in some respects it does not represent the author's matured opinions, there can be no doubt that it is the very best text-book of sound democratic political philosophy that has ever been published. It is a pity that all our legislators could not have its wise lessons instilled into their minds in early youth, even as one learns how to compute compound interest, or studies the rudiments of history or geography. Much jobbery and much ill-advised legislation would doubtless be prevented.

Popular as the "Social Statics" has been, it was only ten years after its publication that it began to be known in America. Thirty years ago foreign literature found its way to this country much more slowly than at present. It was in 1860 that Mr. Spencer's name began to be somewhat generally known to American readers; and the book to which this popular reputation was primarily due was the little book on "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical,"* which was published in America in that year, before its publication in England. This admirable little book has been very widely read. It is familiar to many who have not the leisure or the learning requisite for grappling with Mr. Spencer's larger works, and the easy and graceful style in which it is written has made it a general favorite. The reasons why a scientific training should be made the basis of a liberal education—or, for that matter, of any and every kind of education—have probably never been so cogently and elegantly set forth as in the opening chapter, "What Knowledge is of Most Worth." Wonderfully suggestive are the illustrations which show the imperative need of a scientific training for the adequate performance of every part of the business of life. Whether as individuals, as parents, or as citizens, we cannot escape from the necessity. Rich with suggestions of future progress, too, are the incidental descriptions which illustrate the wide sweep that the author would give to certain studies, such as history, for example. If you had read a complete account of every battle fought since the beginning of the world, and had learned by heart the biography of every monarch that ever lived, your vote at the next election would not be likely to be any the more judicious. Unorganizable facts, of no use in establishing general principles for the conduct of life, are wanting in the chief value that facts can possess. "Read them, if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive." What the citizen needs to know is the natural history of society,—every fact which can help us to an understanding of the way in which nations grow, and the conditions under which they prosper or languish. Not only do we need to know in minute detail the structure and methods of governments, political and ecclesiastical, but we should study the history of industry, the economic circumstances of every community, the state of commerce and of the arts, the prevailing habits of thought, down even to the commonest superstitions, the habits of life, the homes, the æsthetic culture, the literature,—everything, in short, that goes to make up the life of a people. On this great scale history is now beginning to be written, as the result of that introduction of scientific method which Mr. Spencer urges as essential to the treatment of any and every subject of study.

The influence of Mr. Spencer's views is to be seen very plainly in the changes which have taken place in our systems and methods of education during the past twenty years. Not only has there been a very marked increase in the relative quantity of scientific study, but there has also been a notable improvement in our methods of teaching. To abandon rote-learning, to stimulate instead of repressing the natural curiosity of the pupil, to strengthen the observing faculties and the judgment, and, as far as possible, to appeal to whatever native ingenuity the pupil may possess—these are the chief desiderata in teaching. They are desiderata very difficult to secure, because work of this sort requires high intelligence on the part of teachers, and high intelligence is far more scarce than one could wish. There has, nevertheless, been a very noticeable tendency in our schools and colleges since 1860 toward the adoption of this more efficient style of teaching; and it would not be too much to say that, among all the changes that are generally admitted to have been signal improvements, there is not one that is not in harmony with the arguments set forth by Mr. Spencer in his priceless little treatise.

* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Courtesies of Travel.

PHILADELPHIA has erected a new railway station—or, to speak more accurately, the great corporation which has lately undertaken to annex New Jersey has

done so. It is not so big as some others, but it is a marvel of wise and tasteful contrivance, and has some features which, in this country at any rate, are entirely new. The most attractive among them all is its large staff of appropriately uniformed, intelligent, and civil attendants. It is possible to get a courteous answer to a question, and a traveler arrives and departs with a new and strange feeling that he is something else than a trespasser or an idiot—a conviction not unnaturally resulting from the treatment which travelers ordinarily receive when seeking necessary information.

It is an improvement which might wisely be imitated in other quarters. The "gentlemanly conductor" is a person often met with in the local columns of the provincial newspaper. But elsewhere he is largely an extinct species; and as for the other varieties of the genus "railway employé," they are, as a rule—well, not engaging. There is about them an air of bored impatience, an abruptness and indifference, and, when it comes to questions of baggage, of physical savagery, which makes them often simply a terror to timid people.

Of course, there is a reason for this in the manners of travelers themselves. We Americans complain generally of the rudeness of servants in hotels, porters upon railway trains, and elsewhere; forgetting that the manners of those who serve are but the coarser reproduction of those who are served. In the matter of a pleasing voice and courteous address, who has not been charmed with the English maid-servant, even in an inn? But these things are the product of a civilization which inculcates gentle manners in the classes who serve, through a scrupulous observance of them, toward everybody, by those who are served. And it may as well be understood that we shall never have any substantial improvement in these particulars until reformation begins at the top. The wild Irishman who dashes your dinner down on the table before you, at a hotel, as if he were playing quoits with the plates, will not acquire a more considerate fashion of ministration unless, somehow, he is softened and subdued by the gentler bearing of the traveler whom he serves.

But, meantime, it is worth while to remember that the growth of great corporations, and of the American system of doing things on a grand scale, affords a good opportunity for introducing into their administration a more thorough discipline in this matter of good manners. If the great railways are to own and govern the country, let them commend their sway, as in Philadelphia, by the considerate thoughtfulness which is exercised. Let them encourage travel by handling the traveler a little less as if he were a bale of dry-goods, to be shoved and pushed and hustled without mercy. The public will prefer routes of travel where the last person who is considered is not the passenger, and where the servants of the company are promoted or dismissed in accordance with some fixed rule which construes fidelity to include courtesy.

So much for the traveler in his relations to the corporations that transport him. And now a word as to the relations of travelers to one another. It is common to say that, in losing the old stage-coach, we have lost that comfortable sociability which once made travel so great a charm. But we have lost something more. We have lost that humane instinct which, in the olden times, made all travelers considerate of one another. Travel —*travail*; the derivation of the word is suggestive. It was work, and hard work, in the old days, and out of the common strain and the common hardship came a coöperative and fraternal spirit which transformed its hardships into pleasurable memories. But the Pullman car is a refrigerator. In transporting fruit from California, the first condition is that there shall be coldness, and then—isolation. The nectarines must not touch each other. In like manner, as we multiply the luxuries of travel, we multiply barriers between the travelers. It is not merely that there are parlor-cars: it is that in these, and in the ordinary American railway carriage, also, the first consideration comes, more and more, to be personal comfort, and not mutual consideration. The grudging answer, the reluctance to impart information, the almost brutal struggle for the best, which increasingly disregards weakness and age and woman—these are things which one sees now more frequently and unpleasantly than of old. We talk of the garrulous and interrogative American: but where is he? Vanished, as utterly as the Massasoit Indians. An English gentleman, who lately traversed the continent, said that he had never traveled in a country in which his fellow-travelers were so reserved.

It is a mistake, if it is no more. There is no one whose horizon may not be widened if he will only avail himself of the wholesome education of the fellowships of travel. It is easy to be too much upon one's guard. All travelers are not swindlers, and courtesy is not necessarily familiarity. As it is, one is reminded of that countryman of ours who, having crossed the Atlantic with a room-mate who, from the beginning to the end of the voyage, had not addressed to him one word, parted from him, saying airily: "Well, good-bye! You will now proceed, I suppose, to your home at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum!"

Darwin's Attitude toward Religion.

IT is no longer customary to greet every mention of Darwin's name with a jest concerning the ancestral ape. The development theory has grown and thriven in spite of the various phases of adverse feeling which have indicated the attitude of orthodoxy toward it. Thirty years ago the discussion of the whole matter was confined to scientific circles. The public did not recognize its existence as the great modifying influence in the world of thought, which it was so sure to become. This indifference was succeeded by a sudden alarm. The suggestion that a secret conspiracy against Christianity was hatching roused the fears of its advocates. Nobody seemed to think it was at all worth while to find out what this terrible new doctrine was. Discretion formed a small part of the valor which assailed it with every imaginable weapon. The age did not countenance the rack and the thumb-screw, so the next best thing must be done, and faithfully it was done. No effort was spared to denounce, sneer, laugh the Darwinian theory out of existence. It was the Antichrist, and Darwin himself the great High-priest of Atheism. It was credited with the most preposterous ideas; odds and ends of hypotheses and reasoning were patched together, and when the man of straw had been elaborately constructed he was speedily demolished.

This opposition Darwin expected. In "The Origin of Species," published in 1859, he says:

"Although I am fully convinced of the truth of the views given in this volume under the form of an abstract, I by no means expect to convince experienced naturalists, whose minds are stocked with a multitude of facts all viewed, during a long course of years, from a point of view directly opposite to mine, * * * but I look with confidence to the future, to the young and rising naturalists, who will be able to view both sides of the question with impartiality" [p. 430].

What he evidently did not expect was, that in the turn of the tide of popular sentiment the violent invective and ignorant condemnation which had, at least, the dignity of earnestness, should be followed by an equally ignorant levity. An eminent English scientist, a personal acquaintance of Mr. Darwin, speaking of him some years ago, said that a remarkable change had come over him with this change of popular feeling. He had become so utterly disgusted with meeting on every hand flat jokes and silly travesties of his views, that he became almost a recluse from the society in which he was liable to encounter them. It is not difficult to see how a man tremendously in earnest should be ready to meet any violence of opposition, however unjust and ignorant, and yet shrink away from pointless jokes about what was the serious work of his life.

In order to look fairly at the attitude which Darwin sustains toward religion, it is necessary to clear away some of the rubbish with which the question has been encumbered. Science is not *ir*-religious, it is simply *extra*-religious. Science and religion do not deal with the same questions, they do not cover the same ground. Within their own proper limits they touch only on one side—the Theistic. Science, strained to its last legitimate point, can only confirm the truths of natural religion. With the truths of revelation, from the very nature of the case, it can have nothing to do. It bears exactly the same relation to the Koran, the Rig Veda, and the Zend Avesta that it does to the Bible. The logic of its facts teaches the existence of a Creator and a Lawgiver to the universe. Science deals not with the nature of the first cause, but only with processes, and it does not even undertake to give the *rationale* of these processes. It is only when science exceeds its proper limits that it trenches upon religious belief; as it is only when religion outruns its powers that it condemns true science. There can be no real antagonism between the two, since each is an expression toward man of the mind of God. It is because of what is false in each that any seeming antagonism exists. The responsibility for this antagonism lay, in the first instance, at the door, if not of religion, at least of the Church. The older sciences in their youth sought her protection and were thrust out to perish. In view of this the Christians of the present should at least be honest and fair, they should make the small concession of examining the subject before undertaking to refute its arguments or denounce its errors.

The first book in which Mr. Darwin published his theory was the "Origin of Species," 1849. This differs very widely from the works he has published since; it is a "general statement" of his conclusions, backed by comparatively few facts. His later method is to publish little more than a full record of his close and careful observation of nature.

The publication of this "abstract," before his facts were ready to be given with it, may have been a mistake. He was urged to the course by his failing health and the fear that the results of his life-work were about to be anticipated by some other man. His earlier work would have taken a different position if he had given a full record of the phenomena, and let the theory take care of itself. It is so much easier to refute general statements than specific facts. Oratory will do the one, while it would take solid years of honest work to vitiate the testimony of the other. Mr. Darwin's later works are marvels of skill. They seem to be mere records of observations taken with every precaution against error, and told with a directness and simplicity that make the writing seem mere child's play, and yet written and arranged with such consummate ability that while one is following the facts, the theory is read between the lines.

From the character of his earlier and his later work, we are forced to go back if we would find any didactic statement of Mr. Darwin's attitude toward religion. In the "Origin of Species," p. 429, he says: "I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one. It is satisfactory as showing how transient such impressions are to remember that the greatest discovery ever made by man, namely, the attraction of gravity, was also attacked by Leibnitz, 'as subversive of natural and inferentially of revealed religion.' A celebrated author and divine has written to me that 'he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws.'" Again he says (pp. 436–7): "Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. * * * There is a grandeur in this view of life with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved."

Many of the most brilliant as well as the most religious minds of the century have for years felt entirely free from anxiety in regard to the growth and spread of the theory of evolution: feeling that it did not touch, that in the nature of the case it could not touch the essential Divine truth. They held the view just quoted from Darwin, that science deals not with the nature of the power which works, but with the methods by which it acts: it is a question not of the initial cause, but of processes. It would be as absurd to accuse Stephenson of denying the existence of steam, because he concentrates his attention upon the development and the explanation of the steam-engine,

as to assume on the evidence of the evolution hypothesis that Darwin denies the existence of a Creator, because he is occupied in making clear the laws under which He creates. There is a confusion of thought in regard to the meaning of the word law, when applied to nature, which occasions much of the difficulty. Law is not a power, but merely the recognized mode in which some power acts. It is surely a nobler thought of God to hold that He acts in some coherent and logical fashion, than to believe that He is governed by mere caprice; it does not lessen the dignity of power to recognize that it works through reasonable methods. Physical law is merely the formulation of the orderliness of the Divine working; it is not a rival power seeking to displace God, but only the witness to man of His omnipotence.

LITERATURE.

Von Holst's "Calhoun."*

THE life of Calhoun is necessarily a record of the growth and development of his opinions. Dr. Von Holst has not made it much more, for he could not. Of his private and domestic existence no records have been preserved, and we can only trace his career through the debates of Congress over the slavery question. It was in these that he waged, fought, won, and also lost his battle. It was in these that, as a statesman and leader of opinion, Calhoun made his mark upon the history of his time.

Dr. Von Holst, who with patient industry has unraveled the progress of Calhoun's opinions from the opening to the close, seems to think that he was a great man. That such will be the judgment of history we can hardly believe. His rôle was that of an "expounder" of the Constitution. Dr. Von Holst shows very conclusively that in his early days, before he became absorbed with the idea of the importance of slavery, he was a liberal constructionist of the Constitution. At the time of his first appearance in Congress the word "nation," which later on he "struck from the political and constitutional dictionary of the United States as having no basis whatever to rest upon, either in fact or in law," was frequently on his lips. National interests were first in his mind. He was in favor of internal improvements, of a national bank, and of a tariff for protection. Dr. Von Holst probably goes too far in saying that in considering such questions he proceeded, "as a matter of course," from the assumption that "the first question a statesman has to ask himself is not what is constitutional, but what is wise and politic, unless it contravenes a provision of the Constitution, and to take it for granted that the constitutional power exists, until the contrary is proved." With a written constitution there can hardly be such a thing as a presumption that powers have been granted, or a burden of proving that they have not been granted, upon those who deny it. Here, as in a few other cases, Dr. Von Holst betrays a slight unfamiliarity with the legal conceptions which lie at the bottom of our system of government. Questions of constitutional interpretation do not strike him precisely as they would an American; but the difference is so slight as to have little substantial effect upon the value of the conclusions he reaches.

Calhoun, at any rate in early life, took broad views of the powers of Congress under the Constitution. Later, he went to the opposite extreme, and devoted all the powers of his mind to resolving the Union into a mere confederation of States. The central idea of the resolutions which he introduced in the Senate in 1837 was simply this. Dr. Von Holst devotes some space to an analysis of them. They all are models of worthless reasoning. Every state *entered* the Union by its own voluntary act. Consequently any interference with the "domestic institutions" of any of them, "with a view to their alteration," was not warranted by the Constitution. It followed from this that it was the duty of the Federal Government to use its power in such a manner as to give "increased stability and security" to the domestic institutions of the States that compose the Union. Here we perceive the early federalism of Calhoun coming very queerly into play to reënforce his later narrow system of interpretation. Each State was sovereign, and no one could interfere to ameliorate the institution of slavery; there was no objection, however, to interference for the purpose of making slavery more enduring. Consequently, not only must all attacks on slavery in the States in which it already existed be discouraged and repressed, but it must be introduced in new territories and States whenever such an extension would give to the Southern and South-western States any advantage which would need to strengthen or render them more secure as Slave States.

There is obviously no coherent system in all this. It is impossible to reconcile the different theories of the Constitution from which such views spring. If Calhoun had been a consistent, strict constructionist, he might have deduced the principle of States' rights, and even that of secession, from the Constitution; and though he would have had no very solid ground to stand upon, the conclusion would have logically flowed from the premises that the Government was merely a new confederation. On the other hand, by adopting liberal principles of construction, he might have reached the conclusion that the Central Government had full power over the domestic institutions of the Territories, and could foster the growth of slavery in them as much as it pleased. But what he endeavored to do was to frame a system which should be one of strict construction at one point and liberal construction at another, and we therefore find naturally enough that what he really produced was not

* American Statesmen. John C. Calhoun. By Dr. H. Von Holst. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1882.

a theory of constitutional government at all. He adapted the divergent theories which had already made their appearance to the single end of preserving and extending slavery. His bill to prevent the use of the mails for the transmission of anti-slavery publications through the South furnishes a good illustration of the way in which he forced his mind to work upon such subjects. Nothing, one would say, could be more difficult than for a strict constructionist to find in the Constitution any warrant for a surveillance by the General Government of private correspondence; and, in fact, Calhoun maintained with great earnestness that it had no such power. But, he said, the internal affairs of the States are in the hands of the States. They may determine what is or what is not calculated to disturb their peace and security, and in the execution of the measures which may be adopted by the States for this purpose, *e. g.*, to prevent the circulation of anti-slavery publications, the powers of Congress over the mail, and of regulating commerce between the States, may necessitate coöperation on the part of the General Government, and this it is bound to give. Calhoun actually drew a bill providing that postmasters who "knowingly" transmitted or delivered any paper treating of slavery in a way contrary to State laws should be punished by fine and imprisonment. As the local law might be different in every State, such a law would require the postmasters to obey and execute different and often conflicting laws relating to the same subject. The most amusing feature of the proposal was that the stern logician who evolved this law from the powers granted to Congress by the Constitution, would not hear of a bill to effect the same object proposed by Jackson, because Jackson's constitutional doctrine was all wrong. He, poor, simple man, thought that, slavery being an institution recognized by the Constitution, the Federal Government could not allow one of its agencies, the Post-Office, to be used for undermining it, by the circulating of incendiary documents, and must, therefore, examine into the contents of the mails. So incorrect a way of reaching a sound conclusion was shocking to Calhoun's symmetrical mind.

It is for such reasons as these that we are inclined to think that, as time goes on, Calhoun will become a less and less important historical figure. A narrow mind, devoted to the support of a mistaken principle, by means of an elaborately erroneous logical system may make for the moment a powerful impression. But the effect can only be temporary. In the long run mankind does not care to make monuments of mistaken ingenuity; and ability, however great, loses its interest for succeeding generations when once they are satisfied that it was mere acuteness perverted to the service of error.

"Campaigns of the Civil War." Vols. VII. and IX.*

GENERAL CIST served in the Army of the Cumberland, and in narrating its achievements from Mill Springs to Chattanooga, he writes in that spirit of jealousy of the Army of the Tennessee which had but slight reason for its existence, and which it is hardly necessary to revive and perpetuate at this day. He goes out of his way more than once to speak disparagingly of Grant and Sherman, and his praise of Thomas and apologies for Buell and Rosecrans seem to be inspired more by the fact that they were "Cumberland people" than by a discriminating judgment of their actual performances. Much is said—as by others of McClellan—of Buell's great services as an organizer and disciplinarian. Rosecrans' own theory of the crushing defeat at Chickamauga—that it was a great strategical victory—is adopted in its entirety; and we are even told that this campaign "was the most brilliant one of the war," and that Rosecrans' "fame as the greatest strategist of the war is permanently fixed in history." We also learn that Thomas "was the only general of the war, on either side, able to crush an army on the battle-field," and that he was "the grandest figure of the war of the Rebellion." These exaggerated utterances doubtless represent a fervid belief on the author's part, but they will hardly carry the weight which the author desires. The spirit which prompts them is made too manifest by insinuations that Grant sought to revenge himself on Rosecrans for hasty criticisms made by the former at Iuka and Corinth; that after the Atlanta campaign "Sherman got the glory and Thomas did the fighting," and that, at Chattanooga, Grant endeavored so to arrange matters that "all the fighting of the battle was to be done by Sherman, and all the glory thereof was to be his." From these and many other innuendoes of the same character, one would infer that the generals in the West were solely inspired with a desire to injure one another, and that the defeat of the enemy was, with them, a very minor consideration. This sort of language in a short monograph of great events belittles the subject, convinces no one, and is out of place.

Outside of these petty personalities, the account here given of the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro', Chickamauga, and Chattanooga, and of the events in the intervals between those battles, is fairly good, though it is not free from errors in matters of fact, and seldom rises to the broad plane of historical impartiality. We feel all the time that the author is ventilating certain pet notions of his own, rather than summarizing the well-founded and generally accepted opinions of the actors or students of the affairs he describes. McCook gets sharply rapped for his shortcomings at Murfreesboro', and T. J. Wood for his at Chickamauga; and, indeed, criticism is administered on many people with but little hesitation or caution, but in such a manner as to leave a vague uncertainty as to how much or how little of it is deserved.

General Cox ascribes the operations of Sherman's army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, in which he was himself a prominent actor, being in command of a division in Schofield's army, and to which he has evidently given much thought and conscientious study. His book is neither startling nor brilliant, for in the main it reflects opinions which are generally accepted; but it reflects them in an admirable manner; it is fair, it is accurate, its judgments are eminently broad and sound, and it is entirely free from any suspicion of personal feeling or of petty animosity. In handling delicate subjects, such as McPherson's movements at Resaca, and the re-distribution of commands after

*The Army of the Cumberland. By Henry M. Cist, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. V., etc. Atlanta. By Jacob D. Cox, LL. D., late Major-General, etc. (Campaigns of the Civil War. Volumes VII. and IX.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

McPherson's death, General Cox gives evidence not only of his skill in the use of language, but of the judicial character of his mind and the equability of his temperament—all of which are so essential in a historian. He takes the Confederates to task for their persistent misrepresentation as to the number of their troops, proving conclusively how much the number was understated; but he discusses their movements in a fair and intelligent spirit, giving Johnston the credit which is his due, for his skill in the defense of his positions and in saving his army intact; and blaming Hood for the rash aggressiveness with which he sacrificed the same army in useless assaults. He describes Johnston's generalship as such that "he constantly neutralized the superiority of force which his opponent wielded, and made his campaign from Dalton to the Chattahoochee a model of defensive warfare. It is Sherman's glory that, with a totally different temperament, he accepted his adversary's game, and played it with a skill that was finally successful." It would be difficult to summarize the campaign more clearly in a few words.

The intervals in the narrative of events in this book are filled with singularly discriminating remarks on the character of the chief commanders on both sides and their principal subordinates, and with faithful sketches of the every-day life of the army in bivouac and on the march. It impresses one as being a faithful reflection of the spirit of that army, and it cannot fail to have an enduring place among the war histories.

"Aschenbroedel."*

THE Aschenbroedel of this volume, Alice Bradford, lived in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned New-England town. She had good looks and a sparkling mind; a fun-loving, nature-loving, girlish spirit, in a vigorous, elastic body, with no petty pride, yet quite enough of the nobler sort; ambition is as natural to such a spirit as it is to that of the robust boy who has his fortune to make. Alice had the mental training and some of the luxuries of the educated and refined, but the *locus* of the stranded. For, though she remembered better days,—a brother in college and college friends of his, one of whom still existed in her mind as the ideal youth,—yet the fortune of the family was not large, and her social mates, including the brother and the ideal youth, were gone. Books and magazines were hers, and the echoes of a distant intellectual life, an exhilarating sense of the possibilities of her own nature, but a depressing sense of the probabilities of her future.

What shall be done for such a girl? It is the old problem, with all the unknown quantities. The author, who evidently has a deep-laid moral purpose, touching on the labor-question for women as well as on the dignity-question for young ladies, and who sees clearly that this pent-up spirit of unrest in the young must have some outlet, sends Alice to wait on the table of a summer boarding-house. She is a charming house-girl, who confers a boon on the kitchen, where she is faultless, and dignity on the parlor, where she keeps the pithy qualities of ladyhood. Without slurring the cause of the working-girl, she graces that of womanhood. This double aspect of her life the author marks out with consummate skill and niceness, and points to the way which many noble New-England girls have trod and in which many more might honorably follow. And when she passes from the field of "service" to that of love-making, the author accomplishes another most difficult feat. For, having successfully interested us in the character of Theodore Richards, whom we are quite willing to accept as Alice's lover, she lifts us to a higher intellectual plane and reconciles us to Alice's better ideal in George Houghton.

This skillful manipulation of our prejudices and the judicious management of the "service" question are the great triumphs of the book. The persons, other than the three already mentioned, are merely sketched in, and are quite subordinate in interest. The description of external nature, which is abundant and enthusiastic, has but little other vitality. A dozen words of Thoreau, or Walt. Whitman, or John Burroughs, are worth whole pages. The writer has a heart for nature, but no instinctive touches in describing her.

The humor of the book is not broad. Indeed, there is hardly a touch of humor to make the picture of New-England life complete. The writer is in dead earnest and nowhere plays with her subject. The dramatic and analytic interests carry everything before them. There are none of those masculine qualities allied to the story-telling power, which make Mrs. Stowe so much the largest writer among our American women. But the story is all the more artistically constructed for these omissions. What it loses in breadth it makes up in intensity.

* Aschenbroedel. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Linton's "Golden Apples."*

A VOLUME of rare poems, which, though by many authors, are not to be found in the "Collections," is a variation from the usual type of anthologies. When compiled by a poet and artist like Mr. W. J. Linton, who, for his own pleasure, has drawn and engraved its illustrations, set the type and printed it with his own hands—it honestly may be termed unique. He has limited the edition of his "Golden Apples" to two hundred and twenty-five copies, each signed and numbered by himself. These are passing into the hands of book-fanciers, who can see the book at the Messrs. Putnams', and obtain it through their agency.

Poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries occupy much of this tasteful volume. The remaining portion is devoted to the delicate and less known pieces of Wells, Reynolds, Peacock, Bell Scott, Ebenezer Jones, Wade Horne, and other poets, chiefly of the compiler's own time,—many the associates of his ardent and tuneful youth. A poem by Miss Martineau, "Beneath this Starry Arch," surely is one of the grandest shorter lyrics in our tongue, and it is surprising that it has escaped the anthologists. Through this book, which is a fine example of the printer's and draughtsman's art, are scattered the peculiar and fanciful designs of Mr. Linton,—a running commentary on the text. Some of them are familiar to the fortunate possessors of the volume of his own poems issued in 1865.

* Golden Apples of Hesperus. Poems not in the Collections. 225 copies. Appledore Private Press, New Haven. 1882.

Going Abroad for an Education.

In all ages and in all countries the youth of wealthy parents have been sent abroad to perfect their education at institutions supposed to possess some advantages not to be found in their own land. The young Greek, in the days of Plato, studied in Egypt. In Cicero's time the young Roman was sent to Athens. The young Gaul and Saxon were sent to Rome, and, later, to Padua. Before the Revolution of 1776, most young men of means in the American colonies were sent to England to be educated. As our country prospered and our educational resources multiplied, the need of supplementing them with the advantages to be found in foreign countries, instead of diminishing, rather increased; and at no time in our history has a year or two in Europe, for study and travel, been regarded as a more indispensable part of a young gentleman's education than in this year of grace, 1882.

It is possible that the importance of foreign study for the young is exaggerated; that the number who really profit by it is more limited, and the number on whom it works more evil than good is much larger than is commonly supposed. From time to time the writer has had such questions propounded to him as these: A father asks how much money he should allow his son who is going to a foreign technical school; a mother desires to know what domestic arrangements can be made to protect her son, who wishes to take a course of medicine in Vienna; a young college graduate, who "reads a little German," is anxious to know what conditions he must comply with, to enter one of the German universities, from which he is ambitious of taking a degree.

In reference to the domestication of young American students in Europe, parents should hesitate to send a son abroad to study, unless father or mother accompanies him, or he can be placed under a guardianship quite as watchful and as authoritative as that of a parent. That the lad is modest, and virtuous, and industrious, and has been bred in a healthy aversion to every kind of vice, does not alter the case. He has also been accustomed to domestic and conventional restraints at home, which he will not feel in Europe. Some do not exist there, perhaps, and none would be felt by a young foreigner as constantly or as acutely as at home; and the result would be a gradual relaxation of his standards. Young men should, if possible, have a cheerful and virtuous home to return to at night, and during the day they should feel that they are liable to account for the manner in which they spend the hours away from it. The social instinct at this age is very strong, and the young are apt to fall into the society to which they find easiest access; and the society of easiest access, in the absence of family supervision, is always the worst.

At a European university the relation between professor and pupil is in the strictest sense of the word a professional one; he has no concern with the pupil out of the class-room, nor is it any concern of his whether the pupil studies, or whether the habits he is forming are good or bad. The student is supposed to come there to profit by the advantages provided for his instruction; if he does not profit by them, that is his affair. A young man should have reached a very considerable maturity of age and of mind to be thus left to himself, with full discretion to use or abuse his opportunities. Unquestionably the most demoralizing feature of our American system of collegiate education is the degree to which it confers privileges of manhood before the student is ripe for the responsibilities of manhood: such as quarters to himself, servants at his command, and the discretionary use of money before he knows its value, and all with no adequate supervision.

There is, perhaps, no more serious mistake which Americans are prone to make with their children abroad than in the matter of money. Some wish their children while abroad to improve their social position, and all wish them to have every possible indemnification for their separation from the comforts of home and the society of kindred and friends. There is nothing supposed to go farther toward such indemnification than money, and therefore American boys are noted throughout Europe for their lavish expenditure. They are apt to arrive too ignorant of the language of the country in which they reside to enter any of the classes, or to follow the lectures for the first six or twelve months with any profit. In their anxiety to master the language they find a pretext for frequenting theaters, coffee-houses, clubs, and other places of public resort where those who spend most freely are always most welcome, and where they are beguiled into social alliances which in the main are to be deprecated. The young men who amount to anything, and who are the pride of the gymnasia and universities of Continental Europe have usually the command of very little money, even if their parents chance to be wealthy. The greater number, however, of the most earnest and gifted students are commonly poor. Such students naturally avoid the society of a young man whose rate of expenditure largely exceeds their own; for they are too proud to accept hospitalities and civilities which they cannot conveniently return. One of the evil consequences of this feeling is that the young American is driven for society either to other Americans as extravagant as himself, or to that of the fast young men of the country, who frequent the university as a matter of fashion, and to lead a life of pleasure; or to that of a baser class of students who are not ashamed to prey upon him. Thus it happens that, with the best intentions in the world, the young American is isolated from the class by whose society and example he might profit, and is innocently thrown into intimate communion with the class whom he should specially avoid. Of course, any natural proclivity to bad company would be aggravated by such exposure.

But here comes the question: What is a suitable allowance? A parent, who can afford his son better accommodations, does not wish him packed into a room with four or five other students — the not uncommon fate of the poorer class of German university students,

and they, often the hardest workers; neither does he wish his son's health to suffer from an impoverishing or unwholesome diet; neither does he wish him in his dress and mode of life to neglect any of the refinements of good society. Certainly not; nor should he. The question is simply how much can a lad be trusted to spend judiciously at a Continental seat of learning like the mining school at Freyburg, or at any of the universities of Germany, Austria, or France. We do not propose to go into details of the expenses at different universities of Germany, or of any other country, but to give a standard by which an approximately accurate judgment may be arrived at by the reader. A friend of ours, wishing to fix the allowance of a son whom he proposed to place at a Saxon university, consulted a German gentleman of rank who had taken his degree at Bonn, and whose father at the time held a high official position. His reply, in substance, was:

"Because I was the son of an ambassador, and had many acquaintances whose line of expenditure was generous, I was allowed six hundred thalers, or say, five hundred dollars a year. Add to this whatever I required to spend during vacation, for I usually managed to get rid of my allowance during term time."

"But," said the American, "that was some time ago, when money went farther than at present."

"Not for students," he replied; "they can live for just about the same money now as in my time. You will find they pay, for their rooms and for board, nearly the same prices now as then."

"Then you think," the American continued, "that if I should allow my son a thousand dollars a year, it would be enough?"

"Ample," he replied. "More would only attract to him a predatory acquaintance, and the envy of those who were too proud to prey upon him. A thousand dollars should suffice for all his wants, if his object is to work. Less would suffice for a German, for he can buy to better advantage than a foreigner, and he is accustomed to less indulgence than an American."

Bonn being about as expensive as any, and more expensive than most, of the universities in Germany, what would answer for a student there would answer for a student in any part of Germany, or, we may add, at any university on the Continent. The experience and the fortunes of nine-tenths of the young Americans who have gone abroad to study will confirm the conclusion to which we have reached, that whenever the student is spending at a faster rate than a thousand dollars a year he needs looking after at once, and will probably be found in a condition to be benefited by an entire change of residence and associations.

It is no very uncommon thing for the better class of schools in Germany to refuse to receive American boys; and the reason is, that their lavish use of money unsettles the native boys, distracts them from their work, impairs the discipline, and tends to lower all the standards of the school. We think, however, that this statement applies to Spanish American boys, rather than to lads from the United States.

The conditions upon which a young man "who reads a little German" can take a degree in a German university are: a perfect familiarity with the language; five years in the gymnasium, or the ability to pass an examination in all the studies prescribed for the five years' course at the gymnasium; and annual examinations at the university till the course is completed. In other words, it is hardly within the range of possibility for a graduate from an American college, even if he "reads a little German," to be graduated at a German university. We hear a great deal about Americans taking diplomas at German universities, but these diplomas are nothing more, as a rule, than certificates that they have pursued certain studies at those universities. Such diplomas would be of no use to a young German as evidence of fitness for stations in which the university degree is required. Mr. Bancroft is one of the few American students who have been properly graduated at a German university. It would be very difficult for a young man to pass the final examination of a gymnasium without pursuing the course from year to year, for the work of each year is quite as much as can be properly and safely undertaken by any lad, however gifted. All, therefore, that the American graduate "who reads a little German" could undertake to advantage would be to pursue certain special studies at the university and obtain a diploma simply for what he had done.

But for this he should, if possible, be perfectly equipped with the language before he enters. The practice of attending lectures for the purpose of learning the language is to be discouraged. A student soon tires of listening to a professor whom he imperfectly understands. He is in danger of acquiring a disgust for the study upon which he expends so much time and labor unprofitably; he soon comes to the conclusion that whether he attends or stays away from the lecture is of too little consequence to interfere with any more agreeable engagement that may offer, and he must have rare firmness and resolution if he does not finally subordinate his university duties to such social entertainments as seem to offer him greater, or at least more agreeable, facilities for acquiring the language. When he has reached this point, his career as a student may be considered as ended, and the sooner he is recalled the better for him.

There is a disposition in America to exaggerate the importance of knowing foreign tongues. For those who propose to follow literary pursuits and the higher walks of the sciences, it is important to have easy access to the literature and science of other lands; but, for the great body of Americans, the time necessary for the acquirement of a foreign tongue could be much more profitably employed in mastering what is to be learned from the literature of his own. This remark is especially applicable to the female sex. There are more good books in their own language than they can ever hope to master, and as much good society among English-speaking people as they can turn to any account. A knowledge of foreign tongues will rarely render them more attractive except to foreigners who have never paid their language the compliment of learning it, and whose acquaintance and society ought more frequently to be discouraged than cultivated. Nine persons study foreign tongues from vanity, for one that resorts to them for a key to unlock the stores of knowledge which they contain.

Self-acting Fire-door.

A NUMBER of experiments have been made in this country to test the value of different materials for doors that may be exposed to fire, from which it appears that perhaps the best door yet devised is one made of wood and covered with tin. The door is formed of solid planks or boards matched and fastened together and crossing at a right angle, or at forty-five degrees. There should not be less than two thicknesses in any door, and as many more should be used as the size of the opening to be closed demands. This solid wooden door is then to be completely covered on every side with tinned sheet-iron, all the joints being soldered as in making tin roofs. The tinned door is supported by hangers moving on an inclined rail or track over the door-way, so that when free to move it will close by its own weight. At the door-jamb opposite the door when it is open should be a wooden casing covered on every side with tin, and into which the door will fit tightly when it closes by moving on its track, the inside of the casing being wedge-shaped. The casing on the opposite side must fit the door closely so as to leave no cracks at the sides of the door. To keep the door open a small bolt is placed on the inside of the door-jamb, the pressure of the door keeping the bolt in position. On the under side of the arch or top of the door is a wire having a joint or link in the center, this link being soldered with fusible metal that will melt at one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Just above the bolt that holds the door open is a weight supported by a wire connected with the wire holding the fusible link. This weight moves in guides and is wedge-shaped below. The threshold of the door should be of brick or stone to resist fire, and high enough to keep out water in case the room is flooded. From the reports and experiments it appears that such a door is thoroughly reliable, the soft metal link parting even in the heat of a fire in a building on the opposite side of the street and allowing the weight to fall, pushing the bolt one side and permitting the door to close. Such wooden, tin-covered doors and window-shutters are reported to stand unharmed through severe trials when iron doors have failed, melted, or warped under less exposure to fire. The door and the automatic device for closing it is officially recommended by some of the leading fire insurance companies of this country.

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS.

THE automatic sprinklers now coming into general use among the textile manufactories in New England appear to have fairly passed the experimental stage. Three patterns have been tested thoroughly, and have proved of great value. A tank is placed in the upper part of the building, be it mill, factory, or theatre, and from this tank wrought-iron pipes are laid to all parts of the building. The pipe system is so arranged that every part of the floors on each story is in range of a rose nozzle or sprinkler on the pipes. To accomplish this the pipes are suspended a few centimeters below the ceilings, and at intervals are placed sprinklers, each one designed to deliver a spray of water that would drench the ceilings, walls, and floors within a certain distance. The number of sprinklers must be sufficient to allow the sprays to overlap and cover the entire surface of the floor. The sprinklers are closed by thimbles, valves, or other devices for preventing the escape of the water, each one being kept in position by a soft solder that melts at a comparatively low temperature. The only difference in the systems that have been tried appears to be in the form of rose or sprinkler, and the shape of the automatic locking device. Any one will open automatically under the influence of a very slight rise in the temperature. The heat of a few burning shavings on the floor of a room will open any sprinkler near it, and the spray of water delivered by one is sufficient to put out any fire that could be started under or near them. The tank and pipes are to be kept full of water at all times; any loss of water caused by the sprinklers being brought into action by fire or by leakage causes a float in the tank to fall, and by means of a cord releasing an alarm clock-work that rings a bell or sounds a whistle. These automatic sprinklers, whatever the merits of each variety, have now proved their value and usefulness.

Improved Stereoscope.

TO CORRECT the distortion of vision sometimes experienced by persons using the common forms of stereoscopes, there is always a more or less conscious effort on the part of the observer to control the muscles of the eye and to accommodate the sight to the instrument. This leads to weariness and sometimes pain in the eyes, and to obviate this an improved stereoscope has been brought out that may be adjusted to the sight of each person using it. The two half-lenses, that in the ordinary stereoscope are fixed in a frame, are quite loose and are supported in a flat wooden box having openings at the front and back. Each half lens is placed in the box by lifting the cover, and is held upright by the sides of the box. In the center of the box is a partition, and to each side of this is fastened a flat brass spring that presses against the thin edges of the lenses and tends to push them apart. At the ends of the box are screws to be moved by hand from the outside. By turning these screws the lenses may be pushed close up against the springs, while, by releasing the screws the springs push the glasses back again. By this simple arrangement which, while it is not wholly new, is here made of practical value, the stereoscopic lenses can be moved nearer together or farther apart to suit the eyes of the person using the instrument. When adjusted to the sight the stereoscope can be used for a long time without fatigue, as there is no effort required to cause the two images to mingle into one. The screen between the two glasses on the frame of a stereoscope, and designed

to shut off a part of each of the pictures, is in the new instrument made of brass in the form of hinged wings that can be folded and bent back against the glasses. In ordinary use the screen is kept open in the usual position. By folding it back and by taking out the half-lenses and substituting for them a pair of thin glass prisms, the stereoscope can be used in another way. Just behind the glasses is set up a second screen having an opening in the middle. This cuts off from each eye the picture directly opposite to it. In other words, when the prisms are used, and the first screen is folded back and a second screen put up, the right eye sees half the left-hand picture, while the left eye sees only one-half of the other picture, the picture in front of each being shut out. This arrangement gives a reversed image, and, with the right kind of stereographs, gives stereoscopic effects of a novel and most interesting character. This and some other applications of the new instrument have proved of great scientific interest, while the new accommodating lenses give value to the instrument in general stereoscopic work.

The Use of Lime in Breaking Down Coal.

IT has long been known that, if caustic lime be wet while confined in an inclosed space, considerable heat and pressure will be developed. From experiments recently undertaken it seems this may be of value in coal-mines and stone-quarries. Lime of a good quality is compressed into small cylinders under hydraulic pressure, each cylinder having a groove along one side. The holes are drilled in the coal precisely as if for blasting with powder. Iron pipes having a groove along one side are then placed in the drill holes to serve as holders to keep the cartridges of lime dry. Perforations are made in the ends of these pipes, and each one is covered, before it is put in the drill hole, with a case or bag of cloth designed to keep the water out of the pipe while it is being charged. The cartridges of lime are then placed inside the tubes and tamped. Water is then forced into the tubes by means of a hand pump and hose. It follows the groove in the pipe and passes through the cloth bag, wetting the lime cartridges. As soon as the air is driven out the tubes are closed, and the hose is removed. Steam is generated in the pipes, and as it cannot escape, an explosion soon follows. The expansion of the lime follows soon after, and under this double pressure the coal is soon broken down. There is no smoke or fire, and the work is reported to be both rapid and effective. The experiments, which appear to have been satisfactory, were made in a coal-mine where, on account of the amount of gas in the coal, powder could not be used.

New Decorative Process.

A NOVEL system of staining wood has been introduced that has the merit of simplicity and cheapness. The wood having been carefully planed and finished, is given two thin coats of sizing. This is prepared by adding to glue a small quantity of albumen and alum. When this is dry and hard the design is painted or stenciled upon the wood. The intention being to produce a pattern, one part of which shall be of the natural color of the wood, the stencil or the design selected representing the white parts only. For instance, if the finished work is to show white figures on a dark ground, the white parts only must appear in the stencil. When the sizing is dry the pattern is painted on in Canada balsam or Brunswick black. When the balsam is hard and dry the whole surface is washed with a sponge and warm water. This will remove the sizing from all those parts of the wood not protected by the hard balsam, which resists the warm water. When the wood is dry the exposed parts are stained in imitation of walnut or other dark woods. When the staining is finished the balsam is removed by brushing it with turpentine, leaving the pattern or design in the natural color of the wood on the dark, stained ground. The finished work is said to resemble closely inlaid wood.

New Traction Engine.

THE two difficulties that appear to be encountered in making and using traction engines are the want of power and the want of adhesion. To make a powerful engine that will drag heavy loads over common roads implies the use of a large boiler, and this implies weight. On soft ground the wheels of these heavy engines slip, and the motor comes to a stop. In a new engine recently examined an effort has been made to get over these difficulties by the use of a light tubular boiler with compound engines and a new form of driving-wheel. The motor consists essentially of a hollow frame supported on four wheels, and carrying one boiler and three double engines. This frame is of plate iron, and is designed to serve as a water-tank. The two driving-wheels are 1.89 meters in diameter, and with a face, or tread, of 63 centimeters. Each wheel is independent, and turns on a short journal that rests at one end on the frame of the engine, and on the other upon a bar that passes along the front, resting on the frame at each end. By this arrangement each wheel is inside the frame very much as the paddle-wheel of a river-boat is placed within the deck of the boat. The two forward wheels are joined together, and form the leading-wheels. They are carried upon a truck that is free to turn under the forward part of the frame, and is controlled by a hand or steering wheel. The boiler, which is placed between the two driving-wheels, is composed of sections of double tubes built up over the fire-box. Each tube is composed of two parts. The larger tube is for water, and is exposed directly to the fire. The smaller tube inside this is the return flue for the smoke, so that the water is in an annular space, with the flame on both sides. The boiler is of great strength, and is designed to furnish steam at a working pressure of about four hundred pounds. The engines are placed on the frame on each side of the boiler, and next to the driving-wheels. Each engine is independent, and controls one wheel. The cylinders are double, though they look like single cylinders with three piston-rods, one at one end, and two at the other end. The smaller high-pressure cylinder is placed inside the larger cylinder, and has one piston and rod. The low-pressure cylinder is annular in section, and has a ring-shaped piston and two rods turned in the opposite direction from the first piston-rod. This novel form of engine has already been described here. (See page 795, Vol. I., New Series.) The engines are connected with cranks that turn small geared

wheels that turn in a geared rim on the inner side of the driving-wheels. The high-pressure cylinder is designed to take the steam at a pressure of four hundred pounds, and to discharge directly into the low-pressure cylinder; and the exhaust finally escapes into the open air through the smoke-stack or into the water-tank directly under the engines. At the rear of the motor is a pair of small hoisting engines that are intended to assist in handling the gang of eight plows to be drawn behind the engine. It will be seen that by the use of a tubular boiler and high pressure the engine can be made very small, and in this way a great saving of weight, together with high power, is gained. To secure adhesion in wet and soft ground a broad tread is given to the driving wheels, and a novel system of shoes is employed. Hanging from the hub of each wheel is a pendulum free to swing inside the wheel. At the end of this is a small wheel just touching the inside of the large wheel, and turning with it. In this wheel are hung loosely a number of teeth or claws. On the face of the large wheel are cut a series of holes slightly larger than the teeth on the small wheel traveling inside. As the engine moves this smaller wheel is made to turn with it, and the teeth in turn drop through the holes in the face of the driving wheel, and catch in the ground. In this manner the driving-wheels are practically shod with shovel-shaped teeth that dig into the ground, and holding fast prevent the wheels from slipping. By this device the motor has a good traction, and can be used on sandy roads or upon soft plowed land. When the engine is to be used on hard roads, and the teeth are not needed, the smaller wheel turning inside the drivers can be raised above the ground, or the teeth can be taken out. In either case the small wheel revolves idly without impeding the engine or cutting up the road.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To an Obscure Poet who Lives on my Hearth.

WHY shouldst thou cease thy plaintive song
When I draw near?
Has mankind done thee any wrong,
That thou shouldst fear?

To see thee scampering to thy den,
So wild and shy,
'Twould seem thou knowst the ways of men
As well as I.

'Tis true the palmy days are o'er
When all thy kind—
Poor minstrel folk—at every door
Might welcome find;

For song was certain password then
To every breast,
And current coin that bought from men
Food, fire, and rest;

And these are more discerning days,
More coldly just;
I doubt thy rustic virelays
Would earn a crust.

The age is shrill and choral-like,
For many sing;
And he who would be heard must strike
Life's loudest string.

And thou, poor minstrel of the field
With slender tone,
Art type of many a singer sealed
To die unknown,

And many a heart that would have sung
Songs sweet to hear,
Could passion give itself a tongue
To catch the ear.

But, cricket, thou shouldst trust in me,
For thou and I
Are brothers in adversity—
Both poor and shy.

And since the height of thy desire
Is but to live,
Thy little share of food and fire
I freely give.

And thou shalt sing of fields and hills
And forest streams,
Till thy rapt invocation stills
My troubled dreams.

Charles L. Hildreth.

Sweet Phyllis.

A PASTORAL.

WITH cowslips in her flaxen hair,
In straightly hanging gown o' blue,
A crook within her lily-hand,
A silver buckle on her shoe,—

She sits upon a daisied bank,
Her fleecy flock are feeding near;
Her heart calls over, like a bird:
"Oh, Colin, Colin, Colin dear!

"My love a blue-eyed shepherd is,
He leads his flock on yonder lea;
I am a simple shepherdess,
But Colin came awooing me!"

Dear Colin stands amongst his flock,
And stares across the meadow-gate;
He sees sweet Phyllis' gown o' blue,
And leaves his lambkins to their fate.

"Oh, Colin, Colin, Colin dear!"
Sweet Phyllis hears her heart repeat.
She starts and blushes, for she sees
Her own dear Colin at her feet.

A pattering of little hoofs,
Through meadow-grasses crisp with dew,
A bleating at the meadow-gate,
And Colin's sheep are coming too.

Mary E. Wilkins.

Squirrel and Rabbit.

(ONE OF UNCLE GABE'S SONGS.)

MR. SQU'EL he run up de scaly-bark tree,
An' he say: "Mr. Rabbit, don't you wish you was me?"
Mr. Rabbit he hide in de hen-nes' grass,
For he see dat squ'el-dorg comin' 'long fas';
An' he say: "Mr. Squ'el, I wouldn't be you,
'Cause I 'fraid you'll swim in de Sunday stew!"

Mr. Squ'el he set on de swingin' lim',
An' he ax Mr. Rabbit jes' to look at him,
An' he say: "Mr. Rabbit, oh! when did you see,
In all your life, sich a feller as me?"
Mr. Rabbit he laugh an' he say "Mr. Squ'el,
De white folks like your tas'e too well!"

Mr. Squ'el he wait tell de plow-hands gone,
An' he clam right straight up a stalk o' corn
Den he bite de shuck an' he look right back,
An' he say: "Mr. Rabbit, won't you hab some snack?"
Mr. Rabbit he say: "Oh, you better take keer,
Fo' dey mix you up wid de roas'in' ear!"

Mr. Squ'el he say: "Come an' go wid me,
An I'll show you mighty quick how to clam de tree!"
Mr. Rabbit he dance an' he prance all 'roun',
An' he holler an' laugh as he tromp de groun',
An' he say: "Don't you ax me to go wid you,
'Cause I's 'fraid you gwine to de bobbykew!"

J. A. Macon.

His Secret.

(In the ball-room.)

HE. ARE you not tired of dancing yet? It's late—
May I not have one little tête-à-tête?

SHE. One little dance, perhaps.

HE. Ah, but you know
I do not dance a step! If you would go
With me to the conservatory, I
Would find a pleasant, quiet seat, and try
To reconcile you to a schottish lost.

SHE. You couldn't! I'd rather dance with Captain Frost.
I promised him——

HE. Then let him look for you!
Let's leave this crowd.

SHE. No, no! We can't get through.

HE. This atmosphere's so warm!

SHE. I'm not so bold
To seek a cooler and a fatal cold.

HE. I'll find your wraps.

SHE. I haven't time to wait.

HE. And so you will not come? I abdicate.
There's Captain Frost—well, *au revoir!*—although
I'd something nice, a secret——

SHE. Secret! Oh!
Indeed? To tell to me?

HE. Yes, first to you.

SHE. What is it?

HE. You will come?

SHE. And if I do,
You'll not deceive me?

HE. Ne'er spoke I more true.

(In the conservatory.)

HE. Here is a seat fit for your Ladyship.
How beautiful you are to-night!

SHE. Pray skip
The compliments—the secret I would hear.

HE. Are you impatient? Ah! I almost fear
To tell you now.

SHE. You promised!

HE. Yes—and—well,
The only secret which I have to tell
Is—that I love you, dear.

SHE *(laughingly)*. Heigho! You do?
And so this is the mighty secret you
Possessed! Dishonest, sir, was your offense
When you decoyed me here on false pretense.
Secret, indeed! How grandly you disclose it!
Secret, ha! ha! when *everybody knows it!*

HE. Madame!

SHE *(rising)*. You have deceived me—I return.

HE. And so you trifle with——

SHE *(sitting down again)*. Cold "words that burn!"
Come, don't be tragic! Since your love for me
Your "secret" is, suppose, well—don't you see?—
Oh, stupid lover, can you not discern it?—
I'll "keep" the secret, though I do "return" it.

Harrison Robertson.

Poetry and the Poet.

(Found on the Poet's desk.)

WEARY, I open wide the antique pane,
I ope to the air
I ope to
I open to the air the antique pane
And gaze { beyond? across } the thrift-sown fields of wheat [commonplace?]
A-shimmering green in breezes born of heat;
And lo!
And high
And my soul's eyes behold { a? the } billowy main
Whose further shore is Greece strain again vain
[Arcadia—mythological allusion. Mem: Lemprière.]
I see thee, Atalanta, vestal fleet,
And look! with doves low-fluttering round her feet,
Comes Venus through the golden { fields of bowing } grain

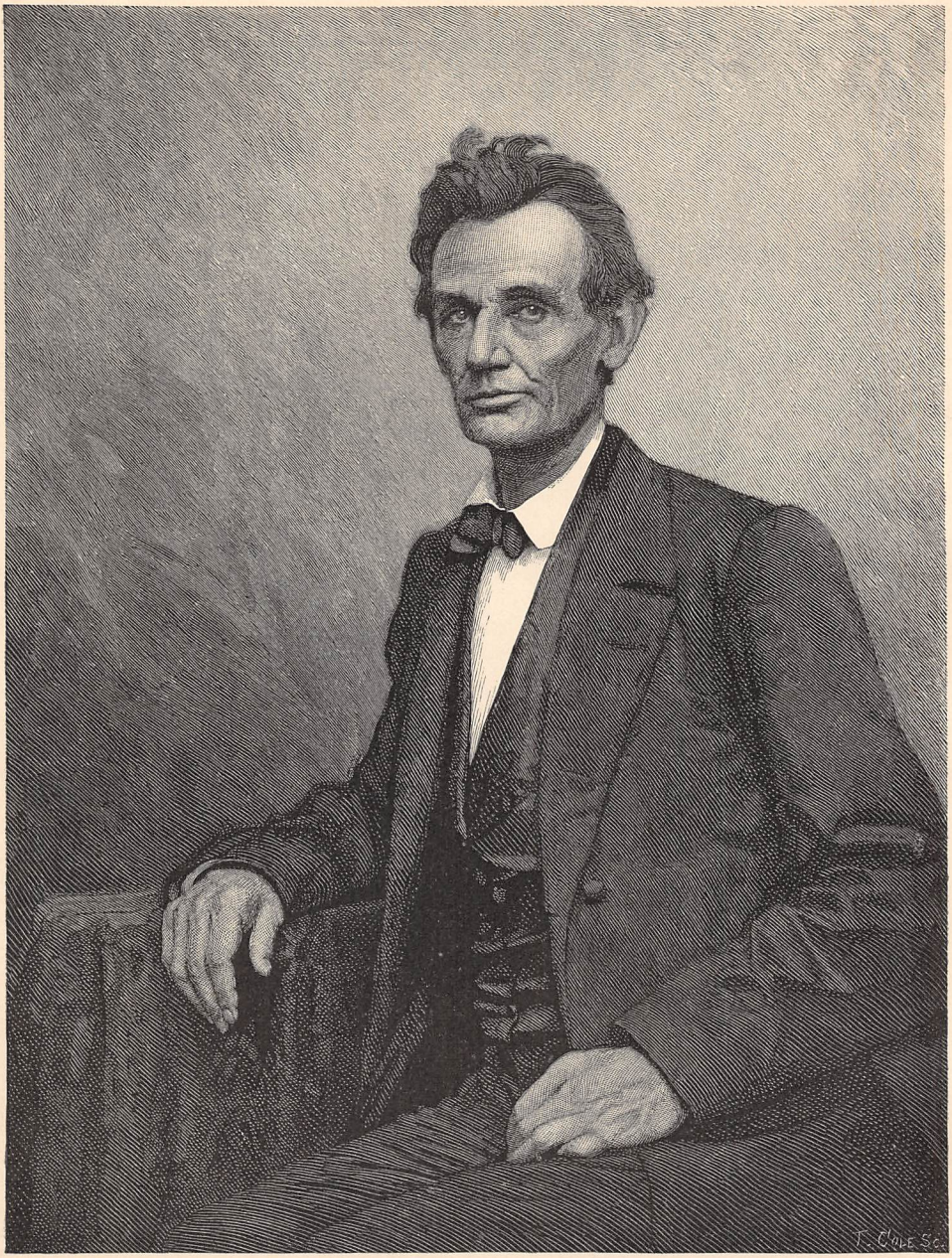
(Heard by the Poet's neighbor.)

Venus be bothered—it's Virginia Dix!

(Found on the Poet's door.)

Out on important business—back at 6.

[reported by] *H. C. Bunner.*



A. Lincoln

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LIFE IN A MEXICAN STREET.

PROBABLY no more striking evidence exists of the foresight of that wonderful man who gave Spain an empire in the New World, than the ground plan of the city of Mexico. It was drawn under the immediate supervision of the conqueror, and was intended by him to guide in the construction of a great capital, which "should rise," to use his own language, "to the rank of queen of the surrounding provinces, in the same manner as she had been of yore." Two hundred years after Cortez had laid out his city of straight streets and uniform parallelograms, our ancestors in Boston and New York were still clumsily building their tangled net-work of crooked lanes and narrow alleys. We pride ourselves upon the foresight of Penn, who made Philadelphia a city of rectangles. But the Spanish warrior sketched his city more than a century and a half before the Quaker colony reached the borders of the Delaware, and yet the older plan is as much like the ready-made city of to-day, say Minneapolis or Denver or Pueblo, as though he who designed it had pictured to himself the needs of the railway, the telegraph, the gas-lamp, the electric light, or had reasoned in scientific phrases on the sanitary value of gaseous circulation and direct sunlight.

Almost due east and west through the midst of the town passes one great avenue. The neighboring streets are at times broken by buildings or open squares, or church-yards, or stop where ancient properties stopped or Indian suburbs interposed their walls of mud or their muddy canals. This one great street holds its course virtually, without deviation, from the gate of San Lazaro to the opposite gate of San Cosme, a little more than three miles. It is always broad and open; it sometimes grows grand in its expansion, even wider than the noble London thoroughfare, Oxford street—which street, by the by, was a muddy way between hedges that harbored woodcock at Regent's Circus, when the new-world avenue was already a street of palaces. The Roman Corso might lie by the side of the Neapolitan Toledo here, and still leave room for the passing travel.

We shall include under the general name of Tacuba street the whole broad way from gate to gate, although it in reality bears this designation but for a limited distance. The inconvenient custom prevails in the city of Mexico of applying to each block in any street a different name, as though we were to say that Fifth avenue extended from Forty-fifth to Forty-sixth streets, Windsor avenue from Forty-sixth to Forty-seventh, Buckingham avenue from Forty-seventh to Forty-eighth, and so forward, changing with each succeeding block.

In the months that followed the victory of the 13th of August, 1521, the conqueror laid out a four-sided area among the shapeless ruins of the Aztec city, and set apart for the site of the new metropolis somewhat more than a mile square of land in the level expanse of salt morass on the borders of Lake Tezcuco. This street, or causeway, of Tacuba was one of the three that extended beyond the limits of the town-site, across a region of canes and reeds, to the firm land. It was the one relied upon to furnish an easy route for the cavalry—that arm of the service most valuable to the invaders in their contests with the half-disciplined native warriors. Beyond the limits of the city the borders of the other two causeways were kept free from obstructions. Only upon this one were the citizens permitted

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to build their massive houses, so that it became a sort of fortified entrance and exit for the growing Spanish outpost.

But, apart from its topographical and military significance, the street was already memorable to the pioneer Christian soldiers through many a thrilling episode. Along this line, during the three months of that brilliant siege, the impetuous Alvarado had fought his way eastward, inch by inch, to a junction with his commander in the central portions of the still beleaguered town. Along this then narrow path, but one year before the final success, in the darkness of the dreadful *noche triste*,

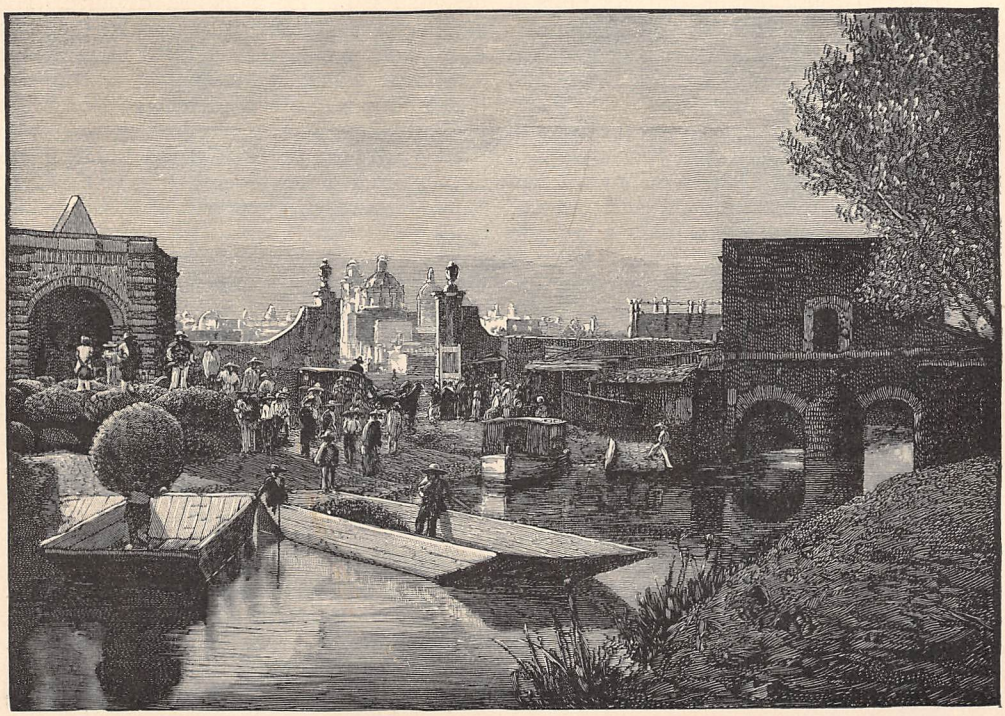
> "In the lost battle,
> Borne down by the flying,"

hundreds of trusted comrades and thousands of trusting allies fell beneath the blows of the obsidian axes of Montezuma's braves.

On the eastern side of the city, and entering at the gate of San Lazaro, on our historic street, we find ourselves this bright morning in midwinter. Backward, across the low and invisible Lake Tezcuco, the view extends to the purple eastern hills that form the rim of the oval valley; while southward, rising majestically above a multitude of attendant fumaroles, stand against the deep blue sky Mexico's two giant volcanic mountains, piercing with their silvered peaks the region of perpetual snow. The smooth, sterile plain that widens from the city gate toward the lake is scarcely broken by a tree. Across its level surface, covered with stunted herbage and alkaline inflorescence, I have often galloped in a solitude almost as profound as that which surrounds the saline Syrian sea.

Flowing out from San Lazaro, in a direct line eastward, is the canal of Tezcuco—a black, sluggish current that carries the sewage of the city to the lake, and represents the drainage of a large district of mountain country. If the city of Mexico has a salt-water port, it is formed by this canal.

The primitive passenger-boat has just come in from the village that, some thirty miles eastward, occupies the site of the ancient sister city of the metropolis—the allied Tezcuco, which, more fortunate than other fallen Indian towns, has had its history related and its praises sung by the descendant of its own royal line—the imaginative Ixtlilxochitl. This native author describes, in words worthy of Arabian story, the astronomical, musical, and poetic attainments of his ancestral sultans, the grand palace, surrounded by four hundred abodes of attendant nobles, and the royal magazines, from which were annually distributed six million bushels of corn. The passenger-boat has been seven hours upon its journey



ARRIVAL OF THE PASSENGER-BOAT FROM TEZCUCO, AT THE GATE OF SAN LAZARO.



A CANAL MARKET.

by lake and canal, propelled by six stalwart Indians, whose long poles reach the bottom of the lake, even at its deepest portions. Occasionally that most ancient form of boat, the dug-out, appears, driven forward by a man or woman, who, facing the prow, feathers the light paddle with the graceful motion of the Chippewas of Lake Superior in their birchen canoes. More numerous than all other craft, however, are the flat-bottomed freight-boats, some fifty feet long, of which several are always at the canal-bank, discharging cargoes of straw, Indian corn, wheat and barley, or cut paving-stones from the haciendas and quarries along the eastern borders of the lake. The most conspicuous of the products brought to the city are the great balls of barley straw, packed firmly in nets of stout henequin cord. Each ball is prepared as a load for one man, and weighs from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds. Horses are very fond of this straw, and it comes in a broken and crumpled condition, the result of having been trodden on the wind-swept earthen thrashing-floor by the feet of oxen, sheep, or goats. The heavy grain is collected from time to time during this process by tossing the chaff with great wooden forks high against the wind. The Mexican consumer has become so accustomed to the use of this macerated straw that when Señor Buch, a large farmer near the city, introduced steam machinery to thrash and winnow his barley, he was compelled to add a special crushing-machine to the usual American thrasher, so that his straw might continue to reach market in a condition similar to that which has been current through all the ages since Solomon built his temple where the breezes swept down from the Mount of Olives upon the thrashing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite.

Yellow-legged, muscular Atlases come to the laden boats, and, aided by comrades, lift these

globes of forage, and bury their heads and shoulders beneath them. Forthwith the rotund mass goes wandering off through the crowded thoroughfares to its destination among the stabled animals of draught and burthen.

In addition to the trade of the canal, the products of a fertile district around the base of Popocatapetl reach the city by common roads, carried thither through the gate of San Lazaro, and by a narrow-gauge railway that is being extended to the Pacific port of Acapulco. And here the American sees what to him is a singular spectacle—the collection of a tax in the form of an impost upon various products of the farm, garden, and manufactory, while on their way to market or to the place of consumption. A formidable moat filled with water surrounds the city on all sides, and obstructs the smuggler as did the high walls and picturesque towers of mediæval towns. Through ten gates, opposite as many bridges, all the ordinary trade is expected to pass. These gates are opened at five in the morning and closed at half-past eight in the evening. Once, having been belated in the mountains, I reached a gate at ten o'clock at night. Half an hour elapsed before a keeper could be found to unlock and swing back the heavy wooden structures that prevented my entrance.

Among the officials engaged in superintending the collection of the imposts, I found a gentleman who occupies a position of considerable note in the city of Mexico—no other than the Nast of the political press. The demand for caricatures in this capital, however, is not so imperative nor so continuous as it is in our northern centers of social life, and Villasana publishes chiefly when some period of violent political excitement calls for the expression of strong personal preferences and animosities. During the presidential contests, both before and after the nominations, he sharpens his pencil and starts a short-lived eight-page periodical, which makes the greater part of its inditements without the aid of text. The method of the Mexican caricaturist is perhaps less subtile than ours; his exaggerations often approach the grotesque; his vainglorious person disturbs the planets in their orbits; his Uriah Heep grovels deep in the dust; he consigns his defunct politician to depths immeasurable to man; but, like our own artists, though he strikes as a partisan, he does so in the name of justice, fraternity, and human progress.

Sitting behind his rolls of tribute-silver, while his deputies weighed the incoming straw, and with long rods of steel searched the interiors of the great bales of straw for smugglers' goods, Signor Villasana explained some of the intricacies of the laws of domestic imposts. Upon several hundred articles duty is levied: upon each cow two dollars; each unbroken mule or horse contributes three dollars to the city treasury; each hundred pounds of flour twenty-four cents; the farmer pays fifty cents per hundred pounds for carrying in his potatoes, and eight cents for the same weight of barley straw; but why he should pay thirty-three cents per hundred pounds for milk, while butter and eggs were passed free, even Signor Villasana's experienced mind could not determine.

Beyond this gate, to the right, is a ruined mass of arches, abutments, walls, and domes; strange weeds and flowering shrubs push apart the stones of the deserted courts. This is the great church of San Lazaro, that after secularization was sold by the Government, and by private enterprise was converted into a glass manufactory. Real fires for fusing silex and alumina were kindled in chapels where, heretofore, carved and pictured flames were seen consuming the bodies of saints and the souls of sinners. Now, the old and the new have fallen into dust together, and some future antiquary may find evidence of inquisitorial severity in the annealing muffles beneath the high altar. A few hundred paces to the north rises from among the still scattered houses a mass of rich yellow, red, and brown, forming a characteristic Mexican picture. It is the church of San Antonio of Tomitlan, which in the latter part of the eighteenth century was a chapel at the gate, and which still supplies a place for praise and prayer for the poor of the neighborhood. Its story is told in a straightforward way on the wall near the sacristy-door:—an orphan boy of peasant parentage, born in 1722, grew in worldly possessions, and year by year devoted his means and time to building and endowing this church. He died at seventy, and his portrait, that of a solid, square-shouldered, earnest citizen, who kneels in his red coat, skull-cap, and white stockings, in perpetual thanksgiving, hangs high and honored among the saints. Had this contemporary of Franklin been born on the banks of the Delaware, his energy would probably have taken the direction of libraries or hospitals, and his substance, instead of paying for masses, would have gone to support a chair of intellectual philosophy.

Near the church stands the house of its priest—a cheerful dwelling built around a court upon whose walls are many inscriptions inculcating virtuous living. At the foot of the stairway is the painted full-sized figure of a soldier in complete uniform, with his hand raised

threateningly, and the warning word *cuidado*, "Take care," issuing from his mouth, while over the door of the study, written in highly colored ornamental letters that harmonize well with the brilliant bignonias, geraniums, and heliotropes that glow in the January sunshine and shade the borders of the balcony, we read the following:

Quien á esta casa da luz?
Jesus.
Quien la llena de alegria?
Maria.
Y quien la abraza en la fé?
José.*

As you approach the interior of the city, at various places you find "tortillerías" occupying basements on a level with the street. This national combination of the grist-mill and the bakery holds such an important place in the Mexican domestic economy that we may well afford time to examine a typical establishment with care. The tortilla is eaten by all classes throughout the nation, and it is almost the exclusive food of large numbers of the poorer people. I have met with it at the banquets of cabinet ministers and literary men, and the implements for its manufacture are invariably found in the humblest native hut. Visitors to the Centennial will remember in the Government building a large drawing of the interior of a Pueblo Indian house; this drawing, with a very few variations, would represent the interior of a hundred thousand Indian homes, existing from the borders of Colorado to the State of Yucatan. Maize is everywhere; two-thirds of the cultivated ground in Mexico is devoted to raising it. There is a saying that there are but two prerequisites for a household outfit by an Indian couple contemplating matrimony: a *petate*, or mat of reeds, which serves for a carpet and a bed, and a *metate*, a flat inclined stone placed upon the earthen floor, on which to pulverize the corn before forming it into cakes for baking. I concur in the estimate of well-informed natives, that so general and exclusive is the use of Indian corn, that, were this crop to fail, one-third to one-half the aboriginal population would perish of starvation. A single frost that, on the 29th of August, 1784, injured the young plant, it is calculated, resulted in the death of over 30,000 persons. A population of millions is dependent upon the success of the crop. Ireland is not so dependent upon the potato, and millions in India scarcely so dependent upon rice, as the Mexican people are upon maize,—now the foremost of our cereals, the monarch of our prairie-lands, and the arbiter of stock exchanges; it conceals from all who will trace its ancestry, from even the most persistent botanist, every clue to its native valley and to the form of its tropic progenitor.

The tortilla-shop opens with wide doors upon the street; the citizen may stand upon the flags of the sidewalk, buy his cakes, and not only obey the injunction of the elder Weller regarding veal-pie, but, while making the acquaintance of the chief cook, may see, examine, comment upon, and if needs be, direct the whole process of manufacture.

Imagine a blacksmith's shop from which the Amazons have driven Vulcan, leaving only the grimy walls, the glowing, unchimneyed hearth, and a store of charcoal piled in a corner. The Amazons have rolled back their sleeves to the shoulder (if they possess such incumbrances) and have placed themselves on their knees upon the stone floor, with the inclined rough surface of the lava *metate* before them. Upon this stone they place, from a wooden tray, handful after handful of corn, which has been soaked and heated in water containing quicklime in solution. This alkaline substance has softened and loosened the exterior coating of the grain that in ordinary mills produces the bran. With a long, round stone, held like a rolling-pin, this corn is rubbed to a coarse paste, which is pushed, as fast as it is deemed sufficiently crushed, upon a pine board placed below to receive it. This paste now goes to the cake-maker, who stands near the fire. She takes a small piece, and, holding her hands vertically, pats it rapidly into a thin disk. This is thrown at once upon a hot earthen plate, where it is soon thoroughly baked or roasted. The tortillas thus made are collected hot into closely covered baskets, and are sold at three cents per dozen to the people who flock around, ready to carry them off in their hands or beneath pieces of protecting cloth. Enormous as is the aggregate of this manufacture, each shop is eminently a retail affair. I once asked the proprietress of such an establishment how many tortillas she would sell for a dollar; she threw up her hands and eyes at the visionary immensity of the transaction, exclaiming: "Good Heaven! I could not count—a very great many!"

The northern palate finds the tortilla, while fresh and hot, and if accompanied by a little butter or salt, a pleasant food, suggestive of cakes made of parched corn; but when cold

* Who gives light in this house?
Jesus.
Who fills it with joy?
Mary.
And who kindles faith in it?
Joseph.

it is flabby, tough, and tasteless. There are many ways of serving it, but the Indian is usually content with a pinch of salt, or a little pungent *chile*—the native dried red pepper.

The proprietress of the shop that we specially examined was ill-favored and uneducated. She kept her customers in the street, and caused her employés to remain quiet, that their postures might be exactly photographed. As we were leaving I pressed some money upon her, using the excuse learned in European mining and manufacturing districts, that "She must buy something for her workpeople to drink." She replied indignantly that none of *her* employés would touch pulque, and that *she* was not in the habit of taking presents. I mention this circumstance to show the undercurrent of self-respect that exists among the Mexican laboring classes. Drawing from a not inconsiderable experience in the industrial centers from Ireland to Syria, I remember no example more noteworthy.

This same shop, like most of its kind, produces and sells *atole*, another national article of food, made by straining the bran away from the pulverized maize, and boiling the rich remainder to the consistency of "thickened milk." This the Indian drinks as the French or Belgian laborer would drink his coffee. Sometimes it is sweetened with sugar, sometimes beaten to a froth with chocolate. Many



MAKING TORTILLAS.

other kinds of food are prepared from maize: one, the *tamal*, consists of a thin cake rolled around cooked fruit, or chopped meat, or peppers, and then served smoking hot, inclosed in the soft interior tissue of the corn-husk.

At the door of the tortilleria, and in the kitchens of many houses, stand large earthen jars that are kept supplied with water from the numerous public fountains by *aguadores*, most picturesque of all water-carriers. The Mexican water-carrier adopts a plan for transporting his burden more simple than that of his prototype who gossips over the carved curbs of the Venetian palace. Instead of the yoke with poised copper kettles, he hangs one heavy earthen pot upon his back, suspended by a broad strap crossing his forehead, while another similar smaller vessel, steadied by his hand, hangs by a second strap passing over the hind part of the head. With the two

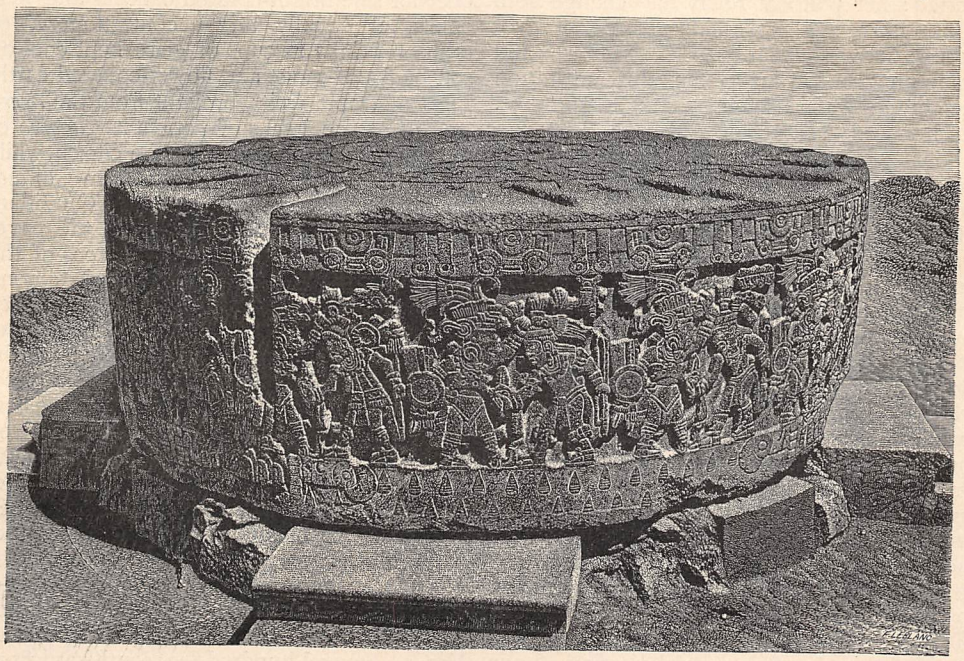
fragile weights thus balanced, he trots through the crowded streets at a most hazardous pace.

The soil upon which the city of Mexico rests is impregnated with the salts of Lake Tezcuco, whose waters have from time to time risen above the surface of the most crowded streets, but the numerous fountains of the town supply potable water drawn from two sources. From the highlands to the west, a crystal current comes across the meadows in two aqueducts, borne upon many arches—modern suggestions of those grand structures that brought the limpid waters of the Alban hills, over a broader volcanic plain, into imperial Rome. The other source of supply is in the artesian wells, of which hundreds have been bored, and almost invariably with success. At a depth of from one to three hundred feet water-bearing strata are reached which spout a continuous stream several feet above the surface. The large Mexican houses are all furnished with hand force-pumps, by means of which the water is driven into the elevated parts of the dwelling.



FOUNTAIN TERMINATING THE SOUTHERN AQUEDUCT.

Westward, at a point near the geographic center of the city, we reach the site of the great religious structures of the Aztecs, and the palace of their emperors. No trace of these "Halls of the Montezumas" now exists. In 1790 the statue of the War God, which was the chief object of worship three centuries before, was discovered beneath the pavement of the plaza, where it had remained since the days of the conqueror. A great disk-shaped stone of black porous lava from the same vicinity is preserved in the court-yard of the National Museum. It is believed that upon its broad surface many human creatures were sacrificed at the festivals presided over by the powerful Aztec priesthood. The temple of



SACRIFICIAL STONE IN THE COURT OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

the buried deity stood where the great cathedral now stands, and within a few hundred yards of this spot many of the most thrilling and most decisive scenes in Mexican history have been enacted. Grouped around this wonderful spot were: the seat of the archbishop, who, with an annual salary exceeding a hundred thousand dollars, controlled, through various religious orders and by overdue mortgages, a large proportion of the property of the city; the palace of the Viceroy, whose powers were nearly absolute; the chambers of the Inquisition; the National Museums; the Academy of the Fine Arts; the Seminary of the Jesuits; the Palace of Cortez and his descendants; the Municipal Palace, and, farther back in the centuries, the houses of the great Aztec retainers. So much has been written about these things, and so frequently have the buildings surrounding the great square been described, that the subject may well be omitted here.

But, one institution which, since 1836, has occupied the site of the house of Cortez, opposite the Cathedral, is so peculiarly Mexican in its character, that we will pause to give it a brief examination. This institution, supplying as it does a national need, and serving the rich as well as the poor—the outgrowth of private beneficence and of the most careful financial administration of which the country has been capable—this national pawn-broker shop is the most stable establishment that Mexico possesses. Her dynasties may be subverted; her political rulers may change from conservative to liberal amid the throes of revolution; her various Holy Virgins may wax and wane in popular favor, but this institution steadily grows in usefulness and importance. A hundred years ago Mexico had her "bonanza kings." Few are remembered now except Don Pedro Terreros. A native of Cartagena, in Spain, he left college to come to Mexico to settle the estate of his father. He was quick at accounts, and in due time became a prosperous merchant. Just then the silver regions of Patucha were being actively opened, and one Bustamente had lost so much money in digging the shaft of Santa Brigida that "he was about abandoning it when God put it into his mind to go into partnership with Don Pedro, who furnished more money, and in a short time rich mineral was struck, and unreckoned millions of dollars flowed into the pockets of the miners." Straightway Don Pedro began to do what the highest culture of the age prompted. He spent 90,800 dollars in sending missionaries to convert the heathen savages of Northern Mexico. Perhaps we of Colorado may have to thank him for the peaceful bearing of our Pueblos and Navajos. He sent out three vessels laden with wheat to succor the expedition for the recovery of what is now our city of Pensacola; he added an eighty-gun ship to the royal marine; but all this generosity would have been forgotten, but for the happy thought that led to the creation of the unique and still active *Monte de Piedad*. Terreros gave into the hands of a board of managers three hundred thousand dollars, with the stipulation that it should be used for making loans on valuables of gold and silver, and upon unused clothing, without interest, provided that any voluntary offering that might be made in return should be accepted. About the time that our colonies were in the midst of the excitement over the tea-ships, a company of dignitaries were assembled in the chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the far-away southern capital, to listen to congratulatory addresses, and read the message of the Spanish king, accepting the generous gift, "made for the public good and for the succor of the poor." The institution has grown and flourished; the plan of the founder, which was drawn with much minuteness, has been adhered to with great fidelity, and although it was soon found necessary to collect some interest on loans, only what is required to cover expenses and deterioration is exacted in return for liberal advances.

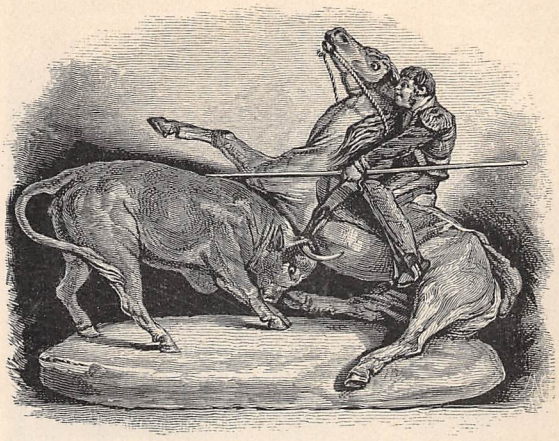
During the Christmas holidays the great square upon which the Cathedral fronts is filled with tents and booths, where traders offer for sale bright-colored calicoes and kerchiefs, or equally bright confectionery, or crimson drinks in cups of glass kept cool on soft banks of moist and flower-covered earth. Piles of tropic fruits, brought from the *tierra caliente* on the backs of patient *cargadores* or more patient donkeys, tempt the citizen, while curious gilded and silvered jars from Chihuahua, or the common clay fabric of Quatitlan, are spread in ordered rows upon the pavement. At night the oval, eager faces of the Indian boys and maidens who sit among their many-hued wares, glow like burnished copper in the radiance of the flaming piles of resinous "light wood" gathered in the fragrant pine-forests on the slopes of Ajusco. Proceeding westward from the square, we pass between the fronts of old palaces, now given up to the uses of trade. From the shields above the wide portals look down the armorial bearings of many a family distinguished in the stirring history of the colonial period. A few blocks from the Cathedral stands the *Mineria*, an imposing structure of dark stone, built from plans of the architect and sculptor Tolsa, for the seat of the National School of Mines. Several hundred feet southward from

this building is the fine church of San Francisco, where center Bishop Reilly's earnest missionary efforts, and near it is the massive structure secured for similar uses by the foresight of Bishop Simpson. A little farther westward we find the Central Park of the city —the Alameda—around which gather the residences of the foreign ministers, among them that of our own representative, from whose flagstaff floats conspicuously the stars and stripes.

Along the southern border of this garden lies the fashionable drive of Mexico. Every afternoon, but particularly upon fête-days, over this route a stream of carriages pours from the city and flows outward to the beautiful avenue leading to the Castle of Chapultepec. Probably no city in the world possesses a drive with grander natural attractions than this *Paseo* of the Mexican metropolis, and when beneath the statue of Columbus the crowded assemblage of well-filled carriages and gayly caparisoned horsemen file past in the evening glow of the tropic sky, the patriotic Mexican may well be pardoned a thrill of satisfaction at bearing part in such a rich and brilliant pageant.

From the gravel walks of the Alameda careful guardians gather the leaves that throughout the winter fall and make way for new growths on the deciduous trees, and children in their muslins play with their nurses upon grass that is always green. Here and there rise palms, but above the other trees tower the gray trunks of the familiar ash or the slender branches of the odorous eucalyptus. In a climate more genial and stable than that which draws the gay concourse to the terrace of the Pincian, the tourist may wander through the dark-shaded alleys and listen to music from a military band whose stirring airs bring back memories of life in European garrisoned towns.

We have now passed the limits of Cortez's city; Tacuba avenue widens and is lined with fine residences surrounded by gardens of roses, myrtle, jessamine, and hibiscus. Occasionally there are secularized convents, now serving for asylums or hospitals. Curious time-worn churches adjoin them whose interiors contain religious pictures and much gilding, and painful painted carvings of the Passion, before which awe-struck Indians fall on their knees and cross themselves. At one point an open vine-covered yardway is shown, where Alvarado, hard pressed, swung himself across the black waters of the canal on that "saddest night" of the most picturesque of all American campaigns.



THE BULL-FIGHTER—A GROUP IN CLAY.

Near this spot I was once accosted by a pale, dark-eyed boy of sixteen, who offered for sale a group modeled in potter's clay, that he held in his hand. It represented with fidelity a scene at a bull-fight. It was so full of spirit that I bought it at once, and asked who was the artist.

"I made it," said the boy.

"Where was it burned?"

"I burned it."

"Who painted it?"

"I did."

"What did you copy it from?"

"I went to Quatitlan and saw the bull-fights, and on the Paseo I saw the horses and the riders."

"Where do you live?"

He pointed to a court near by. I went with him to a low, whitewashed house; a lame, widowed father lived there with his two sons,—the elder was my little friend. There was but one room: it was scrupulously clean; a broad bed of mats and blankets was rolled in one corner of the stone floor. A lump of clay enveloped in a moist cloth lay near. A small square furnace served to bake the clay images and cook the food of the family. Two paint-brushes and some bottles of colors were in the window, and pictures of a couple of saints hung upon the wall. This was the atelier of the artist and the only home of the family. Each group was made and sold, and then another, usually representing a different subject, was begun. I obtained a number of them as they came out, and several are now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the simplest, photographed from the original and carefully engraved, will tell the story of the boy's genius better than I can.

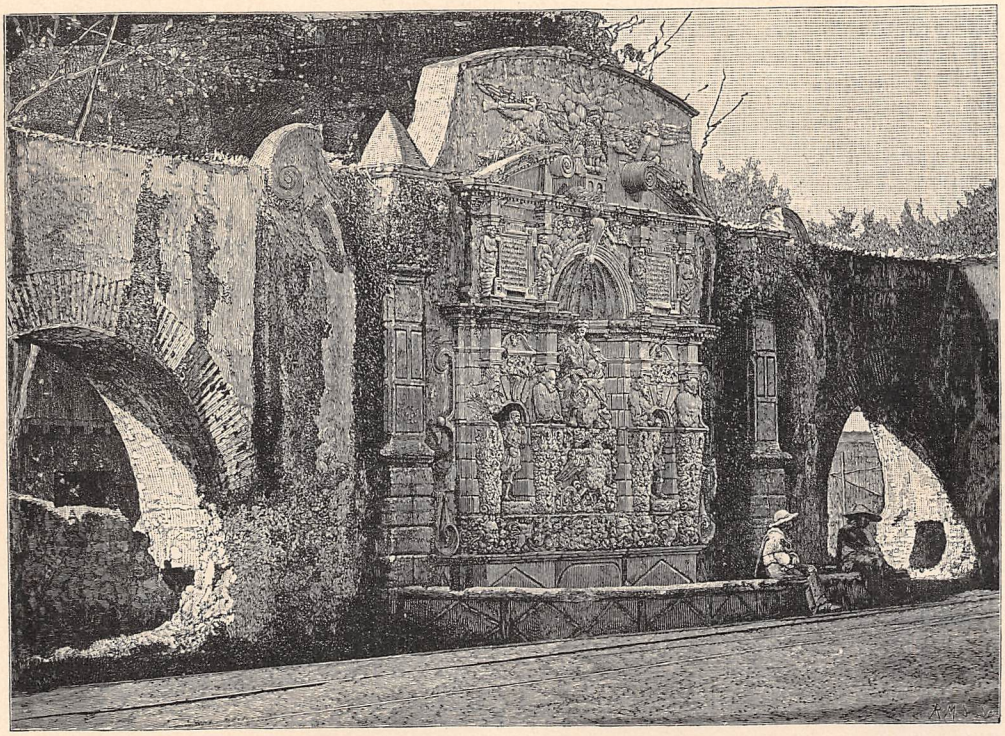
We have now reached the quarter of the



AMONG THE GARDENS NEAR MEXICO.

"Tivolis," as the garden restaurants of Mexico are called,—and here some of the best French *chefs* of the capital have established themselves, and with Gallic thrift have gathered fair fortunes. The gardens are often several acres in extent, well shaded with noble trees and clustered shrubs, and adorned with carefully kept beds, and hanging baskets filled with trailing plants and brilliant flowers.

I shall not soon forget a midwinter dinner served in one of the open lattice-houses, that covers the summit of an artificial mound in the Tivoli of San Cosme. From a rock-work at my table-side leaped a fountain that fell with musical cadence into the rustic basin of porphyry below, or spread itself from frond to frond over semi-tropic ferns until lost among the rich vegetation. Through the wide-open door poured from the western sky a full flood of sunlight; below and beyond the garden limits spread a meadow of emerald alfalfa, where silent Indian women were reaping and gathering the juicy forage into bundles to be carried home to their cattle. A lark sang merrily from its covert in the grass, or answered its mate among the branches of a neighboring acacia. Brilliant harmless lizards raced along the sunny sides of the white wall. Golden and brown butterflies flitted noiselessly among the blue blossoms of the periwinkle, and the drone of the honey-gathering bees came from the flower

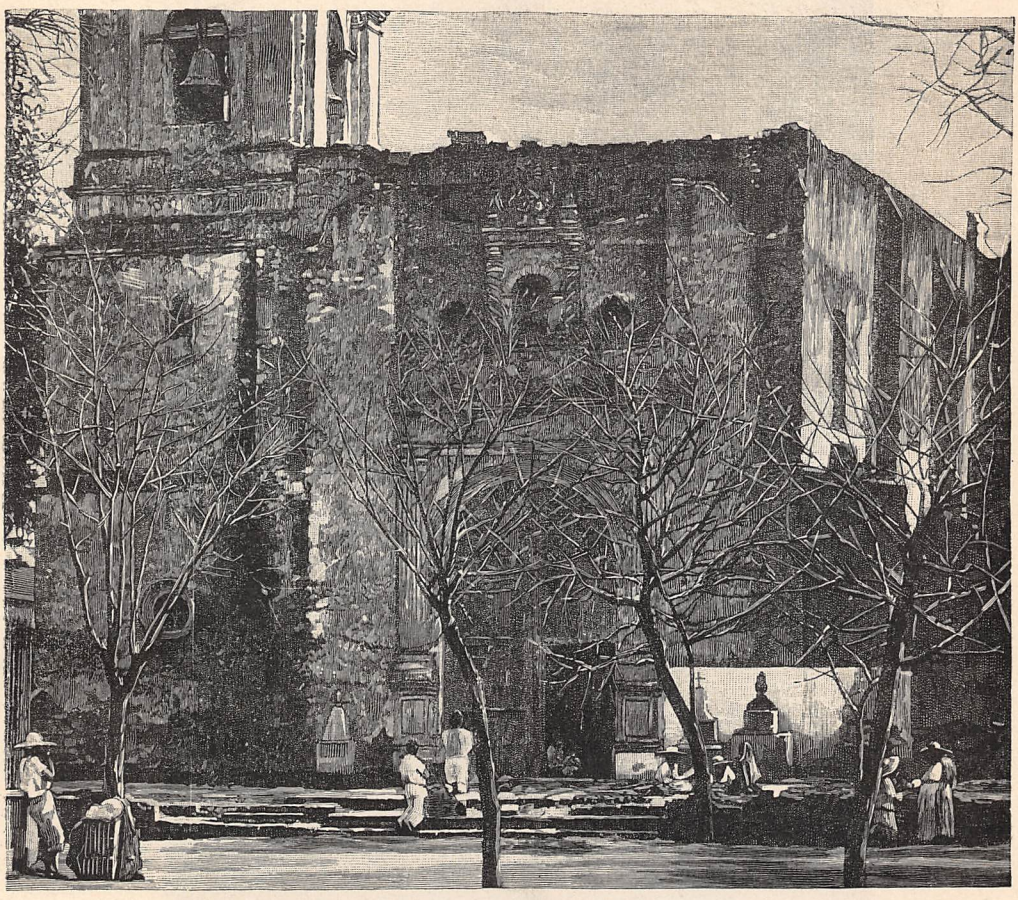


FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT AT THE SAN COSME GATE.

masses of the climbing solanum that arched us in above. In the gardens of Italy, of Egypt, or of Florida, come together at this season no such delicious combinations of light and shade, of flowers and fruit, of warmth and coolness, of spring-time and autumn, of sound and silence, of comfort and strangeness, of action and rest, of grandeur and completeness, as we found that January day, when, sitting over our fragrant Córdoba coffee, we watched the rosy evening change into resplendent night and the moonlight brighten upon the silver summits of the grand southern volcanoes.

Near this garden district ends the long, arched aqueduct that waters this portion of the town, and, as it enters the municipal limits, its mediæval uniformity is broken by a picturesque sculptured fountain dating from Spanish times. Under the cooling shelter of its arches groups of Indians from the country stop to rest, or meet in family parties to eat their tortillas and *chile*.

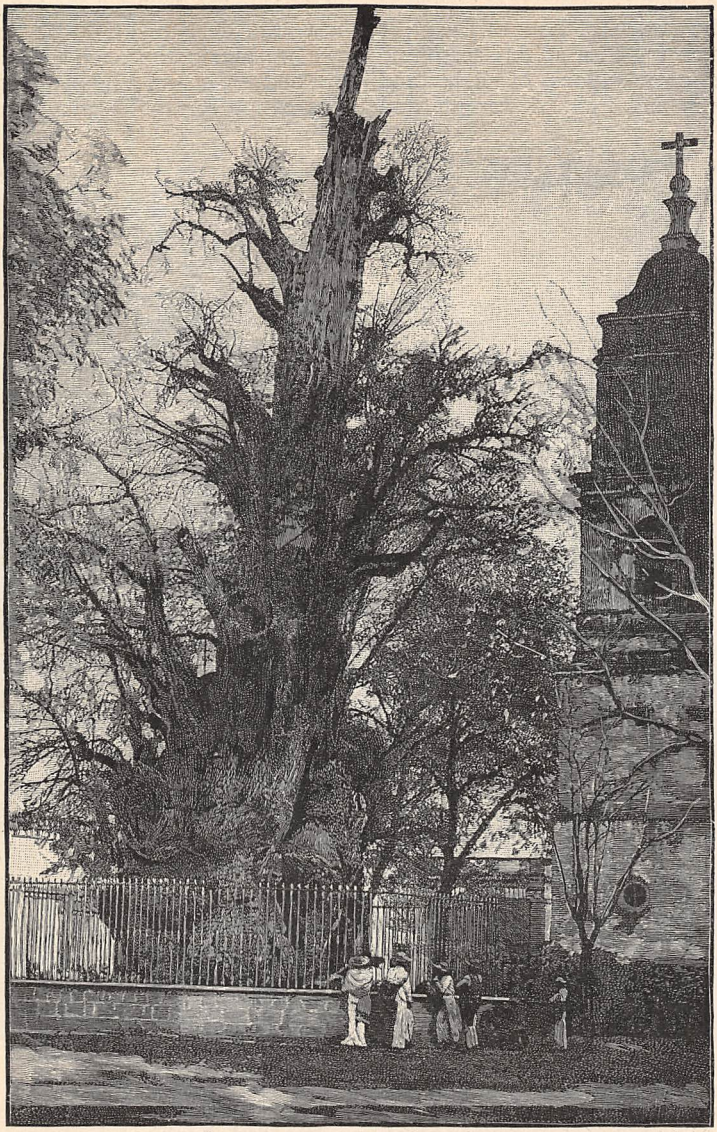
Opposite the fountain the toll-gatherers of the Garita de San Cosme are passed, and at once we are in the open fields, among the corn and wheat and pulque-producing plantations of the serrated agave. But the causeway extends outward from the city, lined with poplars and bordered by canals, upon the still surface of which a delicate aquatic plant spreads a green, unbroken sheen of minute leaves like an engraved floor of chrysoberyl.



THE OLD CHURCH AT POPOTLA.

A few hundred yards beyond the Garita, the National School of Agriculture, which occupies an old convent, is entered by an imposing portal. Here I was shown a beautiful Devon bull, called "*El niño*" (the child). He was led out for American eyes, because the professors were proud to show an immediate descendant of an animal that was presented to Mexico by the son-in-law of one of America's most honored professors, poets, and diplomats.

A mile or more farther northward is the partly ruined church of Popotla. Thousands

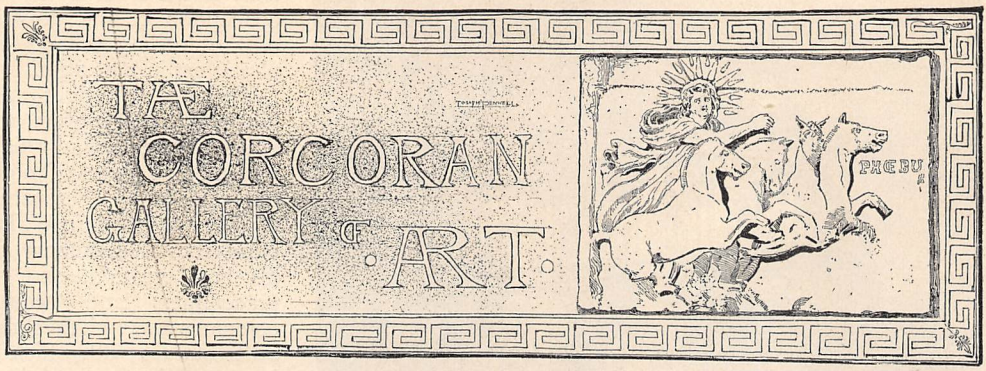


THE TREE OF CORTEZ.

of Indians pass it daily from the *haciendas* of the fertile plains. They often stop at its door to mutter a prayer and adjust their temporal burthens, or they gossip in front of it beneath the "Tree of Cortez." This venerable cypress is believed to have spread its branches over that sorrowing hero on the morning of the *noche triste*, when he watched his followers toil wounded and exhausted along the embankment which we have just traversed. Within the church is preserved a fragment of the stone upon which he sat.

At Popotlan our street divides and soon subdivides, and pursuing our course northward, we may follow well-worn ways over the volcanic soil to the high-walled fruit-gardens of the secularized Carmelite Monastery of San Joaquin, or in an hour's gallop reach the sacred hill of Los Remedios, with its shrine and miraculous image. Or we may turn to the right and pause at the arch-episcopal palace of Tacuba. Here pass continually construction-trains carrying tools and supplies to Palmer's army of dusky laborers—a host half as large as the regular army of the United States. Hourly they are driving their bars of steel farther and farther into the country of silver toward Laredo and the unresting peoples of the North.

Robert H. Lamborn.



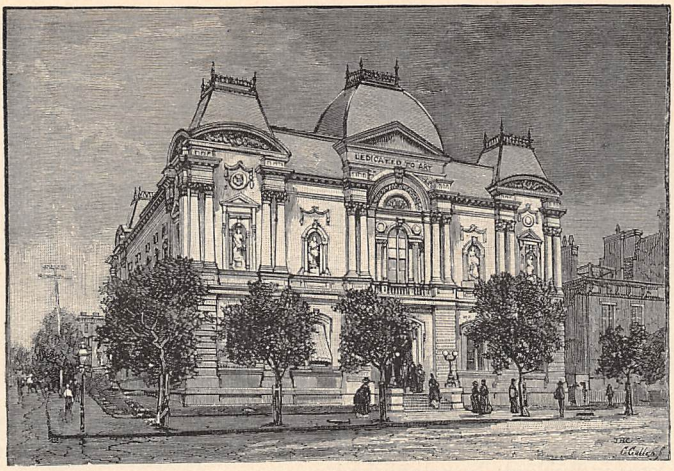
THE Gallery of Art at Washington, founded by the generosity of William W. Corcoran, Esq., affords the most complete individual manifestation to be found in this country of public-spirited interest in the progress of art. Without any restriction, except such as may be imposed by the trustees for the preservation of the institution, this noble gift has been granted unreservedly to the people. It has been placed under permanent charge of an administrative board, and has been wisely established in the national capital. The purpose of the donor was not only that there should be provided a pure and refined pleasure for residents and visitors at the national capital, but that something useful should be accomplished in the development of American genius. The gallery is open daily, Sundays and certain holidays excepted, between the hours of ten A. M. and four P. M., from October 1st to May 1st, and from nine A. M. to four P. M. the remainder of the year. Three days in the week admittance is free; on other days the fee is twenty-five cents. Persons are permitted to draw and copy on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

Whatever be the size of such a collection, its aim should be to furnish as far as possible a comparative view of the different schools and periods of art. This has evidently been the guiding principle in the selection and arrangement of the works in the Corcoran Gallery. Incomplete as such a collection must seem by the side of the vast art-galleries of Europe, the Corcoran Gallery ranks with the four best public art collections in the United States.

Mr. Corcoran, not satisfied with collecting and giving these works of art, has erected a building for their accommodation at a cost of $250,000, and has endowed the institution with a fund of $900,000, yielding an income of over $60,000. This fund is applied to defraying the current expenses of the gallery, and to making additions to the exhibits. It is also expected that an art-school will soon be established.

The building stands on the north-east corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth street, nearly opposite the new War Department and in plain sight of the White House. It is two stories in height, and unpretentious in general form and finish. Four niches in the front of the gallery hold white marble statues, seven feet high, of Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Albert Dürer. These are by Ezekiel of Rome, who is to fill five vacant niches on the west front, where may be seen his statues of Titian and DaVinci. Entering from Pennsylvania avenue, we find ourselves in a broad hall with a massive staircase in the middle. The ground floor is devoted to sculpture, bronzes, and porcelain, and the second floor to painting. The large central hall on either side of the stair-way is open to the roof, affording light, ventilation, and easy exit in case of fire. From the vestibule, one passes by two corridors, on either side of the central stair-way, which are adorned with statuary, into the Sculpture Hall, which is ninety-five feet long and twenty-four wide, reaching completely across the rear of the building. This is entered from what is called the vestibule of Sculpture Hall, a small octagonal apartment.

The Sculpture Hall leads on the right into two smaller divisions called Sculpture rooms, and on the left into the Hall of Bronzes, which is sixty-one feet in length. All the galleries, both upstairs and down, communicate by arched door-ways, and the floors are sustained by brick arches. These halls were not furnished and opened to the public until 1874, although the erection of the building was begun as far back as 1859, after the plan of Mr. James Renwick, of New York. The civil war arrested the work, and in 1861 the building was occupied by the United States Government for the Quarter-



EXTERIOR OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

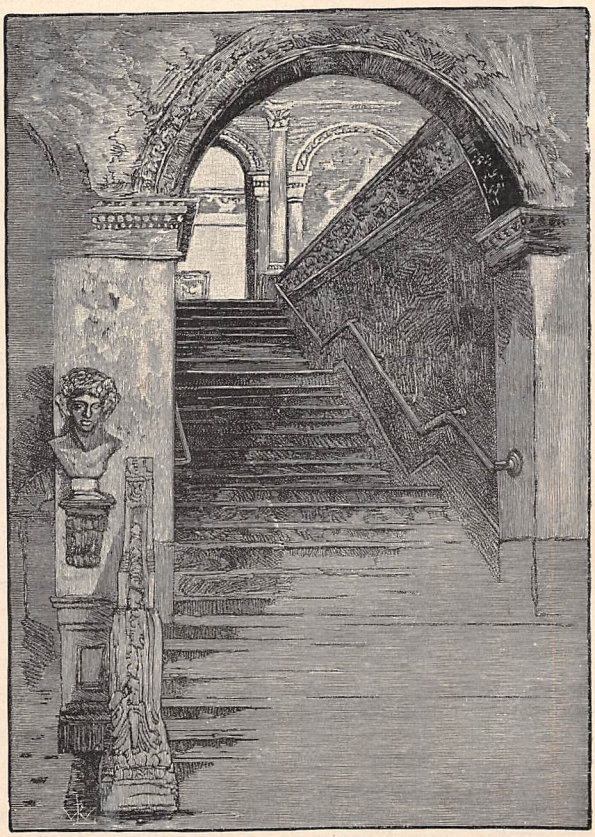
master-General's Department, and was so retained until 1869.

The vestibule is enriched on either hand by a magnificent Japanese lacquered vase of Arita ware eight feet eight inches high. Another interesting object is a cast of a bas-relief of "Phœbus and the Horses of the Sun." This was taken from a triglyph found by Dr. Schliemann in the ruins of the uppermost of the five cities which have succeeded each other on the supposed site of Troy. Along the corridors are arranged casts taken chiefly from examples of Roman sculpture, and on this floor, near at hand, is the well-known statue by Vela, entitled the "Last Days of Napoleon." The original of this statue was purchased by Napoleon III., but this replica is of marble, executed under the eye of the sculptor, who, although a Swiss by birth, belongs to the Modern Italian school. In the Hall of Sculpture the selection of casts is confined chiefly to examples of Greek art. Some of these are already familiar to the public. But a number of the casts, although from originals well known to the antiquary and the artist, are yet but little known to the American public.

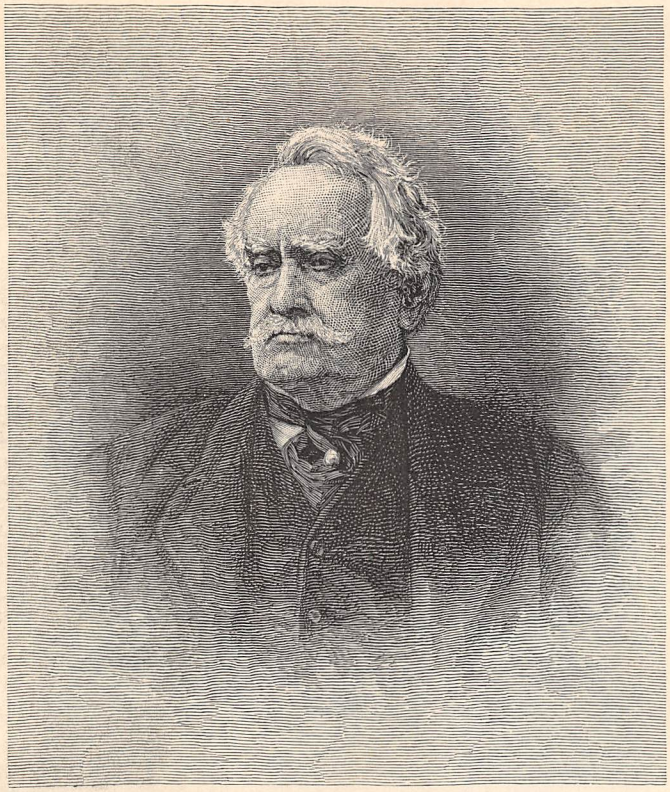
Among these casts attention may be called first to those of the Elgin marbles. It is to be regretted that these casts of the Elgin marbles at the Corcoran Gallery have not been accompanied by copies of the so-called Æginetan marbles, the originals of which are at Munich. With the addition of these the art student might form a clearer conception of the growth of the leading schools of plastic art in past ages.

Turning to the right from the Hall of Sculpture we enter a side gallery in which we find four pieces of modern sculpture. The statue of Clytie by the late W. H. Rinehart, of Baltimore, is his best creation, and in gracefulness and beauty compares well with the three other statues with which it is placed in juxtaposition, — the Venuses of Gibson, Canova, and Thorwaldsen.

From this side gallery, devoted to modern statues of Venus, which I am inclined to call the Gallery of Comparison, we pass into the Gallery of Renaissance Sculpture, which is one of the most interesting divisions of this collection. As the name indicates, it contains copies of some of the masterpieces of sculpture pro-



THE MAIN STAIRCASE.



WILLIAM W. CORCORAN.

duced when Donatello and Verocchio and Michael Angelo, Ghiberti and Cellini, brought about a revival of the art in Europe, including casts of Michael Angelo's "Prisoners or Slaves" and Ghiberti's gates of Florence. Another type of the art at this period is represented in this hall by the works of Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon, the founders of the modern French school of sculpture. It is by a natural transition that we pass from the contemplation of the school of Jean Goujon to the metallic art, of which a most admirable collection—the finest on this side of the Atlantic—is gathered and beautifully arranged in that part of the Corcoran Gallery called the Hall of Bronzes, which is a lofty apartment elliptical in form, sixty-one feet long and nineteen wide. The center is divided into two sections, containing examples of the masterpieces of classical and contemporary metal-work. In the first are electrotype casts made by Christofle and Co., of Paris, from the famous Hildesheim antiques unearthed in 1868. These treasures, which consisted of bowls, drinking-cups, saucepans, vases, ladles, tripods and the like, are of silver, and represent different periods of classic art. That they should have been hidden there ten feet below the surface has naturally given rise to much conjecture. But the facts relating to their concealment, although of interest to the antiquarian, are quite subordinate to the importance of this discovery in the help which it affords in the work of tracing the growth of the arts.

Turning from the metal-work of the ancients to that of the middle ages, we find some magnificent specimens, either electrotype copies by Lionnet Brothers of Paris, or by Elkington of Birmingham. Among the most elaborate and interesting are a splendidly decorated suit of armor that was worn by Henry II., several massive and highly wrought shields and helmets of the sixteenth century, adorned with singularly grotesque and ingenious devices, and a cannon covered with sculptured designs, by Germain Pilon.

Two interesting works in this collection are a pair of bronze statuettes representing Christ and John the Baptist, the originals of which are now in the cathedral at Pisa, and were designed by John of Bologna. Coming down to the art of our own time, we find an admirable copy of the masterpiece of Morel Ladeuil, called the Milton Shield.

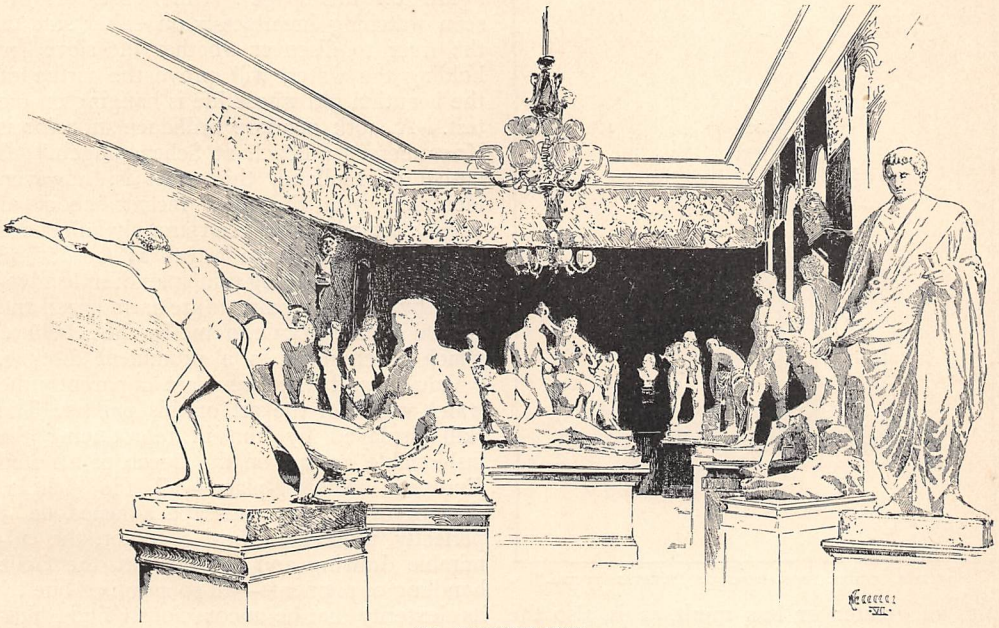


IN THE BRONZE-ROOM.

The original is wrought in steel and silver *repoussé*, and with great fertility of fancy represents typical scenes from "Paradise Lost." It was purchased by the British Government for the Kensington Museum, at a cost of $15,000. A copy of another work of this artist is also here, the Pompeian Toilette. It represents a beautiful Roman lady after the bath, surrounded by her handmaids.

Another division of electrotype reproductions of elegant bronzes is found in a collection numbering some ninety pieces, and including specimens of early European work. Among the most interesting examples in this department are pieces by Donatello and Cellini. Here too are some of the most remarkable works which the art of sculpture has produced since the death of Michael Angelo: I refer to the bronzes of Antoine Louis Barye. Through the ages there have been occasional sculptors who have so idealized animal life, while grasping its essential characteristics, that they astonish us by the grandeur of their works. But it is to the Assyrians that the world has looked until our day for the finest examples of animal sculpture. The beauty, the power, the fury, the drama of the chase were represented by them with remarkable truth: and the pathos of the statue of the "Dying Lioness," at Nineveh, had not been equaled for thirty centuries until Barye appeared in Paris. Upon the principles of his art Barye grafted a profound study of the anatomy of the subjects he modeled; and thus we find in them an intensity of action that never lapses into sensationalism, for the knowledge of the artist was always so completely at his fingers' ends that he did not need to exaggerate. Nor is the force displayed obtained at the expense of beauty of line. Barye began life in 1796 and died in 1875. Long before he died he was

acknowledged to be one of the most consummate sculptors the world has seen.* It is therefore a matter of no small moment that not less than one hundred and seventeen of his best works should be brought together at the Corcoran Gallery. Of these bronzes, the "Jaguar Devouring a Hare" perhaps most correctly displays the power of the sculptor, conveying the idea of force with tremendous effect, and yet with a reserve that leaves something to the imagination; while the undulating grace of the spine of the jaguar, whose very muscle and sinew and furrow of the fur are quivering with the intense rage of conquest, is one of the astonishing achievements of sculpture. Barye was equally successful in representing the horse and other animals, and also the human figure, as we see in the magnificent groups of "Angélique and Roger mounted upon a Hippogriff," and "Theseus slaying the Centaur." In this connection it is interesting to state that two original water-color studies of animals by this artist are in the picture galleries on the second floor.



THE SCULPTURE-ROOM.

We now turn our attention from the plastic to the pictorial art of the Corcoran Gallery, noting in passing a few modern pieces of sculpture by contemporary and chiefly by American sculptors. The small octagon room is devoted to this department, and the well-known "Greek Slave" by Powers, a "Bacchante" by Galt, "Penseroso" by Rinehart, and two or three other works of less importance, are collected there. In the south-east gallery again, is Rinehart's "Endymion," a beautiful creation, and Powers' "Proserpine," one of the more interesting ideal works of that artist, who, if he added nothing to art-growth, is deserving of much credit for what he accomplished as a pioneer in American art. Three examples of the contemporary Italian realistic school of sculpture, by Caroni, Guarnerio, and Trombetta, are remarkable for their technical beauty, but are otherwise of slight importance. Although the collection of casts and original works in the department of plastic art affords to students a very tolerable comparative view of the subject, the paintings of the Corcoran Gallery seem to have been selected upon a different principle. The collection of pictures, occupying beautiful and spacious halls, ninety-five feet long by forty-four feet broad, flanked by two side galleries, is almost entirely modern, and, while containing some excellent work from well-known artists, has also a number of inferior rank. It is to be hoped that the trustees, in making additions to the gallery of paintings, may be able to procure some examples of the great masters of the Flemish, German, Spanish, and Italian schools of the Renaissance, and of the later English school, thus offering the student a symmetrical scale of comparison in judging of the growth of pictorial art.

The French and Italian schools of this century are quite fully represented by exam-

* An illustrated paper on Barye and his work will appear in a later issue of THE CENTURY.—ED.



PRINCIPAL FIGURE FROM LEROUX'S "VESTAL TUCCIA."

ples of greater or less merit, as is also the American school. There are only four good paintings by English artists,—Thomas Faed, Boughton, and Morland,—all well known, although not seen at their best here, except perhaps the latter, whose "Farm-house" gives one an excellent idea of the forcible, natural style of a painter who, with Constable and old Chrome, antedated by a generation the vigorous technique of the French school of Troyon, Rousseau, and Dupré. The English painters, so far as technical practice is concerned, especially in the laying on of color, have certainly not improved since the time of Morland, although they may be able to talk a great deal more scientifically about the principles of art.

The contemporary art of France, on the other hand, is here represented to a disproportionate degree, but it is fair to add that the examples are generally of a high character, and are adapted to illustrate some of the most recent phases of pictorial art abroad. Gérôme is represented by a large painting called "Cæsar Dead," the first composition of a work with which the public is familiar. In this copy, the figure of which is life-size, we see only the fallen corpse of the great Cæsar, while in the other the group of conspirators is also visible flying in the distance. Of the two, the one in the Corcoran Gallery seems the more impressive. Like most of the works of this artist, it is quiet, almost dry, in color. Another painting which merits careful study, is Leroux's "The Vestal Tuccia," which took a second-class gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1874. The Vestal, accused of unchastity, stands on the bank of the Tiber with an uplifted sieve of water (as in the figure on this page), while observers are seen watching breathlessly on either side of the river to discover whether the sieve, by holding the water, will prove the virtue of the beautiful girl whose life is hanging on the test. A work of more brilliance in color is Kaemmerer's "Beach at Scheveningen." A native of Holland, this artist is, however, identified with the most recent school of French art, which has been strongly influenced by two such opposite artists as Corôt and Fortuny. The leading principles of style advocated by these two painters are harmonized and carried almost to an extreme by the school of which Kaemmerer is a prominent disciple. "Values" and "textures" are apparently the watch-words of the art of this painter. The skill displayed by him in reproducing the fashionable groups on the beach of a noted European watering-place—all the delicate tints of dress and landscape adjusted on a perfectly modulated key of color, the admirable drawing and composition, the facile handling of pigments—all so surprises one by its dexterity that he unconsciously finds himself bestowing unqualified admiration on a school which is really not of the first order: a school which cares less for ideas than for form and color, and is satisfied with a realistic but superficial rendering of the externals of material things. At its best, though still undoubtedly excellent, it is not the highest kind of art; for that necessarily includes all this, and ideas besides. Cabanel is represented in the main picture-hall by a large canvas of a style of subject unusual to this painter of lovely women; it is called "The Death of Moses," and does not show the artist in his best vein, although it is a beautiful composition. Angels, almost colossal in size, are seen bearing the dead hero and prophet in their arms through the skies. "Charlotte Corday in Prison" is the title of a painting which is reputed to be one of the most popular in the gallery. It is by Charles Louis Müller, well known as the painter of the great historical composition entitled "The Last Victims of the Reign of Terror."

The late Romantic school of France, led by such men as Géricault, Delacroix, and Decamps, has an example here by Ary Scheffer,



SKETCHES FROM "ON THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN," BY KAEMMERER.

entitled "Count Eberhard." The count is represented weeping in an agony of grief over his dead son, whom he had alienated and then driven to seek his death in battle; while the more recent realistic school, now at the zenith of its influence, is, on the other hand, represented by one of the most characteristic works of Édouard Detaille, the well-known military painter, and pupil of Meissonier. Resembling his master in style, the younger artist, who is about thirty-four, has perhaps shown greater virility and action in his compositions. As yet inferior to De Neuville in tragic dramatization, Detaille is superior as a draughtsman, and is surpassed by no military painter in a knowledge of the details of war. In such a masterly composition as "Le Régiment qui Passe," showing a regiment defiling by the Porte St. Denis, in which a multitude of moving figures is rendered with precision and fidelity to nature, Detaille has placed himself among the foremost artists of the age. Vely, Comte, Japy, Émile Breton, St. Pierre, and Priou are among other recent French artists who have works in this gallery. That of Priou is a large, highly attractive composition called "A Family of Satyrs," representing an idyl of the primeval age of fable. The flesh tints of the figure in the foreground are exquisitely rendered. Recent Flemish art has three examples here: two interiors by De Brackeleer, and an important work by Portaels called "The Drought in Egypt." The contemporary Italian school of painting has several examples, of which one by Chierici, called "Fun and Fright"—a mischievous urchin startling his little sister—is a composition of undoubted merit, as it is also thoroughly popular in subject. A Swedish painter of the Munich school, Hugo Salmson, also has here a well-composed and attractive work suggesting festal life in the mining regions of Sweden.



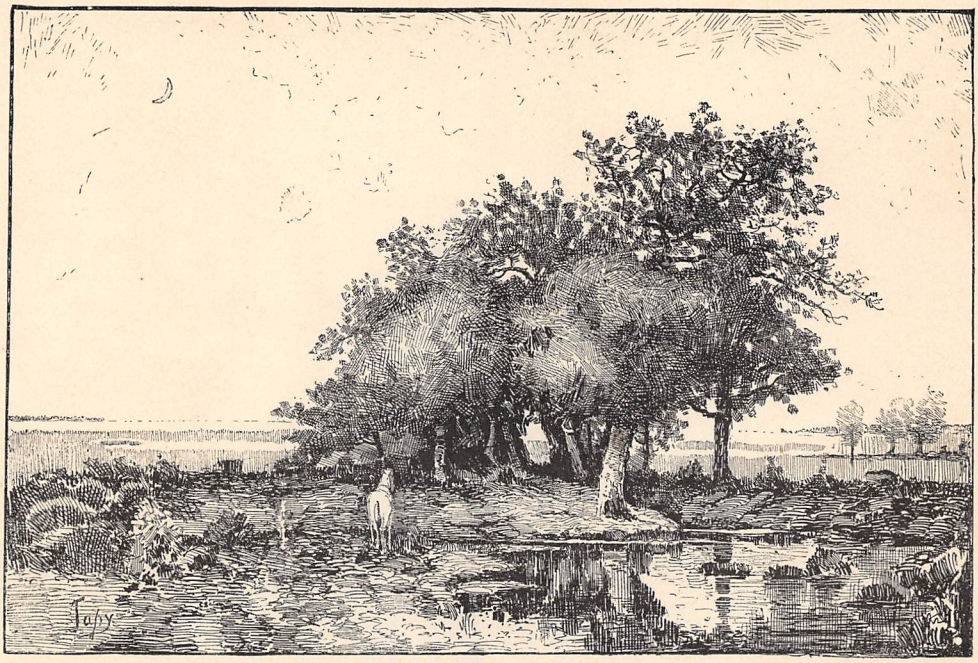
Von Thoren, another representative of modern German art, has an admirable painting in this hall, consisting of two dogs lost on a winter's day. Two foreign paintings of merit, antedating this century, are found in this collection, of which one is a composition by



SOME COPYISTS.

Raphael Mengs, called "The Adoration of the Shepherds," formerly in the famous collection of Joseph Bonaparte. The other old painting referred to (which, however, is not owned by the gallery) is by some unknown artist of the Spanish school, and represents Columbus and his sons. In addition to the foreign paintings we have been able to mention, are a number of others, in some case of nearly equal merit. Besides this collection of foreign art, it is pleasant to state that there is also here a tolerable representation of our American painters. Most prominent among the paintings by native artists is a full-length portrait of the founder of the gallery, directly facing the entrance. It is by the late Charles Loring Elliott, one of the best portrait-painters this country has produced. Elliott appears to excellent advantage in this masterly portrait. Close at hand we observe a thoughtful woodland scene by Durand, called "The Edge of the Forest," an upright representing a glimpse through a group of oaks, beyond which we catch glimpses of a tranquil lake. This is one of the most successful works of one of the earliest of American landscape-painters.

Three excellent examples of the imaginative genius of Thomas Cole hang on the same wall. The "Tornado" is a composition of much power, replete with imaginative force: a curtain of gloom is driving madly over the sky, and the trees are torn by the blast. But, while acknowledging the energy of the composition, we feel at the same time that it was painted too much under the influence of the stirring, but hardly natural canvases of Salvator Rosa. The rocks are



"TWILIGHT," BY LOUIS JAPY.

not like those we see in nature, and the foliage is conventional. "The Departure" and "The Return," by the same artist, form a pair, representing landscapes and groups of figures of the age of chivalry. The contemporary of Cole and Durand, and, like them, one of the three founders of American landscape art, Thomas Doughty, has an "Autumn Scene on the Hudson" in this gallery that is tender and silvery in tone and color. Frederick E. Church also contributes a characteristic South American view, called "Scenery of the Magdalena River," not to speak of his well-known painting of "Niagara Falls"; while



"THE WATERING-PLACE," BY SCHREYER.



"THE DRUM-MAJOR," BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

Kensett is well represented by a sunset view on Lake George, which is stronger in technique, and more broad and spirited, than many others of his works. It is interesting in this connection to observe, in the small west-side gallery, an early painting by Inness, which, unlike his later method of broadly treating a subject, is carefully, almost laboriously finished, and effective in color. "The Drove at the Ford" is a good example of James Hart. There is also a clever brook scene by Whittredge in this gallery. The largest landscape painting in this hall is by Bierstadt,—a view of Mount Corcoran, in the Sierra Nevada.

In addition to the portrait by Elliott, already mentioned, the gallery is enriched by a good number of representative examples of the styles of some of our prominent historical *genre* and portrait painters. We find here Huntington's "Mercy's Dream," "The Judgment of Paris," by Henry Peters Gray, and Leutze's "Cromwell and Milton"—not, however, one of his best works.

Frank B. Mayer, Ranney, Eastman Johnson, Hayes, the dog-painter, and Tait, are among the artists who represent American *genre* and sporting art in the galleries of painting; but it is to the work of the founder of American *genre* that we turn with most pleasure. Lacking the educational opportunities granted to his successors, William S. Mount produced, notwithstanding, some very satisfactory and entertaining pictures, thoroughly indigenous in character and treatment. We are glad to find such a good example of the American Wilkie in this gallery. Mount never painted a better picture than his "Long Story," in which he

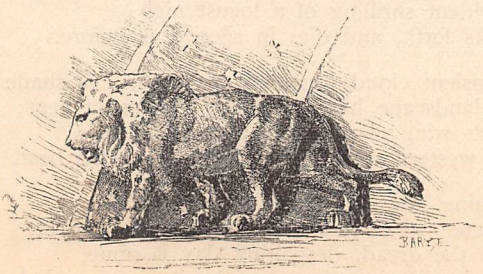


"THE LOST DOGS," BY VON THOREN.

represents a well-known type of the bore and bar-room loafer tiring out the bystanders with one of his unconscionable yarns. Some idea of the importance of the collection of American portraits in the Corcoran Gallery may be gained when we state that it includes works by such artists as Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, Harding, Elliott, Inman, Vanderlyn, Sully, Waldo, and Le Clear,—all prominent, and several pre-ëminent in the department of portraiture.

In this account of the Corcoran Gallery, of course only such works as seemed most important have been mentioned. We have not intended to criticise, but to make record. Some of the pictures are of a quality so inferior to the best of the collection that one is surprised to find them there, while their room might profitably be occupied by others showing the reigning fashions among our younger American artists. The arrangement of the various departments has been tastefully and judiciously managed by Mr. William MacLeod, the able curator of the Gallery.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



A BRONZE BY BARYE.

SUMMER DROUGHT.

WHEN winter came the land was lean and sere,
  There fell no snow, and oft from wild and field
In famished tameness came the drooping deer,
  And licked the waste about the troughs congealed.

And though at spring we plowed and proffered seed,
  It lay ungermed, a pillage for the birds;
And unto one low dam, in urgent need,
  We daily drove the suppliant lowing herds.

But now the fields to barren wastes have run,
  The dam a pool of oozing greenery lies,
Where knots of gnats hang reeling in the sun
  Till early dusk, when tilt the dragon-flies.

All night the craw-fish deeper digs her wells,
  As shows the clay that freshly curbs them round;
And many a random upheaved tunnel tells
  Where ran the mole across the fallow-ground.

But ah, the stone-dumb dullness of the dawn,
  When e'en the cocks too listless are to crow,
And lies the world as from all life withdrawn,
  Unheeding and outworn and swooning low!

There is no dew on any greenness shed,
  The hard-baked earth is split along the walks,
The very burs in stunted clumps are dead,
  And mullein-leaves drop withered from the stalks.

Yet ere the noon, as brass the heaven turns,
  The cruel sun smites with unerring aim,
The sight and touch of all things blinds and burns,
  And bare, hot hills seem shimmering into flame!

On either side the shoe-deep dusted lane
  The meager wisps of fennel scorch to wire:
Slow lags the team that drags an empty wain,
  And, creaking dry, a wheel runs off its tire.

No flock upon the naked pasture feeds,
  No blithesome "Bob-White" whistles from the fence;
A gust runs crackling through the brittle weeds,
  And heat and silence seem the more intense!

On outspread wings a hawk, far poised on high,
  Quick swooping screams, and then is heard no more:
The strident shrilling of a locust nigh
  Breaks forth, and dies in silence as before.

No transient cloud o'erskims with flakes of shade
  The landscape hazed in dizzy gleams of heat;
A dove's wing glances like a parried blade,
  And western walls the beams in torrents beat.

So burning, low and lower still the sun,
  In fierce white fervor, sinks anon from sight,
And so the dread, despairing day is done,
  And dumbly broods again the haggard night!

J. P. Irvine.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

By the Author of "Eli" and "The Village Convict."

I.

CAPTAIN PHILO'S sail-loft was a pleasant place to sit in, and it was much frequented. At one end was a wide, sliding door, that opened on the water, and through it you saw the little harbor and the low, glistening sand-bar at its entrance, and whitecaps in the sea beyond, and shining sails. At the other end another wide door led, by a gently descending cleated platform, to the ground.

It was a pleasant place to rest and refresh the mind in, whether you chose to look in or out. You could rock in the haircloth chair by the water-door, and join in conversation with more active persons mending seines upon the wharf; or you could dangle your heels from the work-bench and listen to stories and debates inside, and look on Captain Philo sewing upon a mainsail.

It was a summer afternoon: warm under the silver poplars, hot in the store, and hotter in the open street; but in the sail-loft it was cool.

"More than once," Captain Bennett was remarking from the rocking-chair, while his prunella shoes went up and down: "more than once I've wished that I could freight this loft to Calcutta on speculation, and let it out, so much a head, for so long a time, to set in and cool off."

"How about them porious water-jars they hev there?" asked Uncle Silas, who had never sailed beyond Cape Pogue; "how do they work?"

"Well," said the captain, "they're so-so. But you set up this loft, both doors slid open, air drawing through and all, right on Calcutta main street, or what they call the Maiden's Esplanāde, and fit it up with settees like a conference meeting, and advertise, and you could let out chances to set for fifty cents an hour."

"You'd hev to hev a man to take tickets to the door," said Uncle Silas, who had been looking for an easy job for forty years.

"That's Si all over," said Captain Bennett, with a wink; "that berth would be just his size."

"Well," said Uncle Silas, faintly smiling, "'tis no use rubbin' the fur the wrong way; stroke the world from head to tail is my rule."

"Speaking of folks being easy," said Captain Bennett, "it seems there's quite a little story about David Prince's voyage on the *Viola*."

"I thought he went off whaling rather in a hurry," said Captain Philo, "and if it had been 'most anybody else, I should have thought there was something up."

"It seems," said Captain Bennett, "it was like this: You know, Delia wasn't much over ten years old when her mother died, along a piece after her father, and she come to live with us. And you know how she was almost like one of the family. Well, about eight years ago, when she'd got to be towards nineteen, it was then that David first set out to shine up to her, and when he begun to come home from singing-school with her that winter, and got to coming to the house quite often the next spring along, I begun to feel a little shaky. Finally, one Sunday afternoon I was sitting out on the porch and she was singing hymns inside,—you know she was always singing,—and I called to her to come out and sit down alongside of me, and says I:

"'Delia, it can't be you're thinking of taking up with David Prince?'

"Well, she flared a little, but finally says she:

"'Why shouldn't I, or anybody that has the chance, take David Prince?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I don't think you need to ask why; I should say that a smart girl wouldn't want more than to travel once along the Lower Road and see those two run-down houses, one deserted, and the other, handy by, about as bad, and the barn across the road, that was raised and boarded in over forty years ago, and never shingled, and stood so till it's all rotted and sunk in.'

"'What's that got to do with David?' says she.

"'It's got this to do with David,' says I, 'that his father and his Uncle Ezekiel and their father before them—good, kindly men—all seemed to settle, settle, somehow; and it was all to-morrow, and to-morrow, with 'em;' and then I told Delia how they sold off their wood and then their land, piecemeal, all but the spot where the old buildings stand,—and that's worth nothing.

"'And that's the way,' says I, 'it'll be with David when he gets over being a boy and settles down; it's in the blood, and I

don't want to see you, Delia, keel-hauled there—'"

"Like David's mother—Prudence Frost, that was—" said Uncle Silas; "originally she was a good, smart girl, and full of jingle; but, finally, she give up and come to it—lef' sweepin'-day out o' the almanic, washed dishes in cold water, and made up beds at bed-time; and when she ironed a shirt, jes' 's likely 's not she'd iron a hoss-fly right into the bosom—"

"And lived a dog's life generally," said Captain Bennett. "So I laid the whole thing out to Delia, the best way I knew how.

"'Well,' says she, 'I know you mean my good, Captain Bennett, but I shall take my chances.' And so she did. Well —"

"Speakin' o' the barn," said Uncle Silas, "do you remember that high shay that David's father hed? I was up to the Widow Pope's vendew the day he bid it off. He managed to spunk up so fur's to hitch the shaffs under his team and fetch the ve-hicle home, and then he hedn't no place to put it up out o' the weather, and so he druv' it along under that big Bald'n apple-tree that used to stand by the pantry window, on the north side o' the house, and left it there with the shaffs clawin' down in the ground. Then the talk was, he was goin' to build him a sort of a little tabernacle for it before winter set in, and he hed down a load of lumber from Uncle Joe's mill and hed it dumped down alongside o' the shay. But the shay was never once hitched up, nor the tabernacle built, and the timber and the shay jes' set there, side by side, seein' who'd speak first, for twenty year, to my certain knowledge; and you go by there when it was blowin' fresh, and the old curtings would be flappin' in and out, black and white, —till finally the whole arrangement sunk out o' sight. I guess there's more or less wrack there now, if you sh'd go poke in the grass."

"It was thirty-one year ago, come October, that he bought the shay," said Captain Philo; "it was the fall I was cast away on the Tombstones, and lost every dollar I had. I remember it because the old man came down to the house of his own accord, when I got home, and let me have two hundred dollars. He'd just been selling the West New Field, and when he'd sold land and had money on hand, it was anybody's that wanted it. But what was it about David's going off so sudden on the *Viola?*"

"Oh, yes, I forgot my errand," said Captain Bennett; "and now I've got adrift in my story, and I shall have to take an observation; let's see, where was I?"

"Delia allowed she'd take her chances," said Uncle Silas.

"Oh, yes," said Captain Bennett. "Well, you know how it was when they got married: David fixed the old house up a little, and Mother put in some furniture and things for her, and all went on first-rate awhile; and then you know how David begun to settle, settle, just the old way; couldn't seem to keep up to the wind; appeared to carry a lee hel-m, somehow; and Delia begun to take in work and go out to work, and quit singing. She never said a word, even to my wife, but I could see 't it cut her a good deal—"

"But all this time," said Uncle Silas, "she's kep' up smart,—allers hed a high crower's feather in her bunnet, and kep' her little boys a-lookin' like nine-shillin' dolls."

"I shouldn't have ever called David lazy," said Captain Philo. "He couldn't seem to make up his mind what to do next, that's all; but get him going—you remember how he worked at Jason's fire; and I know of my own knowledge he was in the surf for sixteen hours, when the Norwegian bark was pounding on the Bar."

"I think there's some folks," said Uncle Silas, "that their mind works all the time—runs a day gang and runs a night gang. You know how a hard sum'll shake itself out in your head overnight; and I think it's the most nat'ral thing that a man with an A No. 1 active mind should feel sort of tired all the time, and yet not know what ails him. George, wont you jes' git up and hand me that pipe—you aint doin' nothin'."

"However it was," said Captain Bennett, "Delia saw that he was drifting to leeward, and she was worried. Well, you know when the reformation set in, that winter, and run crowded houses,—one night in the West Church and the next in the other. One night David surprised his wife by going; and he set in a back seat, and come away and said nothing; and the same the next night; and the same for seven or eight nights right along. Finally, one night, they had a pretty searching sermon,—'Choose ye this day' et cetera,—and I suppose the Deacon, here, was rather expecting David to rise for prayers; but, instead of that, as soon as amen was said, he gets right up, and off he goes, and leaves Delia there, without saying a word to her or to anybody, and goes right up to Captain Westcott's house and agrees to ship. And glad enough Captain W. was to have him, and next day off he went. Now here he is, gone two years and over, and comes home night before last; his lay'll figure out five hundred dollars; and the biggest thing is,"—here the Captain brought down his heavy hand, for emphasis, on Uncle Silas's knee,—"that

Delia's kept herself and the children, and never drawn one cent against the voyage; so they've got the whole clear, and they've been up this morning early and traded for the Callender place, and they're going to move up there to-morrow. And I guess he means business now."

"But they don't git paid off till Monday," said Uncle Silas. "They're all goin' up to town to be paid off then."

"Well, he moves in to-morrow, anyway," said Captain Bennett. "Monday night, I believe, he's going to pay down what he has, and take a deed, and give a mortgage back for the balance."

But Uncle Silas gravely shook his head.

"I can't endorse this runnin' in haste," he said. "I never, in all my experience, knew a man before to buy real estate without sort of goin' up street and talkin' it over, and comparin' notes 'round generally. Now we could have given him points down here about the Callender place."

"Oh, he's made a good trade there," said Captain Bennett.

"That all may be," said Uncle Silas, "but it's the principle, not the five cents, 't I'm lookin' at. I should have hed more faith in his holdin' out if he hedn't jumped quite so quick. 'Slow bind, fast find,' I say."

Captain Bennett rose and drew on a grass-cloth coat that showed his suspenders through.

"I must be on my winding way," he said. "But did you hear how close he came to never coming back? No? Well, it was like this: It was blowing a gale, and considerable sea on, one night when they were rounding Cape Horn on the home voyage, and she was pitching pretty bad, and David was out on the jib-boom taking in jib, and somehow she pitched with a jerk, so he lost his hold and went off, and, as he fell in the dark, naturally he struck out both hands, blind, like this; and he just happened to catch, by sheer accident, a gasket that was hanging from the jib-boom, and so he saved himself by a hair's breadth. And when he came up they thought it was his ghost."

"Well, I always make it a point to look on the bright side, without exception," said Uncle Silas; "nevertheless, I prophesy it wont be two years before he'll have the place all eat up, and sold out under the mortgage. This jumpin' so quick,—looks as if he was sca't to trust himself for a day."

"Well, we shall see," said Captain Bennett; "time will tell."

THERE are many little farms along the New England sea-board, which the currents of life, diverted from ancient channels, have left one side, pleasant and home-like often, but of small money value. The Callender place was such a farm.

It lay a mile from the village, in a hamlet of half-a-dozen dwellings. There was a substantial house, with four large rooms below, besides an L kitchen, and above, two sunny chambers, each with a dormer and a gable window. From the front fence projected, for a hitching-post, a Minerva, carved from wood, —a figure-head washed up years before from the wreck of a brig, with the bodies of the crew.

The house was on a little elevation, and looked across the road, near which it stood, and over a sloping field or two, to sea. From the windows you could count the sail in the North Channel, and look down the coast and follow with the eye the long, low curving line of shore until at Indian Point it vanished; or look up shore ten miles to where the coast-line ended in a bold, wooded headland, which seemed, by a perpetual mirage, to bear foliage so lofty as to show daylight through beneath the branches. At night you could see the flash of the revolving light on Windmill Rock and the constant rays from the light-ship on the Rips. So that by day or night you could never be lonesome, unless, perhaps, on some thick night, when you could see no light, and could only hear a grating knell from the bell-buoy, and could seem to see, through the white darkness, the waters washing over its swaying barrel.

There was a good-sized, boarded barn, well shingled on the roof, with hay-mows, and with room for two or three cows and a horse and a wagon, and with wide doors "fore and aft," as the neighbors put it; through its big front door you could look out to sea. Then there were twenty acres of land, including a wood-lot which could be thinned out every year to give one all his fire-wood; and what was cut would hardly be missed.

Such was the place which, on the death of the Widow Callender, had been offered for sale for eight hundred dollars. For months it had stood empty, stormed by all the sea-winds, lit up by the sun, when at last an unexpected buyer had turned up in David Prince.

IT was a happy Sunday that he passed with his little family at the new home. They went all over the house again and again, and looked from every window, and planned where flower-frames should be put, to take the sun. Then, going out of doors, they inspected the revolving clothes-drier, which David, with a seaman's instinct, had already rigged with four little sloops, to sail about on

the ends of the projecting arms, on Mondays, tacking after shirts and stockings. Then they went to the barn, and David showed how he was going to cover the sides with spruce shingles, so that he could have a warm place to work in in the winter. Then they went over the fields, and planned a garden for the next spring; and then they went down to the shore, and, where a little arm of the sea made in, David showed where he would haul up his dory, and would keep his boat when he could afford to get one together: in the meantime he was going to fish on shares with Jacob Foster, who lived a few rods up the road. Then they all strolled back to the house, and dined on shore-birds shot on Saturday afternoon, and new potatoes and turnips which Jacob Foster had brought in.

After dinner, they all sat at the front windows, in the room which they were pleased to call the parlor, David holding on his knees the two oldest boys, delighted with the recovery of such a Sindbad of a father, while the third, still a little shy of him, stood by his mother. David told of the voyage, repeating, by request, full half-a-dozen times, the story of the night when he was snapped off the end of the jib-boom; to do which he had to set the boys down and stand, to make the swift, sudden clutch, with his eyes shut, at the towing rope; at which the boys screamed on every repetition.

After supper, David and his wife, leaving the children to go to bed at the first flash from the Windmill, went to church.

They took the same back seat which they had the night that David shipped. There was much the same scene before them. There was bald-headed Deacon Luce, in his usual Damocles' seat exactly beneath the dangling chandelier, which children watched in morbid hope of a horror; there was the president of the Dorcas society, a gray-haired matron who had navigated home a full-rigged ship from the Gold Coast; there were grave-faced men who, among them, could have charted half the globe; in the pulpit was the same old-fashioned, bookish man, who, having led his college class, had passed his life in this unknown parish, lost in delight, in his study, in the great Athenian's handling of the presumptuous Glaucon, or simply unfolding parables in his pulpit.

That former night came vividly back to Delia Prince. Through the opening hymn, in which she did not join; through the story of the Feast in Simon's House, she was thinking of the time when David told her he had shipped, and she had made up her mind to save a home.

But in the second hymn she joined; and in her joy she forgot herself and sang—as she had been used to sing when she was the leader of all the singing; and in a moment every one knew that she was there.

> "Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
> Thus far His power prolongs my days;
> And every evening shall make known
> Some fresh memorial of His grace."

II.

"M. Isaacs" was over the door; M. Isaacs was within. Without, three golden balls were hanging, like apples of the Hesperides; within was an array of goods which the three balls had brought in.

M. Isaacs was walking to and fro behind the counter, and briskly rubbing his hands.

"My good wife Sarah," he said, with a strong Semitic accent; "those sudden, raw East winds! I am so frozen as I was enjoying myself upon the skating-rink,—and here it is the summer. Where is that long spring overcoat that German man hypotecated with us last evening? Between the saddle and the gold-lace uniform, you say?"

And taking it down, by means of a long, hooked pole, he put it on. It covered his ears and swept the ground: "It make me look like Aaron in those pictures," he said.

It would have been a grasping disposition that could not be suited with something from out M. Isaacs's stock. It would have been hard to name a faculty of the human soul or a member of the human body to which it could not lend aid and comfort. A musical person could draw the wailing bow or alternate the accordion; could pucker at the pensive flute, or beat the martial, soul-arousing drum. One stripped, as it were, on his way to Jericho, could slink in here and select for himself a fig-leaf from a whole Eden of cut-away coats and wide-checkered trowsers, all fitting "to surprise yourself;" and could even be sure of finding a pair of boots, of whatever size was needed, of the very finest custom hand-work—a misfit, made for a gentleman in New York. A devout man, according to his leanings, could pray from the prayer-book of an impoverished Episcopalian, or sing from the hymn-book of an insolvent Baptist.

"So help me gracious!" M. Isaacs used to say, raising his shoulders and opening wide his palms, "when you find a man so ungrateful that he cannot be fitted out with somethings from my stock, I really suppose you couldn't fit that man out in Paradise."

M. Isaacs was looking nervous. But it was not by the images which his ordinary stock in trade would naturally cause to arise

that he was disturbed—images of folly, improvidence, and distress. There was hardly an article in the shop, except the new plated jewelry in the window, that was not suggestive of misery or of sin; but in M. Isaacs's well-poised mind no morbid fancies rose. "Those hard winters makes me cheerful," he was wont to say in the fall; "they makes the business lifely."

Still M. Isaacs was a little troubled this afternoon, and, singularly enough, about a most happy purchase that he had just made, at ninety per cent. below value. There the articles lay upon the counter: a silk hat and a long surtout, a gold-headed cane and a pair of large rubbers; a young man's Derby hat and overcoat and rattan cane, and a pair of arctics; a lady's bonnet and dolman and arctics; a young girl's hat with a soft bird's-breast, and her seal-skin sack and arctics; besides four small boys' hats and coats and arctics. It seemed as if some modern Elijah, a family man, expectant of translation, had made with thrifty forethought an "arrangement" that Isaacs's shop should be the point of departure, and flying off in joyous haste, with wife and children, had left the general raiment on the counter. You would naturally have looked for a sky-lit hole in the ceiling.

"So help me gracious!" said M. Isaacs, turning the articles over, "I suppose there's some policemen just so wicked and soospicious to say I must know those garments are stolen—scooped off some hat-tree at one grab."

"Why do you enter dose on de book togedder?" said Mrs. Isaacs. "If you put dose separate on de book, how de policeman know dey came in togedder?"

"That is a great danger, Sarah. That's just the way they fix our good friend Greenbaum. Wen they caught the thief, and he told them where he sold some things, and Greenbaum had put down those earrings and those bracelets and that Balmoral skirt for three different times, they said he must know those things was stolen—if not, why did he put those things down different from each other?

"But so help me gracious," he added, presently, "I have not the least soospicions, like the babes unborn, those goods are stolen. The man that brought them in was very frank, and very much of a gentleman; and he lay his hand upon his bosom-pin, and swore he sold those things because he had no more use for them,—his family all sick of tyvoid fever, and could not live the week out. But I suppose there's some policemen just so soospicious to say I must know those things are stolen."

"And so cruel soospicions," said Mrs. Isaacs; "and your heart so pure and white like your shirt-bosom." She meant his ideal shirt-bosom.

"Just like those evil-minded policemen," he said. "You remember how they locked up our old friend Abrahamson? So help me gracious! sent that good old man to prison, just because he bought two gold watches and two pairs of gold spectacles and an ivory-handled knife and two empty pocket-books and two silk umbrellas and a seal ring and two bunches of keys and two black wigs from a red-headed laboring man; they said he must know that two old gentlemen were robbed of that personal property."

But here his attention was diverted by the sight of two men, seamen to appearance, who were looking into the show-window.

"I like so much," he said, "to see the public enjoying themselves in my window; it give them so happy pleasure to see those lovely things; and often they come in and buy somethings. This young man," he added, after a pause, "seem to admire those broad neck-wear; looks at both those two,—the Four-in-hand and the Frolic."

"I tink he look more at de Frolic," said Mrs. Isaacs; "I tink he would come in if you go outside and take him by de arm like a true frient, and bring him in. My broder Moses walk outside de whole day long, and take each man when he go by and talk to him like his own broder, wid tears in his eyes, and make dem come in and buy somedings."

But M. Isaacs only wrapped the long coat more closely about his linen garments and watched the younger man as he turned his eyes away from the Four-in-hand and the Frolic and bent them on the trays in which were glittering tiers of rings and pins, and rows of watches labeled "Warrented genuine, $14;" "Dirt-cheap, $8.75;" "Doct's Watch, Puls-counting, $19.50."

"He look like he had some money," said Mrs. Isaacs. "Perhaps he would come in and buy a watch if you go out and pull him in. How can he buy someding trough de glass? My broder Moses say: 'So many folks is bashful.'"

But at last the men, after talking awhile, apparently, of the goods in the window, came in.

"What's the price of some of those earrings in the window?" said the younger. "Let's see what you've got for a couple of dollars or so."

"So help me gracious!" said Isaacs, as he took from the show-window three or four cards of plated ear-rings. "I knew you would come in to buy somethings. Wen I saw you look in—the very first moment—I say to my wife: 'There is a good young

man that will give a present to some lovely young lady.' Yes, sir, the very words I said to Sarah."

"What's the price of this pair? I haven't got any girl to treat, but I've just got paid off for a whaling voyage, and my lay figured up a twenty-dollar bill above what I expected, and I don't care if I lay out a couple of dollars more on my wife, besides what I've brought home for her."

"Well, sir," said M. Isaacs, "the good wife is the very best jewelry. Those are two dollars. But only study this pair. Hold those up to the light and take a bird's-eye view through those lovely stones, so round and large, like green peas. Now look. So! Now let your friend look!"

"I'm no judge," said the other man, "I know what pleases me—that's all. But those would make a great display, David, wouldn't they?"

"You're right, sir," said Isaacs. "Display is the very word. My wife wear just the twins of this pair to the congregation every Saturday."

Mrs. Isaacs raised her eyebrows: she wore nothing but diamonds.

"What's the price of these green ones?" asked David.

M. Isaacs shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose those are the finest articles of the kind in the whole creation," he said. We can let you have those to-day," and he lowered his voice to a whisper, and put his hand up beside his mouth, "to close out stock—for six dollars. They cost us only last week eight-fifty, but we are obliged to reduce stock prior to removal; the building is to be taken down."

"I would like those tip-top; but, I don't know—it's a good deal of money for gewgaws; my wife would take me to do for it; I guess I must keep to the two-dollar ones. I come pretty hard by my dollars, and a dollar means a good deal to me just now."

"But just once look again," said Isaacs, and he stepped briskly behind his wife and held up an ear-ring to each of her ears. "See them on a chaste and lovely form. With these your wife will be still more lovely. All those other men will say: 'Where did that graceful lady find so rich ear-rings?' You will see they are a great success: her most bosom friends will hate her; they will turn so green like the grass on the ground with envy. It is a great pleasure when my wife wears those kind: her very sisters cannot speak for anger, and her own mother looks so rigid like the Cardiff Giant."

"Well, I guess I shall have to take them," said David, "and you'll have to wrap them right up: we haven't got more than about time to get the train, have we, Calvin?"

"So help me gracious!" said M. Isaacs, "is there no time to sell our friend Calvin a pair? He will repent not to secure those other pair, until his dying day; so sorry like he lose his ship some day upon those rocks. I suppose there is no others like those in the whole creation."

But he wrapped the purchase up in a bit of white paper and gave David Prince four trade dollars in change for a ten-dollar bill, and the two men went out, leaving M. Isaacs free to attend to a timid woman in black who had just come in to raise fifty cents upon a ring, while Mrs. Isaacs looked after a carpenter who proposed to pawn his edge-tools for rent-money.

M. Isaacs waved his hand and smiled as the men went out of the door. "You will find they are a success, to surprise yourself," he called out: "her most bosom friends will writhe and scream with envy."

THE winding line of the long New England coast faces the sea, in its sweeping curves, in every direction. From the Callender place, the ocean lay to the south. Though elsewhere east winds might be blowing harsh upon the coast, here, almost every day, and all day long, in summer, the southwest wind came pouring in from the expanse of waters, fresh and cool, boisterous often, but never chill; and even winds from the east lost edge in crossing miles of pitch-pine woods, of planted fields, of sandy ponds, of pastures, and came in softened down and friendly.

A gentle breeze was drifting in from sea. All day long it had been blowing, salt and strong and riotous, tossing the pine-tops, bending the corn, swaying the trees in the orchards; but now it was preparing to die away, as was its wont, at sundown, to give to the woods, the corn-fields, and the orchards a little space of rest and peace, before it should rise again in the early evening to toss them all night long. The blue of the sky was blue in the water. Every object stood out sharp and clear. Down the low, curving shore-line, curls of smoke rose from distant roofs, and on the headland, up the coast, the fairy forest in the air was outlined with precision. Distant ships were moving, like still pictures, on the horizon, as if that spell was laid on them which hushed the enchanted palace. There was just sea enough to roll the bell-buoy gently, and now and then was rung an idle note of warning. Three fishing-boats lay anchored off the Spindle, rising and falling, and every now and then a sea broke on the rock. On the white sand-beach, waves were

rolling in, dying softly away along the shore, or heavily breaking, with a long, flying line of foam.

The sun was fast descending. Delia Prince went out to the corner of the house and shaded her eyes to look at the sunset. The white clouds turned to a flaming red, and the reflection dyed to crimson the surface of the creeks; the sun descended toward the wooded bluff that flanked the bay, sent a thousand shattered, dazzling rays through the trees, and disappeared.

The red of the clouds and the red of the water gave place to gray. The wind died down. The silence was intense: all the more marked because of the few sharp sounds that broke it now and then. Across the bay, near shore, a man was raking oysters; he stood in the stern of his skiff, and the bow was up in the air. Near by a girl was driving sluggish cows along the beach, and her shrill cries came over the water; by a cottage on the bank a boy was chopping brush upon a block, and Delia watched the silent blows, and heard the sound come after, and she smiled as she looked; for every night she saw the boy's mother stand at the door to call him, and saw him come reluctant to his task.

There was a sense of friendly companionship in all these homely sights and sounds. It was different from the old house, shut in close by a second growth of birch and oak.

The table was standing ready for a late supper. The children had gone for berries to the Island, and they would soon come home, and David was due, too, with his money.

She smiled as he appeared. The ascent to the brow of the hill was so sharp that first you saw a hat in movement, then a head, then shoulders, body, legs, and feet. She ran quickly down the road to meet him, and took his arm.

"You couldn't catch the noon train?" she said. "Captain Wells stopped at the door a little while ago to see what time we should be down to get the deed, and luckily I told him that we might not be down until into the evening. He said he'd stay at home and wait till we came."

"Delia," said David, when he had seated himself in the house, "I've got bad news to tell you, and I may as well out with it first as last."

"You haven't shipped for another whaling voyage?"

"No; that would be nothing," he said.

Delia stood and looked at him.

"Well," she said, "didn't you get as much as you counted on?"

"Yes,—twenty more."

"It isn't anything about the children? I expect them home every minute."

"No."

"Delia," he said, "you was a great fool ever to have me. You ought to have taken advice."

"What is the matter?" she said. "Why don't you tell me?"

"I've lost the money," he said. "The Captain warned me how apt a sea-faring man is to lose money,—but I didn't take any heed, and I went off with Calvin Green—"

"With Calvin Green! What did I tell you!" she said.

"Wait a minute—and I stopped into a jewelry store and bought you a pair of ear-rings, and I came off and left my wallet on the counter, the way that fool Joe Bassett did, to Gloucester. When I went back, the rascal claimed he never saw me before—said he didn't know me from the Prophet Samuel, as if I was born that minute. And now they'll all say—and it's true—that I'm a chip of the old block, and that I'm bound to come out at the little end. There!" he said, as he opened a little parcel and took out the ear-rings. "There's what's left of five hundred and twenty dollars, and you must make the most of 'em. Hold 'em up to the light and see how handsome they are. I don't know, after all, but they are worth while for a man to pitch overboard off Cape Horn and harpoon whales two years for. All is, just tell folks they cost five hundred dollars and they are just as good as hen's-egg diamonds.

"In fact, I don't know but I sort o' like the situation," he went on, in a moment. "It seems sort of natural and home-like. I would have felt homesick if I'd really succeeded in getting this place paid for. 'Twould have seemed like getting proud, and going back on my own relations. And then it'll please everybody to say 'I told you so.' There'll be high sport round town, when it gets out and we back water down to the old place."

"Come, say something, Delia!" he said, in a moment. "Why don't you say something about it? Don't you care that the money's lost, that you stand there and don't say a word, and look at nothing?"

"I don't want to say anything now," she said. "I want to think."

"WELL!" said Captain Bennett, the next day, to his wife. "Delia's got more spunk! I should have felt like laying right down in the shafts, in her place; but instead of that, to actually go and talk them into letting her keep the Callender place and pay for it so much a month! And David's signed a paper to do it."

"I guess if the truth was known," said

Mrs. Bennett, knitting on, "that, come to think it over, she was more scared of David's settling back than she was for losing the money."

"She's got a pull on him now," said the captain, "anyway, for if he once agrees to a thing he always does it."

III.

No one fully knows the New England autumn who has not seen its colors on the extreme Old Colony sea-board. There are no mountain ranges, opening out far reaches of burning maples; but there are miles of salt-marsh, spreading as far as the eye can reach, cut by countless creeks, displaying a vast expanse of soft, rich shades of brown; there are cranberry-meadows of twenty, thirty, or fifty level acres, covered with matted vines and crimson with berries; there are deserted pastures, bright with golden-rod and asters. And everywhere along the shores, against the dark pine woods, are the varied reds of oaks, of blackberry vines, of woodbine, and of sumach.

It was a bright fall afternoon; most of the boats were in, and lay near shore before the sail-loft door; the sails were up to dry—for it had been wet outside—looking doubly white against the colors of the shore.

In the sail-loft they were telling stories.

"No, I don't think myself," said Deacon Luce, from the rocking-chair, "that ministers always show what we call horse sense. They used to tell a story of Parson Allen, that preached in the Old Town, in my father's time, that pleased me. One spring the parson took a notion to raise a pig. So he went down to Jim Barrows, that lived there handy by, and says he, 'Mr. Barrows, I hear you have a litter of young pigs, and I should like to have one to raise.' So Jim he got his stilyards and weighed him out one, and the minister paid him, and Jim he sent it up. Well, the minister kep' it some three months, and he used to go out every day and put on his spectacles and take his scythe down from the apple-tree and mow pig-weed for him, and he bought corn-meal to feed him up with, and one way and another he laid out a good deal on him. The pig fattened well, but the whole, incessant time he was either rooting out and gitting into the garden, or he'd ketch his foot in behind the trough and squeal like mad, or something else, so that the minister had to keep leaving his sermon-writing to straighten him out, and the minister's wife complained of the squealing when she had company. And so the parson decided to heave the enterprise up, and Jim sent up and took the pig back. Come to settle, 'How do we stand?' says the minister. Oh, just as you say,' says Jim, 'I'll leave it to you.' 'Well,' says the minister, 'on the one hand you've got back a pig that you've ben paid for; but, on the other hand, I've had the use of him for some three months,—and so I guess we're square.'"

"Talking of preachers," said Caleb Parker, "reminds me of a story they tell of Uncle Cephas Bascom, of Northhaven. Uncle Cephas was a shoemaker, and he never went to sea much, only to anchor his skiff in the Narrows abreast of his house, and catch a mess of scup, or to pole a load of salt-hay from Sanquitt Island. But he used to visit his married daughter, in Vermont, and up there they knew he come from the sea-board, and they used to call him 'Captain Bascom.' So, one time when he was there, they hed a Sabbath-school concert, and nothing would do but 'Captain Bascom' must talk to the boys, and tell a sea-yarn, and draw a moral, the way the Deacon, here, does." The Deacon gravely smiled, and stroked his beard. "Well, Uncle Cephas was ruther pleased with his name of 'Captain Bascom,' and he didn't like to go back on it, and so he flaxed round to git up something. It seems he had heard a summer boarder talk in Sabbath-school, at Northhaven; he told how a poor boy minded his mother, and then got to tend store, and then kep' store himself, and then he jumped it on them: 'That poor boy,' says he, 'now stands before you.' So Uncle Cephas thought him up a similar yarn. Well, he had never spoke in meeting before, and he hemmed and hawed some, but he got on quite well while he was telling about a certain poor boy, and all that, and how the boy when he grew up was out at sea, in an open boat, and saw a great sword-fish making for the boat *Hail Columbia*, and bound to stave right through her and sink her,—and how this man he took an oar, and give it a swing, and broke the critter's sword square off; and then Uncle Cephas,—he'd begun to git a little flustered—he stopped short, and waved his arms, and says he, 'Boys, what do you think! That sword-fish now stands before you!'

"I cal'late that brought the house down."

Captain Philo, who had laid down his three-cornered sail-needle, to listen to this exciting story, re-adjusted the leather thimble that covered his palm, and began to sew again. Uncle Silas, sitting near the water-door, in his brown overalls made with a breast-apron and suspender-straps, looked out at the boats. A silence fell on the company.

It was broken by Calvin Green.

"A man was telling me rather a curious story, the other night," he said. "I was just

explaining to him exactly how 'twas that David Prince lost his money, and so he told this:

"There was a boy that was clerk in a store, and one day they sent him over to the bank to git some money. It was before the war, and the bank gave him twenty ten-dollar gold pieces. But when he got back to the store there was one short. The boy hadn't nothing to say. He admitted he hadn't dropped none, because he'd put 'em in a leather bag where he couldn't lose one without he lost all, and the cashier knew he hadn't made any mistake. The storekeeper he heard the story, and then he put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and says he, 'I don't know what to make o' this, but I believe this boy,' says he, 'and we'll just drop it and say no more about it.' So it run along, and the next day that it rained, one of the clerks in the store took down an old umberella, and, come to unfurl it, out falls a ten-dollar gold piece. Seems that the boy had that umberella that day, and hooked it on to the counter in the bank, by the handle, and one of the coins must have slid off into it when he was countin' 'em, and then he probably didn't spread the umberella coming back. And, as this man said that was telling me: it don't do to bet too much on suspicion. Now, only for that Jew's being such a hard character, according to the newspapers, I should be loth to charge him with taking David's money; I should say David might have lost it somewhere else."

Nobody spoke. Captain Bennett whistled softly.

"I never felt so bad in my life," continued Green, "as I did when he missed his money. When we come up into the depot he was telling me a kind of a comical story about old Jim Torrey, how he wanted to find out if all his hens was laying, or if any of 'em was disposed to shirk, and he got him a pass-book ruled in columns, and opened a ledger account with every hen, by a name he give her; and we got up to the ticket-window, and he put his hand into his breast-pocket for his wallet —by George, I've seen him chaff and joke, sort of quiet, when we was going to ride under every minute, but he turned as white then as that new mainsail, and off he went, like a shot. But 'twas no use. Of course, the jewelry fellow wouldn't disgorge on David's say-so, without no proof.

"It was like this," he went on; "the counter was here,—and David stood here,—and I was here,—and we both come off together. But I tell you,—the way David looked when he put in his hand for his wallet! He stopped laughing, as if he see a ghost; I can't get it out of my head. And how the man that stole the money can stand it I can't figure out."

"Perhaps he's calloused," said the Deacon, "by what the paper said the other night about his buying a parcel of clothes hooked out of some man's entry. We concluded 'twas the same man—by the name."

"Can't believe all that's in the paper," said Perez Todd; "you know the paper had me to be married, once; the boys put it in for fun; they made up the name for the female, I guess, for I've been kind of shyin' round for her this ten year, and haven't seen no such woman."

"Yes, sir, he's a hard ticket," said Green; "that's so every time. Well, I must be going; I agreed to go and help Elbridge over at half flood."

"Half flood about five," said Captain Bennett; "you haven't any great time to spare."

Green went to the shore, rattled a skiff down over the beach to the water, and pulled away, with quick, short strokes. First the skiff was cut off from sight by the marsh-bank; then the rower's head alone was seen above the tall brown grasses; and then he pulled around the bend and was lost to view behind a mass of flaming woodbine; and still, in the distance, could be heard across the water the rattle of his oars in the thole-pins.

"Well, Silas?" said Captain Bennett.

"Well?" said Uncle Silas.

"Oh! *I*'ve nothing to say," said Captain Bennett.

"Nor I," said Uncle Silas.

"Calvin's always seemed to be a good-hearted fellow," said Captain Philo, "since he's lived here."

"Oh, yes," said Captain Bennett; "seems to feel for David surprisingly. Told me all about the losing the money, told my wife, told my boy, told Uncle Joe, told our minister, told the Doctor, told Zimri Cobb, told Cyrus Bass, told Captain John Wells, told Patrick Coan; and proves it out to 'em all that 'twas the Jew that did it."

"Kind of zealous, like the Apostle Paul supplying the pulpit to the Gentiles," said the Deacon; "wont let alone of a man, till he gives in 't the Hebrew's in the wrong."

"But *I*'ve nothing to say," said Captain Bennett.

"Oh no, nor I," said Uncle Silas.

From the distance, borne on the gentle breeze, a click as even as a pulse-beat came faintly over the water.

"He may be a good-hearted fellow," said the Deacon; "but I don't know as I hanker to be the man that's pulling in that skiff. But then, that may be simply and solely because I prefer a hair-cloth rocker to a skiff."

"DELIA," said David Prince to his wife, one afternoon; "Calvin Green has bought four tickets to that stereopticon show that's going to be in the West Church to-night, and he gave me two, for you and me."

"I don't want his tickets," she replied, ironing away at the sunny window.

"Now, what's the use of talking that way!" said her husband, "as much as to say—"

"I have my opinion," she said.

"Well," said her husband, "I think it's a hard way to use a man, just because he happened to be by when I lost my money."

"I'll tell you," said Delia, stopping her work; "we will go, and all I'll say is this,—you see if after the lecture's over he doesn't find a text in it to talk about our money. Now you just wait and see—that's all."

"LADIES and gentlemen," said the lecturer, standing by a great circle of light thrown on the wall, behind the pulpit, "I have now, with a feeling of awe befitting this sacred place, thus given you, in the first part of my lecture, a succinct view of the origin, rise, and growth of the globe on which, as the poet has justly said, 'we dwell.' I have shown you—corroborating scripture—the earth, without form and void, the awful monsters of the Silurian age, and Man in the Garden of Eden.

"I now invite you to journey with me—as one has said—'across the continent.'

"Traveling has ever been viewed as a means of education. Thus Athenian sages sought the learning of the Orient. Thus may we this evening, without toil or peril, or expense beyond the fifteen cents already incurred for the admission-fee, journey in spirit from the wild Atlantic to the sunset coast. In the words of the sacred lyrist, Edgar A. Poe, 'My country 'tis of thee,' that I shall now display some views.

"Of course we start from Boston. On the way to New York, we will first pause to view the scene where Putnam galloped down a flight of steps, beneath the hostile fire. See both mane and coat-tails flying in the wind, and the eyes of steed and rider wildly dilated with excitement.

"Next we pause in Brooklyn. And from my immense variety of scenes in the City of Churches, I choose the firemen's monument in Greenwood Cemetery.

'Here they lie low who raised their ladders high;
Here they still live: for heroes cannot die!'

[A voice: "How many are buried there?"]

"I should say, at a venture, eighteen. [A rustle of sympathy among the women.]

"Passing on, and coming thence to the metropolis of New York, I am greatly embarrassed, so vast is the richness and variety of views. But I will show first the 'Five Points.' [Great eagerness, and cries, 'Sit down.'] Of late, philanthropy and religion, walking in sweet converse, hand in hand, have relieved the horrors of this region, and now one may walk there comparatively safe. [Sudden cessation of interest.]

"I will give even another view of the metropolis: a charming scene in Central Park. [Here wavered dimly on the screen five bushes, and a nursery-maid with a baby-carriage.] From this exquisite picture you may gain some faint idea of the charms of that Paradise raised by the wand of taste and skill in a waste of arid sands.

"Passing westward, I next present the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, erected by drawing over the majestic stream a cord, a small rope, then a wire, until the whole vast framework was complete. The idea was taken from the spider's web. Thus the humblest may guide the highest; and I love to recall, in this connection, that the lamented Lincoln, some years before signing the Emancipation Proclamation, heard me lecture on slavery, in Peoria.

"Next we come to Cleveland; and our attention is seized by three cannons taken in the famous naval battle on the lake. Every visitor pauses here, and with uncovered head and eyes suffused with tears, recalls the sacrifices of the Fathers.

"Next we view Chicago the morning after the fire; on every hand are blackened ruins—painful proofs of the vicissitudes of human fortune! [A voice: "I was there at the time."] I am delighted to know it. Such spontaneous corroboration from the audience is to the lecturer's heart as a draught from the well of Baca. [Laughter, and a voice: "What Baker?"]

"But, in order to cross so broad a continent, we must not dally, and next I show you the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, the seat of a defiant system of sin. All things, however, have their uses, and I can recommend this religion to any young lady present who does not find it easy to secure a helpmeet. [Appreciative laughter.]

"And now, for a view of the Pacific States, I choose two of the famed Big Trees. Judge of them by the two men who stand, like the Widow's mites, beside them. These trees are called 'Father and Daughter.' [A voice: "Which is Father, and which is Daughter?"] I am not informed, but from their appearance I judge that the nearer is the Father. [Derisive laughter.]

"And now we approach a climax.

"When the Ten Thousand, in their storied march, reached at last the blue waters of the Euxine, thrilled with joy they loudly cried: 'The Sea! The Sea!' So we, travelers likewise, reach at last the Western ocean; and for a striking scene upon its waters, I present a Pacific Mail steamer at her dock in the harbor of San Francisco. In the left foreground is a Chinese laundry. And now I can hardly restrain myself from passing on to Asia; for imagination, taking fire, beckons to Niphon and the Flowery Kingdom. But remorseless Time says no, and we pause at the Golden Gate.

"In closing now, I will, as is usual, give one or two moral views, relieved by others of a somewhat playful character.

"First is Napoleon's grave. He who held Europe struggling in his hand, died a prisoner in solitudes remote, far from home endearments.

"Next you see Daniel Lambert, whose greatness was of a more solid cast. Less grasping in his pretensions than Napoleon, he lived an honored life, and died, I understand, among his relatives.

"Next is a picture of the guillotine, calling up thoughts of severed heads from memory's cloisters. On the left you see a ghastly head; on the right the decapitated trunk. By the victim stands the bloody actors in the tragedy. Ladies and gentlemen! When I review the awful guilt of Marat and Robespierre, humbly do I give thanks that I have been kept from yielding, like them, to fierce ambition and lust of power, and that I can lay my head upon a peaceful pillow at my home in Fall River.

"Next is the Serenade, part one: The Spanish lover with bow-knot shoes, pointed hat, and mantle over shoulder, stands, with his lute, on the covered water-butt, while at the casement above is his lady's charming face. Part two: The head of the water-butt has given way, and the angry father, from his window, beholds a scene of luckless misery.

"I turn now to a more pleasing scene—the Village Blacksmith. The mighty man is at work, and by a triumph of art I am enabled to show his fine physique in action: now you see his arm uplifted,—and now the hammer is on the iron. Up—down—up—down. [A voice: "There are two right arms!"] That arises from some slight defect in the arrangement of the light; the uplifted arm does not entirely vanish when the lowered arm appears. But to the thoughtful observer, such slight contrasts only heighten enjoyment.

"Ladies and gentlemen! A single word in closing. Our transcontinental journey this evening ended at the 'Golden Gate.' When life's journey ends, may we not so pause, but, as the poet Judson Backus sweetly sings:

> 'May we find an angel wait
> To lead us through the 'golden gate.'

"Meanwhile, adieu."

DAVID PRINCE and his wife walked slowly home in the clear, cold moonlight.

"Did you notice," said Delia, "how the man kept saying that he didn't know just what to pick out, to show? Well, I heard the Kelley boy, that helped at the lamps, say that they showed every identical picture there was. I suppose they are a lot of odds and ends he picked up at an auction."

"I think he was a kind of a humbug," said Calvin Green, who, with his wife, had come up close behind. "See how he kept dragging in his morals, jes' like overhauling a trawl and taking off a haddock, every once in so often."

"What a way to travel," said his wife; "to go ker-jump from New York City to Niagara, and from there to Cleveland. He must have thought we had long stilts."

"The pictures were rather here and there and everywhere, to be sure," said David; "but I have a good deal of charity for these men; I s'pose they're put to it for bread and butter."

"Well, I don't know," said Green; "I don't think it has a good influence on young people to show such a picture as that man that they'd murdered by slicing his head off with that machine. I don't like such things to be brought up."

"I should think the opposite," said his wife, laughing, "by the way you've told every man in town about David's money, and the way he blanched when he missed it. I think you'd better take a lesson yourself about bringing up dreadful things."

When they reached Green's house, a low, black cottage, they stopped a moment for the women to finish a discussion about croup.

"How did that look to you now, David?" said Green. "Didn't you think it would have been a good deal better to have left that picture out?"

"Which one?" said David.

"Why, the one where they'd chopped the man's head off with that machine, and were standing by, looking at the corpse. I don't like to see such things, for my part."

"I don't know," said David. "I didn't think about it particularly. I understood it was in the French Revolution."

"Well, see all that flummer-diddle he got off about it," said Green; "just as if any fool didn't know that a man couldn't sleep that was haunted by a thing like that."

"Well, some can stomach anything, and I suppose some can sleep on anything," said David. "I guess it would take more than slicing one man's head off to make that Jew lie awake nights. If he'd only admitted that I'd been there! But as soon as I said I'd left something, then for him and his wife to claim they never saw me! They're cool ones!"

"Well, right here,—about what my wife flung out," said Green, glancing over his shoulder to where the women were talking, both at once, woman-fashion; "you know my wife's way,—you haven't ever heard any such talk going round, have you, as that I was hounding folks about your bad luck? I say an honest man speaks right out,—no fear, no favor. Aint that so?"

It was a bitterly cold, clear night, a few weeks later. Runners squeaked and boot-heels crunched in the road. David had passed Green's house at seven o'clock, going to the store; he always went by there at that time, Saturdays, and passed again, returning home, at about eight.

When he reached the gate, on his return, Green was standing there, apparently waiting.

"Come into the house a minute, David," he said; "I want to see you."

He led him into the kitchen.

"My wife's gone over to Aunt Nathan's for the evening," he said.

He shut the door, and locked it.

"There," he said; "I can't stand it any longer," and he laid upon a table at David's side a wallet. David took it up and opened it; it held a great roll of bills.

"What does this mean?" he said; "why —this is mine! You don't mean —"

"I mean I stole it," said Green.

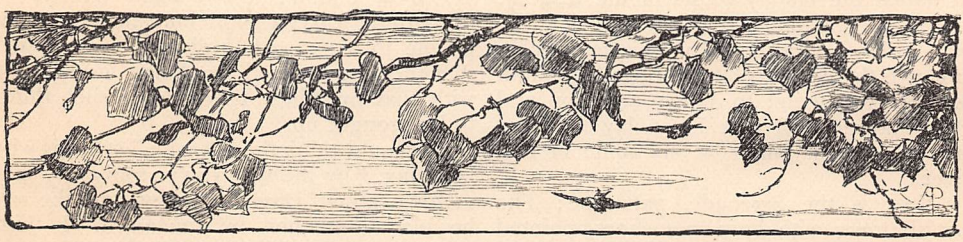
David sat down. "I wish you had put it in the fire," he said, "and never told me."

"There's just one thing I want to say," said Green. "I picked it up, first, to give it to you, and when I saw that you'd forgot it, I thought I'd have a little joke on you for a while; and then, when I saw how things was going, I kind o' drifted into keeping it. You know how I come home,—all my voyage eat up, and a hundred dollars' debts besides, and children sick. But every dollar's there.

"Now what I ask," he added, "is four days' time to ship and get away. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said David; "settle your debts and pay me when you can." And taking five twenty-dollar bills from the wallet, he left them on the table and went away.

C. H. White.



MY SPRINGS.

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that, with unbroken flow,
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky,
And mirror all of life and time,
Serene and dainty pantomime!

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always, when the large form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always, when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally!

Always, when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love! O Wife! thine eyes are they,—
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure,
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath,
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

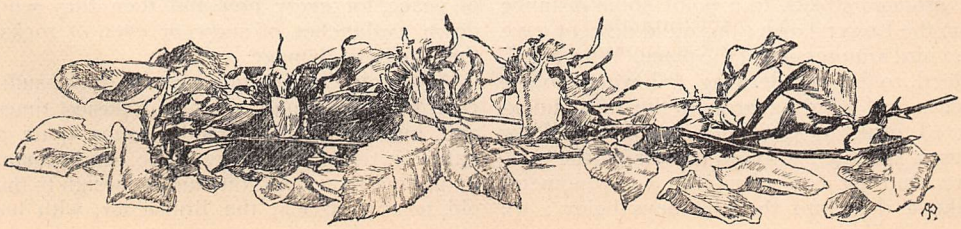
Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor folk's loves
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plain;
And lady loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds, and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth;

Dear eyes, dear eyes! and rare, complete—
Being heavenly sweet and earthly sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For, when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

Sidney Lanier.



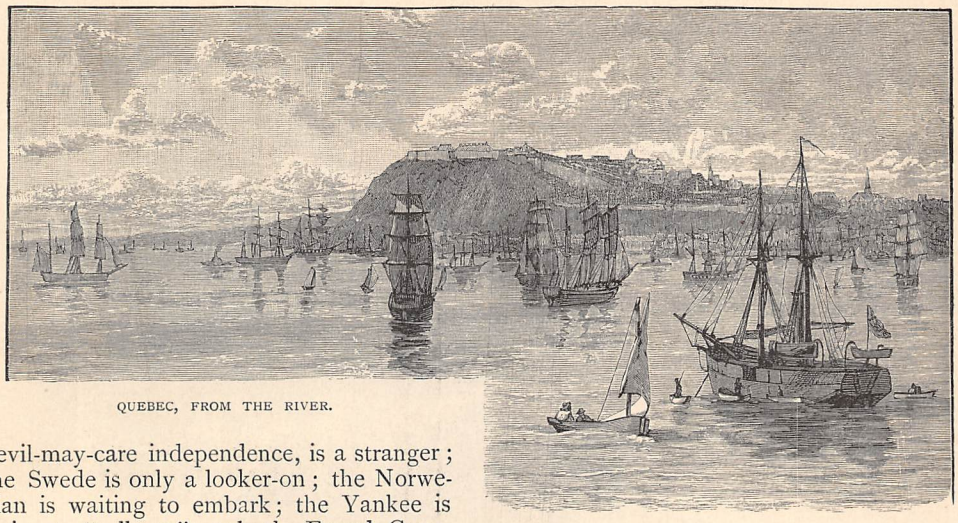
THE GIBRALTAR OF AMERICA.

QUEBEC impresses one as being almost too venerable, too unobtrusive, to be talked about. In its grave dignity it seems a part of nature, simple and elemental. Upon more intimate acquaintance it presents an epitome of a past century, with its monasteries, fortified walls, antique architecture, and the simple, courteous, and conservative society of the Old World. It is, in fact, an American city of Frenchmen governed by England. It is only a quiet town of commercial and ecclesiastical life, although crowned by the ramparts of a citadel. It is picturesque from every point of view, covering, as it does, the end of a high, narrow ridge, rising between the St. Lawrence and the mouth of the St. Charles. Viewed from the harbor it seems a populous cliff,—a confused mass of roofs, rocks, walls, and fortifications, high above the river. The Lower Town lies like a narrow belt, encircling the ridge; here and there a flight of steps, or a street, zig-zags up the bluffs, between the climbing rows of houses and through the fortifications. The view from the citadel is most impressive. You look down, over the jumble of gabled roofs and dormer windows pierced by the minarets of the naval university and many a graceful spire, and past the city walls which crest the cliff, upon the seaport town below. A great river flows through a vast, rolling plain bounded by a horizon of mountains. You are high above the ships, the wharves, the gleaming flood; above the surrounding plain of fields, forests, and villages. The landscape fills you with a sense of its vast proportions, and, as your eye travels over the intervening space to the extreme horizon, your vision is scarcely interrupted, the imagination takes up the clue, and in fancy you penetrate the vast wilderness lying beyond the mountain, and reaching in unbroken calmness to the pole.

"The Walled City of the North" is the heart of a wilderness,—and a heart warm and mellow with European culture. I began a nearer view of the place by taking a *calèche;* and driving from the citadel down through the crooked streets, to a point some distance from the Lower Town; this rapid descent gave me a bird's impression of the place. We seemed, indeed, to be on the wing, following narrow streets and whirling around the most unexpected turns. We flew along the eaves of low houses, skimmed through the air on the ramparts, and felt as if we might, at any moment, make a dive into the chimneys below; we darted in and out of the oddest places—nooks and corners that might delight a swallow. The whole flight leaves on the mind a confusion of cliff, wall, and rampart; of street, stair, and terrace; of cannon and cloister; of gable and dormer: it is all a spiral confusion; that may or may not uncoil itself at your bidding.

At last I alighted from my flying *calèche* in one of the suburbs, and began my return walk. It was a pleasant summer day, and the St. Lawrence and its shores were astir with life. This suburb, called "The Coves," is a string of small houses close under high bluffs, with a road running in front of them, and wharves at intervals along the beach, the intervening basins inclosed by booms out in the current. The basins are covered with rafts of square timber, and ships lie along the booms. Each ship has a busy group of men on her forecastle and under her bows, who shout and hoist and send the timbers in through the port-holes. After passing some miles of this timber region I reached the city, where the road narrows into a street, with houses on either side. The lofty and massive docks have a certain homely dignity about them, as they stand unmoved by the great tides and the rush of the mighty river. This Champlain street is the Irish quarter, and the region of Quebec riots. A tavern near by displays on its roof a figure-head of Mac-Mahon, and also the characteristic motto, "Irish rule, or no rule at all." This is the only part of Quebec where you feel distrust; and the rough populace seem entirely out of place in these quaint, modest, old stone houses. You walk on, under the foot of Cape Diamond, at the end of the ridge on which Quebec stands, where Montgomery fell in 1775, while following the same route to capture the Lower Town. It is remarkable to find in the midst of a city, and towering above the houses, a mountain of such proportions, carved into battlements and crowned with an impregnable fortress. The cliffs are engines of destruction, even in times of peace, for every now and then they send down avalanches of snow, or even of rocks, that do great damage.

Although everybody seems to have sufficient leisure for courtesies at the busiest times and busiest places, nobody seems quite a native in this quaint place. The Englishman, in his smart suit and lofty air, is foreign to the old, narrow streets; the British tar, with his

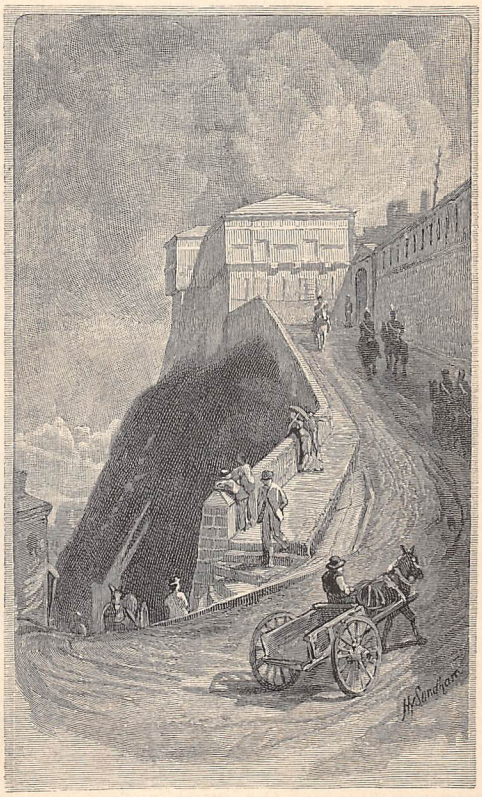


QUEBEC, FROM THE RIVER.

devil-may-care independence, is a stranger; the Swede is only a looker-on; the Norwegian is waiting to embark; the Yankee is trying to "sell out"; only the French Canadian seemed at home, and even he is somewhat misplaced in the stir of trade. In your wanderings about the wharves you stumble upon the market-place, filled with a dark mass of people, who are overtopped with small heaps of produce arranged in rows between the groups. The buyers, dressed in black or dark colors, wear a critical air, and go many times about the market, seeking the best bargains and purchasing small quantities. You see at once that the domestic life of Quebec is carried on with economy.

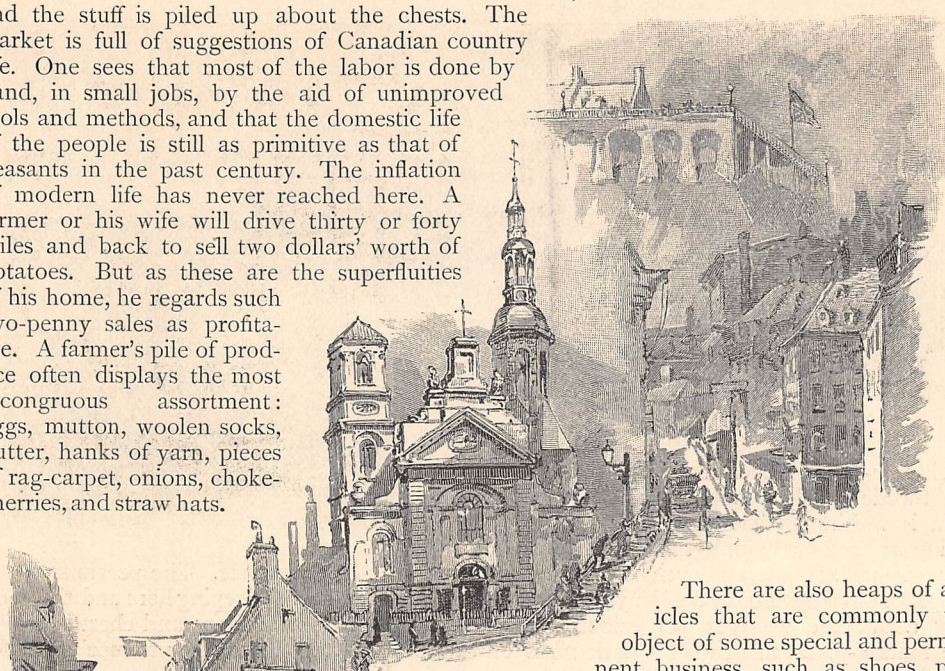
They are a courteous, unpretending lot of people, mostly women, with here and there a bright French or rosy English face to break the monotony. The rougher English tongue sounds every now and then above the babble of polite French. The peasants who come to sell are more original than the buyers—they are real peasants in homespun, many of them wonderfully like the Normandy and Brittany people. The men wear gray homespun suits, long-legged moccasins, and felt hats. Their wives are comfortable-looking women, in straight skirts, loose sacques, and broad-brimmed hats,—all home-made,—and although the girls may wear a ribbon or a feather, yet the whole effect is remarkably peasant-like, very primitive and thrifty.

The French-Canadian farmer does not raise large crops, but he generally has at every season some superfluous things to sell. He kills a sheep now and then, or a pair of fowls; he picks up odds and ends from the garden, and various things made by the industrious women of the household. These are packed and taken to market by the wife and sold for what she can get. This market of the Lower Town is reached by steam-boats from up and down the St. Lawrence. The peasants spend the night on board, sleeping here and there, on benches, or on their bags and chests. In the morning porters wheel the produce up to the dock. Here the various packages are opened



THE HOPE GATE.

and the stuff is piled up about the chests. The market is full of suggestions of Canadian country life. One sees that most of the labor is done by hand, in small jobs, by the aid of unimproved tools and methods, and that the domestic life of the people is still as primitive as that of peasants in the past century. The inflation of modern life has never reached here. A farmer or his wife will drive thirty or forty miles and back to sell two dollars' worth of potatoes. But as these are the superfluities of his home, he regards such two-penny sales as profitable. A farmer's pile of produce often displays the most incongruous assortment: eggs, mutton, woolen socks, butter, hanks of yarn, pieces of rag-carpet, onions, choke-cherries, and straw hats.



There are also heaps of articles that are commonly the object of some special and permanent business, such as shoes, pottery, brushes, toys, cloths, linen,—nearly all home-made, rough, and cheap. As you stroll about, you notice that their intercourse is quiet and courteous; there is no hawking of wares or importuning of passers, though no purchase is made without an astonishing beating down of the price. The winter market is more picturesque still: the horses look like bales of blankets; the snow-covered ground is strewn with meat, game, and fowls; and the peasants are bundles done up in fur caps, coats, and overshoes. The little church Notre Dame des Victoires, which is near this market, was one of the first churches built in America: its walls date from before 1690. The first building in Quebec and the first garden in Canada were near the same spot, where Champlain founded Quebec by building his residence in 1608. By crossing the business streets of this Lower Town, and going to the foot of the cliff, you find one of the most picturesque little nooks on this continent. The Petit Sault au Matelot is a very narrow alley along the foot of the crags, and right beside the chief business



A MEMORY OF QUEBEC.

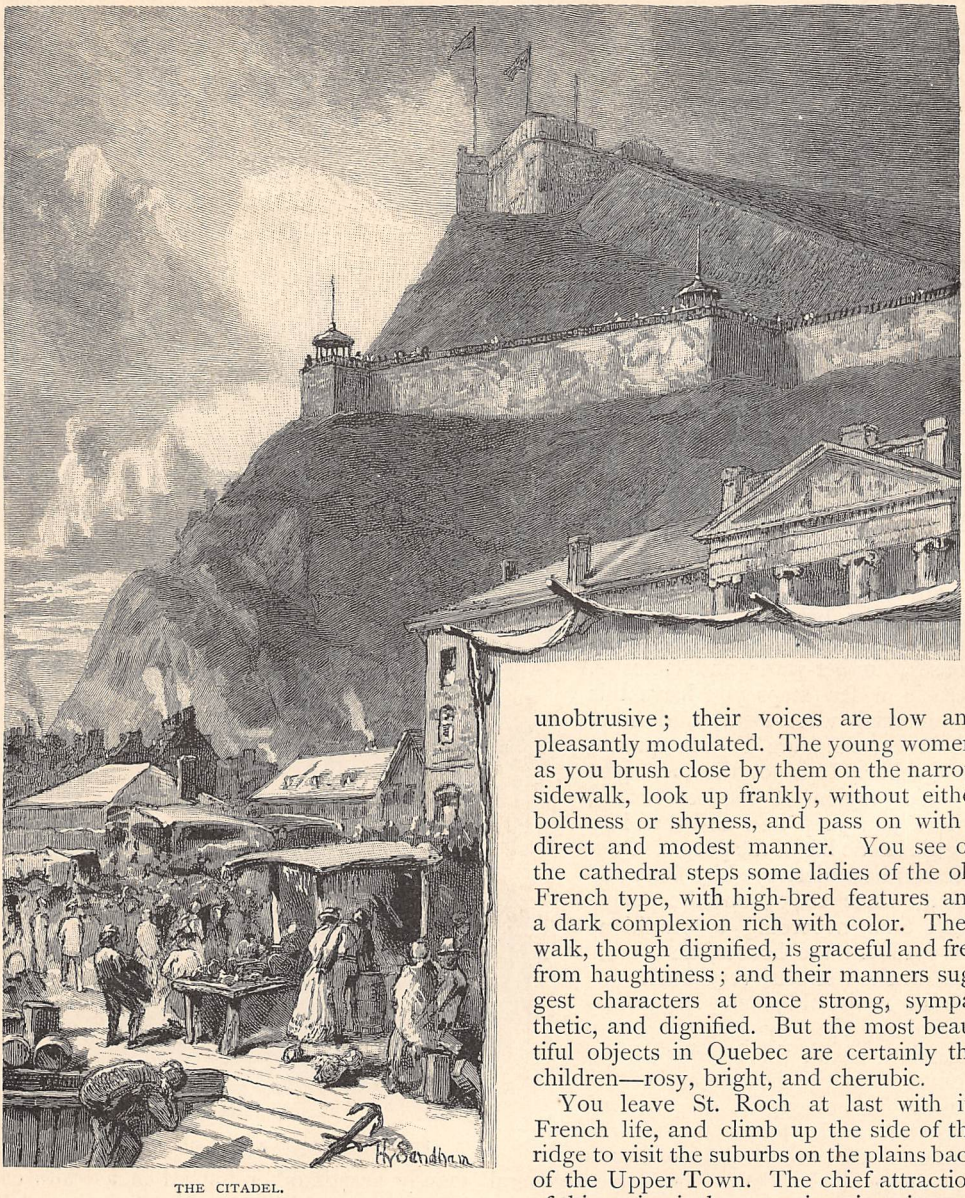
street. It is composed of rickety little houses, used as stables, store-houses, and tenement quarters for chickens, goats, children, and poor families. Here and there a piazza or a gallery across the street gives a view up the crags to the sky; but it is a walled-in region of deep shadows and quaint forms under the battlements and cannon of the Upper Town. This lane, the chief thoroughfare between the Lower Town and St. Roch, was barricaded in 1775, by the English and French to oppose the advance of Arnold. But the American troops took it and held it for a time, expecting to be reënforced by Montgomery. But both expeditions failed.

The Lower Town at this point completes its turn around the end of the ridge on which Quebec stands, and extends along the right bank of the St. Charles River. The mouth of the river has been inclosed by a breakwater to make a basin for schooners and coasting craft. The narrow flats between the cliffs and the river are covered with store-houses, lumber-yards, and factories. But in a few steps you leave this commercial water-front, and enter St. Roch, the pure French quarter of Quebec. It is for the most part a quiet region of modest homes, where you peep now and then into the domestic life of the people. Quebec has been destroyed by fires, and rebuilt since 1845; but the people each time, according to tradition, have rebuilt the houses, and even the crooked streets, very much according to the old plans. In wandering about the city you constantly speculate about the interior of the homes; for the houses are of the utmost irregularity in size, and of various simple forms to suit the angles of the streets and the means or taste of the builders. They have a general type: low walls, one or one and a half stories high, small windows, steep, high roofs, with one or two stories of dormer windows, and massive chimneys at the gable-ends. The picturesqueness of the houses lies as much in the diversity of their sizes and positions as in their strong and effective forms. And then they have a pleasant, moral aspect; for, although they are small, yet they are built of brick or stone, and there are no suggestions in them either of the shanty or of the pretentious city house. St. Roch, off the main street, is a region of these modest homes where small industries are carried on. The *porte-cochères* standing open afford glimpses of shadowy court-yards, where artisans are working at their trades in the midst of their children; or you may see a horse passing and repassing an open door, while he turns a tanner's bark-mill, crunching in the darkness beyond. Now you look through a window and see a blacksmith's forge, or a wheelwright's bench, strewn with tools. These shops are under the living-rooms. One sees here and there the angular, wrinkled face of a Normandy grandmother framed in a white cap. The notary and the architect also work at home. There are scarcely any signs on the streets. Even the corner grocery-store does not blaze with golden letters; it displays in a window a broom, or at the door a bunch of birch-bark; it does not seem a hard, commercial place of business, but an informal, friendly house, where you might borrow a little tea or sugar.



BREAKNECK STAIRS, CHAMPLAIN STREET.

Quebec is, in fact, a quiet village of 68,000 people; you might think it much less of a place than it really is when you see the lamplighter cleaning the chimneys and trimming the wicks of the street-lamps.



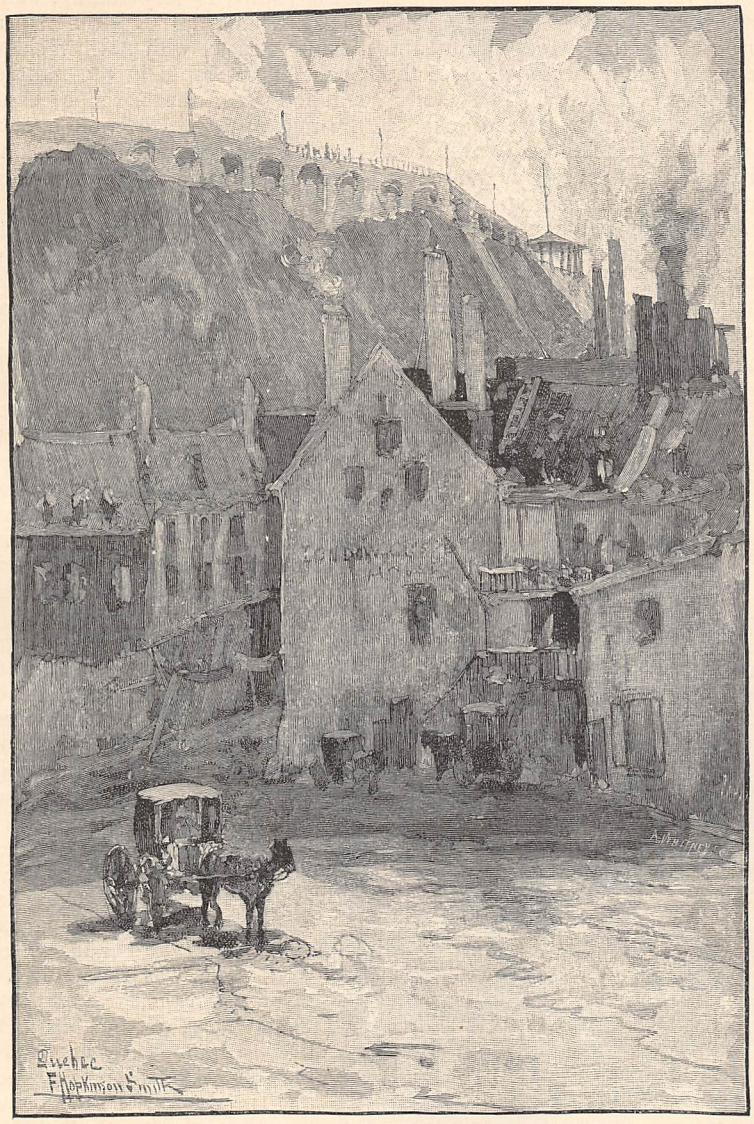
THE CITADEL.

The French Canadian people have had the rare taste or luck to keep their surroundings in harmony with their character. I imagine the city would be dull, or even distasteful, if its drowsy and romantic spirit were replaced by a coarser life. The women of Quebec are attractive by their appearance or good health. Few of them are pretty, but many are good-looking and pleasant. You meet them at almost any hour, returning from mass or confession, dressed always in dark colors, and walking with a slow gait that might be taken for a sign of meditation. Their manners are unobtrusive; their voices are low and pleasantly modulated. The young women, as you brush close by them on the narrow sidewalk, look up frankly, without either boldness or shyness, and pass on with a direct and modest manner. You see on the cathedral steps some ladies of the old French type, with high-bred features and a dark complexion rich with color. Their walk, though dignified, is graceful and free from haughtiness; and their manners suggest characters at once strong, sympathetic, and dignified. But the most beautiful objects in Quebec are certainly the children—rosy, bright, and cherubic.

You leave St. Roch at last with its French life, and climb up the side of the ridge to visit the suburbs on the plains back of the Upper Town. The chief attraction of this region is the extensive views it commands, either southward over the St. Lawrence and its opposite bluffs, or northward across the valley of the St. Charles and the slopes beyond running back to the mountains. You see in the distance Indian Lorette, Beauport, and many other French-Canadian villages; Montmorency Falls, many lakes among the foot-hills, and other attractive resorts, are scattered about, within the limits of the vast horizon. Indeed, few cities in the world may boast of such suburbs as Quebec; for the scenery through which you drive is not only beautiful in details, but large and noble in

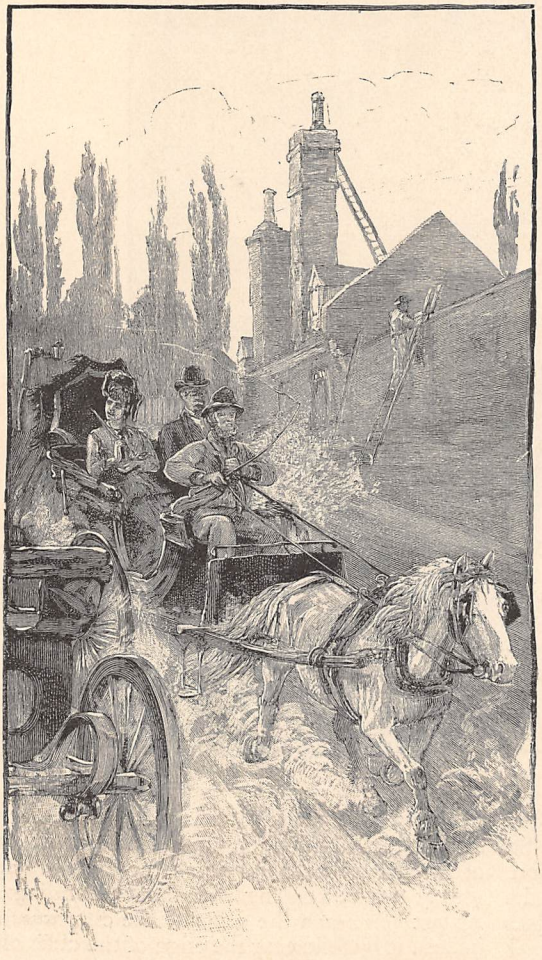
proportions; and the French-Canadian villages and farmers are devoid of the raw, inharmonious, or glaring elements that mar so many country scenes on this continent. But these suburbs on the plains back of the Upper Town are of quite another sort. They are country-houses and extensive places in the English style lying along the edge of the bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence or the St. Charles. In some of them, as Spencerwood, the official residence of the Governor of the Province of Quebec, you see good examples of landscape gardening.

On approaching the town you come to the Plains of Abraham, where a monument marks the place of Wolfe's last battle, his victory and death, in 1759; also to the battle-field of Ste. Foye, where Prince Napoleon Bonaparte erected, in 1854, a monument in honor of the fruitless French victory of De Lévis over Murray in 1760. You pass also the massive Martello towers, built in 1805,—and then are almost startled by coming upon the new Houses of Parliament and a few ornate modern houses, utterly out of keeping with the surroundings. At last you reach the walls of the city, which inclose it by following the edge of the cliffs all around the end of the ridge, and then crossing



LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE INN.

the plains about a mile back of Cape Diamond. The old gates of the city have unfortunately been torn down, but new ones are building, and the walls are to be preserved and made into a boulevard encircling the Upper Town. The first fort at Quebec was built by Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, in 1535; batteries, palisades, walls, and forts were built at various epochs after the founding of Quebec by Champlain, in 1608; and at last the present walls and citadel were begun under the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, in 1823. The citadel, with its cannon, its unique gate of chains, and its massive walls, is filled with a different sentiment from that of the cosey home region of Quebec; here you shrink from the glare, the silence, and the pall-like gloom that hover about the engines of death. We have almost completed our walk about the city, and now stand on the Durham Terrace, on the verge of the cliffs that rise above the Lower Town. You may lean over the railing and look down the face of the crags into little winding streets, scarcely dividing the masses of extremely irregular roofs and chimneys, into back yards, here and there, with verandas along the rocks, or even into the dormer windows of garrets.



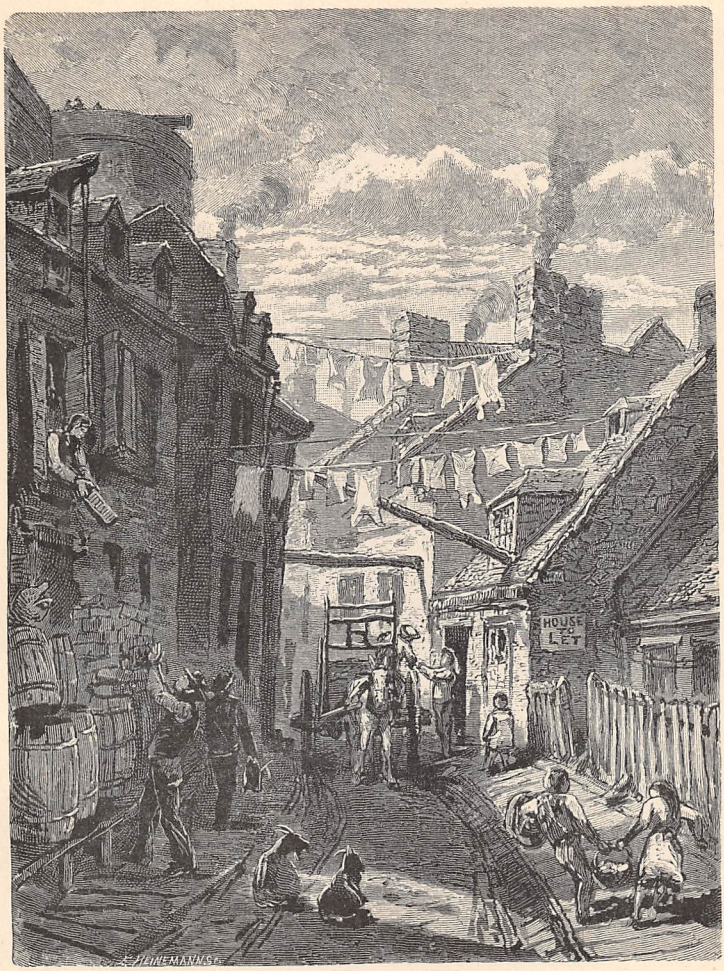
A CALÈCHE.

The surface of the plateau where the upper town stands is very rolling, sloping toward the St. Charles at many different angles. The narrow streets, with narrow sidewalks, wind about these slopes in the most erratic way, still following the paths of the Indians or the first settlers. To walk about Quebec is to turn the pages of a book full of pictures of the past. The view changes at each corner.

The cloisters of Quebec have always been its most important feature. They were indeed the heart of Canada; for the colonization of the country depended far more on the zeal of the priest than on the cupidity of the fur-trader. Quebec, under the French *régime*, was practically the capital of a theocracy. These institutions, among the very oldest on this continent, are still the chief power molding the character of the French-Canadian people; and they still preserve within their massive walls the life of the seventeenth century. With trifling exceptions they administer the educational and the charitable affairs of the city, and they indirectly, but not less efficiently, control the Government.

Tourists visit the convents of the Ursulines and the Hôtel-Dieu, dating from 1639, the Basilica or cathedral, 1647, the Seminary, 1663, the Naval University, the Libraries, and some other edifices, to see their paintings,—among others a Christ by Van Dyck,—their relics of heroes and martyrs, and their museums. Historians, however, will best enjoy these institutions, for their fancy will cover the walls with some of the most striking scenes known to history. The Jesuits' college, recently torn down, was especially venerable, in memories of the extraordinary labors and martyrdoms of the Jesuit missionaries over two hundred years ago. It was the seat of the most important power directing the destinies of the country. Yet it is only at this late day that the Canadians are collecting a national fund to build a chapel on the site of the college in honor of the Jesuit fathers, and to erect, at last, a monument to the memory of Champlain.

I spent a morning at the Ursuline Convent, talking through an iron grate with a nun. Another nun was kneeling behind the next grate and conversing in a low tone



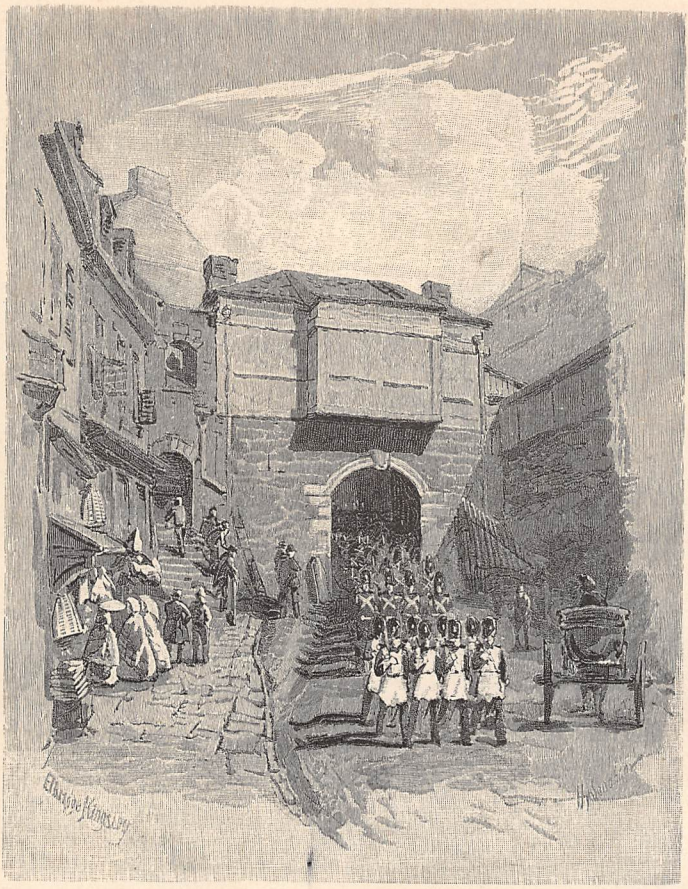
UNDER CAPE DIAMOND.

with a man who wept silently. The white walls and the bare floor seemed bleak and chill to the spirit; and the cell-like space behind the grates was in shadow and silence. The serenity of the cloister was to me like the peace of the grave. The man was a peasant lad, whose dark face was set in hopeless grief. The kneeling nun, barred from human touch, was a motionless figure, draped in austere robes of black and white falling in unbroken folds from her head, and showing only her pale face. Now and then a word floated to my ear, as the bare walls ceased to echo our own talk:

"She was so good," said he again with a despairing sob.

"Yes, but she is an angel now," she answered with a smile, and a voice almost calm. They were brother and sister, talking of their mother's death; he in thought of his desolated home, she in the serenity of the cloister. When I left the austere and silent place and returned to the quiet old streets of stone, I scarcely felt a change of scene, for you continually meet with priests and nuns, who form a pleasant element in the city, for its whole aspect is in harmony with their courteous and simple bearing.

The grandest season at Quebec is midwinter. Then the great northern wilderness advances from the horizon of mountains and blockades the town. But the people light their fires, and make the city a social nest under the snow. The mountains and the plains are a desert of snow, tufted with a forest-fur of bare trees, and the white villages seem to be buried. The St. Lawrence grinds up vast fields of ice, and the sound of its resistless force is the only sign of life in the deserted port, and down its vistas, of polar desolation. The town itself is a polar scene. The walls and glacis of the fortifications are



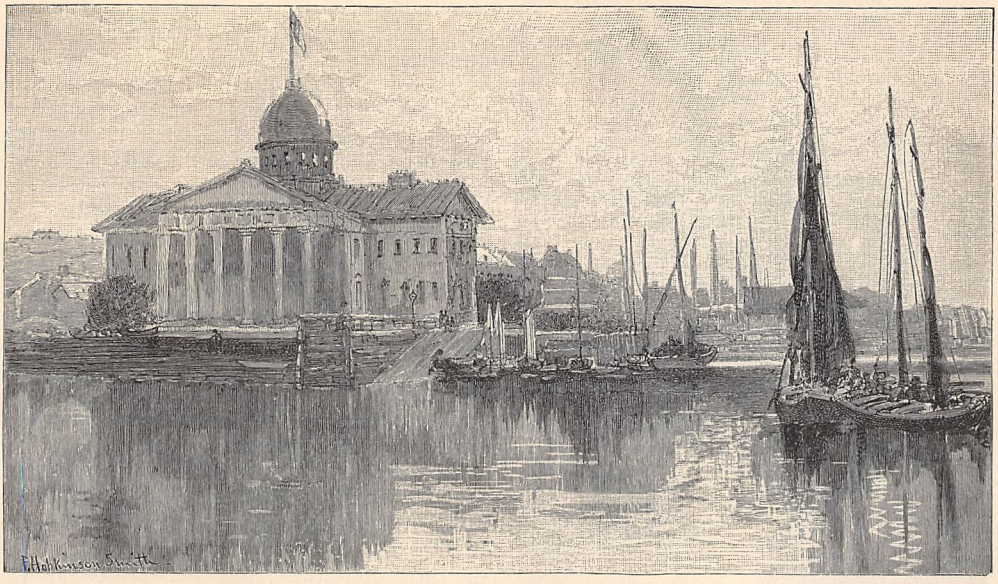
PRESCOTT GATE.

now great slopes of snow; the cliffs are bearded with enormous icicles; and the gables, dormers, and chimneys are almost all that look out of the great snow-drift covering the city. The street-life of Quebec, meanwhile, goes at its merriest ppace. The market-place is thronged with country sleighs, with peasants that seem only masses of furs and wraps, and with city folk saluting their acquaintances and trading.

There are bearded, burly, fur-coated figures walking along the streets. Out on the glacis and the plains young people are snow-shoeing and tobogganing; picnics go to Montmorency Falls to slide on the cone of ice. Everybody seems cheerful and hearty.

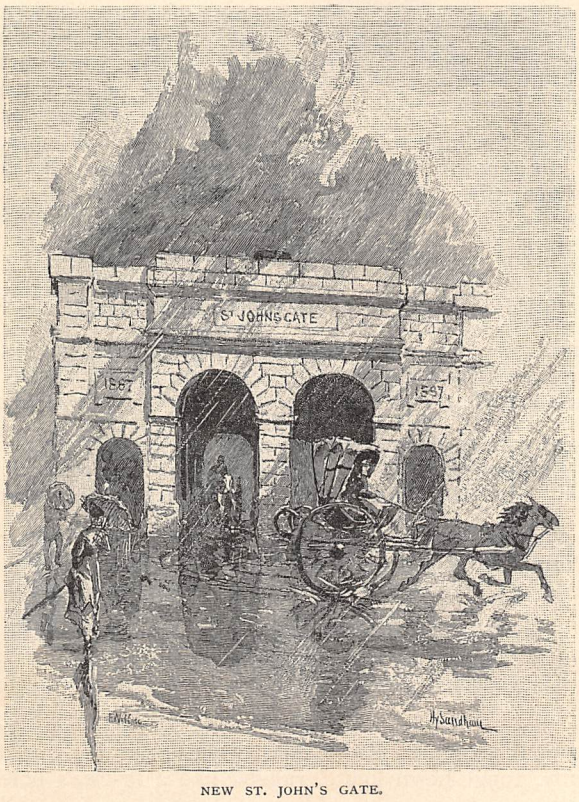
Low sleighs, called "carrioles," are driving about the streets. Each is furnished with fur robes, under which the passengers nestle in comfort. Some of them, as those of the Tandem Club and many other private turnouts, are very elegant, with fine-blooded horses and with masses of rich, dark furs framing rosy faces. There are also the baby sleighs, some with downy lamb's-wool and crowing cherubs; and others a simple soap-box, in which two babies and a molasses-jug are stowed with astonishing compactness. The public hack-horses take the least comfort, I fancy, though they are well blanketed. They are moved about the squares to suit the weather, getting shelter where they can and turning tail to the storms. The cabmen in winter are quite picturesque in their fur caps, and their long coats of coon, wolf, or buffalo skins, with a red sash tied about the waist.

A snowy twilight gives Quebec a still more striking aspect. The distance is hidden in the gray obscurity; gables, dormers, and chimneys loom out in single groups; and the view of picturesque, individual forms changes suddenly at every step. The place is muffled and veiled. People creep into their collars, bow their heads, or even turn their backs to the wind to get breath, as they hurry on to shelter, and life seems in risk from the fury

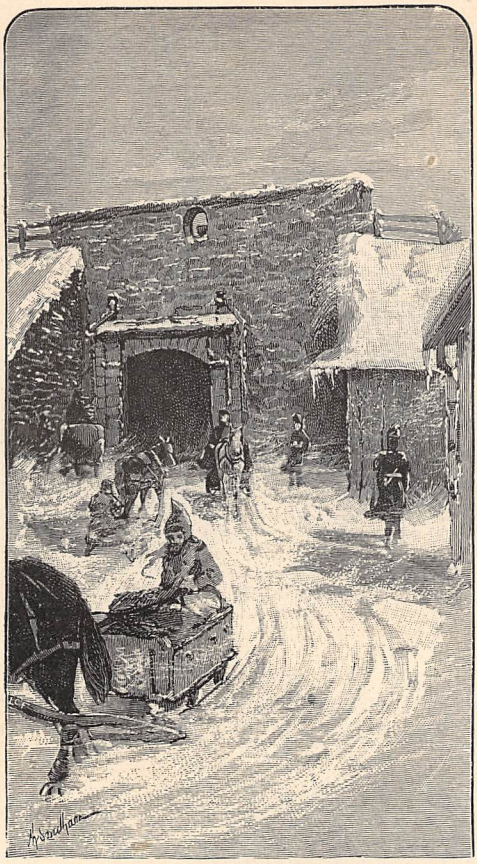


THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

of the elements even here in the sheltered streets. When you come out on the verge of the cliffs the citadel looms still farther above you, erect amid all the unchecked storms of heaven, and every brow shakes a hoary streamer of snow out into the night. As you



NEW ST. JOHN'S GATE.



OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

go on, you pass close to the high walls of a cloister overtipped by snow-drifts, beside cannon pointing above the confusion of roofs at the foot of the crag, and into the impenetrable veil of the storm. The gloom of the great northern wilderness bears down into your very soul, but the dormer windows over the wall of the cloister light up as friendly eyes, the Angelus sounds from the chapel of the nuns, and you feel again that you are near to the beating heart of the old city. Then let the clouds pass and the moonlight come, and the scene becomes enchanted. The street is as silent as a polar sea; its broken, jagged lines of gables, dormers, and chimneys, in alternate light and shadow, rise against a sky of dark blue; wherever the moonbeams touch the roofs, icicles and snow crystals gleam out in response. But, as the white earth reflects the light, the air itself seems luminous, and you see everything below the sky-line as if in a dream.

The bells of a sleigh sound for a moment from the busier thoroughfare into your retired lane; and now and then a muffled figure crosses in the distance; the creaking of steps on the snow dies away, and all relapses into an unbroken silence. On Christmas-eve you would find the same scene of rare and delicate beauty, only that on that sacred night the city heart would be all aglow — though little would escape through doors and windows into the silent streets. Now and then the strains of some ancient Christmas carols would sound faintly through the double sashes, as from some under-world, preluding the midnight music when the chimes break out, and the still air beats with the world's emotion. You look up, and the old city on the crags seems to lie close to the glory of the midnight sky.

Charles H. Farnham.

THE MINSTREL AT CASTLE GARDEN.

HARK, whence come those strange vibrations, whence that haunting monotone,
Like a mournful voice in darkness, crooning softly and alone,
Breathing melancholy whispers that might move a heart of stone?

What lone soul, surcharged with sorrow, voices here its weird lament,—
Here where Europe's eager exiles, still with hope and strength unspent,
Throng beneath the wide-flung portals of this mighty continent?

Hark! methinks that in the music of that gently murmured strain
I detect a Norseland cadence trembling through its sad refrain,—
Something wild and vague, awaking strange responses in my brain.

Ah, behold! there sits the minstrel high above the surging throng,
On a heap of chests and boxes, playing dreamily along,
Luring back his vanished Norseland by the tone's enchantment, strong!

Well I know those guileless features, mirroring the childlike soul,
And those patient eyes and placid, that disguise nor joy nor dole,
And the sturdy, rough-hewn figure, rugged like a fir-tree's bole.

In his violin whose hollow chambers plaintively resound
Is a hushed metallic tremor—shadow voices, felt, not found,
By the louder human bustle to the blunter senses drowned.

How they gently stir within me buried chords that long were mute;
And dim memories, awaking, quiver with a life acute,
Of my youth, with its ideals and the long and vain pursuit!

God, the judge, the stern and loving, dwelt among my childhood's hills,
And his voice was in the thunder and his whisper in the rills;
Visibly his hand extended in my little joys and ills.

And his eye, so large and placid, kept its watch behind the cloud;
Saw that all went right in Norway; cheered the humble, awed the proud;
And amid the forest stillness oft, methought, he spoke aloud.

Avalanches, hail, and lightning sped the message of his wrath;
He destroyed and he relented, spreading like a healing bath
Sun and rain to raise the harvest in the devastation's path.

Rude, perhaps, though not ignoble, was that calm and simple life,
Blooming in idyllic quiet and with hope and promise rife,
Sheltered safe from vexing problems and from thought's harassing strife.

Hush, the minstrel's mood is changing! He has bade the old farewell!
From his sight has Norway faded, with the mountain-guarded dell
And the legend-haunted forests where the elves and nixies dwell.

Through a maze of wildering discords—*presto* and *prestissimo*,—
Runs the bow—a wild *legato* rocking madly to and fro,
As if wrestled in the music, hope and longing, joy and woe.

Joy has triumphed! See how broadens life beyond this moment's bar!
How the future brightens, beckons, wide, refulgent, star on star;
And the prairies' rolling harvest glimmers faintly from afar.

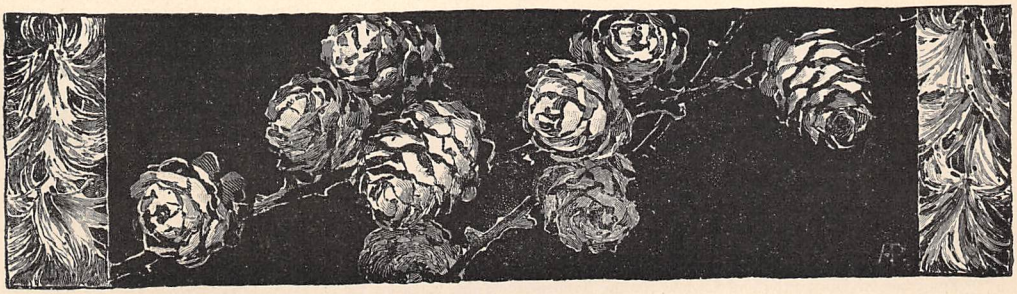
Blindly hast thou come, O minstrel, like a youth of old renowned,
Who his father's asses seeking, by good chance a kingdom found;
Awed, I ween, and wonder-stricken, standing sceptered, robed, and crowned.

Thus shalt thou, who bread art seeking, conquer boons undreamed, unsought;
Thou shalt learn to doubt and suffer; lose thy peace so cheaply bought;
Souls grow strong and blossom only on the battle-field of thought.

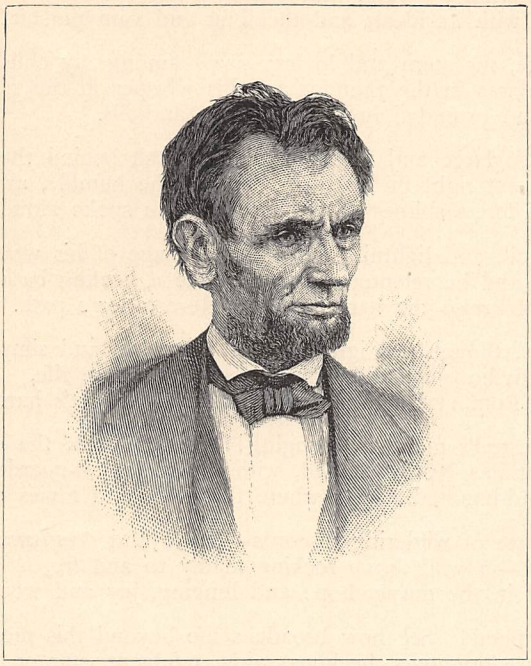
Thine shall be the larger knowledge which the daring age has won;
Thou shalt face the truth, unquailing, though thy faith be all undone.
Bats may blink in dusty corners; eagles gaze upon the sun.

Creeds may vanish, thrones may totter, empires crumble in decay;
But the ancient God of Battles is the God of strife alway;
Who shall bless his foe that wrestles bravely until dawn of day.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.



TWO PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MARCH 6TH, 1865.)

THE portrait of President Lincoln which serves as the frontispiece of this number of the magazine, is a copy of an ambrotype which was taken in Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, two days after Mr. Lincoln's first nomination. The original was made in the presence of Marcus L. Ward, afterward Governor of New Jersey, who has kindly lent it to the magazine, and given its history in the accompanying letter. The smaller portrait, above, is a copy of a photograph which was taken six weeks before the President was assassinated, and under circumstances which are interestingly described by Mr. Alexander Starbuck, of Waltham, Massachusetts. The two pictures enable us to contrast the features of President Lincoln in their earlier strength, as they appeared two days after he was named for the presidency, with their thought-chiseled and careworn aspect a few days before his death:

"NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 19, 1881.

"EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

"SIR: I send you with this the ambrotype portrait of our late President Lincoln, to be used in such way as may be most useful to you. The history of the picture is as follows: On Friday, the 19th of May, 1860, the day succeeding Mr. Lincoln's nomination, I left Chicago for his home in Springfield, for the purpose of congratulating him and forming his personal acquaintance. I was kindly received, and invited to share his hospitalities. Though this kindness was declined, I was enabled to see much of him during the few days of my sojourn at Springfield. On the next day after my arrival,—the 20th,—I suggested to Mr. Lincoln that I would like to be the possessor of a good likeness of himself. He replied that he had not a satisfactory picture, 'but then,' he added, 'we will walk out together and I will sit for one.' The picture I send you was the result of that sitting. No one, I imagine, will fail to recognize in the expression of the face those noble qualities of the man—honesty, gentleness, and kindness of heart—which so endeared him to all who knew him.

"Very truly your friend,

"MARCUS L. WARD."

* For other original portraits of Lincoln see the frontispiece to this magazine for February, 1878, which was copied from what was supposed to be the last photograph taken from life; also the life-mask in the issue for December, 1881.

Mr. Starbuck's letter from Waltham, Mass., inclosed a copy of the other portrait, taken from the original negative, and gave its history as follows:

"About the last of February, 1865, Mr. H. F. Warren, a photographer of Waltham, Mass., left home, intending, if practicable, to visit the army in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Arriving in Washington on the morning of the 4th of March, and finding it necessary to procure passes to carry out the end he had in view, he concluded to remain there until the inauguration ceremonies were over, and, having carried with him all the apparatus necessary for taking negatives, he decided to try to secure a sitting from the President. At that time rumors of plots and dangers had caused the friends of President Lincoln to urge upon him the necessity of a guard, and, as he had finally permitted the presence of such a body, an audience with him was somewhat difficult. On the afternoon of the 6th of March, Mr. Warren sought a presentation to Mr. Lincoln, but found, after consulting with the guard, that an interview could be had on that day in only a somewhat irregular manner. After some conversation with the officer in charge, who became convinced of his loyalty, Mr. Warren was admitted within the lines, and, at the same time, was given to understand that the surest way to obtain an audience with the President was through the intercession of his little son 'Tad.' The latter was a great pet with the soldiers, and was constantly at their barracks, and soon made his appearance, mounted upon his pony. He and the pony were soon placed in position and photographed, after which Mr. Warren asked 'Tad' to tell his father that a man had come all the way from Boston, and was particularly anxious to see him and obtain a sitting from him. 'Tad' went to see his father, and word was soon returned that Mr. Lincoln would comply. In the meantime Mr. Warren had improvised a kind of studio upon the south balcony of the White House. Mr. Lincoln soon came out, and, saying but a very few words, took his seat as indicated. After a single negative was taken, he inquired: 'Is that all, sir?' Unwilling to detain him longer than was absolutely necessary, Mr. Warren replied: 'Yes, sir,' and the President immediately withdrew. At the time he appeared upon the balcony the wind was blowing freshly, as his disarranged hair indicates, and, as sunset was rapidly approaching, it was difficult to obtain a sharp picture. Six weeks later President Lincoln was dead, and it is doubtless true that this is the last photograph ever made of him."

HOW LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED.

As the nomination of Lincoln to the Presidency was the central event of his life, —an event pregnant with the most important consequences to the nation, every incident bearing upon this nomination must always have exceptional interest and value. His biographers devote but little space to the history of the Republican National Convention which nominated him, and few details have been made public of the secret springs and inner workings of that convention. Henry J. Raymond, who, from his position as a leading journalist and politician of that period, must be supposed to have known much of the inside history of the nomination, in his "Life of Lincoln" gives less than two pages to the account of that part of the convention which preceded the final ballot. He says:

"Mr. Bates and Mr. Cameron were spoken of and pressed somewhat as candidates, but * * * from the first it was evident that the contest lay between Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln."

Before the convention assembled, it was generally believed that Governor Seward would be nominated almost by acclamation. He was the foremost leader and statesman of the Republican party, and there was just cause for the enthusiasm with which he was regarded. His "Irrepressible Conflict" and "Higher Law" speeches had placed him head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Contrasted with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Buchanan, Cass, and others of their day, he stood on a moral height overtopping them all. Lincoln, on the other hand, had come into notice only through his debate with Douglas, in Illinois, in 1858, in the contest for the senatorship, and his Cooper Institute speech in New York, delivered less than three months before the convention met at Chicago; his one term in Congress, terminating in 1849, had attracted no special attention. So sanguine were the New York delegation and his friends everywhere that Seward would be nominated

on the first ballot, that preparations were made for a suitable celebration of the event at his home in Auburn, N. Y., and at other places, as soon as the announcement should be made. His supporters—and no candidate ever had warmer adherents—returned from Chicago saddened and disheartened, if not disgusted, at the result of the convention. His life-long friend, Thurlow Weed, was said to have shed tears upon his defeat. James W. Nye, afterward Senator from Nevada, said, in his inimitable way, with carpet-bag in hand, that he intended to travel nights and lie by days until he reached home, as he felt too mortified and ashamed to be recognized. Probably the supporters of no candidate were ever more disappointed at the result of a convention than were the friends of Governor Seward.

Indeed, they had the best of reasons to be confident. The convention met on Wednesday, May 16th, 1860, and as late as Thursday night, Horace Greeley (who was avowedly hostile to Seward, and was generally credited with securing his defeat) was convinced that all efforts to defeat him were futile, and telegraphed to the "Tribune":

"My conviction from all I can gather is, that the opposition to Governor Seward cannot concentrate on any other candidate, and that he will be nominated."

Raymond says:

"On Thursday, the 17th, the Committee on Resolutions reported the platform, which was enthusiastically adopted. A motion was made to proceed to the nomination at once, and, if that had been done, the result of the convention might have proved very different, as at that time it was thought that Mr. Seward's chances were the best. But an adjournment was taken till the morning, and during the night the combinations were made which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln."

The facts concerning the most important of the "combinations" referred to by Mr. Raymond are here first made public.

That Greeley, David Dudley Field, Hiram Barney, George Opdyke, and others from New York, went to Chicago with the purpose of defeating Seward, is well known. While Greeley expressed his preference for Judge Bates, whose cause he had advocated in the "Tribune," Mr. Field was an untiring worker for Lincoln. The influence of these two gentlemen upon the members of the convention was very great; but all efforts to defeat Mr. Seward probably would have failed, except for the work done in harmonizing the conflicting and antagonistic elements existing in the Pennsylvania delegation. This result was chiefly due to Andrew G. Curtin, A. K. McClure, William B. Mann, and S. Newton Pettis, of that delegation. The opposition of these gentlemen to Seward was not embittered by personal animosity or political vindictiveness, but was based upon the sincere conviction that he could not obtain the electoral vote of Pennsylvania, and that without this vote he could not be elected in the event of his nomination.

The importance of the action of the Pennsylvania delegation at Chicago in its bearing on the nomination of Lincoln can scarcely be overestimated. It was said at Chicago, by Curtin, McClure, Mann, and Pettis, that if the convention nominated Seward, nearly the entire press of Philadelphia, that desired to successfully oppose the Democracy, would at once run up the "Bell and Everett" ticket. None knew better the strength of the "American" element and the weakness of the "Republican" organization in that city, at that time, than these gentlemen, and their opinion was shared by the best politicians in the State.

Mr. Curtin was at this time the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. His statement, freely and frankly made, that, if Mr. Seward was nominated for President, the presidential election being in November, he (Curtin) would certainly be defeated for Governor at the State election in October, influenced the more sagacious and unselfish of the delegates from various Northern States, and especially from the doubtful States of Indiana and New Jersey. These two States, with Pennsylvania, were considered the pivotal States, and, by common consent, constituted the battle-ground.

At an informal meeting of the delegates from Pennsylvania on Monday, an effort was made by the friends of Simon Cameron to secure a united and solid vote of that delegation for him for President, but it failed, as did similar movements on Tuesday and Wednesday. More than two-thirds, or about that number of the delegates, favored his nomination; the other third inclined to Seward, Wade, and others. The delegates had been named by the State Convention the February before, and by a majority vote were instructed to vote as a unit for Mr. Cameron for President, when the National Convention assembled, while nearly a third of the delegates were from regions that preferred some other candidate, and refused to be bound by the unit rule of the State Convention.

Such being the situation, Mr. E. R. Tinker, of North Adams, Massachusetts, an active worker at the convention, though not a delegate, proposed that the delegations from the three doubtful States, Pennsylvania, In-

diana, and New Jersey, express their first, second, and third choices for a presidential candidate for whom their States could be carried, and report the same to a conference composed of a committee of three from each of those three States, whose duty it should be to learn the preferences of such three delegations, and report the same back to their several delegations. This suggestion found great favor. It was affirmed that, while the Massachusetts delegation was warmly attached to Seward, it desired the nomination to fall upon the man that could certainly be elected, and that it believed the electoral vote of Pennsylvania necessary to success in November; but that, in the opinion of the Massachusetts delegation, while there was no doubt that Pennsylvania could be carried for Cameron, it did not seem probable that Cameron could carry other States quite as necessary to success, and for that reason, if a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation should insist upon voting for Cameron all the time, the Massachusetts delegation would adhere to Seward; but, if Pennsylvania would agree upon the names of two other candidates, as second and third choice, Massachusetts, in order to insure success in November, would coöperate with Pennsylvania in endeavoring to secure the nomination of the candidate most likely to secure the majority of the convention.

It was late in the afternoon of Wednesday that the Pennsylvania delegation, in informal session, resolved that its chairman, Governor Reeder, appoint a committee of three, to meet a like number from the delegations from Indiana and New Jersey. Governor Reeder at once appointed Judge Wilmot of Bradford, Mr. Peterkin of Clinton, and Henry D. Moore of Philadelphia, all three being attached friends of Mr. Cameron.

Mr. Pettis, one of the younger men of the delegation, feeling that such a move was unfair and impolitic, at once went to Mr. Moore and asked him to decline serving, in order that some one of the minority might be put upon the committee, to which Mr. Moore readily consented. The chairman then submitted the question to the delegation whether or not Mr. Moore should be excused. Before a vote was taken, Mr. Pettis made a forcible appeal to the magnanimity of the majority, contending that it was illiberal and unfair to deny the minority representation on the committee. Several of Mr. Cameron's friends being convinced by this appeal, voted with Mr. Pettis, and Mr. Moore was "excused" by a majority of three.

Mr. Lowry, of Erie, then moved that Thaddeus Stevens be selected in place of Mr. Moore, to serve on the committee. Knowing that Thaddeus Stevens was of all others the most pronounced friend of Mr. Cameron, Mr. Pettis moved to amend the motion by substituting the name of William B. Mann, of Philadelphia, again urging the injustice of denying those of the delegation opposed to Cameron representation upon the committee. Enough Cameron men again voted with Pettis to elect Mann, by a majority of five. Mr. Lowry, in a moment of excitement, charged Pettis with treachery to Cameron, and declared that he would be held responsible for the consequences of this action. The next thing in order was to declare the first, second, and third choices of Pennsylvania, to be communicated to the conference of nine.

To the surprise of every one in the room, Colonel Mann arose and moved to dispense with a vote as to the first choice, for all knew that a large majority of the Pennsylvania delegation were for Cameron as first choice, which being acquiesced in, Mann moved to proceed to ascertain the sense of the delegation as to its second choice, which was done. Philadelphia led off for Judge McLean, and others representing localities adjacent to that city followed its example; while the western portion of the State, which was to contribute the large Republican majorities, scattered on Seward and Wade, with a small sprinkling for Lincoln. Philadelphia's choice was declared to be the second choice. When expression was asked as to the third choice, the East again led off—this time for Judge Bates, of Missouri. The delegates from the western portion of the State, whether for Seward, Wade, or Lincoln, discovered that the only way to prevent Bates being named, was to throw to Lincoln the vote of all the Western delegates that had before been given to Wade, which was promptly done, and in this way Lincoln was made the third choice, by a majority of only three over Bates. The delegates then adjourned for supper, but met again the same evening to receive the report of the Committee of Three, consisting of Messrs. Wilmot, Peterkin, and Mann.

At the Briggs House, the head-quarters of Mr. Cameron's friends, there was much feeling over Pettis's action in putting Mann upon the Committee of Conference. Mann was known to be violently hostile to Cameron, and it was feared this would lead him to assail Cameron in the conference. Curtin expressed displeasure because the delegation had voted for Lincoln as its third choice, instead of Bates, who was preferred by Philadelphia. At nine o'clock P. M. the delegation met and heard the report of the Committee of Three. It then transpired that nothing had occurred

at the conference by which it could be inferred that Mann was any less a friend of Cameron's than the other two of the committee. After the report had been made and accepted, it become known that it was satisfactory to the delegates of Massachusetts and other New England States, who would leave Seward for Lincoln, but not for Cameron, Bates, or McLean.

Thursday noon, after the adoption of the platform, as the convention was about to adjourn for dinner, it was announced that an invitation would be extended to the members of the convention by the authorities of the city, or the citizens, for an excursion that afternoon upon Lake Michigan; but, as the proposition had not assumed any definite shape, no action was taken upon it, and the convention adjourned until two o'clock P. M. The leading opponents of Seward believed that if a vote were taken that afternoon (Thursday) Seward would certainly be nominated, but that if the convention could be induced to accept the invitation to go *boat-riding*, adjourning over until morning, during the night a compromise upon some plan that would produce harmony among Seward's opponents might be effected. Curtin and his friends from Pennsylvania, and all others who shared his views, from other States, thereupon went among the delegates, and impressed upon them the fact that it would be an impoliteness bordering upon rudeness for the convention to decline the excursion invitation.

Upon the reassembling of the convention in the afternoon, the Seward men were eager to proceed to balloting at once, this being the next business in the regular order. But before a vote could be taken to proceed, Mr. Ashmun, the chairman, announced that the printed lists of ballots had not been delivered; whereupon, by a bare majority, the steamboat ride was ordered, the convention standing adjourned until Friday morning. This action, under ordinary circumstances so unimportant, sealed Seward's fate and secured the Republican triumph of 1860.

After supper, Thursday evening, the Pennsylvania delegation met in their hall, for the purpose of agreeing, if possible, upon some plan to secure *united* action, so essential in order to give Pennsylvania power in the convention in the selection of a candidate. About ten o'clock that night the formal motion was renewed, that, upon the meeting of the convention, a united vote be cast for Mr. Cameron, whereupon a bitter and excited discussion took place, Mr. Mann leading off against the motion, Messrs. Lowry, Peterkin, and Wilmot replying. The discussion lasted till near midnight—when Mr. Pettis rose to a motion for adjournment, which, he stated, he would make, after reading a resolution he had hastily penciled on the back of an envelope, which he would offer at an informal meeting of the delegation the next morning. Mr. Pettis's resolution was in these words:

> "Resolved, that in the proceedings of the Republican Convention to-morrow, the vote of this delegation be cast as a *unit* for General Simon Cameron until a majority of the delegation direct otherwise, then, its vote to be continued *as a unit*, for the candidate so designated by such majority."

Having read the resolution, Mr. Pettis said he did not propose to ask its consideration then, as all were too much excited to deliberate, much less to act dispassionately; whereupon his motion to adjourn until nine o'clock the next morning was carried without a dissenting voice. Immediately after the adjournment, the chairman, Governor Reeder, and Mr. Pettis went together to the room known as the Cameron head-quarters, at the Briggs House, where Pettis inquired of those known and acknowledged as Cameron's faithful adherents, whether, if the consent were obtained of the anti-Cameron members of the delegation to support his resolution, whereby Cameron would receive the solid vote of Pennsylvania in the convention Friday morning, they would be satisfied, and shield him from censure by the friends of Cameron, if he at any time, after a united vote have been given him, judged it necessary to leave him, and with a sufficient number of other Cameron delegates to constitute a majority of the delegation to change to some one who could in all probability carry Pennsylvania in November, and adhere in good faith to the *unit* rule embraced in his resolution? All said yes,—Mr. Cummings, of Philadelphia, remarking that Pettis would never succeed in getting the minority to consent to a *unanimous* vote for Cameron, in open convention; Pettis replied that he would try, and he believed he could do it. The remainder of the night he passed with the members of the delegation known to be opposed to Cameron's nomination.

It was nearly daylight, Friday morning, when the last man's consent was obtained to support the Pettis resolution. Curtin, Mann, and Pettis then adjourned to a private parlor, and Pettis made known the result of his labors with the anti-Cameron men. He then requested Mann to forego his hostility to Cameron long enough to go into an informal meeting at nine o'clock that morning, and vote for his resolution empowering Governor Reeder to cast the solid vote of Pennsylvania.

for Cameron, at the same time assuring him as to what would ultimately be done by the delegation. Mann at first consented, when, fired by a remark of Senator Finney, who had joined the party, and was also hostile to Cameron, Mann denounced Cameron in the strongest manner, withdrawing the pledge he had just given Pettis to vote for him. Curtin joined his entreaties to those of Pettis, but Mann was unalterable in his purpose.

Shortly after five o'clock in the morning of that eventful Friday, Pettis went to Curtin's room at the Briggs House. He found Curtin in bed in one corner, McClure in another, and Mann in a bed which had been made on the floor. Pettis made an appeal to Mann to reconsider the position he had taken against Cameron. He stated that, in his judgment, Pennsylvania had it in her power that day to dictate the nomination of a candidate for President; that she could use such power or throw it away; that the responsibility of nominating a candidate that could be elected in November rested upon the Pennsylvania delegation then in Chicago,—in his opinion it rested upon one member of that delegation, and his name was William B. Mann. Pettis then made a personal request of Mann to stay out of the delegation caucus at nine o'clock that morning, unless he could vote in harmony with the other members of the delegation, whereupon he retired to his own room for an hour's rest.

At nine o'clock, Friday morning, the delegation met in caucus at their hall. The Pettis resolution being again read and formally offered, it was supported first by Judge Lewis, of Chester. Mr. McClure, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, although not a delegate, by invitation made an effective speech favoring the adoption of the resolution. Mr. Curtin was then called upon, and replied in a speech that thrilled the delegation. Upon the conclusion of Curtin's speech a vote was called for, and the resolution passed unanimously. This was the critical moment of the convention. The Pennsylvania delegation was believed to be hopelessly divided in their choice and counsels. Up to this moment no person in or out of Chicago had any authority to say that the vote of this delegation would be cast as a unit for anybody. This fact disproves the assertion made in Lamon's "Life of Lincoln," and often repeated, that Thursday night a "bargain" was made, by which, in consideration of the Pennsylvania votes being cast for Lincoln, Cameron was to have a seat in the Cabinet. Up to nine o'clock Friday morning it was not certain that the delegation would unite even upon Cameron. It is not probable, then, that the solid vote could have been "bargained" to any other candidate. Mr. Lincoln himself said, a week before his inauguration, that he had not decided even then to offer Cameron a cabinet position. He added in his impressive way, that if, "after he reached Washington, the charges made against General Cameron were not disproved, he certainly should not offer him a seat in the Cabinet."

The Pettis resolution having passed unanimously, the caucus adjourned, and the delegates started with cheery steps for the wigwam, where the convention was assembling. The balloting soon commenced. When Pennsylvania was called, the vote was given through the chairman, Governor Reeder, for Simon Cameron.*

The insignificant vote cast for Cameron from other States than Pennsylvania, on the first ballot, and the very large vote cast for Seward, made evident the fact that, if Seward was to be defeated, it must be by Lincoln, and by concentrating upon him at the next ballot. The Pennsylvania delegation was seated at one end of the platform occupied by members of the convention, and convenient to a door leading to a large, unoccupied room, through which had they passed on entering the convention. The delegation, through Governor Reeder, asked leave from the convention to retire for consultation. They proceeded to this room, while preparations were being made by the convention for a second ballot. The moment the door was closed upon the delegation, Mr. Pettis—disregarding the action of the caucus which had named Judge McLean as second choice—moved that the second vote of the delegation be continued as a *unit* and cast for Abraham Lincoln, which passed almost unanimously. Wilmot, Pettis and Lowry then went to William Cameron, a brother of General Cameron, and a member of the delegation, and suggested to him the withdrawal of the General's name as a candidate. This was done. The delegation then returned to the convention, finding that the second ballot was being taken. The first ballot had shown 173½ votes for Seward to 102 for Lincoln, the rest being scattered. Massachusetts had been called on the second ballot, but had not responded. The delegates were evidently waiting to see if Pennsylvania was bound to adhere to Cameron, in which case

* The N. Y. "Tribune" report of the first ballot gave Seward 1½ votes, and Lincoln 4 votes from Pennsylvania. There is unquestionable authority for stating that this was incorrect. The first vote of Pennsylvania was given through the chairman, Governor Reeder, *solid* for General Cameron.

they would have voted for Seward. New Jersey had been called, but had not voted. When the Pennsylvania delegation returned, the President of the Convention, George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, inquired if Pennsylvania was ready to vote. Governor Reeder replied in a strong, clear voice, "*Pennsylvania casts her fifty-two votes for* ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *of Illinois.*" Many delegates involuntarily rose to their feet, and cheer followed cheer. The multitude in the pit threw up their hats and canes, and hurrahed wildly. The thousands of ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs, while the immense crowd outside the wigwam screamed and shouted. For several minutes rejoicing seemed to run riot, the New York delegation, meanwhile, remaining silent in their seats.

Order being restored, New Jersey was called, and changed her vote from Dayton to Lincoln. Vermont followed suit, changing from Collamer to Lincoln, and Massachusetts divided between Seward and Lincoln. The result of the second ballot gave 184½ votes for Seward, and 181 for Lincoln, a gain to Seward of 11 votes over the first ballot, while Lincoln had gained 79. The announcements by the Chairman of the votes given to Seward and Lincoln were received with deafening applause by the partisans of each candidate.

Then came the third ballot. All felt that this was to be decisive. Hundreds of pencils kept the record as the vote proceeded. Before the result was announced, Governor Andrew rose and gave the solid vote of Massachusetts to Lincoln. Then it was known that Lincoln had received 231½ votes, 233 being the number required to nominate. James A. Briggs, of New York, whispered to the Hon. David K. Cartter and Joshua R. Giddings, of the Ohio delegation, who were sitting together: "Rise and call for four of your delegates to change their votes, and give Ohio the honor of completing the nomination." Mr. Cartter, the chairman of that delegation, immediately arose, and, glancing over his associates, who, with the exception of Judge Cartter, had voted steadily for Governor Chase, inquired if there were not four others in the Ohio delegation who would change from Chase to Lincoln. Four delegates instantly rose to their feet, giving their names, and the Convention at once burst into a state of uncontrollable excitement. The scene surpassed description. Men had been stationed upon the roof of the wigwam to communicate the result of the different ballots to the thousands outside, far outnumbering the packed crowd inside. To these men one of the secretaries shouted: "Fire the salute! Abe Lincoln is nominated!" "Then," says Dr. Holland, in his "Life of Lincoln," "as the cheering inside died away, the roar began on the outside and swelled up from the excited masses like the noise of many waters. This the insiders heard, and to it they replied. Thus deep called to deep with such a frenzy of sympathetic enthusiasm that even the thundering salute of cannon was unheard by many on the platform." When the excitement had partly subsided, Mr. Evarts arose, and, in appropriate words, expressed his grief that Seward had not been nominated. He then moved that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be made unanimous. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin, seconded the motion, and it was carried. Then the enthusiasm of the multitude burst out anew. A large banner, prepared by the Pennsylvania delegation, was conspicuously displayed, bearing the inscription "Pennsylvania good for twenty thousand majority for the people's candidate, Abe Lincoln." Delegates tore up the sticks and boards bearing the names of their several States, and waved them aloft over their heads. A brawny man jumped upon the platform, and, pulling his coat-sleeves up to his elbows, shouted: "I can't stop! Three times three more cheers for our next President, Abe Lincoln!" A full-length portrait of the candidate was produced upon the platform. Mr. Greeley telegraphed to the "Tribune": "There was never another such scene in America."

Chicago went wild. One hundred guns were fired from the top of the Tremont House. Friday night the city was in a blaze of glory. Bonfires, processions, torch-lights, fire-works, illuminations, and salutes, "filled the air with noise and the eye with beauty." "Honest Old Abe" was the utterance of every man in the streets. The Illinois delegation, before it separated, "resolved" that the millennium had come.

Mr. Seward was nominated in the convention by Mr. Evarts, of New York. Mr. Lincoln was nominated by Mr. Judd, of Illinois. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was seconded by Mr. Delano, of Ohio, who said: "I desire to second the nomination of a man who can split rails and maul democrats—Abraham Lincoln." This probably originated the term "rail-splitter," which immediately became popular. Decorated and illuminated rails surrounded the newspaper offices, and became a leading feature of the campaign. "Rail-splitter Battalions" were formed in the different cities and minor villages of the North. At the great ratification meeting at Cooper Institute, June 8th,

after speeches by Messrs. Evarts, Blatchford, G. W. Curtis, General Nye, and Judge Tracey of California, the last-named said: "We wage no war upon the South, we harbor no malice against the South. We merely mean to *fence them in*" (pointing significantly to a rail exhibited on the platform); "this is all we propose to do to stop the extension of slavery, and Abe Lincoln has split the rails to build the fence."

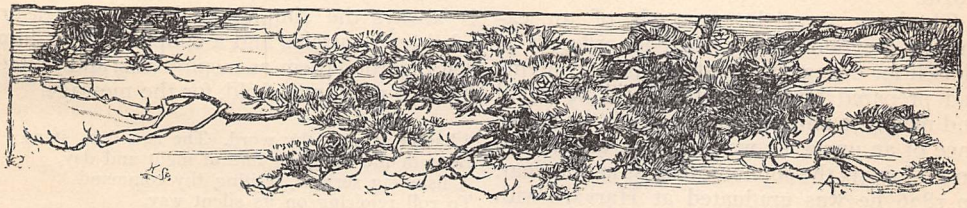
What speaker at this time would have been so bold as to foretell that that man was raised up to free his country from slavery—that his hand would write the Proclamation of Emancipation?

Saturday, after the convention adjourned, the committee appointed by the convention to notify Lincoln formally of his nomination, with the Hon. George Ashmun, the Chairman of the Convention, at the head, went to Springfield, accompanied by several hundred men, carrying "rails," which, after marching in procession through the streets of Springfield, they stacked like muskets in the Hall of Representatives of the State House. The cannon's roar responded to the flash of the telegraph throughout the country. Bonfires blazed everywhere. The enthusiasm of Lincoln's immediate friends and supporters was contagious, and spread throughout the North, as the record of the candidate became known.

The result of the convention, though unexpected to the country, was a natural one. As soon as the friends of the different candidates were ready to sacrifice their individual preferences to the demand for success, the contest was at an end.

Sunday night many of the delegates left Chicago for their homes. The sleeping-coaches were crowded. Col. Curtin and several of his friends occupied one of the sections. Just before dropping off to sleep, Curtin murmured: "Pettis, don't forget Reeder's announcement—the sweetest sound that ever greeted my ears—'Pennsylvania casts fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!'"

Frank B. Carpenter.



AN INSPIRED LIFE.

"DEEP," "true," and "simple," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, "your audience should be very large." "So deeply and poetically thoughtful, so true in language, so complete as a whole, these sonnets stand apart here in these qualites," the elder Dana, the poet, wrote to William Cullen Bryant, who, cordially agreeing with his friend's praise, spoke of the sonnets as possessing "extraordinary grace and originality." Such was the judgment of our elder poets on the poetical work of Jones Very, which appeared in the year 1839—a modest little collection of three essays in prose and some fifty sonnets, published in Boston at the suggestion of Emerson.

That edition has long been exhausted; but the little volume is still treasured in many private libraries, and some of the sonnets have since been widely copied into various publications. Hawthorne placed them long ago in his "virtuoso's collection," with the appreciative remark: "a poet whose voice is scarcely heard among us as yet, by reason of its depth."

On the 28th of August, 1813, Jones Very, the poet, was born at Salem on Massachusetts Bay, then the principal entry port of the country for East Indian merchandise. He was the son of Captain Jones Very, and of Mrs. Lydia Very, a cousin of his father. Both had by their own exertions acquired a considerable general culture, and both were fond of writing verses, an accomplishment possessed in a marked degree by two other

of their children besides our poet. The contributions of his brother, the Rev. Washington Very, and his sister Miss L. L. A. Very, may be found in various collections of household and sacred poetry.

Jones Very was a shy, modest lad, of a gentle, confiding nature, which endeared him to his teachers and intimate friends; though a certain reserve of manner and marked maturity of thought, very early developed, tended to limit somewhat the circle of his school-boy intimates. Until he was nine years old he was sent to a private day school for children; then he was taken to sea by his father, with whom he made several voyages. His father died in 1824, and young Jones was sent to a public grammar school in his native town, where he at once attracted attention by his exceptionally good scholarship and sedate demeanor. His great desire was to go to college and pursue a strictly literary life; "to go," as he expressed it, "to the depths of literature." This he had to postpone for the more immediate duty of assisting his mother in providing for her family of three younger children, his two sisters and the brother before alluded to. He, therefore, went into an auctioneer's room in Salem.

Obtaining from the proceeds of an exchange the books he needed in order to fit himself for college, he mastered their contents and prepared himself to teach till he could find means to enter Harvard. With the assistance of an uncle, he was, in 1834, enabled to do so, joining the sophomore class in that year. In 1836 he was graduated at Harvard with second honors, and was appointed a tutor in Greek, studying meantime at the theological school connected with the university, from which latter, however, owing to ill health, he was never formally graduated; in 1843 he was duly licensed as a preacher by the Cambridge Association.

In 1838 he returned to Salem in search of much-needed rest, and after his health was restored, he again assisted his former teacher, Mr. Oliver, in conducting his classical school. Very had an ardent love for the Greek language and its literature. His pupils say he "fairly breathed the spirit of Greek literature," and that the charm with which he surrounded the study vanished from Harvard with him. He sought, besides, to influence personally the young men under his charge. Many of his best sonnets appeared at this time (1837–8) often on the backs of the young men's .Greek exercises, as another means of influencing them for good.

Very first printed his poems in the columns of the newspapers then published in his native town, where they may still be found side by side with the tales of his more widely known friend and admirer, Hawthorne. Later productions were contributed to the undergraduates' publication, "Harvardiana," and to "The Dial," the periodical edited by Margaret Fuller. In 1839, as has been said, Emerson induced Very to publish a selection of his work; and many letters, which at this time passed between them, and between Emerson and Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, show the warm interest which he took in Very, both as a man and as a writer. He writes to Miss Peabody, in 1838, of the "true and high satisfaction" he has had from Very's conversation and lecture, and "heartily congratulates" himself "on being, as it were, anew in such company."

The "lecture" here alluded to is the first of three prose essays included in the little volume before spoken of. It is on the subject of epic poetry, and is followed by two others on "Shakspere" and on "Hamlet." They have much of the melodious movement that marks the lyric quality of his verse.

The poetry in this volume consists of some fifty sonnets, and with them a few lyrical pieces of rather more varying merit. Never was poetry more unpremeditated. The form is always the simpler Shaksperian measure of three quatrains and a couplet. Very himself regarded them as inspirations, and waited, like the prophets of old, for the message.

"Father, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call;
The bird reposes on the yielding bough
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now
To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep
While round the Unuttered Word and Love their vigils keep."

He was impressed with the belief that all sin consists in self-will, all holiness in unconditional surrender to the will of God; and therefore felt entirely confident that if any one would make it his object not to do his own will in anything, but constantly to obey the will of God, he would be led by Him and taught of Him in all things. Indeed, he strove with all his energies to surrender his own desires to the inward Light, and felt as a consequence, when he was moved to speak, that he *knew* absolutely the truth of what he delivered, though he was never other than humble and modest.

THE PRESENCE.

"I sit within my room, and joy to find
That Thou who always lov'st, art with me here,
That I am never left by Thee behind,
But by Thyself Thou keep'st me ever near;
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
And seems a kinder servant sent to me;
With gladder heart I read Thy Holy Book,
Because Thou art the eyes by which I see;
This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
Around in ready service ever wait;
Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more
To fill the measure of my large estate,
For Thou Thyself, with all a father's care,
Where'er I turn, art ever with me there."

Very constantly spoke of God in this way as he met his friends in the street; never with a trace of cant or puritanical whining, but as naturally and simply as if the subject were "the weather," or any other topic of common interest. He felt all this to be so intensely real and vital, he was often inexpressibly grieved as he looked round among his fellows to find how much alone he stood; and at last he breaks out:

ENOCH.

"I looked to find a man who walked with God,
Like the translated patriarch of old;—
Though gladdened millions on His footstool trod,
Yet none with Him did such sweet converse hold;
I heard the wind in low complaint go by,
That none its melodies like Him could hear;
Day unto day, spoke Wisdom from on high,
Yet none like David turned a willing ear;
God walked alone, unhonored through the earth;
For Him no heart-built temple open stood,
The soul, forgetful of her nobler birth,
Had hewn Him lofty shrines of stone and wood,
And left unfinished and in ruins still
The only temple He delights to fill."

It seemed to him that the world was becoming pagan. Men seemed to him to have lost their sight, and to be dying in the darkness of a prison. At the time these sonnets were produced (1838–39), he was in a state of great mental exaltation, and was thought, by persons who did not know him, to have lost his reason. But the persons who knew him intimately all declared that the statement that he had, in any sense, "lost his reason" was certainly untrue. Mr. Oliver, his teacher and near neighbor and friend, is positive on this point; as is Miss Peabody, who suggests that there was an intensity, rather than a lack of action of the higher intellectual powers. She says that the Rev. Dr. Channing, who saw Very at this time, was greatly impressed and touched with his gentleness and modesty, and his complete conviction that his word was the utterance of the Holy Spirit. The lower activities of the brain, upon which the senses operate, seemed to have been in a measure suspended. "Yet," she reports Dr. Channing as saying, "there was an iron sequence of thought." "Men in general," said Dr. Channing, "have lost or never found this higher mind—*their* insanity is profound—*his* is only superficial. He has not," the Doctor concluded, "lost his reason; he has only suppressed his senses."

The Rev. Dr. Clarke observed in a notice of Very, prefacing some sonnets he sent at this time to "The Western Messenger": "that the fact that in his intellect all other thoughts had become merged as it were in the great thought of his connection with God, was more probably "an evidence of monosania than of mono-mania."

Emerson, whose house Very had been visiting, wrote to Miss Peabody under date of October, 1838: "I have been very happy in his visit. I wish the whole world were as mad as he. He is profoundly sane, and, as soon as his thoughts subside from their present excited to a more natural state, I think he will make all men sensible of it." Again in June, 1839, Emerson wrote to the same lady of another visit he has just induced Very to make him: "He has been serene, intelligent, and true in all the conversation I have had with him," and he added that he should himself go to town and arrange for the publication of Very's book.

After some time the undue exhilaration under which Very was acting ceased, and the work-a-day balance of his faculties was restored. He, however, still retained his view that complete self-abnegation was necessary to, and would result in, identification with the Holy Spirit.

After his return from Cambridge, Very did not again leave Salem for any length of time; but lived quietly with his mother, brother and sisters, and of late, since the death of his mother and brother, with his sisters alone. He was never married; nor was he permanently settled in charge of a parish, though he occasionally went from home to supply for a short time some Unitarian pulpit. It seemed to be with his ministerial as with his collegiate life: his rare gifts were not of the kind that would likely make him popular. Yet in the pulpit his extreme modesty never stood in his way; he felt there that he had a "message" not his own to deliver, and with great humility he confidently addressed himself to the task.

The verses he has left are of considerable amount and of varying poetical merit; in all that he has done the benign and gentle spirit of his personality makes itself felt.

Some of his happiest efforts have been transcriptions of Nature. Here is one that shows the delicate feeling in his poetry, and illustrates in a measure one phase of his quiet genius:

THE TREE.

"I love thee when thy swelling buds appear
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold:
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen,
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam, when most we need
their love."

It is as simple and charming as Chaucer's apostrophe to the daisy, and how beautiful is the concluding couplet! Very constantly reminds us in this way of another age; and, even, in his personal appearance there was something that suggested a more tranquil past. Not that he was more conservative in his dress than many of his contemporaries in the quiet old town in which he lived; yet when one saw the tall, slight figure gazing off from some of the many rocky hill-tops of the wild pasture land about Salem,—outlined against a glowing twilight sky, or perhaps disappearing down some distant valley mellowed with a golden, afternoon sunlight,—it at once brought to mind the gentle presence in Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy" "roaming the country side a truant boy,"

"With every doubt long blown by time away."

He was, however, far from being a recluse, and all sorts of men—clergymen, sportsmen, working-men, and, above all, children—loved to ramble with him, as indeed, he did with them. One of these sometimes rather strangely assorted companions of Very's walks said to the writer: "Well, yes! I *did* like to meet Mr. Very when I was out gunning; I don't set up to be much of a religious man, you know, but the fact is, you couldn't walk far with him without feeling better for it somehow."

Mr. Very spent his mornings in study, and his afternoons in these rambles, usually unaccompanied by friends.

"The flowers I pass have eyes that look at me,
The birds have ears that hear my spirit's voice,
And I am glad the leaping brook to see,
Because it does at my light step rejoice."

He would return from these rambles and commit to paper the words there "given" him. When one reads the remarkable sonnet on the Columbine, one feels that it is not all a pretty conceit of the poet's fancy, that he belongs indeed to the blithe company,

"Nodding our honey-bells 'mid pliant grass;"

one feels, too, that the spirit of a flower is speaking in these graceful, tremulous lines:

"Nature! my love for thee is deeper far
Than strength of words, though spirit-born, can tell;
For while I gaze they seem my soul to bar,
That in thy widening streams would onward swell,
Bearing thy mirrored beauty on its breast,—
Now, through thy lonely haunts unseen to glide,
A motion that scarce knows itself from rest,
With pictured flowers and branches on its tide:
Then by the noisy city's frowning wall,
Whose armëd heights within its waters gleam,
To rush, with answering voice to ocean's call,
And mingle with the deep its swollen stream,
Whose boundless bosom's calm alone can hold
That heaven of glory in thy skies unrolled."

So this pure-hearted man lived his wholly uneventful life, and died, in the town where he was born; but the memory he has left still lingers as a benediction, to cheer and bless all who come under its gentle influence. Perhaps the best account of Very, as a man, is contained in an epitome of his character given by his life-long friend, the Rev. Robert C. Waterston:

"He was good as goodness itself, true as truth. With his knowledge and wisdom he was as simple as a child—transparent and artless. He was the extremest possible distance from pomposity or pretension, and when he believed that the poetry, which came to him like the breath of heaven, did actually come from heaven, it was so naturally and simply said one felt it was his profoundest conviction. It was a sacred idea—a divine reality."

On the 8th of May, 1880, Jones Very died, and entered on the "New Birth" he had long since sung in some of his noblest numbers:

"'Tis a new life;—thoughts move not as they did
With slow, uncertain steps across the mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on, they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind
That comes not, save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth,—their walls are falling now.
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders roar;
And I, a child of God, by Christ made free,
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity."

William P. Andrews.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.*

THIRD PAPER: FROM THE ROCKIES TO THE CASCADE RANGE.

I TAKE up the thread of the narrative of north-western travel, which the reader may have followed in previous numbers of this magazine, at Missoula, a little trading town of perhaps eight hundred inhabitants, prettily situated on a plateau facing Hell Gate River, a few miles above its junction with the Bitter Root. South of Missoula, within rifle-shot, is the entrance to the great Hell Gate Cañon; westward across the angle formed by the two rivers rises the huge, dark wall of the Bitter Root Mountains, higher here, and more picturesque, than the main range of the Rockies, which are half concealed by the grassy swells of the foot-hills on the east. Lo-Lo Peak, the loftiest and most individual mountain of the Bitter Root chain, is covered with snow all summer; its altitude must be about ten thousand feet. North-west of the town the valley is broad enough for cultivation for a distance of twenty miles, when it closes in at the cañon of the Missoula River. A range for which there is not even a local name rims the valley on the north. One summit, called Skotah Peak, is a perfect pyramid in form. This cloud-compassed landmark we shall not lose sight of in three days' travel.

Up the Bitter Root Valley there are farms scattered for sixty miles. The valley is warmer than any other in Western Montana, and the small fruits and some hardy varieties of apples are grown. Herds of horses and cattle feed on the slopes of the mountains. Grain and potatoes are grown by irrigation, and the valley is a source of food-supply for military posts and mining-camps. Hogs are fattened upon peas and wheat, and the flavor of a Bitter Root ham is something altogether unique and appetizing. In June the bitter-root plant, from which the valley gets its name, covers all the uncultivated ground with its delicate rose-colored stars. The blossom, about as large as a wild rose, lies close upon the earth. The long, pipestem-like root is greatly relished by the Indians for food. When dried it looks like macaroni, and it is by no means unpalatable when cooked with a little salt or butter, or eaten raw. The squaws dig it with long sticks, and dry it for winter food. Another root, also a staple in the aboriginal larder, is the camas, which loves moist prairies, where it flaunts its blue flowers in the early summer. In June, when the camas is ready to gather, even the most civilized Indian on the Flathead reservation feels the nomadic impulse too strong to resist. He packs his lodge upon ponies, and starts with his family for some camas prairie, where he is sure to meet a numerous company bent on having a good time.

The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly clad men gather around the doors of the drinking-saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards of their own invention, breaks up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest, and strides off, her moccasined feet toeing inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bed-quilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she has somehow managed to get a civilized dress for the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill near by. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whisky they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woolen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and, with droll oaths and shuffling talk, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter, the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them piazzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody.

Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on

* See Map on page 770, September CENTURY.

sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes, and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first, they would have gone away without buying.

Now the great event of the day is at hand. The cracking of a whip and a rattle of wheels are heard up the street: the stage is coming. Thirty-six hours ago it left the terminus of the railroad one hundred and fifty miles away. It is the connecting link between the little isolated mountain community and the outside world. No handsome Concord coach appears, but only a clumsy "jerky" covered with dust. The "jerky" is a sort of cross between a coach proper and a common wagon. As an instrument of torture this hideous vehicle has no equal in modern times. The passengers emerge from its cavernous interior looking more dead than alive. A hundred able-bodied men, not one of them with a respectable coat or a tolerable hat, save two flashy gamblers, look on at the unloading of the luggage. The stage goes off to a stable, and the crowd disperses, to rally again, largely reinforced, at the word that there is to be a horse-race.

Now the drinking saloons—each one of which runs a faro bank and a table for "stud poker"—are lighted up, and the gaming and guzzling begin. Every third building on the principal business street is a saloon. The gambling goes on until daylight without any effort at concealment. In all the Montana towns keeping gaming-tables is treated as a perfectly legitimate business. Indeed, it is licensed by the Territorial laws. Some of the saloons have music, but this is a rather superfluous attraction. In one a woman sings popular ballads in a cracked voice, to the accompaniment of a banjo. Women of a certain sort mingle with the men and try their luck at the tables. Good order usually prevails, less probably from respect for law than from a prudent recognition of the fact that every man carries a pistol in his hip-pocket, and a quarrel means shooting. The games played are faro and "stud poker," the latter being the favorite. It is a game in which "bluff" goes farther than luck or skill. Few whisky saloons in Montana are without a rude pine table covered with an old blanket, which, with a pack of cards, is all the outfit required for this diversion.

The main street of the frontier town, given up at night to drinking and gambling, by no means typifies the whole life of the place. The current of business and society, on the surface of which surges a deal of mud and drift-wood, is steady and decent. There are churches and schools and a wholesome family life.

From Missoula my route led northward over a range of mountains through the Coriacan defile, and across a forest of firs, pines, and tamaracks, down into the valley of the Jocko River, where the agency of the Flathead Indians is established. These are the Indians with whom General Garfield made a treaty in 1872. A portion of them lived in the Bitter Root Valley, and the negotiations conducted by Garfield were to induce them to remove to the reservation. Most of the chiefs signed the treaty, under the persuasive influence of a promise of five thousand dollars a year for ten years; but Charlo, the head chief, refused. He, with about three hundred followers, still lives on the Bitter Root, subject to no agency and receiving no annuity or other form of government gratuity. These Indians have farms and stock-ranges which they hold separately, not by any legal title, but by agreement among themselves.

The Flathead reservation contains about 1,500,000 acres of land, and is inhabited by less than twelve hundred Indians and half-breeds, belonging to the Flathead, Pend d'Oreille, Nez-Percé, and Kootenay tribes. I traversed it for its entire length of sixty miles along the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille rivers. Allowing only four persons to a family the area of the reservation amounts to five thousand acres for each family living upon it, a pretty liberal allowance when it is remembered that a white family can get only one hundred and sixty acres from the Government. Much of the reservation is mountain land of no value save for the timber on it, but there is ten times as much fine valley and grazing land as the Indians can make any use of. As a rule the Indian reservations take the best part of the Western country. They are absurdly large. Nearly half of Montana is Indian territory to-day. Five or six thousand Blackfeet, Gros Ventres and Piegans hold a country north of the Missouri River as large as the State of Pennsylvania; two thousand Crows occupy a region south of the Yellow-

stone equal in area to the State of Massachusetts, and twelve hundred Flatheads, and people of allied tribes, possess more square miles than are embraced in the State of Connecticut.

The Flathead agency is under the control of the Catholic Church, which supports a Jesuit mission upon it and has converted all of the inhabitants to at least a nominal adhesion to its faith. At the mission are excellent schools for girls and boys, a church, a convent, and a printing-office which has turned out, among other works, a very creditable dictionary of the Kalispel or Flathead language. The agent, Major Ronan, has been in office over five years, and with the aid of the Jesuit fathers has been remarkably successful in educating the Indians up to the point of living in log houses, fencing fields, cultivating little patches of grain and potatoes, and keeping cattle and horses. The Government supplies plows and wagons, and runs a saw-mill, grist-mill, blacksmith shop and threshing machine for their free use. There is no regular issue of food or clothing, but the old and the sick receive blankets, sugar, and flour. Probably nine-tenths of these Indians are self-sustaining. Some persist in leading a vagabond life, wandering about the country; but these manage to pick up a living by hunting, fishing, and digging roots, and sell ponies enough to buy blankets, tobacco, and powder. But even the best civilized, who own comfortable little houses with plank floors and porcelain door-knobs got from the Government, like to keep their canvas lodges pitched, and prefer to sleep in them in summer time. Farming is limited to a few acres for each family, but herding is carried on rather extensively. Thousands of sleek cattle and fine horses feed upon the bunch pastures along the Jocko and the Pend d'Oreille, on the Big Camas Prairie and by the shores of Flathead Lake. Many years ago, at a social gathering in Washington, the late President Garfield, then in the early part of his career in Congress, delivered a little extemporaneous address on the Indian question, in which he argued that the first step from barbarism toward civilization for all wild people was the pastoral life, and said that the Indian should be taught to rear cattle before being told to cultivate the soil. It was afterward a source of much satisfaction to him to learn that the tribe he visited in 1872 had become excellent herdsmen, and had already begun farming operations.

Probably there is no better example of a tribe being brought out of savagery in one generation than is afforded by the Flatheads, and their cousins, the Pend d'Oreilles. Much of the credit for this achievement is no doubt due the Jesuit fathers, who, like all the Catholic religious orders, show a faculty for gaining an ascendency over the minds of savages, partly by winning their confidence by devoting themselves to their interests, and partly, it may be, by offering them a religion that appeals strongly to the senses and superstitions. These Indians boast that their tribe never killed a white man. They are an inoffensive, child-like people, and are easily kept in order by the agent, aided by a few native policemen. Life and property are as secure among them as in most civilized communities. With them the agency system amounts only to a paternal supervision providing implements and machinery for husbandry, and giving aid only when urgently needed. It does not, as upon many reservations, undertake the support of the tribe by issuing rations and clothing. Instead of surrounding the agency with a horde of lazy beggars, it distributes the Indians over the reservation and encourages them to labor. It ought to result in citizenship and separate ownership of the land for the Indians. Many of them would now like deeds to the farms they occupy, but they cannot get them without legislation from Congress changing the present Indian policy. Practically they control their farms and herds as individual property; but they have no sense of secure ownership and no legal rights as against their agent or the chief. Some of them complain of the tyranny of the native police and of the practice of cruelly whipping women when accused by their husbands of a breach of marriage vows,—a practice established, it is charged, by the Jesuits; but in the main they seem to be contented and fairly prosperous. Among them are many half-breeds, who trace their ancestry on one side to Hudson's Bay Company servants or French Canadians,—fine-looking men and handsome women these, as a rule. They are proud of the white blood in their veins, and appear to be respected in the tribe on account of it; or perhaps it is their superior intelligence which gains for them the influence they evidently enjoy. Shiftless white men, drifting about the country, frequently attempt to settle in the reservation and get a footing there by marrying squaws; but they are not allowed to remain. The Indians do not object to their company so much as the agent.

The Kootenays (was the name originally *Court-nez ?*), of whom there are a few lodges on the Flathead reservation, have strayed over the line from the British territory. They

do not take to the civilizing processes in force around them, and are great vagabonds and beggars, frequently wandering off with their dogs, ponies, squaws, and lodges to camp near some town and subsist on what they can pick up. They are as eloquent in begging as Italian lazzaroni. One of them expressed his feelings to the agent's wife the other day by saying plaintively: "My throat is thirsty for sugar, and my heart is hungry for fifty cents."

The Jocko Valley is one of the prettiest of the minor valleys of the Rocky Mountain system. It was all a green, flowery meadow when I traversed it in the month of June. Its width is about ten miles and its length perhaps thirty. Low, wooded mountain ranges surround it. That on the east is broken by the main branch of the stream, and through the rift can be seen the main chain of the Rockies—a mighty mass of crags and cliffs and snow-fields thrust up among the clouds. For thirty miles after the Jocko joins the Clark's Fork of the Columbia, called by most people in this region the Pend d'Oreille River, the main river is bordered by narrow green bottoms and broad stretches of grassy uplands rising to the steeper inclines of fir-clad mountains. Herds of horses are occasionally seen, and now and then the log hut of some thrifty Indian or half-breed, or the canvas lodge of a family that prefers the discomforts and freedom of savage life to the comforts and restraints of a local habitation. The first night out from the agency was spent at the hut of one of the queer characters that hang about Indian reservations,—a shiftless white man, who pays for the privilege of ferrying travelers across the river by taking the Indians over free. He lives in a dirty one-room hut. In response to a suggestion about supper, he declared that he would not cook for the Apostle Paul himself, but added that we were welcome to use his stove, and could take anything eatable to be found on the premises. His bill next morning was seven dollars—one dollar, he explained, for victuals for the party, and six for ferriage. A wagon-box offered a more inviting place for a bed that night than the floor of the ferryman's cabin. In the evening, after the old man had put a party of strolling Flatheads across the river, grumbling all the while because they paid no toll, he sat on a log, and, encouraged by the gift of a cigar and a cup of whisky, told of his adventures in the Far North-west when he was a Hudson's Bay Company's man, and had a squaw wife in every tribe he visited.

Another day's travel brought us out of the Flathead Reservation, and at the same time to the end of the wagon road and of the open country. The road did not, like one of those western highways described by Longfellow, end in a squirrel track and run up a tree, but it stopped short at a saw-mill on the river's edge, where a hundred men were at work cutting logs and sawing bridge timber for the railroad advancing up the gorge eighty miles below.

In that day's journey we passed the Big Camas Prairie—not the one Chief Joseph fought for; that lies far to the west, in Idaho, across the Bitter Root Mountains. There are many camas prairies, big and little, in Montana and Idaho, and they all resemble each other in being fertile green basins among the mountains, in whose moist soil the camas plant flourishes. This was, perhaps, fifteen miles broad by twenty-five long—all magnificent grazing land. We passed an Indian village of a dozen lodges, the doors of the tents shaded by arbors of green boughs, under which sat the squaws in their red, green, and white blankets. On the plain fed herds of horses, and among them Indian riders galloped about seeking the animals they wanted to lariat for the next day's hunting expedition.

With the end of the wagon road came the question of further transportation. Between North-western Montana and the settlements in Northern Idaho and Washington Territory there is but one road—the old Mullan road—and that is impassable before the middle of July, because of the high water in the mountain streams. The most practicable way of getting to the other side of the huge wall of the Bitter Root Mountains and the Cœur d'Alenes, their northern extension, is to go around them by following Clark's Fork down to Pend d'Oreille Lake. This is the route surveyed for the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose engineers sought in vain for a pass that could be surmounted, and reluctantly turned the line northward, making a considerable détour. A trail runs through the dense forest along the river from the little saw-mill town of Weeksville to the end of the railroad, working southward up the valley from Pend d'Oreille Lake; and getting over it is only a matter of rough riding with a pack-train and three nights' camping in the solitudes of the woods. In some places the mountains, walling in the swift river, are too precipitous for even a bridle-path to cling to their sides. Then you scramble up to their summits, dragging your beast after you; but the climb is rewarded by magnificent views of the snowy ranges to the westward, the somber forest of pines, firs, and larches filling all the narrow valley, and the winding river far below looking like a canal, so regular is the outline of its banks.

The great Pend d'Oreille forest stretching

across the north-west corner of Montana and the pan-handle of Idaho into Eastern Washington is by no means forbidding and melancholy, when once you are in its depths. It is all a vast flower-garden. There is scarcely a square foot of the ground, save in the dark recesses along the courses of the small streams, which does not bear a blossom. You can gather handfuls of wild roses, without dismounting, almost anywhere along the trail; the white three-leaved Mariposa flower abounds; the quaint moccasin flower displays its clusters of dainty white slippers; there are patches of wild sunflowers, and a dozen other varieties; the service-berry bushes bear blossoms like the English hawthorn; festoons of light green moss hang from the branches of the trees; white clover makes the air fragrant, and scores of unnamed flowers brighten the glades. The woods are a pasture-field as well as a garden. Rich grasses grow luxuriantly. Our horses, turned loose every evening, found feed enough to keep in good condition for the hard work of the journey. Deer were seen every morning among the horses; fresh tracks of cinnamon and black bears were often found on the trail, and one day a wolf trotted across the path. The country abounds in game, and will one day, when the railroad makes it accessible, be a favorite resort for hunters, who will take home as trophies of their prowess, antlers of elk and deer, heads of the white mountain goat, and the huge, uncouth mountain sheep, and skins of bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers. There are plenty of speckled trout in the swift, cold streams that dash down from the mountain gorges to the river, and the least experienced fisherman has no difficulty in catching them with any sort of bait, so ignorant are they of the tricks of the angler.

Nor is the forest altogether lonely. Occasionally a pack-train is met, or a party of pedestrians, tramping with blankets, provisions, and frying-pans from the settlements or railroad camps west of the mountains to those in the mountain valleys, and sleeping *al fresco* wherever night overtakes them. Rough fellows these, but good-humored, and in no way dangerous. Indeed, there is no danger in any of the country I traversed on my north-western pilgrimage, to a traveler who minds his own business and keeps out of drinking dens. Almost everybody I met had a big pistol strapped to him; but I carried no weapon of any kind, and never once felt the need of one.

In Montana every traveler carries his bed, whether he depends upon hoofs or wheels for locomotion, or on his own legs. Even the tramp who foots it over the prairies and through the mountains, pretending to look for work, but really on a summer pleasure tour, subsisting upon the country, has a pair of dirty blankets or an old quilt slung by a rope across his shoulders. The sleeping equipment of a traveler who can afford to pay some attention to comfort, consists of a buffalo robe and two pairs of blankets. With these, and perhaps a rubber poncho, he is prepared to stop wherever night overtakes him, fortunate if he has a roof over his head, and a pine floor to spread his buffalo upon, but ready to camp out under the stars. Along the stage roads one is rarely more than twenty miles from a house of some kind, but no one expects beds. The ranchman does not ask his guests if they would like to go to bed; he says: "Well, gents, are you ready to spread your blankets?"

Camping and traveling in the forest was a delightful experience, spite of rain and fatigue; but no one of our party was sorry one morning to be met on the river's bank by an engineer, who brought a package of letters, and the information that the camps of the Chinese graders on the railroad were just across the river, that there was a wagon-road to the end of the track, and that he had a skiff and two rowers to set us across the turbulent current. We had traversed the whole distance (six hundred miles) between the ends of the railroad, which are advancing to meet next year on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The news that we should see a locomotive that very day was received with enthusiasm. It meant beds, baths, clean clothes, newspapers, telegrams, napkins, silver forks, and a hundred other things never noticed or appreciated until out of reach. We rearranged our luggage, bestowed our bedding upon the half-breed Indian, the Kentucky negro, and the white lad, who jointly managed the pack-train, got over the river, and were soon driving through the camps of three thousand Chinese laborers. It was Sunday, and work on the grade was suspended. The canvas town swarmed with men. Some were having their heads shaved, others were combing and winding their pig-tails; others, stripped to their waist, were enjoying a sponge bath. One man was on his knees going through some religious ceremony over a chicken before dissecting it for the pot. There were Chinese stores, Chinese restaurants, and Chinese gaming tents. For fifteen miles the woods were literally full of Mongolians. Not a feature of their Asiatic life do they abandon, save that, from the necessity of working in mud and dust, they wear American boots. Their basket hats, blue blouses, and loose trousers are sup-

plied by Chinese merchants, and a large portion of their food—their rice and dried fish, and all their sweetmeats and dainties—comes across the Pacific. The road was lined with Chinamen driving fat hogs to the camps to be slaughtered for the Sunday dinner, or carrying bundles and boxes, and boards for tent-flooring, suspended to bamboo poles, balanced on the shoulders in the exact style of the pictures on the tea-chests.

The Chinese laborers on the railroad earn one dollar and sixteen cents a day, and are hired by gangs of forty from agents of the Six Companies in San Francisco. The usual estimate of the effectiveness of their labor is that three Chinamen are equal to two white men; but the superintendent of construction on the railroad asserts that he prefers the Chinese, man for man, to such white labor as can be had on the Pacific coast.

The railroad operations have caused to grow up at Cabinet Landing, a grotesque and hideous town of tents and shanties clinging to the hill-side, among the pines,—a town subsisting on the wants and weaknesses of the working men, and flaunting in their faces facilities for all the coarser forms of vice. Across the river from this pandemonium of frontier dirt, drunkenness, and debauchery, is another transient railroad town, where the engineers and overseers live, with their wives and children in clean tents, prettily embowered with evergreens. A swift ride of six miles down the rapid stream, in a yawl pulled by two stout oarsmen, brought us to a waiting train, and twenty miles by rail around the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille, to the raw pine village of Sand Point, standing with its feet in the swollen waters of the lake, completed the day's journey. Lake Pend d'Oreille is of such irregular shape that I will not attempt to guess at its length or breadth. Perhaps it is three or four times as large as Lake George, It is surrounded by high mountains, and is in the heart of a vast forest. A foreign comparison for its bold, rocky precipices and snow-flecked peaks would best be found in the Königsee of the Bavarian Alps; but no comparison could do justice to the mosquitoes that dispute the occupancy of its shores with the railroad workmen. These pests have their one virtue, however. They draw off their forces at dark, and do not resume their attacks until daybreak.

Out of the woods next day, leaving the lake and the mountains behind and running across green plains past a few feeble beginnings of villages, with here and there a potato-patch or a wheat-field; past herds of horses fattening on the tall bunch-grass, past pine-clad hills and swift, cold trout streams, to Spokane Falls, a budding town that hopes to grind the product of the new wheat region of Eastern Washington, and thus become the Minneapolis of the Pacific Coast. Its ambition in this direction rests upon the falls of the Spokane River, a superb water-power and a superb picture, too. The river, first dividing into three channels, makes three separate falls of about thirty feet, and then uniting its transparent green waters, plunges down a sheer descent of sixty feet, throwing up steaming columns of spray. Some small milling and wood-sawing industries have already grown up here, and the town, though barely two years old, counts twelve hundred inhabitants, and is clean, orderly, and respectable beyond the attainments of most new settlements in the North-west. North and north-west of it lies a good farming country just beginning to attract population. Southward is a belt of rocky forest land seven miles wide, and beyond that begins the high, grassy, billowy plateau that skirts the bases of the Cœur d'Alene, Bitter Root, and Blue Mountains for two hundred and fifty miles, with an average breadth of fifty miles, and constitutes the most productive new wheat-field in the United States. To see this wonderful new granary of the far West I went just an hour's journey farther by rail to Cheney (an energetic, successful village in the pine forest belt, named for a Boston capitalist, who has recently shown his sensible appreciation of the honor by giving it ten thousand dollars for a school-building), and then traveled southward by vehicles of one sort and another for five days, visiting the towns of Colfax, Moscow, Lewiston, Pomeroy, Dayton, and Walla-Walla. The immense grain and pasture country of Eastern Washington, lapping over a little into Idaho on the east and into Oregon on the south, is a region so peculiar in its natural features and its climate that it can be compared with no other. The well-worn simile of a sea in a storm might be applied to its surface, and would describe the fluid-like irregularity of the shape of the green hills; but the hills are ten times as high as the longest Atlantic storm waves. Their soil is a deep rich brown loam, with a basaltic foundation and a small admixture of alkali—the best possible grain-producing compound. Slopes, crests, and deep, narrow valleys are alike fertile. In its natural state the whole face of the country is covered with a heavy growth of bunch-grass and wild sunflowers, the sunflower plants growing separately among the grass at intervals of three or four feet. There is no timber save alder and willow along the streams, and a little stunted pine in the slopes of the profound depressions

made by the longer water-courses. Lumber for building and rails for fences must be hauled from the mountains. This is the only serious drawback the settlers of this new region have to contend with, and it will soon be modified when the roads building by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company reach the mountains. Cedar posts will then be easily obtained, and the barbed wire, so much used of late in the prairie States, will take the place of fence-rails.

The southern portion of the region around Walla-Walla and Dayton is tolerably well settled, and driving over its dusty roads, one is rarely out of sight of neat farm-houses, orchards, and fields of wheat and barley. In the northern portion nine-tenths of the land lies open, and much of it is still in the possession of the Government and available for homestead claims. Here the little, unpainted, one-room houses show that the people are just beginning, with small means, to open new farms. Life seems narrow and dreary in one of these shabby board boxes, without shade or shrubbery, and with no prospect but the grass and the sunflowers on the steep hillsides; but give the new settler a few years' start, and he will have a painted house of three or four rooms, a good barn, a garden, and a young orchard and ten acres of growing forest-trees planted and cared for, in order to obtain an additional quarter-section of land under the Timber-culture Act. His fields of wheat, flax, and barley will be thrown like mantles of green and gold over the surrounding hills, and his herds of cattle and horses will graze for miles around.

Attracted by a pretty farmstead, which contrasted strikingly with the bare board shanties I had passed during the morning's ride, I stopped one day to ask for dinner—a repast never denied in the far West. The people were from Ashtabula County, Ohio, and their farm and house showed how much comfort can be got by industry, taste, and thrift in this newest of all the new farming regions of the United States. There was a neat grassy door-yard in front of the pretty house, and back of it a garden with currant and raspberry bushes, strawberry beds, and young cherry trees. An orchard of plums and hardy apples covered a neighboring slope, and a plantation of box-alders was growing near the big barn to make a wind-break. The table was soon spread in the living-room, and the company was increased by the arrival of a rosy-cheeked daughter—"first of the hive to swarm," explained the mother—who came with her husband from a farm near by which he had just "taken up." The land of my host probably cost him nothing five years ago. With the improvements he has put upon it, he counts it worth twenty dollars an acre.

Different parts of the region I am describing have local names derived from the streams that water them,—pretty names when taken from the Nez-Percé Indian language, —such as the Palouse Country, the Alpowa Country, the Assotin Country, and the Pataha Country; common-place or ugly, like most frontier names, when invented by the settlers, like Pine Creek, Thorn Creek, Deadman's Creek, and Hangman's Creek. Snake River, running north until it receives the Clearwater at Lewiston, turns sharply to the west and cuts this region across about midway of its length. This powerful stream, broad, rapid, and turbid, flows in a bare, basaltic crevice two thousand feet below the general level of the country it drains.

Where thirty bushels of wheat to the acre are an average crop, and fifty not an extraordinary one, and there is never a failure of a crop, the settler, even though the price be only fifty cents a bushel, soon gets forehanded. While his crops are growing, his herds are increasing on the wide, natural pastures. Horses thrive out of doors the year round. North of Snake River, the farmers find it prudent to lay by a little winter fodder for cattle, and for this purpose sow a mixed crop of wheat and oats to cut green, or harvest the volunteer crop of wheat which comes up on unplowed stubble fields. A horse will paw the snow off the dry bunch-grass and shift very well for himself; but when there is a deep snowfall, a steer seeks a hollow in the hills and stands there till he dies.

The energetic farmer in this region, I have said, soon gets a fair share of the comforts of life about him. There is one class of settlers, however, who seem never to get beyond the bare-board-cabin period; they are the Missourians. Population in Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon is divided into two distinct elements—the Missourians and the people from other States. It is marvelous how many pioneers the half-settled State of Missouri has sent to the farther West, and equally marvelous is the faculty of inertia they display as to progress in civilization. The Missourian is an anomaly. He is a frontiersman by instinct, constantly emigrating to newer countries, and yet he lacks the energy to build a comfortable house, or cultivate a good crop, or put a serviceable fence around his land. Bayard Taylor once remarked upon the hostility of the Missourian to trees. His house stands in the glaring sun. If nature has provided a tree near by he cuts it down. Probably the reason is that he is too lazy to go far for wood, and consumes the

timber nearest at hand to broil his bacon and bake his corn pone. There are, it is only fair to say, a few active, competent people from Missouri in the towns of the North-west, but the rural population from that State is a dead weight upon any section they inhabit. It is a common saying in all the Western territories, that the left wing of "Pap" Price's army, after the Rebel defeat at Pea Ridge, never stopped running until it got beyond the Rocky Mountains. This saying has some basis of fact. Thousands of Price's soldiers deserted after the battle, and, returning home, put their families and valuables on wheels and crossed over the plains with ox-teams to the newly discovered mining gulches of Idaho, Montana, and Oregon. The dispersion of Price's army can only partly account, however, for the large population of Missouri origin to be found on the Pacific slope and in the Rocky Mountains. We must give these peculiar people, whom Col. John Hay has put into literature in his Pike County Ballads, credit for a deal of enterprise and hardihood in getting a long way off from their birth-place. Though satisfied with poor living, alleviated only by tobacco and whisky, they are good movers.

At Colfax, a busy little town squeezed into a mile of the crevice of the Palouse River Valley, I saw a large number of Spokane and Nez-Percé Indians, gorgeously arrayed in scarlet, yellow, and green. They were on their way to some rendezvous where they have an annual picnic and horse-race, and were spending a few days in the village, selling tough little ponies for ten dollars apiece, and drinking up all the essences in the drug-stores in lieu of whisky. There is a heavy penalty for selling liquor to an Indian. The law is broken by stealth, but the red man cannot always find a white brother willing to take the chances of imprisonment for half a dollar, so he is obliged to fall back on essences. It is a common mistake in the East to suppose that the Indians are confined upon their reservations. They roam over the white man's country pretty much as they please, but jealously keep the white man out of their territory. They are the aristocracy of the West: "they toil not, neither do they spin." Life is a continual excursion and holiday. With their Government blankets and annuities, and the proceeds of the sale of their ponies, the men are quite independent. They have money to buy fine felt hats, and feathers at the millinery stores to stick in them, and they are great consumers of vermilion paint, which they daub on their faces without regard to expense. The squaws get only a very moderate amount of the finery and paint; as with birds, the male sports the fine plumage. The tall, well-made "bucks," arrayed in green blankets, red leggings, and white felt hats stuck around with feathers and tinsel, stalk about the streets of the frontier towns, looking scornfully upon the white people who work for a living, and no doubt regarding them as poor creatures.

The climate of the high, hilly plateau drained by Snake River and its tributaries is peculiar. The winters are about as cold as those of Maryland or Southern Ohio. There is some snow, two or three weeks of sleighing, perhaps, a few cold snaps, and a good deal of mild, open weather. In the summer the days are clear and hot, and the nights so cool that a pair of blankets are needed for comfort. Hot nights are unknown. Rain falls in light showers through June, but after that time there are three months of rainless weather, when the harvesting proceeds leisurely, the grain being threshed in the fields as soon as cut. There is a great difference, however, between the climate of the uplands, where the elevation is twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and that of the deep, sunken river valleys. In going down from the plateau into the Snake River Valley at Lewiston, you seem to pass in an hour from the summer temperature of Maine to that of South Carolina. Never have I seen a more singular and striking landscape effect than that which suddenly burst into view one evening as I came out on the edge of the plateau above the junction of the Snake and Clearwater rivers. I had been traveling for sixty miles that day, up hill and down, among grain and flax fields and great sweeps of open bunch-grass country, the Cœur d'Alene Mountains ahead, now and then a farm-house in a hollow, and for a noon halt the smart, growing village of Moscow, just across the Idaho line,—not conscious any of the time of being above the ordinary level of a hill country,—when toward sunset the ground suddenly disappeared in front of my horses' heads, and there, two thousand feet below, in almost sheer descent, lay a little checker-board of a town at the meeting of two magnificent rivers. It was Lewiston—the houses mere white specks in a mass of foliage, the brown country brightened here and there by a square of green grain-field, rising in ridges to the Craig Mountains. How to get down into the warm nether region of water and verdure, where the town lay seemingly within a stone's throw, was a problem that appeared difficult, but was easily enough solved by a half-hour's fast drive down a zigzag road cut in the cliff side. With its rows of tall poplars and its groves of fruit-trees, Lewiston looks from the steep mountain road like some French

village on the Marne or the Meuse, and the illusion is heightened as you approach, by the sign "Hotel de France" on a cream-colored building half hidden by shade. It vanishes, however, when you get over the ferry on the dusty business street, bordered by mean little one-story wooden buildings. Yet the place is one of the most attractive of all the frontier towns, from the abundance of foliage and the pretty door-yards, with their lush turf, and their shrubbery and flowers,—rare adornments in this raw, utilitarian West. The heights one descends to reach the town from the country north of the Clearwater and the Snake, viewed from the valley, are bold, bare mountains of basaltic rock scantily covered with dry herbage. Their creased and bulging slopes, strangely colored in all shades of brown, have a fantastic appearance, and when their singular hues are brightened by sunset tints they look like the paint-and-canvas creation of the brain of some opium-eating artists rather than like real mountains of nature's own make.

Lewiston lies in Idaho, just across the line, and here the North Idaho question is sure to be put before the visitor. The mountain range, which at the end of the shank of the leg-of-mutton shaped territory divides it from Washington, bears off to the east, and leaves three good agricultural counties along its base. These counties have no relations with the other settled regions of Idaho except an enforced political one; and they demand separation and annexation to Washington, with which they are identical in their business interests and the character of their country. A range of mountains eighty miles across, and passable only by an Indian trail, divides them from South Idaho, and they are forced to make a détour of six hundred miles through Washington and Oregon to reach the territorial capital at Boisé City. All their lines of communication with the rest of the world lead by river and road across an artificial boundary traced on a map by a meridian line to the towns of Washington and Oregon. Their reasonable request is, that when Washington is admitted as a State they be joined to it. The only opposition to this plan comes from the politicians of South Idaho, who do not want to lose the taxes on the seven thousand prosperous people inhabiting the northern counties. Besides Lewiston, with its twelve hundred inhabitants, there lie in this region, Moscow with nearly a thousand, and half a dozen little budding towns living on trade with the grain farmers and stock-raisers. The eastward indentation in the mountain chain is thirty miles deep, and is drained by the Clearwater and its tributaries. The richest portion of it is called the Potlatch country. Right across it lies the Nez-Percé Reservation, which the Lewiston people are eager to have broken up. Wherever there is an Indian reservation the white settlers near by want it abolished. They look upon the Indian as a cumberer of the ground, and would order him to move on if they could. The Nez-Percés are tolerably well advanced in civilization. One of them has sold eight thousand dollars' worth of horses and cattle this year. There are seventy houses on the reservation, but the occupants pitch their lodges close by, and would doubtless relapse into a nomadic life if the Government did not constantly encourage them to till the soil and look after their stock. These Nez-Percés look like harmless people. One of them dined near me at the hotel in Lewiston, and his manner of feeding was, if anything, a trifle less greedy than that of some of the white guests. It was the cousins of these same tamed barbarians, however, who, under Chief Joseph, refused to go on the reservation, cut the throats of the wives and children of the settlers on the Cottonwood, and massacred Lieutenant Raines and his thirteen soldiers. The Nez-Percé war was the tragedy of North Idaho, and the people are never weary of reciting this epic of the frontier, with its scenes of heroism and horror. It would be folly for the Government to bring back Joseph and his exiled band to the reservation. Their lives would not be safe from the wrath of the relatives and neighbors of the murdered settlers.

South and west of Lewiston the good arable country sweeps around by the base of the Blue Mountains to Walla-Walla, a distance of ninety miles. The whole fertile belt of East Washington, I have said before, may roughly be measured as two hundred and fifty miles long by fifty broad. It is all fertile, and amazingly fertile too. There is absolutely no waste land in it, save on the steep slopes of the Snake River Cañon. It is sparsely settled as yet, but immigrants are steadily streaming in, and it will soon contain a dense agricultural population. It is a better grain country than even Eastern Dakota, the average yield being considerably larger. Besides this magnificent farming belt, all parts of which are alike in their general characteristics of elevation, hilly surface, and uniformly productive soil, East Washington contains two other fertile regions: the Big Bend country, lying in the sweep of the Columbia—an extensive plain just beginning to attract settlers—and the Yakima country, a series of narrow valleys on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains. I have not visited either of them. Both are said to be good stock and wheat sections.

In traveling through the country south of Snake River (Lewis River, the people of Lewiston insist that it should be called,) I saw the rival villages of Pomeroy and Pataha City fighting each other at a distance of three miles for the honor and profit of the county-seatship of the new county of Garfield, and passed a night in the older and larger town of Dayton, snugly seated among elms and willows in a bend of the Touchet River. It is bustling and prosperous.

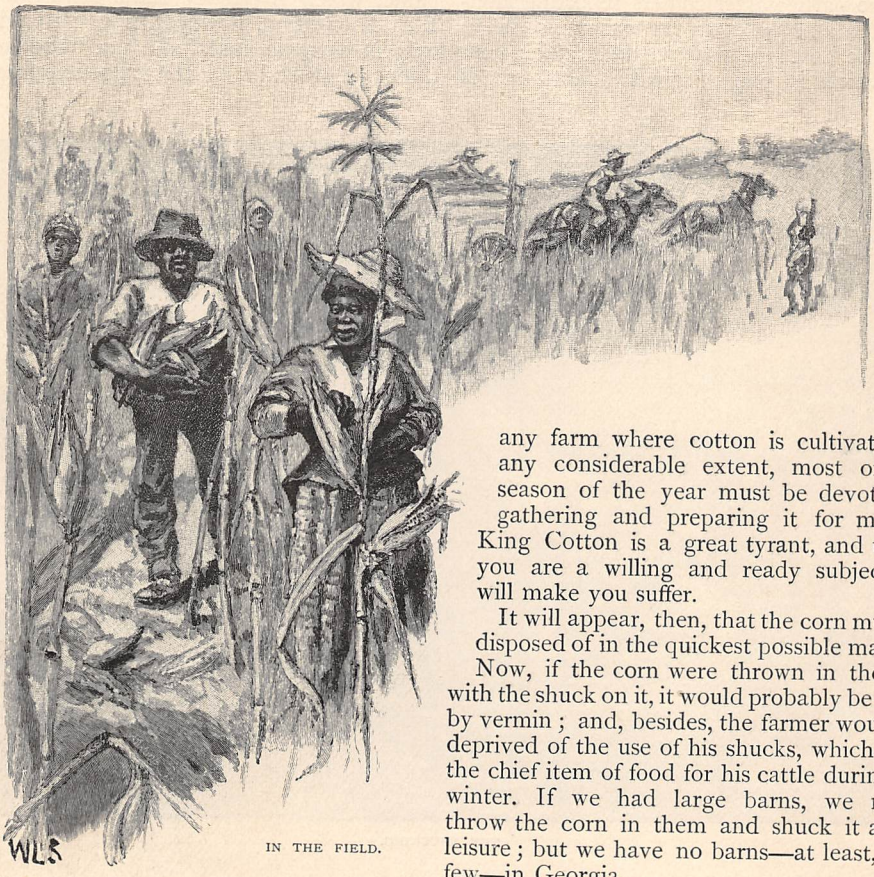
My journey next took me to Walla-Walla, largest and handsomest of all the East Washington towns. Doubtless the name of Walla-Walla brings no suggestion to the minds of most readers in the far-away East, save of a rude frontier settlement. Yet the place luxuriates in verdure and bloom, and many of its shady streets, bordered by pretty houses, with their lawns, orchards and gardens, would be admired in a New England village, while the business streets would do no discredit to an Ohio town of half a century's growth. In the homes of well-to-do citizens one finds the magazines and new books and newspapers from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and discovers that they manage to keep abreast of the ideas of the time quite as well as intelligent people on the Atlantic slope. The town has five thousand inhabitants, but in its importance as a center of trade and social influences it represents an Eastern town of many times its size. There is barely a trace of the frontier in the manners of the people, and none at all in their comfortable way of living; yet they are thousands of miles from New York by the only route of steam travel. A fairer or more fertile country than that which stretches south and east of Walla-Walla to the base of the Blue Mountains one might travel more than five thousand miles to find. In June it is all one immense rolling field of wheat and barley dotted at long intervals—for the farms are large—with neat houses, each in its orchard of apple and peach trees. The mountains rise in gentle slopes to snow-flecked summits. Over the wide plain move tall, tawny cloud-like columns of dust, in size and shape like water-spouts at sea. From the foot-hills scores of these singular formations may be seen on any warm day, though the air seems still.

If the reader has followed me in my notes of travel through "The New North-west" in this and previous numbers of this magazine, he will observe that the whole country traversed through the northern tier of territories from Eastern Dakota to Washington is a habitable region. There will be no break in the line. No alkali and greasewood desert lies across the path of settlement, to make a blank space in future maps and divide the civilization of the North Pacific coast from that of the nearer North-west. This is an important fact for the statesman and sociologist to consider in their forecasts of the progress of the American Republic, and the development of the new American race now in process of amalgamation from diverse elements of Puritan and Southerner, Teuton, Celt, and Scandinavian, African, Mongolian, and Red Indian. The two coasts of the continent will be tied together by a broad band of continuously populated country, reaching from the Red River of the North to the mouth of the Columbia.

Indeed, the vacant spaces on this belt are already occupied here and there by the bivouacs of the advance guard of the approaching army of settlers. In the course of over six hundred miles of travel between the two ends of the Northern Pacific Railroad I slept under a roof every night, save when on an Indian reservation, or in the great forest on the Clark's Fork of the Columbia. Sometimes the roof was that of a herdsman's hut, or the shanty of an engineer party, but always there was shelter to be found for the night by rightly planning the day's journey. For the entire distance every square mile of the country is valuable either for farming, stock-raising, or timber-cutting. There is absolutely no waste land between the well-settled region of Dakota and the new wheat region of Washington Territory. Even on the tops of the Rocky Mountains there is good pasturage; and the vast timber belt enveloping Clark's Fork and Lake Pend d'Oreille, and the ranges of the Cabinet and Cœur d'Alene Mountains is more valuable than an equal extent of arable land, because it is destined to supply with lumber the treeless regions on both sides of it in Montana and Washington. Save on the ranges of the Rockies and their outlying groups and spurs, the country is practically destitute of good timber all the way east to the pine forests of Minnesota, and westward there is a wide stretch of bare hills and plains to the foot of the Cascade Range.

E. V. Smalley.

A GEORGIA CORN-SHUCKING.



IN THE FIELD.

THE first work toward gathering the corn crop in Georgia is to strip the stalks of their blades, *i. e.*, "pull the fodder," which is done in August or September. This work is done by hand, the laborer stripping the blades from stalk after stalk until he gets his hands full, and then tying them together with a few blades of the same; and this constitutes a "hand." These hands are hung on the stalks of corn a day or two until they are "cured," after which they are tied up, three or four together, in bundles, and these bundles are stacked in the fields, or hauled up to the stables and thrown into the fodder-loft. The corn is thus left on the naked stalk until some time in October or November, by which time it will have become hard and dry. If Georgians, like the Western farmers, had nothing to gather in the fall but the corn, we might spend the whole fall gathering it; but, on any farm where cotton is cultivated to any considerable extent, most of this season of the year must be devoted to gathering and preparing it for market. King Cotton is a great tyrant, and unless you are a willing and ready subject, he will make you suffer.

It will appear, then, that the corn must be disposed of in the quickest possible manner. Now, if the corn were thrown in the crib with the shuck on it, it would probably be eaten by vermin; and, besides, the farmer would be deprived of the use of his shucks, which form the chief item of food for his cattle during the winter. If we had large barns, we might throw the corn in them and shuck it at our leisure; but we have no barns—at least, very few—in Georgia.

Out of these conditions has sprung the corn-shucking; and it has grown into importance, even more as a social than as an economic feature among our farming people. It is peculiarly suited to negro genius. Among no other people could it flourish and reach the perfection which it here attains.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn-shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near the crib, rakes away all trash, and sweeps the place clean with a brush broom. The corn is then pulled off the stalks, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot, and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "notated" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is auspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long

the place will be alive with them,—men, women, and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'r'ls" are chosen from among the most famous corn-shuckers on the ground, and these proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comers reporting alternately to one side or the other, so as to keep the forces equally divided. The next step, which is one of great importance, is in a corn-shucker differs from that of the soldier in that the former is in greater danger than any of his followers; for the chances are that, should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponents will knock the leader off the corn-pile, and thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not unfrequently leads to a general row. If it is possible, imagine



THE SHUCKING.

to divide the corn-pile. This is done by laying a fence-rail across the top of the corn-pile, so that the vertical plane, passing through the rail, will divide the pile into two equal portions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division; it is accompanied with much argument, not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined, the two generals mount the corn-pile, and the work begins. The necessity for the "gin-'r'ls" to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible, from which to cheer their followers, is one reason why they get up on top of the corn; but there is another, equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail, and thus throw an undue portion of the work upon their adversaries. The position of "gin'r'l" a negro man standing up on a pile of corn, holding in his hand an ear of corn and shouting the words on the next page, and you will have pictured the "corn gin'r'l." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or, to use the language of corn-shuckers, the "gin'r'ls give out," and the shuckers "drone." These songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet, when sung by fifty pairs of lusty lungs, there are few things more stirring.

The most common form is for the generals to improvise words, which they half sing, half recite, all joining in the chorus. As a specimen of this style of corn-song, the following will answer:

First Gen. "Here is yer corn-shucker."
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
Second Gen. "Here is yer nigger ruler."
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
Both Gens. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
First Gen. "Don't yer hyer me holler?"
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho."
Second Gen. "Don't yer hyer me lumber?"
All Hands. "Oh ho ho ho ho," etc.

In this the generals frequently recount their adventures, travels and experiences. The writer knew of a negro who went down to the sea-coast, and when he returned, carried by storm a corn-shucking of which he was general, with the words: "I've bin ter de ilund."

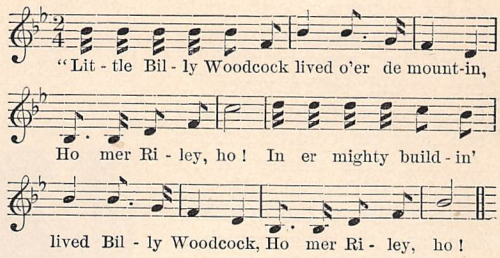
Of course "Brer Rabbit" must come in for his share of the honor, as he does in the following song, which is illustrative of the negro's appreciation of rabbit cunning. It is sung just as the other was, the generals and shuckers alternating:

Gen. "Rabbit in de gyordin."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Dog can't ketch um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Gun can't shoot um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Mon can't skin um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Cook can't cook um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh."
Gen. "Folks can't eat um."
Cho. "Rabbit hi oh," etc.

Any reader who has followed so far, may by courtesy be called a corn general, and is therefore at liberty to add indefinitely to the verses, or repeat them as he pleases. Any words at all may be taken and twisted into a chorus, as is illustrated in the following:

Gen. "Slip shuck corn little while."
Cho. "Little while, little while."
Gen. "Slip shuck corn little while."
Cho. "Little while, I say."
Gen. "I'm gwine home in little while," etc.

The finest corn-song of them all is one in which the chorus is, "Ho mer Riley ho." The words here given were some of them picked up in South-west Georgia, and some in other portions of the State. Competent judges say there is really music in this song, and for this reason, as well as to give readers who have never heard the corn-song an idea of the tunes to which they are sung, the notes of this song are given below. No full knowledge of the way in which the song is rendered can be conveyed by notes, but it is believed that the tune is properly reported.



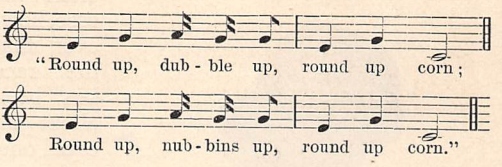
"Little Billy Woodcock got er mighty long bill.
Ho mer Riley ho.
He stuck it through de mountin and clinch it on tother side.
Ho mer Riley ho.

"'Possum up de gum stump, Raccoon in de holler.
Ho mer Riley ho.
Rabbit in de ole feel fat ez he kin waller.
Ho mer Riley ho.

"Nigger in de wood-pile can't count seb'n.
Ho mer Riley ho.
Put him in de fedder bed he thought he wuz in Heb'n.
Ho mer Riley ho.

"Did yer ever see er gin sling made outer bramdy?
Ho mer Riley ho.
Did you ever see er yaller gal lick 'lasses candy?
Ho mer Riley ho."

There is one more very short song which is sung by all hands. The work of finishing the shucking of the last few ears is called "rounding up" the corn-pile, and is almost invariably in the following words:



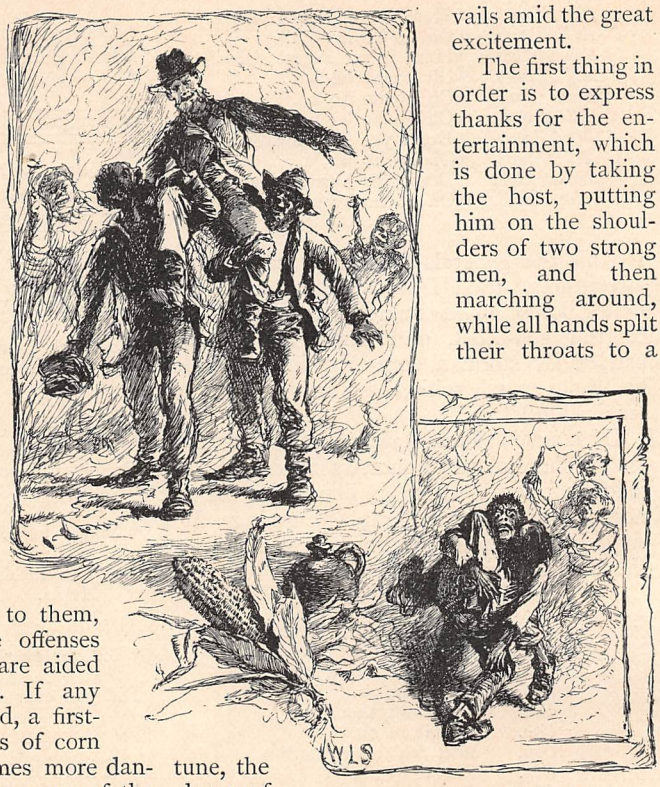
These words are repeated, over and over, until the last of the corn is shucked, and the work finished.

An amount of work which would astonish the shuckers themselves, and which, if demanded of them in the day-time would be declared impossible, is accomplished under the excitement of the corn-song. They shuck the corn by hand, sometimes using a sharp stick to split open the shuck, but most commonly tearing them open with the fingers. As the feeling of rivalry grows more and more intense, they work faster and faster, stripping the shuck from the ears so fast that they seem to fly almost constantly from their hands.

A staid New-England farmer and his friends, gathered in a comfortable, well-lighted barn, quietly doing the laborious part

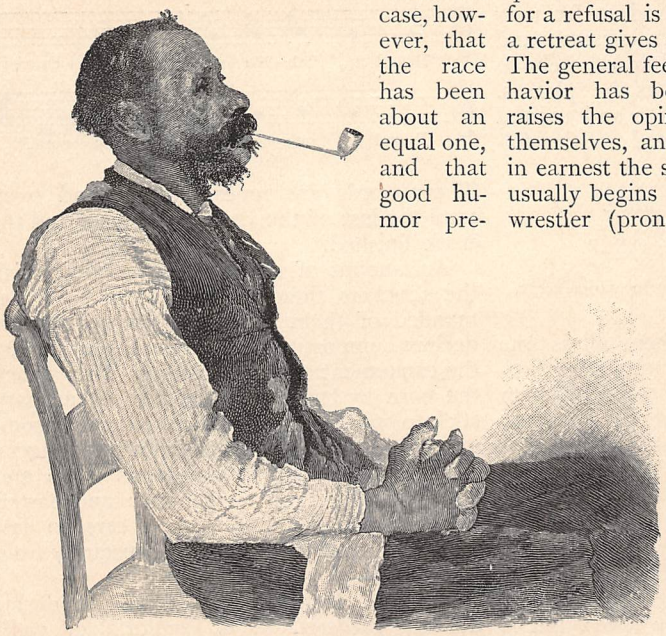
of his "husking-bee," would think they had been transferred to pandemonium if they could be conveyed to a Georgia corn-shucking and see how our colored farmers do the same work; and I imagine the social gathering which follows the husking-bee, and the frolic which is the after-piece of the corn-shucking, resemble each other as little as do their methods of work.

It is no rare occurrence for a corn-shucking to terminate in a row instead of a frolic. If one side is badly beaten, there is almost sure to be some charge of fraud; either that the rail has been moved, or part of the corn of the successful party thrown over on the other side "unbeknownst" to them, or some such charge. These offenses are common occurrences, and are aided by the dimness of the light. If any of these charges can be proved, a first-class row ensues, in which ears of corn fly thick and fast, and sometimes more dangerous weapons are used. The owner of the premises can always stop them, and does do so. Negroes have great respect for proprietorship, and yield whenever it is asserted. It is most often the case, however, that the race has been about an equal one, and that good humor prevails amid the great excitement.



THE WALK AROUND.—THE WRESTLE.

The first thing in order is to express thanks for the entertainment, which is done by taking the host, putting him on the shoulders of two strong men, and then marching around, while all hands split their throats to a tune, the chorus of which is "Walk away, walk away!" This honor, though of questionable comfort, or rather most unquestionable discomfort, must be undergone, for a refusal is considered most churlish, and a retreat gives too much license to the guests. The general feeling that most handsome behavior has been shown toward the host, raises the opinion the guests entertain for themselves, and they are prepared to begin in earnest the sports of the occasion. The fun usually begins by some one who is a famous wrestler (pronounced "rasler") offering to throw down anybody on the ground, accompanying the boast by throwing aside his coat and swaggering round, sometimes making a ring and inviting "eny gemman ez warnts ter git his picter tuk on de groun'," to come in. The challenge is promptly accepted, and the spectators gather around, forming a ring, so that they may be in a position to watch, and, at the same time, encourage and advise their friends. They keep up a continual stream of talk during the



A RETIRED GIN'R'L.

whole time, and not unfrequently come to blows over the merits of the wrestlers.

The "rasler's" account of his performance is as much unlike his real conduct as can well be imagined. The fellow who swaggers around boastfully at the shucking will make himself out the most modest person in the world, in recounting his adventures next day. There is a famous corn-shucker and wrestler who is a tenant of the writer, here ef he didn't git up en swor it wuz er dog-fall.* Gemini! den I got mer blood up. I sed, I did: 'Jest buckle round me.' En no sooner en he tuk his holt, en gin de word ter cut mer patchin, den I tuk him up wid de ole h'ist, en flung him clean over mer shoulder, right squar on top of his hed. De wust uv it wuz, arter dat he wanted ter go fite An' Kalline's little Jim, kase he sed: 'Dat jarred de gemman.' I tole him ef he toch dat chile, I



THE DANCE.

named Nathan Mitchell, more commonly known in the neighborhood as "An' Fran's Nath." He loves to go over his adventures generally in about these words: "Mars Dave, yer know dis hyer Ike Jones whar live down Mr. Brittels'? Well, sir, I went down ter Miss Marfy Moore's night erfore las'. Dey had er little corn-shuckin' down dar, en arter we got done wid de shuckin', Ike he kerminced cuttin' up his shines, 'lowed he cud fling down enything ter his inches on de ground, en ef dey didn't b'lieve it, all dey had ter do wuz ter toe de mark. De boys dey all wanted me fer ter try 'im, but I wudn't do it, kase I knowed p'intedly ef I tuk holt er dat nigger he wuz bound ter git hurt. When he seed me sorter hol'in' back, he got wusser en wusser, twell finerly I sed: 'Beenst how yer so manish, I'll take one fall wid yer, jest ter give yer sattifacshun.' Wal, sir, I flung dat nigger so hard I got oneasy 'bout him; I wuz nattally feared I had kilt him, and I aint gim de wust whippin' ever he toted. I don't like dat nigger, nohow."

I happened to hear this same man telling one of his companions about some corn-"gin'r'l," who "got up on de corn-pile en kep' singin' en gwine on twell I got tired, en took him berhine de year wid er year er corn en axed him down"; from which I inferred he had been guilty of the misconduct of throwing at the generals, which has already been mentioned, and which he was sufficiently ashamed of to try and hide from me.

A corn-shucking which is to be considered in the light of a finished performance should end with a dance. Of late years, colored farmers who are "members" frequently give corn-shuckings where no dancing is allowed, but it is common for the party to have a dance before they disperse. These dances take place either in one of the houses, or else

* *I. e.*, a drawn battle, both striking the ground at the same moment.

out of doors on the ground. The dance of late years is a modification of the cotillon, the old-time jig having given place to this, just as in the cities the German and the others have ousted the old-time dances. There is a great deal of jig-dancing in these cotillons, and the man who cannot "cut the pigeon-wing" is considered a sorry dancer indeed; but still it purports to be a cotillon. Endurance is a strong point in the list of accomplishments of the dancer, and, other things being equal, that dancer who can hold out the longest is considered the best. The music is commonly made by a fiddler and a straw-beater, the fiddle being far more common than the banjo, in spite of tradition to the contrary. The fiddler is the man of most importance on the ground. He always comes late, must have an extra share of whisky, is the best-dressed man in the crowd, and unless every honor is shown him he will not play. He will play you a dozen different pieces, which are carefully distinguished by names, but not by tunes. The most skilled judge of music will be unable to detect any difference between "Run, Nigger, Run," "Arkansaw Traveler," "Forky Deer," and any other tune. He is never offended at a mistake which you may make as to what piece he is playing; he only feels a trifle contemptuous toward you as a person utterly devoid of musical knowledge. The straw-beater is a musician, the description of whose performances the writer has never "read or heard repeated." No preliminary training is necessary in this branch of music; any one can succeed, with proper caution, the first time he tries. The performer provides himself with a pair of straws about eighteen inches in length, and stout enough to stand a good smart blow. An experienced straw-beater will be very careful in selecting his straws, which he does from the sedge-broom; this gives him an importance he could not otherwise have, on account of the commonness of his accomplishment. These straws are used after the manner of drum-sticks, that portion of the fiddle-strings between the fiddler's bow and his left hand serving as a drum. One of the first sounds which you hear on approaching the dancing party is the *tum tee tum* of the straws, and after the dance begins, when the shuffling of feet destroys the other sounds of the fiddle, this noise can still be heard.

With the cotillon a new and very important office, that of "caller-out," has become a necessity. The "caller-out," though of less importance than the fiddler, is second to no other. He not only calls out the figures, but explains them at length to the ignorant, sometimes accompanying them through the performance. He is never at a loss, "Gemmen to de right!" being a sufficient refuge in case of embarrassment, since this always calls forth a full display of the dancers' agility, and gives much time.

The corn-shucking is one of the institutions of the old plantations which has flourished and expanded since the negroes were freed. With the larger liberty they enjoy there has come increased social intercourse, and this has tended to encourage social gatherings of all kinds. Then, too, the great number of small farmers who have sprung up in the South since the war necessitates mutual aid in larger undertakings, so that at this time the corn-shucking, as an institution, is most flourishing. No doubt with improved culture its features will be changed, and, in time, destroyed. Indeed, already it is becoming modified, and the great improvement which the negro race is continually manifesting indicates that in time their simple songs and rough sports must yield to higher demands.

David C. Barrow, Jr.

THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

In dull, dead heaviness of sleep,
The earth lies weak and worn.
The haggard night forgets to keep
Her weary watch for morn.

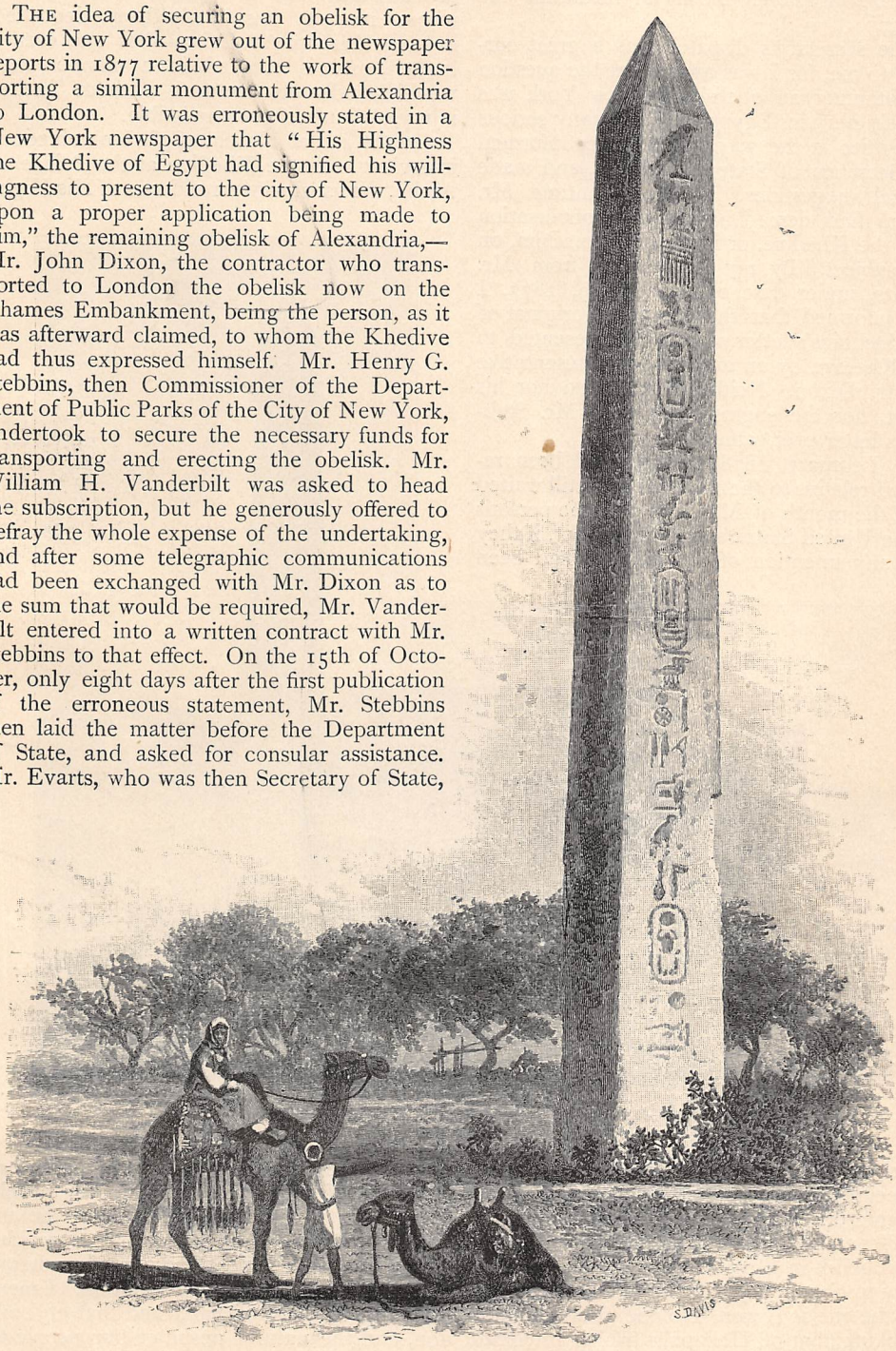
A numbness slowly seems to creep
On river, field, and hill.
The gloom falls momently more deep,
The stillness grows more still.

And over all there steals, intense,
A strangeness chill and gray,
A stolid, dull indifference,
The night's despair of day.

Robertson Trowbridge.

THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE OBELISK.

THE idea of securing an obelisk for the city of New York grew out of the newspaper reports in 1877 relative to the work of transporting a similar monument from Alexandria to London. It was erroneously stated in a New York newspaper that "His Highness the Khedive of Egypt had signified his willingness to present to the city of New York, upon a proper application being made to him," the remaining obelisk of Alexandria,—Mr. John Dixon, the contractor who transported to London the obelisk now on the Thames Embankment, being the person, as it was afterward claimed, to whom the Khedive had thus expressed himself. Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, then Commissioner of the Department of Public Parks of the City of New York, undertook to secure the necessary funds for transporting and erecting the obelisk. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was asked to head the subscription, but he generously offered to defray the whole expense of the undertaking, and after some telegraphic communications had been exchanged with Mr. Dixon as to the sum that would be required, Mr. Vanderbilt entered into a written contract with Mr. Stebbins to that effect. On the 15th of October, only eight days after the first publication of the erroneous statement, Mr. Stebbins then laid the matter before the Department of State, and asked for consular assistance. Mr. Evarts, who was then Secretary of State,

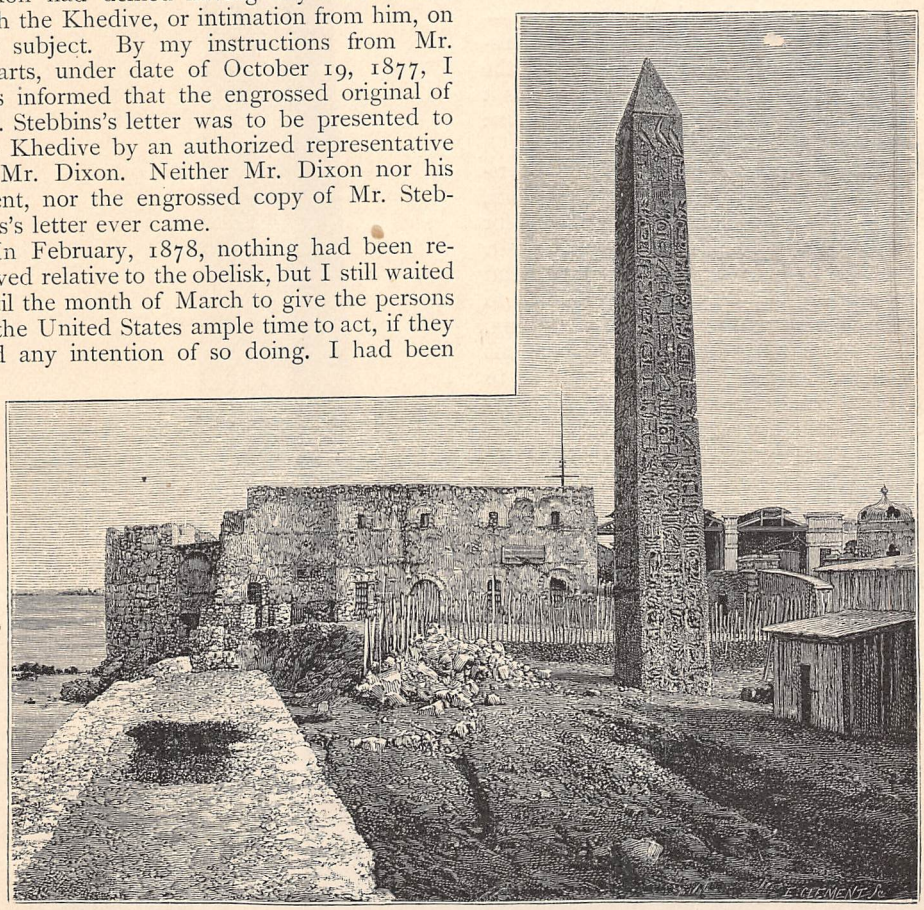


THE OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

thereupon requested me, who, in virtue of my position as agent and consul-general at Cairo, was the diplomatic representative of the United States at the court of the Khedive, to "use all proper means of furthering the object."

The secretary's dispatch was a great surprise to me, for I was aware that the question of obtaining an obelisk for New York was entirely new in Egypt. I saw many serious difficulties in the way, and at once informed the Secretary of State of my fears, and made several suggestions. In the meantime Mr. Dixon had denied having any conversation with the Khedive, or intimation from him, on the subject. By my instructions from Mr. Evarts, under date of October 19, 1877, I was informed that the engrossed original of Mr. Stebbins's letter was to be presented to the Khedive by an authorized representative of Mr. Dixon. Neither Mr. Dixon nor his agent, nor the engrossed copy of Mr. Stebbins's letter ever came.

In February, 1878, nothing had been received relative to the obelisk, but I still waited until the month of March to give the persons in the United States ample time to act, if they had any intention of so doing. I had been



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AS IT STOOD IN ALEXANDRIA.

for some time thinking of making an effort to secure an obelisk, if they should abandon the enterprise. During the Nile journey made by General Grant, I had concluded that the only obelisk in Egypt that we should be at all likely to obtain, and that would be desirable, was the one at Luxor. No one would think of removing that of Heliopolis, which antedates Cleopatra's needle a thousand years. The larger of the two at Karnak, the largest obelisk now known, still stands where it was placed 3400 years ago, and Egypt, I knew, would never consent to part with it. The smaller one standing near it—that of Thothmes I., whose mummy has lately been deposited in the Museum at Cairo—has one corner broken, and is cracked in a manner that would render its removal, without further injury, difficult, if not impossible.

On the 4th of March, 1878, I obtained an interview with the Khedive at the Palace of Abdin, the usual winter residence of His Highness, for the purpose of laying the matter before him. I informed him that the people of the United States desired one of the ancient obelisks of Egypt, and that a wealthy gentleman of New York had offered to defray all the expenses of its transportation. I mentioned the obelisk of Paris and that of London, and the natural desire of our people to have one in their metropolis, and suggested

that the obelisk at Alexandria was most accessible for shipment. I found the subject entirely new to the Khedive. He seemed at first to be surprised at the proposal. However, after various questions and observations, he said that, while it would be a great pleasure for him to be able to accede to my wishes, or to do anything in his power to gratify the people of the United States, the matter would have to be seriously considered; and as to the obelisk at Alexandria, he did not think it best even to mention it, since the people of that city would make too much opposition to its removal.

Not long after the first interview, the subject was again a topic of conversation between the Khedive and myself, and on this occasion I stated some of the reasons that occurred to me in favor of the removal of an obelisk to New York. I said that New York and the cities immediately adjoining already numbered two millions, and that their population was increasing rapidly; that the population of the United States was approaching fifty millions, and the time was not distant when it would be double that number; that a large portion of all these millions would at some time during their lives visit the city of New York; that, should an ancient Egyptian obelisk be erected there, it would be the one object, above all others, that every visitor would desire to see, and so, as the years and centuries passed, many millions who could never cross the Atlantic would see this monument, and, as they would be for the most part intelligent people, they would learn something of its ancient history, and that it was a gift of His Highness to the people of the United States; while, if the obelisk remained in Egypt, it would be seen by only a few hundred visitors annually, who would lose nothing by the removal of a single one of the remaining obelisks.

Soon after this conversation I was present at a dinner-party given by His Highness at the Palace of Abdin, and it was on this occasion that the first favorable intimation was given in regard to the obelisk. There were from thirty to forty persons present, and among the number M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. After dinner the company was standing in groups in the large parlors. The Khedive, who was constantly shifting his place, seemed in better spirits than was usual for him in those sad days of financial depression and embarrassment. We happened to meet near a settee, and he invited me to be seated. His first words were:

"Well, Mr. Farman, you would like an obelisk?"

I replied that we would like one very much. Some one came to join us, and we separated. A few minutes later I was in conversation with M. de Lesseps. This was at the time the Khedive was about to establish a commission of inquiry to ascertain the amount of the net revenues of the country with reference to determining what rate of interest could be paid on the public debt. The Nile had not risen to its customary height the year before, and a considerable portion of the valley of Upper Egypt, instead of being green with its accustomed winter crops, was only a parched and dusty desert, and it seemed impossible to continue the payment of interest at the rate of seven per cent. on the nearly one hundred millions of pounds of Egypt's indebtedness. The Khedive had named, or was about to name, M. de Lesseps president of the commission. During our conversation the Khedive joined us. M. de Lesseps, turning toward him, repeated something I had just said about the best manner of ascertaining the revenues. Either His Highness did not hear, or, what is more likely, he did not wish to enter upon the discussion of that subject. Interrupting the conversation, he said:

"Mr. Farman wishes an obelisk."

M. de Lesseps, who is a fine conversationalist and always polite, agreeable and quick in his replies, immediately said:

"That would be an excellent thing for the people of the United States;" and after a moment's hesitation, during which time the Khedive seemed to await his further reply, he added: "and I do not see why we could not give them one. It would not injure us much, and would be a very valuable acquisition for them."

M. de Lesseps had been so long in Egypt that, in speaking of Egyptian matters, he was accustomed to say "we," "us," and "ours."

The Khedive simply said: "I am considering the matter," and turned to speak with another person who was approaching.

When I made my dinner call two or three days afterward, the obelisk was again mentioned, and the Khedive told me he had concluded to give us one, but not that at Alexandria. He at once called his private secretary and directed him to write a note to Brugsch Bey (now Brugsch Pasha) requesting a list and description of all the obelisks remaining in Egypt, and an opinion as to which could best be spared. I thanked His Highness warmly, and, as I was leaving, he said that within a short time his secretary would inform me which obelisk we could have.

It was not many days after this interview that a reception and ball occurred at the palace. Brugsch Bey and myself hap-

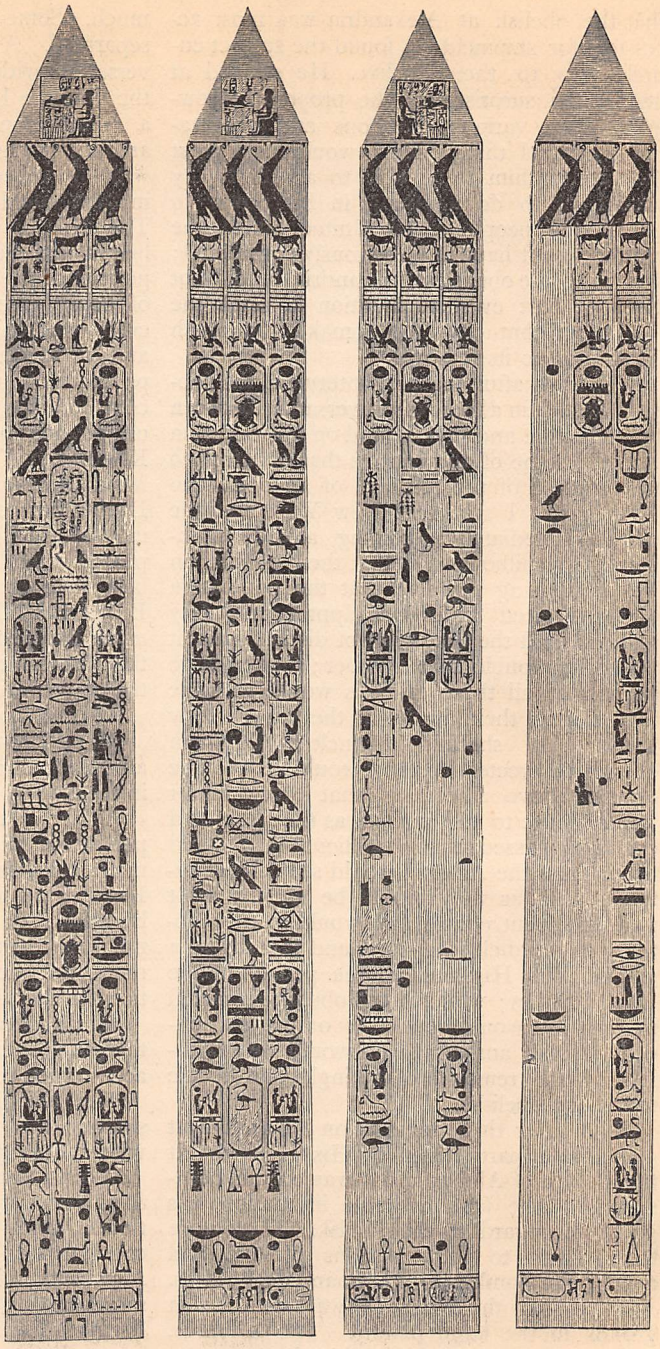
pened to meet, and after the exchange of a few words he said, in a rather reproachful tone:

"I learn you are trying to obtain an obelisk to take to New York."

"Why not? They have one in Paris and one in London, and the people of New York wish one also."

"You will create a great amount of feeling; all the scholars of Europe will oppose it. The Khedive has asked me to give a description of the obelisks remaining in Egypt, and to state which one can best be spared; I have sent a description of the obelisks, but I shall not designate any to be taken away, for I am totally opposed to the removal of any of them."

Not desiring to enter into any discussion on the subject, I replied in a conciliatory manner, saying it was of no great importance; that there were a number of obelisks in Egypt, and that the removal of one would not make much difference. He added that I would find there would be great opposition. This was the beginning of opposition that was to delay for more than a year the completion of the gift, and the fulfillment of a purpose which His Highness had deliberately fixed upon, without pressure from any source, and without any undue persuasion. Had this opposition come from Egyptians of position, who would have had a right to be heard, I should, through delicacy, have desisted at once from all further efforts in the matter. It, however, came wholly from Europeans, temporarily residing in Egypt, and who, whatever might be their opinions, and however well founded their conclusions, had, as against the United States, no rights to protect, and consequently were not entitled to be heard. The question of the propriety of the removal of the obelisk is open to discussion, and there will always be different views upon the subject. But it was not for Europeans, whose capitals are enriched with the treasures of Ancient Egypt, to say that not a single monument should be taken to the United States.



HIEROGLYPHS ON THE FOUR SIDES OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

About this time I was informed by the

English consul-general that the obelisk at Luxor, the only one I then had hopes of getting, belonged to his people; that it was given to them at the same time that the one at Paris was given to France, and that they claimed it, and should object to its being removed by any one else. The consul-general said he did not know that they should ever take it, but they claimed a right to do so. The Khedive afterward said to me that it was true the obelisk at Luxor was offered to the English at the same time that its companion was given to the French; and although they did not take it, they now objected to its being given to any one else; and that under the circumstances it would not do to interfere with it. This was a new and unexpected complication. The obelisk had been offered to the English by Mohammed Ali, fifty years ago, because he did not wish to create any ill feelings on account of his gift to France. They did not accept it, or at least did not take it; and after having accepted and removed to London another they suddenly renewed their claim to this one. Weeks passed, and no note came from the Khedive. In the mean time his private secretary had informed me that no obelisk had been designated to be given to the United States, for the reason that Brugsch Bey had given no opinion as to the one that could best be spared. I knew that spécial objections were being made in the case of each obelisk; that all the European influence was combined against me, and that the English claim of the Luxor obelisk was only one of the results of this combination. Once afterward, during the spring of 1878, the matter was mentioned by the Khedive, who had not yet fixed upon one to be given, but said that he would do so at no very distant day.

Serious difficulties came upon Egypt about this time. The Khedive was harassed and vexed in many ways. Notwithstanding the lowness of the Nile and the consequent impoverished condition of the country, resulting in a famine by which ten thousand persons perished, the English and French governments gave His Highness notice, in the month of April, that they should insist on the payment, at their maturity, of the May coupons of the unified debt. Sufficient money could not be collected, however, to pay the coupons, and the deficiency was raised on the notes of the three princes—the present Khedive and his two brothers—secured by a pledge on the wheat crop then growing. If this wheat had been left in the country, and distributed among the needy, the famine of the next fall would have been averted. M. de Lesseps, well knowing that he could not do justice to Egypt and at the same time please the Paris bankers, had gone to France without entering upon the duties of the commission of inquiry. As early as the month of June the president of the commission demanded of the Khedive and the members of his family the surrender of their private estates. This demand was acceded to, and four hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land were deeded to the Government and afterward mortgaged to secure the famous Rothschild loan of eight and a half millions of pounds. Measures of economy, demanded by the commission, also required the dismissal of many government employés, and the Americans in the military service of the Khedive were among the first to be discharged. Without any previous notice, they were informed that their term of service was ended. They all had due them considerable amounts of arrears of pay, and some of them had disputed claims and demands for indemnity, which complicated their affairs with the Government and rendered a settlement of their accounts difficult. I was called upon to aid my countrymen, and found myself suddenly thrown into an unpleasant contest. In this depressed state of Egyptian affairs, and among the embarrassments with which the Khedive found himself surrounded, there was no time for him to think of the obelisk. I therefore left Egypt about the middle of July, on a leave of absence, with permission to visit the United States.

On my return to Egypt, in November, I found a great change in governmental matters. What was called the Anglo-French ministry had been formed, with Nubar Pasha at its head. The ministry had been organized on the theory of its responsibility, and claimed to act independent of the Khedive. In Egypt there was no parliament, all the legislative as well as the executive power being vested in the Khedive. There was a Chamber of Notables, which was sometimes assembled to vote on questions of extraordinary taxation. This chamber was convoked in December, 1878, or in January following, but was utterly ignored by Mr. Wilson, the English representative in the ministry, who even refused to submit to it a report of his proceedings as Minister of Finance. The ministers, according to their theory, were independent of all restraint, and, as it seems, no one could rightfully remove them. At least this was claimed, and their subsequent removal by the Khedive cost him his throne. This was the ministry through which the obelisk was now to come, if at all—the Khedive, as they claimed, having no authority in the premises.

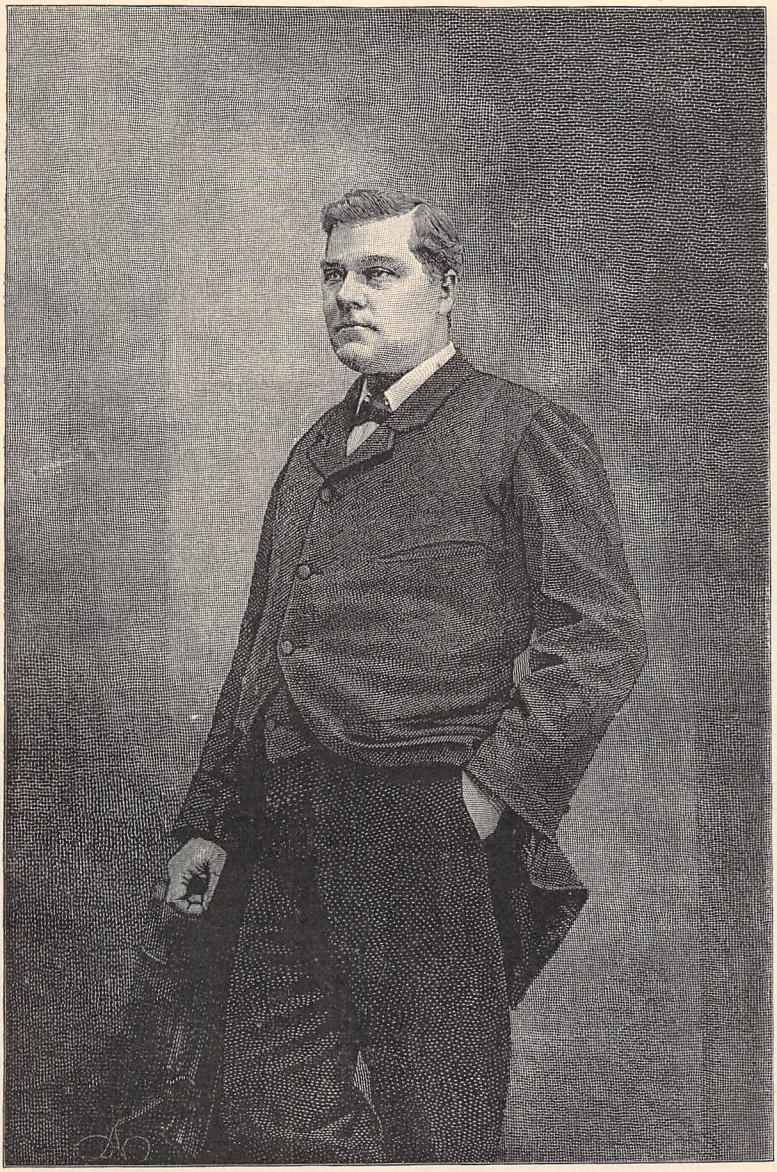
Mariette Bey, who had spent the summer at the Exposition in Paris, had arrived, and I knew he was making strenuous opposition to the gift; and as he was then really at the head of the Department of Antiquities, his opposition could not but embarrass and delay the negotiations, and at one time it seemed likely wholly to defeat the intentions of the Khedive.

On my arrival I paid the customary visit to the Khedive, but no mention was made of the obelisk for a number of weeks. He finally signified his willingness to complete the gift, but did not hesitate to intimate to me that the matter of the obelisk was then in the hands of the ministers. Though I had little faith in any long continuance of this state of things, I took occasion to bring the subject before Nubar Pasha, whom I had never seen until my return to Egypt, he having been in disfavor with the Khedive, and having resided in Europe since 1875. I found that he already understood the question, not from the Khedive, but from those who were opposed to the gift. He, however, took a fair view of the matter, and said that, if the Khedive had expressed his intention to give us an obelisk, it should be considered as a *fait accompli*, and that there was no reason why the ministry should oppose it. He promised to see the Khedive and learn exactly what had been done, and then carry out His Highness's wishes. He, however, added that, if it were a new and open question, he should oppose it. Not long afterward he informed me that he had seen the Khedive, and that he would take the necessary measures to have the promise fulfilled.

About this time Mariette Bey laid before the Council of Ministers a memorial on the subject, in which he made strenuous opposition to the removal of any of the obelisks of Egypt, and particularly set forth the sacredness of the obelisks at Karnak and that of Heliopolis. It was this memorial and the declarations of Mariette that afterward determined the question as to what obelisk should be given us. He undoubtedly thought that there would be sufficient opposition from other sources to prevent the removal of the one at Alexandria; that the English would take care of theirs at Luxor; and, if he could prevent the selection of either of those at Karnak or the one at Heliopolis, the project would be defeated.*

In February Nubar Pasha informed me that, as the English claimed the one at Luxor, and Mariette Bey was so strongly opposed to the removal of those of Karnak and that of Heliopolis, he had determined to give us the obelisk of Alexandria, Cleopatra's Needle. At the same time he prepared a memorandum of a dispatch to the Minister of Public Works, who represented France in the ministry, asking him to institute the necessary formalities. Two or three days afterward, events happened that threw Egypt into intense excitement, and compelled Nubar Pasha to retire from the ministry. A large number of officers and soldiers had been discharged without receiving their arrears of pay, and it was also just at that time that we were getting details of the famine that had existed in Upper Egypt in the previous months of November and December. Public feeling had become very hostile toward what was known as the European ministry. This state of excitement culminated on the 18th of February in a street attack, by the discharged officers and others, upon Mr. Rivers Wilson and Nubar Pasha, as they were leaving their departments to go to their noon-day meal. They were roughly handled, taken back to the Department of Finance, and held as prisoners for some hours, until the Khedive came personally to their relief. It was then only with great difficulty, and after some shots had been fired, that order was restored. Nubar Pasha resigned the next morning, but the English and French ministers, supported by their respective governments, retained their places, and after thirty days of diplomatic negotiations the ministry was reorganized, but under such conditions that the two European ministers could virtually control the Government. The suspense was not destined to be of long duration. Turns of the wheel of fortune are not only frequent in Egypt, but they generally happen when least expected. It is called a country of surprises, and there is an Oriental proverb according to which only provisional things are permanent. An Arab does not finish his house for fear of some accident befalling it or its occupants. To keep off misfortune the structure is left unfinished, or some part of it is only provisional, to be replaced by that which is permanent at a future day. But this is always to be done and never is done. Conditions were formulated and imposed that were designed to insure the immovability of the ministers. But the Arab proverb held good, and the structure which rested on laborious negotiations lasting thirty days endured only eighteen days. On the 7th of April occurred what has been called the *coup d'état* of the Khedive Ismaïl Pasha.

* Previous to the time of his being employed by the Egyptian Government, Marietta Bey himself took to Paris the finest collection of antiquities that has ever been removed from Egypt. This collection is still in the Museum of the Louvre.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HENRY H. GORRINGE. (FROM ARTOTYPE, BY HARROUN & BIERSTADT.)

After the events of the 18th of February, the Khedive claimed that it was necessary for the safety of the country that he should again take the government into his own hands, and form a new ministry composed wholly of Egyptians. He requested Cherif Pasha to take the presidency of a new ministry, and Cherif accepted. Once more the Khedive was the real as well as the nominal chief and head of the government, but the diplomatic and political circles of Europe were thrown into a state of great excitement; and at Paris, where the feeling against the Khedive was intense, his dethronement was loudly demanded. I had known Cherif Pasha since the time of my first arrival in Egypt. He was admitted by all persons to be a noble, honest, and just man, who never entered into intrigues or speculations. In his youth he had received a good European education, and had begun his career as an army officer and had risen to the rank of colonel. Always frank and sincere, he enjoyed more of the confidence of the people than any other person the Khedive

could call into his service. It was not many days before matters were again smoothly running so far as the local government of Egypt was concerned.

Cherif Pasha had been conversant for some time with the effort to procure an obelisk for New York. About a month after the so-called *coup d'état*, when it seemed for the moment as if the European Powers were to acquiesce in the new order of things, I suggested to Cherif Pasha that I would like to have the matter of the obelisk terminated. Some days afterward, when I was calling upon him for another reason, he told me he desired to speak to the Khedive once more on the subject, that he should see him that evening, and if I would call on the morrow at eleven o'clock he would give me a definite answer, and I was led to understand that it would be a favorable one. The next day I went to the ministry at the hour designated, but was informed that Cherif Pasha was at the palace, and probably with the Khedive. On my return to the consulate, I stopped to visit the Pasha, who held the position of keeper of the seal, and who had rooms in that part of the palace in which the Khedive resided. I found there two of the princes, brothers of the present Khedive. We entered into conversation, and coffee was served according to the universal oriental custom. In a few minutes Cherif Pasha came in and, after the usual salutations, had a few words with the keeper of the seal in their own language. Starting to leave, he gave me an intimation to accompany him, and, bidding good morning to the others, we went out together. On shaking hands with Cherif, I noticed that he was much agitated, and I suspected that there was important and perhaps alarming news from the cabinets of Paris and London. We had passed through a large hall and down a stair-way, and were just going out of a door-way near where both of our carriages were awaiting us, when the Pasha said:

"It is the obelisk at Alexandria that you prefer, is it not?"

I replied that that one was more conveniently situated for removal than the others.

"Well," said the Pasha, "we have concluded to give it to you."

I said that I ought to have something in writing, confirming the gift, to send to the Secretary of State at Washington, and that though we had always talked of it as a gift to the United States, it was understood that it was to be erected in New York; and that I had been thinking that perhaps it would be better to give it directly to that city, as otherwise there might be some complication, and perhaps an act of Congress would be required.

Cherif replied:

"We give you the obelisk, do as you wish with it;" and after a moment's reflection, he added: "write me a note, indicating what you wish to have done. State that all the expenses of removal are to be paid by the United States, or by the city of New York, if you prefer. Hand the note to my secretary-general, and tell him to prepare an answer confirming the gift in accordance with the suggestions you give, and to bring it to me for my signature."

Two hours later I handed to the Secretary-General of the Department of Foreign Affairs a letter giving the information desired, and at the same time I repeated what the Pasha had said. The next day I received the following reply:

"CAIRO, May 18, 1879.

"TO MR. FARMAN, AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

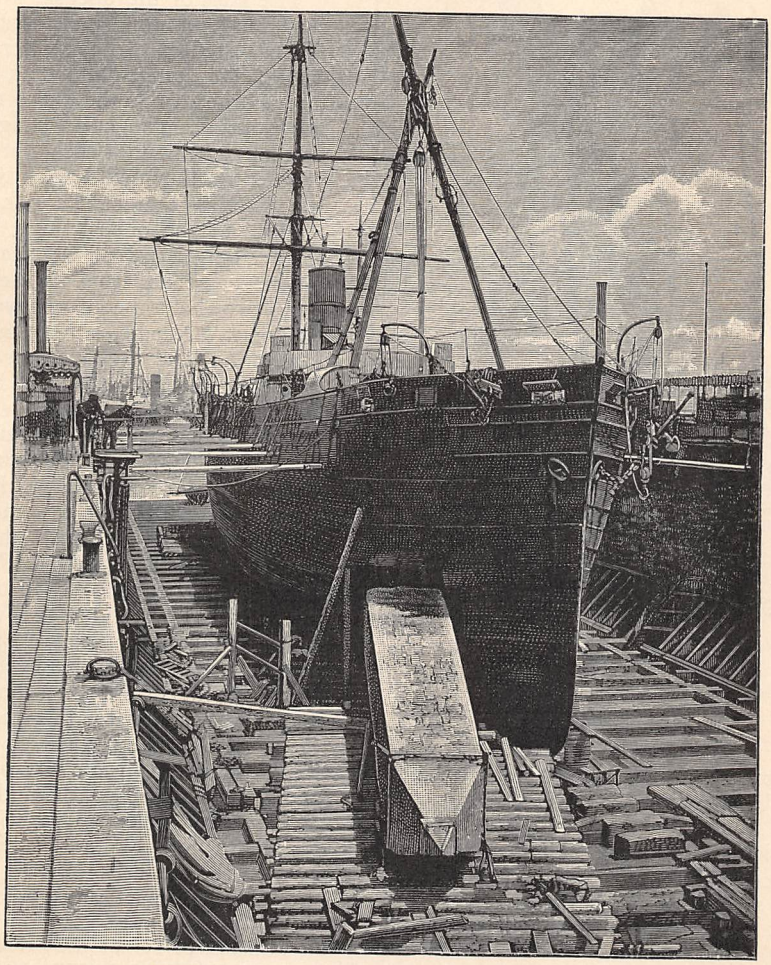
"MR. AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL: I have taken cognizance of the dispatch which you did me the honor of writing on the 17th of the current month of May. In reply I hasten to transmit the assurance that the Government of the Khedive, having taken into consideration your representations, and the desire which you have expressed in the name of the Government of the United States of America, consent, in fact, to make a gift to the city of New York of the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which is at Alexandria on the sea-shore. The local authorities will therefore be directed to deliver this obelisk to the representative of the American Government, and also to facilitate in every way possible the removal of this monument, which, according to the terms of your dispatch, is to be done at the exclusive cost and expense of the city of New York. I am happy to have to announce to you this decision, which, while giving to the great city an Egyptian monument, to which is attached, as you know, a real archæological interest, will also be, I am likewise convinced, another souvenir and another pledge of the friendship that has constantly existed between the Government of the United States and that of the Khedive. Be pleased to accept, Mr. Agent and Consul-General, the expression of my high consideration.

"CHERIF."

It will be seen from this note that the obelisk was given directly to the city of New York, and not, as is stated in the inscription on a claw of one of the crabs on which it now rests, to the United States.

The obelisk was secured, and the complications in the affairs of Egypt continued. From the time of the dismissal of the European ministers, on the 7th of April, France had not ceased to insist on the abdication of the Khedive, and had industriously labored with all the cabinets of Europe to obtain their support in effecting this purpose. The English Government gave its adhesion to this extreme measure with reluctance, acceding to the

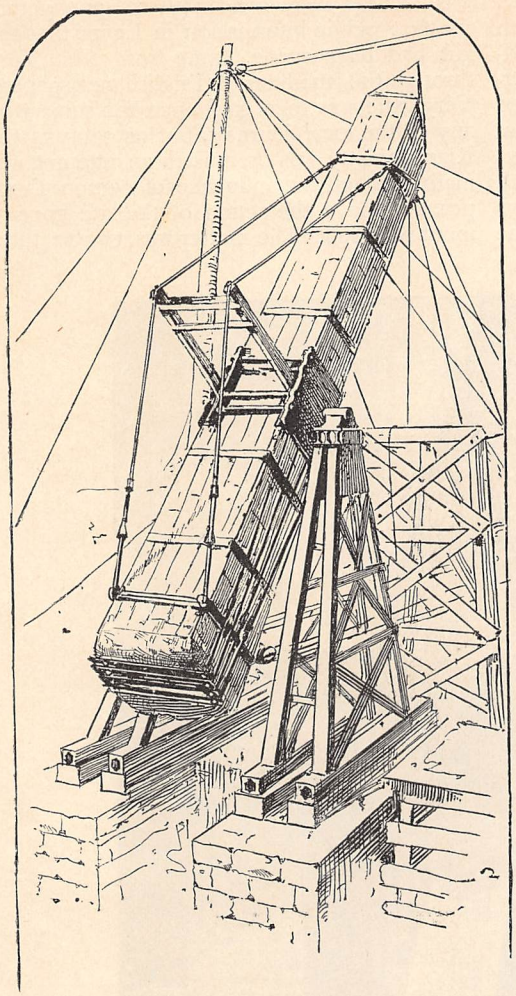
wishes of France about the middle of June. Other powers soon followed, and on the 27th of the same month, the Khedive, in accordance with an order which France and England had induced the Sultan to give, abdicated in favor of his son Mehemet Tewfik Pasha, who, on the same day, was proclaimed Khedive of Egypt, at the citadel in Cairo, with the usual pomp and ceremony. Three days later the ex-Khedive went into exile. The



PUTTING THE OBELISK IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER.

experiment of European ministers was not again tried. Cherif Pasha was continued at the head of the administration during the summer, but early in the autumn, what was known as the Riaz ministry was formed, which remained in power until it was overthrown by a revolt of the Egyptian army in September, 1881, when Cherif was again called upon by the Khedive to form a new ministry.

The final negotiations by which the obelisk was secured were conducted so quietly that the first public information in Egypt that the gift had been made, came from New York through the medium of English newspapers. Very little was then said upon the subject by any of the local journals, but as soon as the Riaz ministry was organized, an attempt was made through the influence of certain Europeans to have the action of the late government reversed. The matter was two or three times considered in the Council of Ministers, and commented upon by the European press of Egypt. The ministers, however, finding that the gift had been confirmed in writing by an exchange of official notes, decided that it was too late for them to take any action in the matter; and, on the arrival of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe in October, 1879, the necessary orders were given to the local authorities of Alexandria for the delivery of the obelisk.



SWINGING INTO POSITION.

In the month of October, 1879, Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who had been granted a leave of absence to enable him to remove the obelisk to the United States, arrived in Egypt, accompanied by Lieutenant Shroeder. The heavy constructions, made on a new plan from designs by the Commander, to aid him in the accomplishment of his work, arrived soon afterward, and on the 6th day of December, the huge shaft, poised on its improvised trunnions like a mammoth cannon, was turned to a horizontal position.

The Cleopatra's Needle, as is well known, is a single shaft of red granite from the quarries of Syene, now called Assouan, at the first cataract of the Nile, seven hundred miles from the Mediterranean. It is sixty-eight feet ten inches high, seven feet ten inches by eight feet two inches at the base, and tapers gradually upward to six feet one inch by six feet three inches, terminating in a pyramidion seven feet high. Its weight is about two hundred and twenty tons. It stood upon the sea-shore at Alexandria, fifty feet from the water line, with its base buried in sand and earth that had been accumulating for centuries. Mr. Gorringe has given it as his opinion that, had it occupied its former site, it would have been destroyed during the recent bombardment of Alexandria.

The base of the obelisk, when uncovered, was found to be considerably rounded. It rested on two copper crabs placed at opposite corners, and on a stone at a third corner, while the fourth corner was unsupported. The crabs weighed about four hundred pounds each, but when they were entire they could not have weighed less than five hundred pounds.*

Most of the obelisks that have been removed from Egypt were taken by the Romans as conquerors. In modern times only two have been removed besides Cleopatra's Needle,—those in Paris and London. The negotiations over the London obelisk were had more than sixty years ago, at a time when Egypt was in a condition entirely different from that of to-day. This obelisk had also been lying for centuries nearly buried in sand and rubbish; it was much injured and, in comparison with the standing obelisks, was little prized. Yet it was considered a gift worthy to be bestowed upon His Majesty George IV. in return for great favors and valuable presents received from him by Mohammed Ali Pasha, then Viceroy of Egypt. The obelisk at Paris was given to France ten years later, in 1830, on account, as is claimed, of services rendered to the viceroy. It stood at Luxor, a small village of mud huts, situated six hundred miles up the Nile, and inhabited by a few hundred natives. There were three other obelisks standing in its vicinity, and many colossal ruins, the most mag-

* On reaching New York, Mr. Gorringe dragged his ship up upon a "marine railway" at Staten Island and rolled the obelisk out upon staging. Pontoons placed beneath rose with the tide and floated it. Towed to Manhattan Island, these pontoons, on sinking, deposited the monolith on a landing-stage. From the dock it made its journey on a cradle of rollers run on beams. A stationary engine fastened to the forward end of the cradle wound on its drum a rope which passed through a pulley-block stationed some distance ahead. The engine thus pulled itself and its burden up to the block, a process constantly repeated until the site in Central Park was reached. On January 22, 1881, the obelisk was erected on its pedestal by the same means employed in Alexandria to lay it on the ground.—EDITOR.

nificent and interesting in the world. The place was, however, at that period seldom visited by Europeans, and the removal of one of its obelisks was not an event to create any opposition. The European press of Egypt gave great importance to the fact that the London and Paris obelisks were both given on account of services and favors rendered by the governments of the countries to which they were presented, while there was no pretense of any such consideration for the gift of Cleopatra's Needle to the city of New York.

E. E. Farman.



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.

DEAF.

As to a bird's song she were listening,
Her beautiful head is ever sidewise bent;
Her questioning eyes lift up their depths intent—
She, who will never hear the wild-birds sing.
My words within her ears' cold chambers ring
Faint, with the city's murmurous sub-tones blent,
Though with such sounds as suppliants may have sent
To high-throned goddesses, my speech takes wing.

Not for the side-poised head's appealing grace
I gaze, nor hair where fire in shadow lies—
For her this world's unhallowed noises base
Melt into silence; not our groans, our cries,
Our curses reach that high-removèd place
Where dwells her spirit, innocently wise.

H. C. Bunner.

HAND-WORK IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.



MR. LELAND'S MODELING CLASS AT WORK.

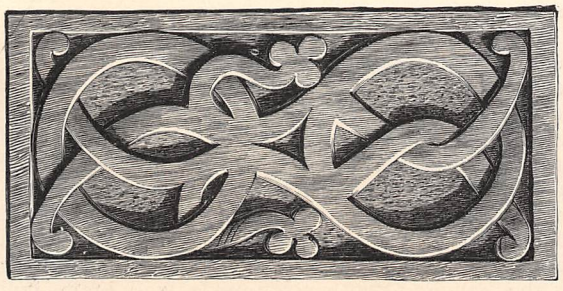
THE visitor to Philadelphia, who will on Tuesday or Thursday afternoons enter the Hollingsworth School Building, next door to the Academy of Music, may see an interesting sight which is at present without its exact counterpart anywhere in this country or even in Europe, namely, sixty or seventy public school children, from ten to sixteen years of age, girls and boys, engaged in different kinds of decorative work. At one long table the little ones are busy modeling, painting, and glazing faience, or ornamental clay-ware, which when finished will go to the pottery to be fired, and return as elegant vases, grotesque monsters for match-safes, flower-baskets, or such other caprices as the fancies of the juvenile artists may dictate. And what they execute is no bungling work; it brings a good price in the market. One little damsel, small for her twelve years, has a giant Frankenstein of a frog before her, which she is deftly shaping, and which with its gaping jaws seems almost able to swallow her. There are others, nearly all without even a drawing to guide them, covering cups with flowers, and making curious wares with all the confidence of the most experienced workmen. After all, it is nothing more than many a visitor has seen done by little children in the art-potteries of Spain; but, strange enough, one never thinks of American youth as able to do what seems natural in foreigners.

At the next table are girls engaged in art-needle-work. This certainly is natural enough employment for such little maids, yet if the stranger will look into it, he will find even here a novelty. All the pupils are obliged to draw their own patterns. Another strange idea is also promulgated here: to those who say that plain sewing should be the first needle-work for children, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Moss, the teachers, will reply that crewel-work and outline embroidery are much easier, and that by familiarizing little girls with the needle in what they most readily learn, they do better in the end with more practical work. There is also another reason for not putting plain sewing strongly forward: of late years in every ragged school and drunkards' children mission, such work has been given so much prominence that the parents of pupils in the public schools have a not unnatural aversion to having it said

that their children are taught it gratis. "Let us respect prejudices," as Mirabeau said, and also the method by which these little damsels are led from æsthetic art up to housekeeping. We shall find this principle cropping out again in the school in all its branches.

Near them boys are carving walnut wood panels, which will be made into cabinets. They are not of the most elaborate Italian or French finish, but they are quite as good as the old Gothic originals which they imitate. It is a curious fact that the average boy, when accustomed to the same kind of designs, turns out very much the same kind of work as the grown-up artisan of the middle ages. He is readily familiarized with the best style of design, but it is hard to teach him machine-finish. This is even more perceptible in the *repoussé* work, brass plaques for the wall, made by these boys. They can produce admirable imitations of old German brass salvers, quaint and curious or beautiful, but without long practice they do not approach anything like the stamped brass plates which are now so common. It may be worth observing, however, that the revival of sheet brass *repoussé* work, in these plaques, and in this country, dates from this school. As the art is spreading extensively and rapidly, I trust that I may be allowed to mention that Mr. Karl Krall, of the firm of Barkentin and Krall, the famous artists in hand-made metal work of Regent street, London, has given me credit for reviving, in a book called "The Minor Arts," this interesting industry for amateurs. Embossed sheet brass is used for finger plates to doors, for panels in cabinets or chests, for strips or borders by fire-places, for bellows, and in fact, wherever ornamented surfaces are required. These boys have frequently filled orders for such work, and there is more than one in the class who has earned five dollars by three hours' labor.

At the next tables a number of boys and girls are engaged in drawing. The system pursued here is somewhat peculiar. The newcomer is first carefully taught how to draw a free-hand line with a hard pencil. Are there



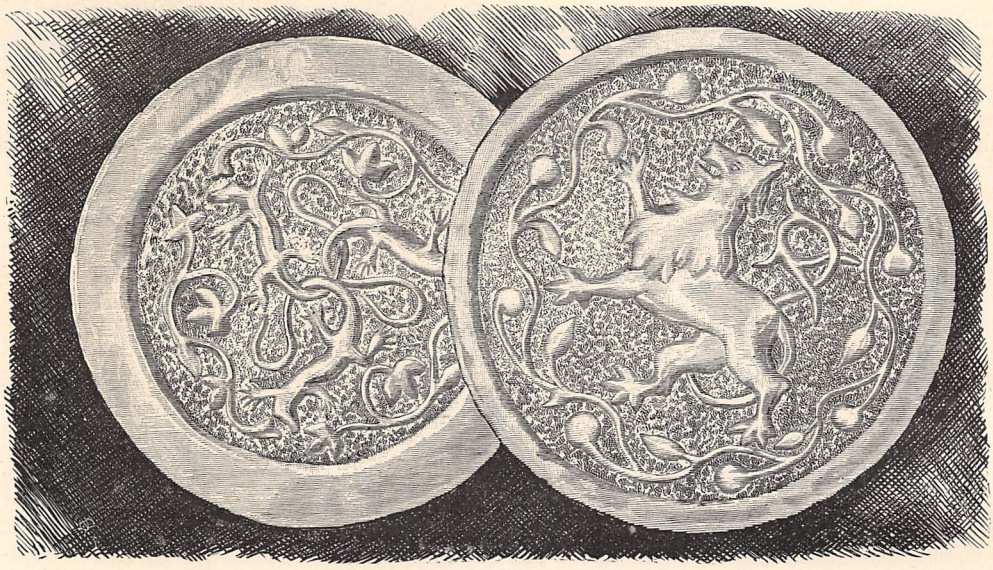
WOOD-CARVING.



BRASS REPOUSSÉ WORK.

many of my readers who were taught anything of the kind under the old methods? I certainly was not, even by the best drawing-masters. The pupil is told to make a line fine as a hair or a cobweb, free-flowing, without rubbing or "stumping," "painting" or "scratching." In the first stage, tracing on ground glass slates, or on thin paper, is encouraged, until the pupil can hold the pencil with ease. As soon as he can copy a simple leaf accurately and lightly, he is told to make a circle and repeat the leaf twenty times in different positions and in different sizes, so as to make a wreath. Compasses and rulers are allowed, or rather their use is encouraged to verify the work. It is rather remarkable that when pupils are obliged to use these forbidden aids, they soon get tired of them. Those who draw in light free-hand, or what may be called the Callirrhoe, or "fair-flowing" style, learn to draw accurately in half the time which was required by the old method. It is said that in mountain passes the fastest mules are the surest footed, and those who draw most rapidly are the most exact. It is almost needless to say that in elementary decorative drawing like this, no shading whatever is allowed. There is no copying of worn-out lithographs of cows and castles, landscapes and bouquets. The development of simple outline from spirals and waves into lines of construction, and so on to Gothic, Moorish, or Renaissance arabesques, form the first step, and from the beginning, the pupil having the finial given, or selecting one, develops all the design without aid. I have known one very exceptional case in which a girl at her third lesson designed in free-hand a very elegant pattern. It is not unusual for the pupils to manifest a perfect ability to design, even before they can draw the lines respectably. It is also a curious fact that, taking one with another, there is a greater fondness for, and most ability manifested in, the Moorish or Oriental styles of design. My own taste inclines to Anglo-Saxon and Neo-Celtic in decoration, and I find that the elder pupils follow me in this, but that their instincts are Eastern.

It may interest the reader to know that in drawing and design the two sexes are, as regards skill, absolutely equal. The original design of a vase, from this school, which has been justly regarded as one of the most graceful works of art executed by a child, was by a boy; but there is a girl of fourteen in the class who is his superior. In modeling there is nearly an equality, but on the whole the boys are the cleverer. In sheet-brass work the boys have the excellence all to themselves. Even in a class of grown-up ladies, I have never known one to produce so good a plaque, after many trials, as I have seen a boy make at a first effort — the reason being that boys are in this more deliberately careful, and far more desirous of being skilled than of merely producing something to show. For the same reason boys are better wood-carvers than girls, though there is not so much difference here as in brass. I incline to think that, in the long run, in wood-carving girls would equal boys. I once gave a few lessons in carving to a young lady in England, — a near relative of one of the cleverest women who ever lived, — and in less than a year at exhibitions my pupil took two prizes for her work. In modeling in clay the sexes are, however, again nearly equal as to ability, the boys being somewhat in advance, especially as regards original ideas. There is, however, one young girl — a German — whose faience work is equal to any made in the class. From all that I have observed, I should say that on the whole there is no difference whatever as regards the average skill of the two sexes in decorative art. As design is the foundation of all such work, every department of it being nothing but simple drawing worked out with tools, the fact that girls design quite as well as boys is very significant. Beyond this I have a still more interesting general



TWO BRASS PLAQUES.

conclusion. I have for many years closely observed children as regards their capacity for such pursuits, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the American, while quite as clever as the European, and almost equal to the Oriental, is sadly handicapped by an impatience which in many cases entirely precludes real excellence. This is especially the case with women. I have spoken of Oriental children as excelling in decorative art. I have never seen anywhere children who were capable of such work as I have looked at by the hour being made by little girls and boys of six and seven years in Cairo.

It was in Cairo, and at Miss Whately's school, that there came upon me, as by inspiration, the solution of a problem which I had been seeking for years. This was the possibility of training children of both sexes, while yet in school, to learn how to make a living, or at least to teach them to use their hands. That this was allied to developing quickness of perception, or cleverness in general, I also believed, for great writers long ago held that this might be true. The first and most natural thought to a practical man would be to teach "trades" — shoe-making, carpentry, printing, and filing metal. But I found on inquiry that the practical men had tried all these in schools, and in vain. Such work required too much muscle, and brain, and

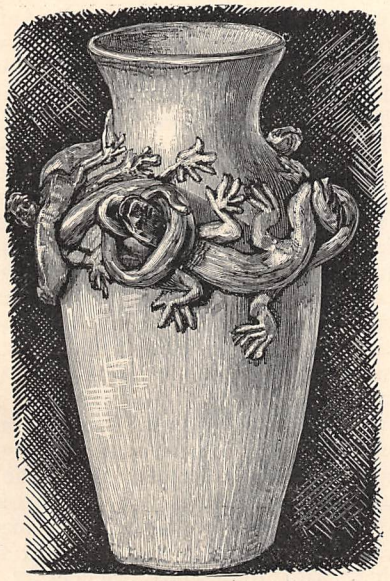
time. And though they might succeed with sturdy boys, what were the weak ones to do? —and, above all, what could be done for the girls? Men always can, or ought to, take care of themselves; but women! It used to be said that whoever makes two blades of corn grow, for one, is a benefactor. What then is he who provides independence for one woman?

In this school I saw children, almost babes, working *vis-à-vis*, with a frame between them, the most beautiful double embroidery "out of their heads," without patterns. Subsequently I saw this in the bazaars, where I also found small boys with tools as rude as those of English tinkers, making exquisite jewelry. I had before, in Switzerland, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and in Italy, found children quite as young carving wood with exquisite skill. I learned that it was the same as regarded *papier maché* in Persia, pottery in Spain, and soap-stone and varnish work in India. Children could also set mosaics and inlay wood. In fact, I found that all the decorative arts, such as make a house beautiful, were all within the power of women and children and the *weak*—of those who in this life are generally mere idle dependents. But it was necessary to test all this. Of all these arts I knew nothing practically but a little wood-carving and a very little drawing. I went to work to verify my theory. I hammered brass and worked in waxed leather. Mr. William Morris spoke to me of the latter as a lost art. So it was; but by research and inquiry I found how to revive it. I experimented with young pupils. I came to the conclusion that as the flower precedes the fruit, so, in education, decorative work must precede the practical, simply because it is easier. We can set children of six years, profitably, at modeling in clay and setting mosaic cubes, the latter being indeed akin to some of their favorite games. Very soon they will carve wood or embroider. All the time, they are becoming gradually familiar with working drawings or patterns and tools. The different arts are so easy that within a few months many pupils can master several of them. As the boys grow older they can be advanced, step by step, to technology or the most practical mechanical pursuits. Even if a boy has only carved panels, or modeled in clay, he does not find himself like a cat in a strange garret when taken into any kind of a work-shop or factory to learn a trade. It has been said by experienced and practical men that, in nine trades out of ten, a boy who can draw well has a vast advantage over one who can not. It has been demonstrated in the Philadelphia school that every child can not only learn to draw, but to use tools; nay, to earn money while at school. Little effort has, it is true, been made to sell the work of the pupils, but we have often had the pleasure of handing to one or another, as the result of sales, sums which were doubtless acceptable. The gratitude of the pupils and their general good behavior are remarkable. There are among them representatives from every public school in Philadelphia, and their quiet demeanor is remarked by all visitors. They are all little ladies and gentlemen.

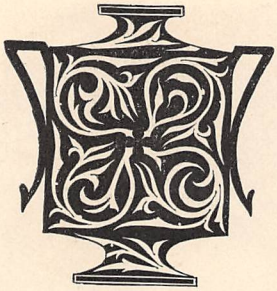
There are many strangers who come to see the school, and they are, without exception, gratified, and generally astonished at the



VASE WITH DRAGON HANDLES.

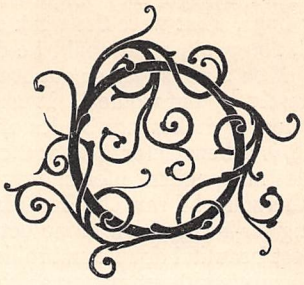


VASE WITH WHITE GLAZE LIZARDS.





ORIGINAL DESIGNS.



ORIGINAL STUDY BY A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

work performed by the children. On one occasion, however, I had to deal with a lady who, to everything shown, replied: "Yes, it is all very fine, but what is to come of it?" And to every argument there came the same answer: "What will come of it?" She did not know who would buy brass plaques or walnut panels if all of the one hundred and five thousand school children of Philadelphia were to make them. I might have answered to this that, in the rapidly increasing demand for home-made decoration for houses, such of the one hundred and five thousand as would be obliged to work for a living might find occupation. Ornament may even become as common as it was in Rome, Florence, or Nuremberg. Any one must be blind who does not see that increasing wealth is bringing us rapidly toward such an era. Day by day the cultivated are scorning more and more the machine-made. But beyond this is the consideration, which was too abstruse for my visitor, that even if the children should never make any money by selling their wares, the education of their fingers and brains is worth all the time and money it costs. One thing is at least true: in the thirty or forty varieties of decorative art which are practicable to anybody who has mastered two or three, there is always a resource—however slender it may be—by which any one can live. There is always the possibility for any boy or girl who can carve, inlay, design, and model, to obtain employment. In fact, at present, manufacturers find it a very difficult thing indeed to obtain just such young employés as the Philadelphia school is preparing for them. This is "what is to come of it." I pointed out long ago in a published lecture which I am happy to learn has given a suggestion and an impetus to others, that the present decay of the apprentice system is rapidly rendering industrial education in schools an absolute necessity. The education of the future will embrace hand-work at every stage, from the kindergarten upward. It will be artistic at first, because art is easy, but gradually it will ripen into the practical or technological. It is proposed in this Philadelphia school gradually to enlarge the scope of instruction with the annual appropriations, until all that is most practical which can be taught shall be included in the course.

It was due to Mr. Edward J. Steel, the President of the Board of Education, and Mr. William Gulager, with his colleagues of the industrial art committee of that board, that this experiment was established, and that the funds were appropriated to carry it on. So little was then known of the subject that the fact that these gentlemen at once grasped it in all its possible results, is very much to their credit, and testifies to their fitness for the influential positions which they occupy. In England the great art schools had been tried and found insufficient, and then came the industrial schools in Russia, England, France, and Boston. This was better—but something still remained to be done. This something was to make hand-work a part of education in *all* public schools. And this is what the Philadelphia experiment has demonstrated to be perfectly practicable.

A beginning in this direction had been made by a lady in Shropshire, England, who, following a suggestion made in a book by me called "The Minor Arts," had succeeded in establishing several corresponding village art-schools. To this lady—Mrs. Jebb—belongs the credit of having first practically attempted to establish art-education generally on a grade below the great school, or on a popular basis. Recently a long letter in the London "Times," and a leading article in the London "Standard," as well as notices in several other English journals, have called attention to the Philadelphia experiment. It is now no longer an experiment but a success, and I am happy to say that it is now generally regarded as such. The appropriations made for the current year are all that could have been expected, and public interest in the school is rapidly increasing. One of its results has been the formation of a Ladies' Decorative Art Club in Philadelphia, with the same teachers of the



ORIGINAL DESIGN BY A GIRL OF FOURTEEN.

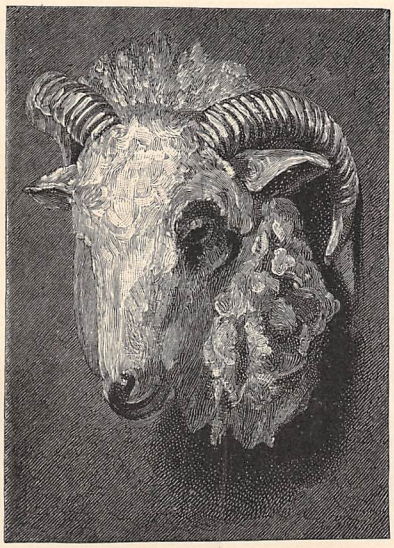




ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

same branches, and with the same director. The club, having taken a building, has most kindly offered to dispose of the work of the pupils of the Industrial School, and has in every way manifested an earnest interest in the latter. As work for women forms an important factor in both, this interest will be readily understood. As may be supposed, there is also an understanding and a community of feeling between the ladies of New York and Philadelphia, the latter having profited not a little by the example of the former. Let us trust that the time is not far off when all the cities of the Union will boast of teaching in their schools all that can be practically taught, while each has, in its association of women devoted to industry and art, another protest against the old prejudice of allowing the weaker sex to work.

Somebody has said that the attempt to do good in this world is always a history of disillusions. It does not seem, however, as if the effort to make industrial art a branch of education in the public schools is to be added to the number of "ideas dissipated." From the first lesson, all that was anticipated has been realized, and a great facility which was not anticipated came most unexpectedly into the account. This is the interest which the children themselves take in the work, and which is so great that when I have been asked as to the discipline of the school, I have replied that there is no discipline whatever, none being needed. The pupils are too much absorbed in their work to talk; when they do converse it is usually to communicate ideas as to what they are engaged in. As a reward in a few special cases, some are allowed to attend twice a week. It is not unusual for them to ask permission to come on holidays. All of the sheet-brass work is of a voluntary character, being done only on Saturday afternoons.



STUDY IN OIL, FROM LIFE.

It has been clearly demonstrated by this experiment, that if rooms and furniture can be provided, the work of the pupils could be sold to such advantage as to meet all other expenses. The gentlemen of the school board have, however, wisely refrained from urging prematurely this part of the experiment. In the words of William Gulager, "if a branch of study is worth teaching, it is worth paying for." It would have greatly embarrassed the direction if shop-keeping and sale had in the beginning formed a part of its duties. It is, however, established beyond question, that no objection can be raised to the introduction of hand-work into public schools on the score of additional expense, since, under judicious and honest management, the expenses may be reduced to almost nothing. Neither can it be said that hand-work is an additional tax on the brain, since it is accepted by the pupils as an amusement or relief. Let it be remembered, too, that every girl or boy should have some pocket-money, and that it depends entirely on the will of our pupils to make as much as they need.

It has been said that the greatest social curse of modern times is that of "gentility,"



EMBOSSED LEATHER PANEL.

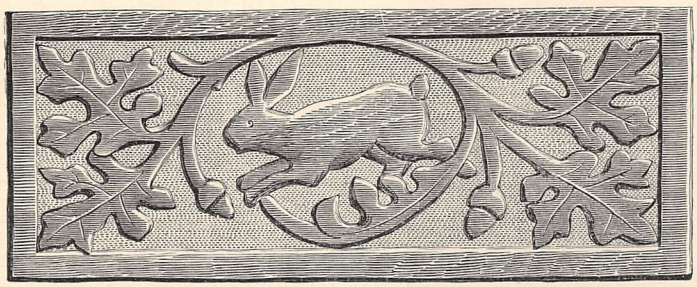
or rather the false gentility which makes a man ashamed to work. It is to escape manual labor that so many of our youth fly to counting-houses, quackery, anything in fact which will enable them to be "gentlemen," and not "vulgar mechanics." Now, if they were all familiarized with work in school, if it had been associated in their minds with art and design, it is possible, or rather certain, that all prejudice against it as *work* would disappear. In this antipathy to hand-labor the ordinary American shows himself to be practically the least republican of all civilized beings. In no country have I ever met so many men who boasted to me that they had never done a day's work with their hands, in their lives. If there is anything which can gradually dissipate this feeling or prejudice, it will be the making the young at first familiar with art-work, and then gradually leading them from that, by means of it, to trades.

In his late annual report before the School Board of Philadelphia, President Steel says that "Mr. Leland has been assisted to demonstrate the feasibility of making industrial education part of the training of the public schools. It is now generally conceded among enlightened people that manual training must form a part of every system of education which aims at developing the faculties. This manual training must, of course, be of a preparatory character — the training of the eye and hand in design, and the principles of construction. The progress of the work has been steady and promising." Mr. Steel here announces a truth, which he was one of the first to grasp, that such work is inevitably destined to form a part of all public school education. Some years ago, in England, when I was engaged in studying and experimenting on this subject, I discussed it with Mr. Antony J. Mundella, M. P., who at once suggested that the subject should be brought before Parliament, and expressed a hope that he himself might be the means of doing so. It is no extravagant prediction that the time will come when every legislative body in the world will take cognizance of manual labor, based on drawing, design, and decorative art, as an essential part of education in every school.



YELLOW JAR WITH GREEN LIZARD.

Charles G. Leland.



WOOD-CARVING IN LOW RELIEF.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XXXVI.

IT was nearly two years after Atherton's marriage that Halleck one day opened the door of the lawyer's private office, and, turning the key in the lock, limped forward to where the latter was sitting at his desk. Halleck was greatly changed: the full beard that he had grown scarcely hid the savage gauntness of his face; but the change was not so much in lines and contours as in that expression of qualities which we call looks.

"Well, Atherton!"

"Halleck! *You!*"

The friends looked at each other; and Atherton finally broke from his amaze and offered his hand, with an effect, even then, of making conditions. But it was Halleck who was the first to speak again.

"How *is* she? Is she well? Is she still here? Have they heard anything from him yet?"

"No," said Atherton, answering the last question with the same provisional effect as before.

"Then he is *dead.* That's what I knew; that's what I *said!* And here I am. The fight is over, and that's the end of it. I'm beaten."

"You look it," said Atherton, sadly.

"Oh, yes; I look it. That's the reason I can afford to be frank, in coming back to my friends. I knew that with this look in my face I should make my own welcome; and it's cordial even beyond my expectations."

"I'm not glad to see you, Halleck," said Atherton. "For your own sake I wish you were at the other end of the world."

"Oh, I know that. How are my people? Have you seen my father lately? Or my mother? Or—Olive?"

A pathetic tremor shook his voice.

"Why, haven't *you* seen them yet?" demanded Atherton.

Halleck laughed cynically.

"My dear friend, my steamer arrived this morning, and I'm just off the New York train. I've hurried to your office in all the impatience of friendship. I'm very lucky to find you here so late in the day! You can take me home to dinner, and let your domestic happiness preach to me. Come, I rather like the notion of that!"

"Halleck," said Atherton, without heeding his banter, "I wish you would go away again! No one knows you are here, you say, and no one need ever know it."

Halleck set his lips and shook his head, with a mocking smile.

"I'm surprised at you, Atherton, with your knowledge of human nature. I've come to stay; you must know that. You must know that I had gone through everything before I gave up, and that I haven't the strength to begin the struggle over again. I tell you I'm beaten, and I'm glad of it; for there is rest in it. You would waste your breath if you talked to me in the old way; there's nothing in me to appeal to, any more. If I was wrong— But I don't admit, any more, that I was wrong: by heaven, I was *right!*"

"You *are* beaten, Halleck," said Atherton, sorrowfully.

He pushed himself back in his chair, and clasped his hands together behind his head, as his habit was in reasoning with obstinate clients.

"What do you propose to do?"

"I propose to stay."

"What for?"

"What for? Till I can prove that he is dead."

"And then?"

"Then I shall be free to ask her." He added, angrily: "You know what I've come back for; why do you torment me with these questions? I did what I could; I ran away. And the last night I saw her, I thrust her back into that hell she called her home, and I told her that no man could be her refuge from that devil, her husband, when she had begged me in her mortal terror to go in with her and save her from him. *That* was the recollection I had to comfort me when I tried to put her out of my mind,—out of my soul! When I heard that he was gone, I respected her days of mourning. God knows how I endured it, now it's over; but I did endure it. I waited, and here I am. And you ask me to go away again. Ah!" He fetched his breath through

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his set teeth, and struck his fist on his knee. "He is *dead!* And now, if she will, she can marry me. Don't look at me as if I had killed him! There hasn't been a time in these two infernal years when I wouldn't have given my life to save his—for *her* sake. I know that; and that gives me courage, it gives me hope."

"But if he isn't dead?"

"Then he has abandoned her, and she has the right to be free. She can get a divorce!"

"Oh!" said Atherton, compassionately, "has that poison got into *you*, Halleck? You might ask her, if she were a widow, to marry you; but how will you ask her, if she's still a wife, to get a divorce and then marry you? How will you suggest that to a woman whose constancy to her mistake has made her sacred to you?" Halleck seemed about to answer; but he only panted, dry-lipped and open-mouthed, and Atherton continued: "You would have to corrupt her soul first. I don't know what change you've made in yourself during these two years; you look like a desperate and defeated man, but you don't look like *that.* You don't *look* like one of those scoundrels who lure women from their duty, ruin homes, and destroy society—not in the old libertine fashion in which the seducer had at least the grace to risk his life, but safely, smoothly, under the shelter of our infamous laws. Have you really come back here to give your father's honest name, and the example of a man of your own blameless life, in support of conditions that tempt people to marry with a mental reservation, and that weaken every marriage bond with the guilty hope of escape whenever a fickle mind, or secret lust, or wicked will may dictate? Have you come to join yourself to those miserable specters who go shrinking through the world, afraid of their own past, and anxious to hide it from those they hold dear; or do you propose to defy the world, to help form within it the community of outcasts with whom shame is not shame, nor dishonor dishonor? How will you like the society of those uncertain men, those certain women?"

"You are very eloquent," said Halleck, "but I ask you to observe that these little abstractions don't interest me. I've a concrete purpose, and I can't contemplate the effect of other people's actions upon American civilization. When you ask me to believe that I oughtn't to try to rescue a woman from the misery to which a villain has left her, simply because some justice of the peace consecrated his power over her, I decline to be such a fool. I use my reason, and I see who it was that defiled and destroyed that marriage, and I know that she is as free in the sight of God as if he had never lived. If the world doesn't like my open shame, let it look to its own secret shame—the marriages made and maintained from interest and ambition and vanity and folly. I will take my chance with the men and women who have been honest enough to own their mistake, and to try to repair it, and I will preach by my life that marriage has no sanctity but what love gives it, and that, when love ceases, marriage ceases, before heaven. If the laws have come to recognize that, by whatever fiction, so much the better for the laws!" Halleck rose.

"Well, then," cried Atherton, rising too, "you shall meet me on your own ground! This poor creature is constant in every breath she draws, to the ruffian who has abandoned her. I must believe, since you say it, that you are ready to abet her in getting a divorce, even one of those divorces that are 'obtained without publicity, and for any cause,'"—Halleck winced,—"that you are willing to put your sisters to shame before the world, to break your mother's heart and your father's pride—to insult the ideal of goodness that she herself has formed of you; but how will you begin? The love on her part, at least, hasn't ceased; has the marriage?"

"She shall tell me," answered Halleck. He left Atherton without another word, and in resentment that effaced all friendship between them, though after this parting they still kept up its outward forms, and the Athertons took part in the rejoicings with which the Hallecks celebrated Ben's return. His meeting with the lawyer was the renewal of the old conflict on terms of novel and hopeless degradation. He had mistaken for peace that exhaustion of spirit which comes to a man in battling with his conscience; he had fancied his struggle over, and he was to learn now that its anguish had just begun. In that delusion his love was to have been a law to itself, able to loose and to bind, and potent to beat down all regrets, all doubts, all fears, that questioned it; but the words with which Marcia met him struck his passion dumb.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come back!" she said. "Now I know that we can find him. You were such friends with him, and you understood him so well, that you will know just what to do. Yes, we shall find him now, and we should have found him long ago, if you had been here. Oh, if you had never gone away! But I can never be grateful enough for what you said to me that night when you would not come in with me. The words have rung in my ears ever since; they showed that you had faith in him, more faith than I had, and I've made them my rule and

my guide. No one has been my refuge from him, and no one ever shall be. And I thank you—yes, I thank you on my bended knees —for making me go into the house alone; it's my one comfort that I had the strength to come back to him, and let him do anything he would to me, after I had treated him so; but I've never pretended it was my own strength. I have always told everybody that the strength came from you!"

Halleck had brought Olive with him; she and Marcia's father listened to these words with the patience of people who had heard them many times before; but at the end Olive glanced at Halleck's downcast face with fond pride in the satisfaction she imagined they must give him. The old man ruminated upon a bit of broom-straw, and absently let the little girl catch by his hands, as she ran to and fro between him and her mother while her mother talked. Halleck made a formless sound in his throat, for answer, and Marcia went on.

"I've got a new plan now, but it seems as if father took a pleasure in discouraging *all* my plans. I *know* that Bartley's shut up, somewhere, in some asylum, and I want them to send detectives to all the asylums in the United States and in Canada,—you can't tell how far off he would wander in that state, —and inquire if any stray insane person has been brought to them. Doesn't it seem to you as if that would be the right way to find him? I want to talk it all over with you, Mr. Halleck, for I know *you* can sympathize with me; and if need be I will go to the asylums myself; I will walk to them, I will crawl to them on my knees! When I think of him shut up there among those raving maniacs, and used as they use people in some of the asylums—oh, oh, oh, oh!"

She broke out into sobs, and caught her little girl to her breast. The child must have been accustomed to her mother's tears; she twisted her head round, and looked at Halleck with a laughing face.

Marcia dried her eyes, and asked, with quivering lips, "Isn't she like him?"

"Yes," replied Halleck huskily.

"She has his long eyelashes exactly, and his hair and complexion, hasn't she?"

The old man sat chewing his broom-straw in silence; but when Marcia left the room to get Bartley's photograph, so that Halleck might see the child's resemblance to him, her father looked at Halleck from under his beetling brows: "I don't think we need trouble the *asylums* much for Bartley Hubbard. But if it was to search the State's-prisons and the jails, the rum-holes and the gambling-hells, or if it was to dig up the scoundrels who have been hung under assumed names during the last two years, I should have some hopes of identifying him."

Marcia came back, and the old man sat in cast-iron quiet, as if he had never spoken; it was clear that, whatever hate he felt for Bartley, he spared her; and that if he discouraged her plans, as she said, it was because they were infected by the craze in which she canonized Bartley.

"You see how she is," said Olive, when they came away.

"Yes, yes, yes," Halleck desolately assented.

"Sometimes she seems to me just like a querulous, vulgar, middle-aged woman in her talk; she repeats herself in the same scolding sort of way; and she's so eager to blame somebody besides Bartley for Bartley's wickedness, that, when she can't punish herself, she punishes her father. She's merciless to that wretched old man, and he's wearing his homesick life out here in the city for her sake. You heard her just now about his discouraging her plans?"

"Yes," said Halleck, as before.

"She's grown commoner and narrower, but it's hardly her fault, poor thing! and it seems terribly unjust that she should be made so by what she has suffered. But that's just the way it has happened. She's so undisciplined, that she couldn't get any good out of her misfortunes—she's only got harm; they've made her selfish, and there seems to be nothing left of what she was two years ago but her devotion to that miserable wretch. You mustn't let it turn you against her, Ben; you mustn't forget what she might have been. She had a rich nature; but how it's been wasted and turned back upon itself! Poor, untrained, impulsive, innocent creature—my heart aches for her! It's been hard to bear with her at times, terribly hard, and you'll find it so, Ben. But you *must* bear with her. The awfulest thing about people in trouble is that they are such *bores*; they tire you to death. But you'll only have to stand her praises of what Bartley was; and we had to stand them, and her hopes of what you would be if you were only at home, besides. I don't know what all she expects of you, but you must try not to disappoint her; she worships the ground you tread on, and I really think she believes you can do anything you will, just because you're good."

Halleck listened in silence. He was indeed helpless to be otherwise than constant. With shame and grief in his heart, he could only vow her there the greater fealty because of the change he found in her.

He was doomed at every meeting to hear

her glorify a man whom he believed a heartless traitor, to plot with her for the rescue from imaginary captivity of the wretch who had cruelly forsaken her. He actually took some of the steps she urged: he addressed inquiries to the insane asylums, far and near; and in these futile endeavors, made only with the desire of failure, his own reason seemed sometimes to waver. She insisted that Atherton should know all the steps they were taking; and his sense of his old friend's exact and perfect knowledge of his motives was a keener torture than even her father's silent scorn of his efforts, or the worship in which his own family held him for them.

XXXVII.

HALLECK had come home in broken health, and had promised his family, with the self-contempt that depraves, not to go away again, since the change had done him no good. There was no talk for the present of his trying to do anything but get well; and for a while, under the strong excitement, he seemed to be better. But suddenly he failed; he kept his room, and then he kept his bed; and the weeks stretched into months before he left it.

When the spring weather came, he was able to go out again, and he spent most of his time in the open air, feeling every day a fresh accession of strength. At the end of one long April afternoon, he walked home with a light heart, whose right to rejoice he would not let his conscience question. He had met Marcia in the public garden, where they sat down on a bench and talked, while her father and the little girl wandered away in the restlessness of age and the restlessness of childhood.

"We are going home to Equity this summer," she said, "and perhaps we shall not come back. No, we shall not come back. *I have given up.* I have waited, hoping—hoping. But now I know that it is no use waiting any longer: *he is dead.*"

She spoke in tearless resignation, and the peace of accepted widowhood seemed to diffuse itself around her.

Her words repeated themselves to Halleck as he walked homeward. He found the postman at the door with a newspaper, which he took from him with a smile at its veteran appearance and its probable adventures in reaching him. The wrapper seemed to have been several times slipped off, and then slit up; it was tied with a string now, and was scribbled with rejections in the hands of various Hallocks and Halletts, one of whom had finally indorsed upon it, "Try 97 Rumford street." It was originally addressed, as he made out, to "Mr. B. Halleck, Boston, Mass.," and he carried it to his room before he opened it, with a careless surmise as to its interest for him. It proved to be a flimsy, shabbily printed country newspaper, with an advertisement marked in one corner.

State of Indiana, } ss.
Tecumseh County, }

In Tecumseh Circuit Court, April Term, 1879.

BARTLEY J. HUBBARD } Divorce. No. 5793.
vs.
MARCIA G. HUBBARD. }

It appearing, by affidavit this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Tecumseh Circuit Court, that Marcia C. Hubbard, defendant in the above entitled action for divorce on account of abandonment and gross neglect of duty, is a non-resident of the State of Indiana, notice of the pendency of such action is therefore hereby given said defendant above named, and that the same will be called for answer on the 11th day of April, 1879, the same being the 3d judicial day of the April term of said court, for said year, which said term of said court will begin on the first Monday in April, 1879, and will be held at the Court House, in the town of Tecumseh, in said County and State, said 11th day of April, 1879, being the time fixed by said plaintiff, by indorsement on his complaint, at which said time said defendant is required to answer herein.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said court, this 4th day of March, 1879.

{ SEAL } AUGUSTUS H. HAWKINS, *Clerk.*

Milikin & Ayres, Att'ys for Plff.

Halleck read this advertisement again and again, with a dull, mechanical action of the brain. He saw the familiar names, but they were hopelessly estranged by their present relation to each other; the legal jargon reached no intelligence in him that could grasp its purport.

When his gaze began to yield, he took evidence of his own reality by some such tests as one might in waking from a long faint. He looked at his hands, his feet; he rose and looked at his face in the glass. Turning about he saw the paper where he had left it on the table; it was no illusion. He picked up the cover from the floor, and scanned it anew, trying to remember the handwriting on it, to make out who had sent this paper to him, and why. Then the address seemed to grow into something different under his eye; it ceased to be his name; he saw now that the paper was directed to Mrs. B. Hubbard, and that by a series of accidents and errors it had failed to reach her in its wanderings, and by a final blunder had fallen into his hands.

Once solved, it was a very simple affair, and he had now but to carry it to her; that was very simple too. Or he might destroy it; this was equally simple. Her words re-

peated themselves once more: "I have given up. He is dead." Why should he break the peace she had found, and destroy her last sad illusion? Why should he not spare her the knowledge of this final wrong, and let the merciful injustice accomplish itself? The questions seemed scarcely to have any personal concern for Halleck; his temptation wore a heavenly aspect. It softly pleaded with him to forbear, like something outside of himself. It was when he began to resist it that he found it the breath in his nostrils, the blood in his veins. Then the mask dropped, and the enemy of souls put forth his power against this weak spirit, enfeebled by long strife and defeat already acknowledged.

At the end Halleck opened his door, and called, "Olive, Olive!" in a voice that thrilled the girl with strange alarm where she sat in her own room. She came running, and found him clinging to his door-post, pale and tremulous. "I want you—want you to help me," he gasped. "I want to show you something —Look here!"

He gave her the paper, which he had kept behind him, clutched fast in his hand as if he feared it might somehow escape him at last, and staggered away to a chair.

His sister read the notice. "Oh, Ben!" She dropped her hands with the paper in them before her, a gesture of helpless horror and pity, and looked at him. "Does *she* know it? Has she seen it?"

"No one knows it but you and I. The paper was left here for me by mistake. I opened it before I saw that it was addressed to her."

He panted forth these sentences in an exhaustion that would have terrified her, if she had not been too full of indignant compassion for Marcia to know anything else. She tried to speak.

"Don't you understand, Olive? This is the notice that the law requires she shall have to come and defend her cause, and it has been sent by the clerk of the court there, to the address that villain must have given in the knowledge that it could reach her only by one chance in ten thousand."

"And it has come to you! Oh, Ben! Who sent it to *you?*" The brother and sister looked at each other, but neither spoke the awe-stricken thought that was in both their hearts. "Ben," she cried, in a solemn ecstasy of love and pride, "I would rather be you this minute than any other man in the world!"

"Don't!" pleaded Halleck. His head dropped, and then he lifted it by a sudden impulse. "Olive! —but the impulse failed, and he only said, "I want you to go to Atherton with me. We mustn't lose time. Have Cyrus get a carriage. Go down and tell them we're going out. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

But when she called to him from below that the carriage had come and she was waiting, he would have refused to go with her if he durst. He no longer wished to keep back the fact, but he felt an invalid's weariness of it, a sick man's inadequacy to the further demands it should make upon him. He crept slowly down the stairs, keeping a tremulous hold upon the rail; and he sank with a sigh against the carriage cushions, answering Olive's eager questions and fervid comments with languid monosyllables.

They found the Athertons at coffee, and Clara would have them come to the dining-room and join them. Halleck refused the coffee, and, while Olive told what had happened, he looked listlessly about the room, aware of a perverse sympathy with Bartley, from Bartley's point of view; Bartley might never have gone wrong if he had had all that luxury; and why should he not have had it, as well as Atherton? What right had the untempted prosperity of such a man to judge the guilt of such men as himself and Bartley Hubbard?

Olive produced the newspaper from her lap, where she kept both hands upon it, and opened it in dramatic corroboration of what she had been telling Atherton. He read it and passed it to Clara.

"When did this come to you?"

Olive answered for him. "This evening—just now Didn't I say that?"

"No," said Atherton, and he added to Halleck, gently: "I beg your pardon. Did you notice the dates?"

"Yes," answered Halleck, with cold refusal of Atherton's tone of reparation.

"The cause is set for hearing on the 11th," said Atherton. "This is the 8th. The time is very short."

"It's long enough," said Halleck, wearily.

"Oh, telegraph!" cried Clara. "Telegraph them instantly that she never dreamt of leaving him! Abandonment! Oh, if they only knew how she had been slaving her fingers off for the last two years to keep a home for him to come back to, they'd give *her* the divorce!"

Atherton smiled and turned to Halleck: "Do you know what their law is now? It was changed two years ago."

"Yes," said Halleck, replying to the question Atherton had asked and the subtler question he had looked, "I have read up the whole subject since I came home. The divorce is granted only upon proof, even when the defendant fails to appear, and if this were

to go against us,"—he instinctively identified himself with Marcia's cause,—"we can have the default set aside, and a new trial granted, for cause shown."

The women listened in awe of the legal phrases; but when Atherton rose, and asked, "Is your carriage here?" his wife sprang to her feet.

"Why, where are you going?" she demanded, anxiously.

"Not to Indiana, immediately," answered her husband. "We're first going to Clover street, to see Squire Gaylord and Mrs. Hubbard. Better let me take the paper, dear," he said, softly withdrawing it from her hands.

"Oh, it's a cruel, cruel law!" she moaned, deprived of this moral support. "To suppose that such a notice as this is sufficient! Women couldn't have made such a law."

"No, women only profit by such laws after they're made: they work both ways. But it's not such a bad law, as divorce laws go. We do worse, now, in some New England States."

They found the Squire alone in the parlor, and, with a few words of explanation, Atherton put the paper in his hands, and he read the notice in emotionless quiet. Then he took off his spectacles, and shut them in their case, which he put back into his waistcoat pocket. "This is all right," he said. He cleared his throat, and lifting the fierce glimmer of his eyes to Atherton's, he asked, drily, "What is the law, at present?"

Atherton briefly recapitulated the points as he had them from Halleck.

"That's good," said the old man. "We will fight this gentleman." He rose, and from his gaunt height looked down on both of them, with his sinuous lips set in a bitter smile. "Bartley must have been disappointed when he found a divorce so hard to get in Indiana. He must have thought that the old law was still in force there. He's not the fellow to swear to a lie if he can help it; but I guess he expects to get this divorce by perjury."

Marcia was putting little Flavia to bed. She heard the talking below; she thought she heard Bartley's name. She ran to the stairs, and came hesitantly down, the old wild hope and wild terror fluttering her pulse and taking her breath. At sight of the three men, apparently in counsel, she crept toward them, holding out her hands before her like one groping his way. "What—what is it?" She looked from Atherton's face to her father's; the old man stopped, and tried to smile reassuringly; he tried to speak; Atherton turned away.

It was Halleck who came forward, and took her wandering hands. He held them quivering in his own, and said gravely and steadily, using her name for the first time in the deep pity which cast out all fear and shame, "Marcia, we have found your husband."

"Dead?" she made with her lips.

"He is alive," said Halleck. "There is something in this paper for you to see,—something you *must* see—"

"I can bear anything, if he is not dead. Where—what is it? Show it to me." The paper shook in the hands which Halleck released; her eyes strayed blindly over its columns; he had to put his finger on the place before she could find it. Then her tremor ceased, and she seemed without breath or pulse while she read it through. She fetched a long, deep sigh, and passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear them; staying herself unconsciously against Halleck's breast, and, laying her trembling arm along his arm till her fingers knit themselves among his fingers, she read it a second time and a third. Then she dropped the paper, and turned to look up at him. "Why!" she cried, as if she had made it out at last, while an awful, joyful light of hope flashed into her face, "*It is a mistake!* Don't you see? He thinks that I never came back! He thinks that I meant to abandon him. That I—that I— But you *know* that I came back,—you came back *with* me! Why, I wasn't gone an hour,—a *half*-hour, hardly. O Bartley! poor Bartley! He thought I could leave him, and take his child from him; that I could be so wicked, so heartless— Oh, no, no, no. Why, I only stayed away that little time because I was *afraid* to go back! Don't you remember how I told you I was afraid, and wanted you to come in with me?" Her exultation broke in a laugh. "But we can explain it now, and it will be all right. He will see—he will understand—I will tell him just how it was— Oh, Flavia, Flavia, we've found papa, we've found papa! Quick!"

She whirled away toward the stairs, but her father caught her by the arm. "Marcia!" he shouted, in his old raucous voice, "you've got to understand! This"—he hesitated, as if running over all terms of opprobrium in his mind, and he resumed as if he had found them each too feeble—"*Bartley* hasn't acted under any mistake."

He set the facts before her with merciless clearness, and she listened with an audible catching of the breath at times, while she softly smoothed her forehead with her left hand. "I don't believe it," she said, when he had ended. "Write to him, tell him what I say, and you will see."

The old man uttered something between a groan and a curse. "Oh, you poor, crazy child! Can nothing make you understand that Bartley wants to get rid of you, and that he's just as ready for one lie as another? He thinks he can make out a case of abandonment with the least trouble, and so he accuses you of that; but he'd just as soon accuse you of anything else. *Write* to him? You've got to *go* to him! You've got to go out there and fight him in open court, with facts and witnesses. Do you suppose Bartley Hubbard wants any explanation from you? Do you think he's been waiting these two years to hear that you didn't really abandon him, but came back to this house an hour after you left it, and that you've waited for him here ever since? When he knows that, will he withdraw this suit of his and come home? He'll want the proof, and the way to do it is to go out there and let him have it. If I had him on the stand for five minutes," said the old man, between his set teeth—"*just five minutes*—I'd undertake to convince him from his own lips that he was wrong about you! But I am afraid he wouldn't mind a letter. You think I say so because I hate him, and you don't believe me. Well, ask either of these gentlemen here whether I'm telling you the truth."

She did not speak, but, with a glance at their averted faces, she sank into a chair, and passed one hand over the other, while she drew her breath in long, shuddering respirations, and stared at the floor with knit brows and starting eyes, like one stifling a deadly pang. She made several attempts to speak before she could utter any sound; then she lifted her eyes to her father's: "Let us—let us—go—home! Oh, let us go home! I will give him up. I *had* given him up already; I told you," she said, turning to Halleck, and speaking in a slow, gentle tone, "only an hour ago, that he was dead. And this—this that's happened, it makes no difference. Why did you bring the paper to me when you knew that I thought he was dead?"

"God knows I wished to keep it from you."

"Well, no matter now. Let him go free if he wants to. I can't help it."

"You *can* help it," interrupted her father. "You've got the facts on your side, and you've got the witnesses."

"Would you go out with me, and tell him that I never meant to leave him?" she asked simply, turning to Halleck. "You—and Olive?"

"We would do anything for you, Marcia!"

She sat musing, and drawing her hands one over the other again, while her quivering breath came and went on the silence. She let her hands fall nervelessly on her lap. "I can't go; I'm too weak; I couldn't bear the journey. No!" She shook her head. "I can't go!"

"Marcia," began her father, "it's your *duty* to go!"

"Does it say in the law that I have to go if I don't choose?" she asked of Halleck.

"No, you certainly need not go if you don't choose!"

"Then I will stay. Do you think it's my duty to go?" she asked, referring her question first to Halleck, and then to Atherton. She turned from the silence by which they tried to leave her free. "I don't care for my duty any more. I don't want to keep him, if it's so that he—left me—and—and meant it—and he doesn't—care for me any—more."

"Care for you? He *never* cared for you, Marcia! And you may be sure he doesn't care for you now!"

"Then let him go, and let us go home."

"Very well," said the old man; "we will go home, then, and before the week's out Bartley Hubbard will be a perjured bigamist."

"Bigamist?" Marcia leaped to her feet.

"Yes, bigamist! Don't you suppose he had his eye on some other woman out there before he began this suit?"

The languor was gone from Marcia's limbs. As she confronted her father, the wonderful likeness in the outline of their faces appeared. His was dark and wrinkled with age, and hers was gray with the anger that drove the blood back to her heart; but one impulse animated those fierce profiles, and the hoarded hate in the old man's soul seemed to speak in Marcia's thick whisper, "I will go."

XXXVIII.

THE Athertons sat late over their breakfast in the luxurious dining-room, where the April sun came in at the windows overlooking the Back Bay, and commanding at that stage of the tide a long stretch of shallow with a flight of white gulls settled upon it.

They had let Clara's house on the hill, and she had bought another on the new land; she insisted upon the change, not only because everybody was leaving the hill, but also because, as she said, it would seem too much like taking Mr. Atherton to board, if they went to housekeeping where she had always lived; she wished to give him the effect before the world of having brought her to a house of his own. She had even furnished it anew for the most part, and had banished as far as

possible the things that reminded her of the time when she was not his wife. He humored her in this fantastic self-indulgence, and philosophized her wish to give him the appearance of having the money, as something orderly in its origin, and not to be deprecated on other grounds, since probably it deceived nobody. They lived a very tranquil life, and Clara had no grief of her own, unless it was that there seemed to be no great things she could do for him. One day, when she whimsically complained of this, he said: "I'm very glad of that. Let's try to be equal to the little sacrifices we must make for each other; they will be quite enough. Many a woman, who would be ready to die for her husband, makes him wretched because she wont live for him. Don't despise the day of small things."

"Yes, but when every day seems the day of small things!" she pouted.

"Every day *is* the day of small things," said Atherton, "with people who are happy. We're never so prosperous as when we can't remember what happened last Monday."

"Oh, but I can't bear to be always living in the present."

"It's not so spacious, I know, as either the past or the future; but it's all we have."

"There!" cried Clara, "that's *fatalism!* It's *worse* than fatalism!"

"And is fatalism so very bad?" asked her husband.

"It's Mahometanism!"

"Well, it isn't necessarily a plurality of wives," returned Atherton, in subtle anticipation of her next point. "And it's really only another name for resignation, which is certainly a good thing."

"Resignation? Oh, I don't know about that!"

Atherton laughed, and put his arm round her waist—an argument that no woman can answer in a man she loves: it seems to deprive her of her reasoning faculties. In the atmosphere of affection which she breathed, she sometimes feared that her mental powers were really weakening. As a girl she had lived a life full of purposes, which, if somewhat vague, were unquestionably large. She had then had great interests,—art, music, literature,—the symphony concerts, Mr. Hunt's classes, the novels of George Eliot, and Mr. Fiske's lectures on the cosmic philosophy; and she had always felt that they expanded and elevated existence. In her moments of question as to the shape which her life had taken since, she tried to think whether the happiness which seemed so little dependent on these things was not beneath the demands of a spirit which was probably immortal and was certainly cultivated. They all continued to be part of her life, but only a very small part; and she would have liked to ask her husband whether his influence upon her had been wholly beneficial. She was not sure that it had; but neither was she sure that it had not. She had never fully consented to the distinctness with which he classified all her emotions and ideas as those of a woman; in her heart she doubted whether a great many of them might not be those of a man, though she had never found any of them exactly like his. She could not complain that he did not treat her as an equal; he deferred to her, and depended upon her good sense to an extent that sometimes alarmed her, for she secretly knew that she had a very large streak of silliness in her nature. He seemed to tell her everything, and to be greatly ruled by her own advice, especially in matters of business; but she could not help observing that he often kept matters involving certain moral questions from her till the moment for deciding them was past. When she accused him of this, he confessed that it was so, but defended himself by saying that he was afraid her conscience might sway him against his judgment.

Clara now recurred to these words of his as she sat looking at him through her tears across the breakfast table. "Was that the reason you never told me about poor Ben before?"

"Yes, and I expect you to justify me. What good would it have done to tell you?"

"I could have told you, at least, that if Ben had any such feeling as that, it wasn't *his* fault altogether!"

"But you wouldn't have believed that, Clara," said Atherton. "You know that, whatever that poor creature's faults are, coquetry isn't one of them."

Clara only admitted this fact passively.

"How did he excuse himself for coming back?" she asked.

"He didn't excuse himself; he defied himself. We had a stormy talk, and he ended by denying that he had any social duty in the matter."

"And I think he was quite right!" Clara flashed out. "It was his own affair."

"He said he had a concrete purpose, and wouldn't listen to abstractions. Yes, he talked like a woman. But you know he wasn't right, Clara, though *you* talk like a woman too. There are a great many things that are not wrong except as they wrong others. I've no doubt that, as compared with the highest love her husband ever felt for her, Ben's passion was as light to darkness. But, if he could only hope for its return through the perversion of her soul,—through teaching her to think

of escape from her marriage by a divorce,—then it was a crime against her and against society.

"Ben couldn't do such a thing!"

"No, he could only dream of doing it. When it came to the attempt, everything that was good in him revolted against it and conspired to make him help her in the efforts that would defeat his hopes if they succeeded. It was a ghastly ordeal, but it was sublime; and when the climax came,—that paper, which he had only to conceal for a few days or weeks,—he was equal to the demand upon him. But suppose a man of his pure training and traditions had yielded to temptation,—suppose he had so far depraved himself that he could have set about persuading her that she owed no allegiance to her husband, and might rightfully get a divorce and marry him,—what a ruinous blow it would have been to all who knew of it! It would have disheartened those who abhorred it, and encouraged those who wanted to profit by such an example. It doesn't matter much, socially, what undisciplined people like Bartley and Marcia Hubbard do; but if a man like Ben Halleck goes astray, it's calamitous; it 'confounds the human conscience,' as Victor Hugo says. All that careful nurture in the right since he could speak, all that lifelong decency of thought and act, that noble ideal of unselfishness and responsibility to others, trampled under foot and spit upon,—it's horrible!"

"Yes," answered Clara, deeply moved, even as a woman may be in a pretty breakfast-room, "and such a good soul as Ben always was naturally. Will you have some more tea?"

"Yes, I will take another cup. But as for natural goodness——"

"Wait! I will ring for some hot water."

When the maid had appeared, disappeared, reappeared, and finally vanished, Atherton resumed. "The natural goodness doesn't count. The natural man is a wild beast, and his natural goodness is the amiability of a beast basking in the sun when his stomach is full. The Hubbards were full of natural goodness, I dare say, when they didn't happen to cross each other's wishes. No, it's the implanted goodness that saves,—the seed of righteousness treasured from generation to generation, and carefully watched and tended by disciplined fathers and mothers in the hearts where they had dropped it. The flower of this implanted goodness is what we call civilization, the condition of general uprightness that Halleck declared he owed no allegiance to. But he was better than his word."

Atherton lifted, with his slim, delicate hand, the cup of translucent china, and drained off the fragrant Souchong, sweetened, and tempered with Jersey cream to perfection. Something in the sight went like a pang to his wife's heart. "Ah!" she said, "it is easy enough for us to condemn. *We* have everything we want!"

"I don't forget that, Clara," said Atherton, gravely. "Sometimes when I think of it, I am ready to renounce all judgment of others. The consciousness of our comfort, our luxury, almost paralyzes me at those times, and I am ashamed and afraid even of our happiness."

"Yes, what right," pursued Clara, rebelliously, "have we to be happy and united, and these wretched creatures so——"

"No right—none in the world! But somehow the effects follow their causes. In some sort they chose misery for themselves,—we make our own hell in this life and the next,—or it was chosen for them by undisciplined wills that they inherited. In the long run their fate must be a just one."

"Ah, but I have to look at things in the *short* run, and I can't see any justice in Marcia's husband using her so!" cried Clara. "Why shouldn't you use me badly? I don't believe any woman ever meant better by her husband than she did."

"Oh, the meaning doesn't count! It's our deeds that judge us. He is a thoroughly bad fellow, but you may be sure she has been to blame. Though I don't blame the Hubbards, either of them, so much as I blame Halleck. He not only had everything he wished, but the training to know what he ought to wish."

"I don't know about his having everything. I think Ben must have been disappointed some time," said Clara evasively.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Atherton, with the contented husband's indifference to sentimental grievances.

Clara did not speak for some moments, and then she summed up a turmoil of thoughts in a profound sigh. "Well, I don't like it! I thought it was bad enough having a man, even on the outskirts of my acquaintance, abandon his wife; but now, Ben Halleck, who has been like a brother to me—to have him mixed up in such an affair in the way he is—it's intolerable!"

"I agree with you," said Atherton, playing with his spoon. "You know how I hate anything that sins against order, and this whole thing is disorderly. It's intolerable, as you say. But we must bear our share of it. We're all bound together. No one sins or suffers to himself in a civilized state, or religious state—it's the same thing. Every link in the chain feels the effect of the violence more or less intimately. We rise or fall together in Chris-

tian society. It's strange that it should be so hard to realize a thing that every experience of life teaches. We keep on thinking of offenses against the common good as if they were abstractions!"

"Well, *one* thing," said Clara, "I shall always think unnecessarily shocking and disgraceful about it, and that is Ben's going out with her on this journey. I don't see how you could allow that, Eustace."

"Yes," said Atherton, after a thoughtful silence, "it *is* shocking. The only consolation is that it is *not* unnecessarily shocking. I'm afraid that it's necessarily so. When any disease of soul or body has gone far enough, it makes its own conditions, and other things must adjust themselves to it. Besides, no one knows the ugliness of the situation but Halleck himself. I don't see how I could have interfered; and upon the whole I don't know that I ought to have interfered, if I could. She would be helpless without him, and he can get no harm from it. In fact, it's part of his expiation, which must have begun as soon as he met her again after he came home."

Clara was convinced, but not reconciled. She only said, "I don't like it."

Her husband did not reply; he continued musingly: "When the old man made that final appeal to her jealousy,—all that there is really left, probably, of her love for her husband,—and she responded with a face as wicked as his, I couldn't help looking at Halleck."

"Oh, poor Ben! *How* did he take it? It must have scared, it must have disgusted him!"

"That 's what I had expected. But there was nothing in his face but pity. He understood, and he pitied her. That was all."

Clara rose, and turned to the window, where she remained looking through her tears at the gulls on the shallow. It seemed much more than twenty-four hours since she had taken leave of Marcia and the rest at the station, and saw them set out on their long journey with its uncertain and unimaginable end. She had deeply sympathized with them all, but at the same time she had felt very keenly the potential scandalousness of the situation; she shuddered inwardly when she thought what if people knew; she had always revolted from contact with such social facts as their errand involved. She got Olive aside for a moment and asked her, "Don't you *hate* it, Olive? Did you ever dream of being mixed up in such a thing? I should die—simply *die!*"

"I shall not think of dying, unless we fail," answered Olive. "And, as for hating it, I haven't consulted my feelings a great deal; but I rather think I like it."

"Like going out to be a witness in an Indiana divorce case!"

"I don't look at it in that way, Clara. It's a crusade to me; it's a holy war; it's the cause of an innocent woman against a wicked oppression. I know how *you* would feel about it, Clara; but I never *was* as respectable as you are, and I 'm quite satisfied to do what Ben, and father, and Mr. Atherton approve. They think it's my duty, and I am glad to go, and to be of all the use I can. But you shall have my heart-felt sympathy through all, Clara, for your involuntary acquaintance with our proceedings."

"Olive! You *know* that I'm proud of your courage and Ben's goodness, and that I fully appreciate the sacrifice you're making. And I'm not ashamed of your business: I think it's grand and sublime, and I would just as soon scream it out at the top of my voice, right here in the Albany Depot."

"Don't," said Olive. "It would frighten the child."

She had Flavia by the hand, and she made the little girl her special charge throughout the journey. The old Squire seemed anxious to be alone, and he restlessly escaped from Marcia's care. He sat all the first day apart, chewing upon some fragment of wood that he had picked up, and now and then putting up a lank hand to rasp his bristling jaw, glancing furtively at people who passed him, and lapsing into his ruminant abstraction. He had been vexed that they did not start the night before; and every halt the train made visibly afflicted him. He would not leave his place to get anything to eat when they stopped for refreshment, though he hungrily devoured the lunch that Marcia brought into the car for him. At New York he was in a tumult of fear lest they should lose the connecting train on the Pennsylvania road, and the sigh of relief with which he sank into his seat in the sleeping-car expressed the suffering he had undergone. He said he was not tired, but he went to bed early, as if to sleep away as much of the time as he could.

When Halleck came into their car, the next morning, he found Marcia and her father sitting together, and looking out of the window at the wooded slopes of the Alleghanies through which the train was running. The old man's impatience had relaxed; he let Marcia lay her hand on his, and he answered her with quiet submission, when she spoke now and then of the difference between these valleys, where the wild rhododendrons were growing, and the frozen hollows of the hills at home, which must be still choked with snow.

"But, oh! how much I would rather see

them!" she said at last with a homesick throb.

"Well," he assented, "we can go right back—afterward."

"Yes," she whispered.

"Well, sir, good morning," said the old man to Halleck, "we are getting along, sir. At this rate, unless our calculations were mistaken, we shall be there by midnight. We are on time, the porter tells me."

"Yes, we shall soon be at Pittsburg," said Halleck, and he looked at Marcia, who turned away her face. She had not spoken of the object of the journey to him since they left Boston, and it had not been so nearly touched by either of them before. He could see that she recoiled from it; but the old man, once having approached it, could not leave it.

"If everything goes well, we shall have our grip on that fellow's throat in less than forty-eight hours." He looked down mechanically at his withered hands, lean and yellow like the talons of a bird, and lifted his accipitral profile with a predatory alertness. "I didn't sleep very well the last part of the night, but I thought it all out. I shan't care whether I get there before or after judgment is rendered; all I want is to get there before he has a chance to clear out. I think I shall be able to convince Bartley Hubbard that there is a God in Israel yet! Don't you be anxious, Marcia; I've got this thing at my fingers' ends as clear as a bell. I intend to give Bartley a little surprise!"

Marcia kept her face averted, and Halleck relinquished his purpose of sitting down with them, and went forward to the state-room that Marcia and Olive had occupied with the little girl. He tapped on the door, and found his sister dressed, but the child still asleep.

"What is the matter, Ben?" she asked. "You don't look well. You oughtn't to have undertaken this journey."

"Oh, I'm all right. But I've been up a good while, with nothing to eat. That old man is terrible, Olive!"

"Her father? Yes, he's a terrible old man!"

"It sickened me to hear him talk, just now—throwing out his threats of vengeance against Hubbard. It made me feel a sort of sympathy for that poor dog. Do you suppose she has the same motive? I couldn't forgive her!" he said, with a kind of passionate weakness. "I couldn't forgive myself!"

"We've got nothing to do with their motive, Ben. We are to be her witnesses for justice against a wicked wrong. I don't believe in special providences, of course; but it does seem as if we had been called to this work, as mother would say. Your happening to go home with her, that night and then that paper happening to come to you—doesn't it look like it?"

"It looks like it, yes."

"We couldn't have refused to come. That's what consoles me for being here this minute. I put on a bold face with Clara Atherton, yesterday morning at the depot; but I was in a cold chill all the time. Our coming off, in this way, on such an errand, is something so different from the rest of our whole life! And I *do* like quiet, and orderly ways, and all that we call respectability! I've been thinking that the trial will be reported by some such interviewing wretch as Bartley himself, and that we shall figure in the newspapers. But I've concluded that we mustn't care. It's right, and we must do it. I don't shut my eyes to the kind of people we're mixed up with. I pity Marcia, and I love her—poor, helpless, unguided thing!—but that old man *is* terrible! He's as cruel as the grave where he thinks he's been wronged, and crueller where he thinks *she's* been wronged. You've forgiven so much, Ben, that you can't understand a man who forgives nothing; but *I* can, for I'm a pretty good hater myself. And Marcia's just like her father, at times. I've seen her look at Clara Atherton as if she could kill her!"

The little girl stirred in her berth, and then lifted herself on her hands, and stared around at them through her tangled golden hair. "Is it morning, yet?" she asked sleepily. "Is it to-morrow?"

"Yes; it's to-morrow, Flavia," said Olive. "Do you want to get up?"

"And is next day the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Then it's only one day till I shall see papa. That's what mamma said. Where is mamma?" asked the child, rising to her knees, and sweeping back her hair from her face with either hand.

"I will go and send her to you," said Halleck.

At Pittsburg the Squire was eager for his breakfast, and made amends for his fast of the day before. He ate grossly of the heterogeneous abundance of the railroad restaurant, and drank two cups of coffee that in his thin, native air would have disordered his pulse for a week. But he resumed his journey with a tranquil strength that seemed the physical expression of a mind clear and content. He was willing and even anxious to tell Halleck what his theories and plans were; but the young man shrank from knowing them. He wished only to know whether Marcia were privy to them, and this, too, he shrank from knowing.

XXXIX.

THEY left Pittsburg under the dun pall of smoke that hangs perpetually over the city, and ran out of a world where the earth seemed turned to slag and cinders, and the coal-grime blackened even the sheathing from which the young leaves were unfolding their vivid green. Their train twisted along the banks of the Ohio, and gave them now and then a reach of the stream, forgetful of all the noisy traffic that once fretted its waters, and losing itself in almost primitive wildness among its softly rounded hills. It is a beautiful land, and it had, even to their loath eyes, a charm that touched their hearts. They were on the borders of the illimitable West, whose lands stretch like a sea beyond its hilly Ohio shore; but as yet this vastness, which appalls and wearies all but the born Westerner, had not burst upon them; they were still among heights and hollows, and in a milder and softer New England.

"I have a strange feeling about this journey," said Marcia, turning from the window at last, and facing Halleck on the opposite seat. "I want it to be over, and yet I am glad at every little stop. I feel like some one that has been called to a death-bed, and is hurrying on and holding back with all her might, at the same time. I shall have no peace till I am there, and then shall I have peace?" She fixed her eyes imploringly on his. "Say something to me, if you can! What do you think?"

"Whether you will—succeed?" He was confounding what he knew of her father's feeling with what he had feared of hers.

"Do you mean about the lawsuit? I don't care for that! Do you think he will hate me when he sees me? Do you think he will believe me when I tell him that I never meant to leave him, and that I'm sorry for what I did to drive him away?"

She seemed to expect him to answer, and he answered as well as he could: "He ought to believe that—yes, he must believe it."

"Then all the rest may go," she said. "I don't care who gains the case. But if he shouldn't believe me—if he should drive me away from him, as I drove him from me—" She held her breath in the terror of such a possibility, and an awe of her ignorance crept over Halleck. Apparently she had not understood the step that Bartley had taken, except as a stage in their quarrel from which they could both retreat, if they would, as easily as from any other dispute; she had not realized it as a final, an almost irrevocable act on his part, which could only be met by reprisal on hers. All those points of law which had been so sharply enforced upon her must have fallen blunted from her longing to be at one with him; she had, perhaps, not imagined her defense in open court, except as a sort of public reconciliation.

But at another time she recurred to her wrongs in all the bitterness of her father's vindictive purpose. A young couple entered the car at one of the country stations, and the bride made haste to take off her white bonnet, and lay her cheek on her husband's shoulder, while he passed his arm round her silken waist, and drew her close to him on the seat, in the loving rapture which is nowise inconvenienced by publicity on our railroad trains. Indeed, after the first general recognition of their condition, no one noticed them except Marcia, who seemed fascinated by the spectacle of their unsophisticated happiness; it must have recalled the blissful abandon of her own wedding journey to her.

"Oh, poor fool!" she said to Olive. "Let her wait, and it will not be long before she will know that she had better lean on the empty air than on him. Some day he will let her fall to the ground, and when she gathers herself up all bruised and bleeding—But he hasn't got the all-believing simpleton to deal with that he used to have; and he shall pay me back for all—drop by drop, and ache for ache!"

She was in that strange mental condition into which women fall who brood long upon opposing purposes and desires. She wished to be reconciled, and she wished to be revenged, and she recurred to either wish for the time as vehemently as if the other did not exist. She took Flavia on her knee, and began to prattle to her of seeing papa to-morrow, and presently she turned to Olive, and said:

"I know he will find us both a great deal changed. Flavia looks so much older—and so do I. But I shall soon show him that I can look young again. I presume he's changed too."

Marcia held the little girl up at the window. They had now left the river-hills and the rolling country beyond, and had entered the great plain which stretches from the Ohio to the Mississippi; and mile by mile, as they ran southward and westward, the spring unfolded in the mellow air under the dull, warm sun. The willows were in perfect leaf, and wore their delicate green like veils caught upon their boughs; the May-apples had already pitched their tents in the woods, beginning to thicken and darken with the young foliage of the oaks and hickories; suddenly, as the train dashed from a stretch of forest, the peach orchards flushed pink beside the brick farm-

steads. The child gave a cry of delight, and pointed; and her mother seemed to forget all that had gone before, and abandoned herself to Flavia's joy in the blossoms, as if there were no trouble for her in the world.

Halleck rose and went into the other car; he felt giddy, as if her fluctuations of mood and motive had somehow turned his own brain. He did not come back till the train stopped at Columbus for dinner. The old Squire showed the same appetite as at breakfast: he had the effect of falling upon his food like a bird of prey; and as soon as the meal was dispatched he went back to his seat in the car, where he lapsed into his former silence and immobility, his lank jaws working with fresh activity upon the wooden toothpick he had brought away from the table. While they waited for a train from the north which was to connect with theirs, Halleck walked up and down the vast, noisy station with Olive and Marcia, and humored the little girl in her explorations of the place, She made friends with a red-bird that sang in its cage in the dining-hall, and with an old woman, yellow and wrinkled, and sunken-eyed, sitting on a bundle tied up in a quilt beside the door, and smoking her clay pipe as placidly as if on her own cabin threshold. "'Pears like you ain't much afeard of strangers, honey," said the old woman, taking her pipe out of her mouth, to fill it. "Where do you live at when you're home?"

"Boston," said the child, promptly. "Where do *you* live?"

"I *used* to live in Old Virginia. But my son he's takin' me out to Illinoy, now. He's settled out there." She treated the child with the serious equality which simple old people use with children; and spat neatly aside in resuming her pipe. "Which o' them ladies yonder is your maw, honey?"

"My mamma?"

The old woman nodded.

Flavia ran away and laid her hand on Marcia's dress, and then ran back to the old woman.

"That your paw, with her?" Flavia looked blank, and the old woman interpreted, "Your father."

"No! We're going out to see papa—out West. We're going to see him to-morrow, and then he's coming back with us. My grandpa is in that car."

The old woman now laid her folded arms on her knees, and smoked obliviously. The little girl lingered a moment, and then ran off laughing to her mother, and pulled her skirt. "Wasn't it funny, mamma? She thought Mr. Halleck was my papa!" She hung forward by the hold she had taken, as children do, and tilted her head back to look into her mother's face. "What *is* Mr. Halleck, mamma?"

"What is he?" The group halted involuntarily.

"Yes, what is he? Is he my uncle, or my cousin, or what? Is *he* going out to see papa, too? What is *he* going for? Oh, look, look!" The child plucked away her hand, and ran off to join the circle of idle men and half-grown boys who were forming about two shining negroes with banjos. The negroes flung their hands upon the strings with an ecstatic joy in the music, and lifted their black voices in a wild plantation strain. The child began to leap and dance, and her mother ran after her.

"Naughty little girl!" she cried. "Come into the car with me, this minute."

Halleck did not see Marcia again till the train had run far out of the city, and was again sweeping through the thick woods, and flashing out upon the levels of the fields where the farmers were riding their sulky-plows up and down the long furrows in the pleasant afternoon sun. There is something in this transformation of man's old-time laborious dependence into a lordly domination over the earth, which strikes the westward journeyer as finally expressive of human destiny in the whole mighty region, and which penetrated even to Halleck's sore and jaded thoughts. A different type of men began to show itself in the car, as the Western people gradually took the places of his fellow-travelers from the East. The men were often slovenly and sometimes uncouth in their dress; but they made themselves at home in the exaggerated splendor and opulence of the car, as if born to the best in every way; their faces suggested the security of people who trusted the future from the past, and had no fears of the life that had always used them well; they had not that eager and intense look which the Eastern faces wore; there was energy enough to spare in them, but it was not an anxious energy. The sharp accent of the seaboard yielded to the rounded, soft, and slurring tones, and the prompt address was replaced by a careless and confident neighborliness of manner.

Flavia fretted at her return to captivity in the car, and demanded to be released with a teasing persistence from which nothing she was shown out of the window could divert her. A large man leaned forward at last from a seat near by, and held out an orange.

"Come here to me, little Trouble," he said, and Flavia made an eager start toward this unlooked-for friend.

Marcia wished to check her; but Halleck pleaded to have her go.

"It will be a relief to you," he said.

"Well, let her go," Marcia consented. "But she was no trouble, and she is no relief." She sat looking dully at the little girl after the Westerner had gathered her up into his lap. "Should I have liked to tell her," she said, as if thinking aloud, "how we were really going to meet her father, and that you were coming with me to be my witness against him in a court—to put him down and disgrace him—to fight him, as father says?"

"You mustn't think of it in that way," said Halleck gently, but, as he felt, feebly and inadequately.

"Oh, I shall not think of it in that way long," she answered. "My head is in a whirl, and I can't hold what we're doing before my mind in any one shape for a minute at a time. I don't know what will become of me—I don't know what will become of me?"

But in another breath she rose from this desolation, and was talking with impersonal cheerfulness of the sights that the car-window showed. As long as the light held, they passed through the same opulent and monotonous landscape; through little towns full of signs of material prosperity, and then farms and farms again; the brick houses set in the midst of evergreens, and compassed by vast acreages of corn-land, where herds of black pigs wandered, and the farmers were riding their plows, or heaping into vast winrows for burning the winter-worn stalks of the last year's crop. Where they came to a stream the landscape was roughened into low hills, from which it sank again luxuriously to a plain. If there was any difference between Ohio and Indiana, it was that in Indiana the spring night, whose breath softly buffeted their cheek through the open window, had gathered over those eternal corn-fields, where the long, crooked winrows, burning on either hand, seemed a trail of fiery serpents writhing away from the train as it roared and clamored over the track.

They were to leave their car at Indianapolis, and take another road which would bring them to Tecumseh by daylight next morning. Olive went away with the little girl, and put her to bed on the sofa in the state-room, and Marcia suffered them to go alone; it was only by fits that she had cared for the child, or even noticed it.

"Now tell me again," she said to Halleck, "why we are going."

"Surely you know."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I can't think—I don't seem to remember. Didn't I give it up once? Didn't I say that I would rather go home, and let Bartley get the divorce, if he wanted?"

"Yes, you said that, Marcia."

"I used to make him very unhappy; I was very strict with him, when I knew he couldn't bear any kind of strictness. And he was always so patient with me; though he never really cared for me. Oh, yes, I knew that from the first! He used to try; but he must have been glad to get away. Poor Bartley! It was cruel, cruel, to put that in about my abandoning him when he knew I would come back; but perhaps the lawyers told him he must; he had to put in something! Why shouldn't I let him go? Father said he only wanted to get rid of me, so that he could marry some one else— Yes, yes; it was that that made me start! Father knew it would! Oh," she grieved, with a wild self-pity that tore Halleck's heart, "he knew it would!" She fell wearily back against the seat, and did not speak for some minutes. Then she said, in a slow, broken utterance: "But now I don't seem to mind even that any more. Why shouldn't he marry some one else that he really likes, if he doesn't care for me?"

Halleck laughed in bitterness of soul, as his thought recurred to Atherton's reasons.

"Because," he said, "you have a *public* duty in the matter. You must keep him bound to you, for fear some other woman, whose husband doesn't care for her, would let *him* go, too, and society be broken up and civilization destroyed. In a matter like this, which seems to concern yourself alone, you are only to regard others."

His reckless irony did not reach her through her manifold sorrow.

"Well," she said, simply, "It must be that. But, oh! how can I bear it? how can I bear it?"

The time passed; Olive did not return for an hour; then she merely said that the little girl had just fallen asleep, and that she should go back and lie down with her—that she was sleepy too.

Marcia did not answer, but Halleck said he would call her in good time before they reached Indianapolis.

The porter made up the berths of such as were going through to St. Louis, and Marcia was left sitting alone with Halleck.

"I will go and get your father to come here," he said.

"I don't want him to come! I want to talk to you—to say something— What was it? I can't think!"

She stopped, like one trying to recover a faded thought; he waited, but she did not speak again. She had laid a nervous clutch

upon his arm, to detain him from going for her father, and she kept her hand there mechanically; but after a while he felt it relax; she drooped against him, and fell away into a sleep in which she started now and then like a frightened child. He could not release himself without waking her; but it did not matter; her sorrow had unsexed her; only the tenderness of his love for this hapless soul remained in his heart, which ached and evermore heavily sank within him.

He woke her at last when he must go to tell Olive that they were running into Indianapolis. Marcia struggled to her feet: "Oh, oh! Are we there? Are we there?"

"We are at Indianapolis," said Halleck.

"I thought is was Tecumseh!" She shuddered. "We can go back; oh, yes, we can still go back!"

They alighted from the train in the chilly midnight air, and found their way through the crowd to the eating-room of the station. The little girl cried with broken sleep and the strangeness, and Olive tried to quiet her. Marcia clung to Halleck's arm, and shivered convulsively. Squire Gaylord stalked beside them with a demoniac vigor. "A few more hours—a few more hours, sir!" he said. He made a hearty supper, while the rest scalded their mouths with hot tea, which they forced with loathing to their lips.

Some women who were washing the floor of the ladies' waiting-room told them they must go into the men's room, and wait there for their train, which was due at one o'clock. They obeyed, and found the room full of emigrants, and the air thick with their tobacco-smoke. There was no choice; Olive went in first and took the child on her lap, where it straightway fell asleep; the Squire found a seat beside them, and sat erect, looking round on the emigrants with the air of being amused at their outlandish speech, into which they burst clamorously from their silence at intervals. Marcia stopped Halleck at the threshold. "Stay out here with me," she whispered. "I want to tell you something," she added, as he turned mechanically and walked away with her up the vast lamp-shot darkness of the depot. "*I am not going on!* I am going back. We will take the train that goes to the East; father will never know till it is too late. We needn't speak to him about it."

Halleck set himself against this delirious folly: he consented to her return; she could do what she would; but he would not consent to cheat her father. "We must go and tell him," he said, for all answer to all her entreaties. He dragged her back to the waiting-room; but at the door she started at the figure of a man who was bending over a group of emigrant children asleep in the nearest corner—poor, uncouth, stubbed little creatures, in old-mannish clothes, looking like children roughly blocked out of wood, and stiffly stretched on the floor, or resting woodenly against their mother.

"There!" said the man, pressing a mug of coffee on the woman. "You drink that! It'll do you good,—every drop of it! I've seen the time," he said, turning round with the mug, when she had drained it, in his hand, and addressing Marcia and Halleck, as the most accessible portion of the English-speaking public, "when I used to be down on coffee—I thought it was bad for the nerves; but I tell you, when you're travelin', it's a brain-food if ever there was a brain ——"

He dropped the mug, and stumbled back into the heap of sleeping children, fixing a ghastly stare on Marcia.

She ran toward him.

"Mr. Kinney!"

"No, you don't! No, you don't."

"Why, don't you know me—Mrs. Hubbard?"

"He—he—told me you—was dead!" roared Kinney.

"He told you I was dead?"

"More'n a year ago! The last time I seen him! Before I went out to Leadville!"

"He told you I was dead," repeated Marcia huskily. "He must have wished it!" she whispered. "Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy!" She stopped, and then she broke into a wild laugh: "Well, you see he was wrong. I'm on my way to him now to show him that I'm alive!"

XL.

HALLECK woke at daybreak from the drowse into which he had fallen. The train was creeping slowly over the track, feeling its way, and he heard fragments of talk among the passengers about a broken rail that the conductor had been warned of. He turned to ask some question, when the pull of rising speed came from the locomotive, and at the same moment the car stopped with a jolting pitch. It settled upon the track again; but the two cars in front were overturned, and the passengers were still climbing from their windows, when Halleck got his bewildered party to the ground. Children were crying, and a woman was led by with her face cut and bleeding from the broken glass; but it was reported that no one else was hurt, and the trainmen gave their helplessness to the inspection of the rotten cross-tie that had caused the accident. One of the passengers kicked the decayed wood with his boot.

"Well," he said, "I always like a little accident like this, early; it makes us safe the rest of the day." The sentiment apparently commended itself to popular acceptance. Halleck went forward with part of the crowd to see what was the matter with the locomotive; it had kept the track, but seemed to be injured somehow; the engineer was working at it, hammer in hand; he exchanged some dry pleasantries with a passenger who asked him if there was any chance of hiring a real fast ox-team in that neighborhood, in case a man was in a hurry to get on to Tecumseh.

They were in the midst of a level prairie that stretched all round to the horizon, where it was broken by patches of timber; the rising sun slanted across the green expanse, and turned its distance to gold; the grass at their feet was full of wild flowers, upon which Flavia flung herself as soon as they got out of the car. By the time Halleck returned to them, she was running with cries of joy and wonder toward a windmill that rose beautiful above the roofs of a group of commonplace houses, at a little distance from the track; it stirred its mighty vanes in the thin, sweet inland breeze, and took the sun gayly on the light gallery that encircled it.

A vision of Belgian plains swept before Halleck's eyes. "There ought to be storks on its roof," he said absently.

"How strange that it should be here, away out in the West!" said Olive.

"If it were less strange than we are here, I couldn't stand it," he answered.

A brakeman came up with a flag in his hand, and nodded toward Flavia. "She's on the right track for breakfast," he said. "There's an old Dutchman at that mill, and his wife knows how to make coffee like a fellow's mother. You'll have plenty of time. This train has come here to stay—till somebody can walk back five miles and telegraph for help."

"How far are we from Tecumseh?" asked Halleck.

"Fifty miles," the brakeman called back over his shoulder.

"Don't you worry any, Marcia," said her father, moving off in pursuit of Flavia. "This accident makes it all right for us, if we don't get there for a week."

Marcia answered nothing. Halleck began to talk to her of that Belgian landscape in which he had first seen a windmill, and he laughed at the blank unintelligence with which she received his reminiscence of travel. For the moment, the torturing stress was lifted from his soul; he wished that the breakfast in the miller's house might never come to an end; he explored the mill with Flavia; he bantered the Squire on his saturnine preference for steam power in the milling business; he made the others share his mood; he pushed far from him the series of tragic or squalid facts which had continually brought the end to him in reveries in which he found himself holding his breath, as if he might hold it till the end really came.

But this respite could not last. A puff of white steam showed on the horizon, and after an interval the sound of the locomotive's whistle reached them, as it came backing down a train of empty cars toward them. They were quickly on their journey again, and a scanty hour before noon they arrived at Tecumseh.

The pretty town, which in prospect had worn to Olive Halleck's imagination the blended hideousness of Sodom and Gomorrah, was certainly very much more like a New England village in fact. After the brick farmsteads and coal-smoked towns of Central Ohio, its wooden houses, set back from the street with an ample depth of door-yard, were appealingly familiar, and she exchanged some homesick whispers with Marcia about them, as they drove along under the full-leaved maples which shadowed the way. The grass was denser and darker than in New England, and, pretty as the town was, it wore a more careless and unscrupulous air than the true New England village; the South had touched it, and here and there it showed a wavering line of fence and a faltering conscientiousness in its paint. Presently all aspects of village quiet and seclusion ceased, and a section of conventional American city, with flat-roofed brick blocks, showy hotel, stores, paved street, and stone sidewalks, expressed the readiness of Tecumseh to fulfill the destiny of every Western town, and become a metropolis at a day's notice, if need be. The second-hand omnibus, which reflected the actuality of Tecumseh, set them down at the broad steps of the court-house, fronting on an avenue which for a city street was not very crowded or busy. Such passers as there were had leisure and inclination, as they loitered by, to turn and stare at the strangers; and the voice of the sheriff, as he called from an upper window of the court-house the names of absentee litigants or witnesses required to come into court, easily made itself heard above all the other noises.

It seemed to Halleck as if the sheriff were calling them; he lifted his head and looked at Olive, but she would not meet his eye; she led by the hand the little girl, who kept asking, "Is this the house where papa lives?" with the merciless iteration of a child. Halleck dragged lamely after the Squire, who had mounted the steps with unnatural vigor; he

promptly found his way to the clerk's office, where he examined the docket, and then returned to the party triumphant. "We are in time," he said, and he led them on up into the court-room.

A few spectators, scattered about on the rows of benching, turned to look at them as they walked up the aisle, where the cocoa matting, soaked and dried, and soaked again with perpetual libations of tobacco-juice, mercifully silenced their footsteps; most of the faces turned upon them showed a slow and thoughtful movement of the jaws, and, as they were dropped or averted, a general discharge of tobacco-juice seemed to express the general adoption of the new-comers, whoever they were, as a necessary element of the scene, which it was useless to oppose and about which it was idle to speculate. Before the Squire had found his party seats on one of the benches next the bar, the spectators had again given their languid attention to the administration of justice, which is everywhere informal with us, and is only a little more informal in the West than in the East. An effect of serene disoccupation pervaded the place, such as comes at the termination of an interesting affair; and no one seemed to care for what the clerk was reading aloud in a set, mechanical tone. The judge was busy with his docket; the lawyers, at their several little tables within the bar, lounged in their chairs, or stalked about laughing and whispering to each other; the prosecuting attorney leaned upon the shoulder of a jolly-looking man, who lifted his face to joke up at him, as he tilted his chair back; a very stout, youngish person, who sat next him, kept his face dropped, while the clerk proceeded:

"And now, on motion of plaintiff, it is ordered by the Court that said defendant be now here three times called, which is done in open court, and she comes not; but wholly makes default therein. And this cause is now submitted to the Court for trial, and the Court having heard the evidence, and being fully advised, find for the plaintiff—that the allegations of his complaint are true, and that he is entitled to a divorce. It is therefore considered by the Court that said plaintiff be and he is hereby divorced, and the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between said parties are dissolved and held for naught."

As the clerk closed the large volume before him, the jolly lawyer, as if the record had been read at his request, nodded to the Court, and said, "The record of the decree seems correct, your honor." He leaned forward, and struck the fat man's expanse of back with the flat of his hand. "Congratulate you, my dear boy!" he said in a stage whisper that was heard through the room. "Many happy returns of the day!"

A laugh went round, and the judge said severely:

"Mr. Sheriff, see that order is kept in the court-room."

The fat man rose to shake hands with another friend, and at the same moment Squire Gaylord stretched himself to his full height before stooping over to touch the shoulder of one of the lawyers within the bar, and his eyes encountered those of Bartley Hubbard in mutual recognition.

It was not the fat on Bartley's ribs only that had increased: his broad cheeks stood out and hung down with it, and his chin descended by the three successive steps to his breast. His complexion was of a tender pink, on which his blonde mustache showed white; it almost vanished in the tallowy pallor to which the pink turned as he saw his father-in-law, and then the whole group which the intervening spectators had hitherto hidden from him. He dropped back into his chair, and intimated to his lawyer, with a wave of his hand and a twist of his head, that some hopeless turn in his fortunes had taken place. That jolly soul turned to him for explanation, and at the same time the lawyer whom Squire Gaylord had touched on the shoulder responded to a few whispered words from him by beckoning to the prosecuting attorney, who stepped briskly across to where they stood. A brief dumb-show ensued, and the prosecutor ended by taking the Squire's hand, and inviting him within the bar; the other attorney politely made room for him at his table, and the prosecutor returned to his place near the jury-box, where he remained standing for a moment.

"If it please the Court," he began, in a voice breaking heavily upon the silence that had somehow fallen upon the whole room, "I wish to state that the defendant in the case of Hubbard *vs.* Hubbard is now and here present, having been prevented, by an accident on the road between this place and Indianapolis, from arriving in time to make defense. She desires to move the Court to set aside the default."

The prosecutor retired a few paces, and nodded triumphantly at Bartley's lawyer, who could not wholly suppress his enjoyment of the joke, though it told so heavily against him and his client. But he was instantly on his feet with a technical objection.

The judge heard him through, and then opened his docket at the case of Hubbard *vs.* Hubbard. "What name shall I enter for the defense?" he inquired formally.

Squire Gaylord turned with an old-fashioned

state and deliberation which had their effect, and cast a glance of professional satisfaction in the situation at the attorneys and the spectators. "I ask to be allowed to appear for the defense in this case, if the Court please. My friend, Mr. Hathaway, will move my admission to this bar."

The attorney to whom the squire had first introduced himself promptly complied: "Your honor, I move the admission of Mr. F. J. Gaylord, of Equity, Equity County, Maine, to practice at this bar."

The judge bowed to the Squire, and directed the clerk to administer the usual oath. "I have entered your name for the defense, Mr. Gaylord. Do you desire to make any motion in the case?" he pursued, the natural courtesy of his manner further qualified by a feeling which something pathetic in the old Squire's bearing inspired.

"Yes, your honor, I move to set aside the default, and I shall offer in support of this motion my affidavit, setting forth the reasons for the non-appearance of the defendant at the calling of the cause."

"Shall I note your motion as filed?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor," replied the old man. He made a futile attempt to prepare the paper; the pen flew out of his trembling hand. "*I* can't write," he said in despair that made other hands quick to aid him. A young lawyer at the next desk rapidly drew up the paper, and the Squire duly offered it to the clerk of the Court. The clerk stamped it with the file-mark of the Court, and returned it to the Squire, who read aloud the motion and affidavit, setting forth the facts of the defendant's failure to receive the notice in time to prepare for her defense, and of the accident which had contributed to delay her appearance, declaring that she had a just defense to the plaintiff's bill, and asking to be heard upon the facts.

Bartley's attorney was prompt to interpose again. He protested that the printed advertisement was sufficient notice to the defendant, whenever it came to her knowledge, or even if it never came to her knowledge, and that her plea of failure to receive it in time was not a competent excuse. This might be alleged in any case, and any delay of travel might be brought forward to account for non-appearance as plausibly as this trumped-up accident in which nobody was hurt. He did his best, which was also his worst, and the judge once more addressed the Squire, who stood waiting for Bartley's counsel to close. "I was about to adjourn the Court," said the judge, in that accent which is the gift of the South to some parts of the West; it is curiously soft and gentle, and expressive, when the speaker will, of a caressing deference. "But we have still some minutes before noon in which we can hear you in support of your motion, if you are ready."

"I am m-ready, your honor!" The old man's nasals cut across the judge's rounded tones, almost before they had ceased. His lips compressed themselves to a waving line, and his high hawk-beak came down over them; the fierce light burned in his cavernous eyes, and his grizzled hair erected itself like a crest. He swayed slightly back and forth at the table, behind which he stood, and paused as if waiting for his hate to gather head.

In this interval it struck several of the spectators, who had appreciative friends outside, that it was a pity they should miss the coming music, and they risked the loss of some strains themselves that they might step out and inform these *dilettanti*. One of them was stopped by a man at the door. "What's up, now?" The other impatiently explained; but the inquirer, instead of hurrying in to enjoy the fun, turned quickly about, and ran down the stairs. He crossed the street, and, by a system of alleys and by-ways, modestly made his way to the outlying fields of Tecumseh, which he traversed at heightened speed, plunging at last into the belt of timber beyond. This excursion, which had so much the appearance of a chase, was an exigency of the witness who had corroborated on oath the testimony of Bartley in regard to his wife's desertion. Such an establishment of facts, purely imaginary with the witness, was simple enough in the absence of rebutting testimony; but, confronted with this, it became another affair—it had its embarrassments, its risks.

"M-ready," repeated Squire Gaylord, "m-ready with facts and *witnesses!*" The word, in which he exulted till it rang and echoed through the room, drew the eyes of all to the little group on the bench next the bar, where Marcia, heavily veiled in the black which she had worn ever since Bartley's disappearance, sat with Halleck and Olive. The little girl, spent with her long journey, rested her head on her mother's lap, and the mother's hand tremulously smoothed her hair, and tried to hush the grieving whisper in which she incessantly repeated, "Where is papa? I want to see papa!"

Olive looked straight before her, and Halleck's eyes were fixed upon the floor. After the first glance at them, Bartley did not lift his head, but held it bent forward where he sat, and showed only a fold of fat red neck above his coat-collar. Marcia might have

seen his face in that moment before it blanched and he sank into his chair; she did not look toward him again.

"Mr. Sheriff, keep silence in the Court!" ordered the judge, in reprimand of the stir that ensued upon the general effort to catch sight of the witnesses.

"Silence in the Court! Keep your seats, gentlemen!" cried the sheriff.

"And I thank the Court," resumed the Squire, "for this immediate opportunity to redress an atrocious wrong, and to vindicate an innocent and injured woman. Sir, I think it will prejudice our cause with no one, when I say that we are here not only in the relation of attorney and client, but in that of father and daughter, and that I stand in this place singularly and sacredly privileged to demand justice for my own child!"

"Order, order!" shouted the sheriff. But he could not quell the sensation that followed; the point had been effectively made, and it was some moments before the noise of the people beginning to arrive from the outside permitted the Squire to continue. He waited, with one lean hand hanging at his side, and the other resting in a loosely folded fist on the table before him. He took this fist up as if it were some implement he had laid hold of, and swung it in the air.

"By a chance which *I* shall not be the last to describe as providential,"—he paused, and looked round the room as if defying any one there to challenge the sincerity of his assertion,—"the notice, which your law requires to be given by newspaper advertisement to the non-resident defendant in such a case as this, came, by one chance in millions, to her hand. By one chance more or less, it would not have reached her, and a monstrous crime against justice would have been irrevocably accomplished. For she had mourned this man as dead,—dead to the universal frame of things, when he was only dead to honor, dead to duty, and dead to her; and it was that newspaper, sent almost at random through the mail, and wandering from hand to hand, and everywhere rejected, for weeks, before it reached her at last, which convinced her that he was still in such life as a man may live who has survived his own soul. We are therefore *here*, standing upon our right, and prepared to prove it God's right and the everlasting truth. Two days ago, a thousand miles and a thousand uncertainties intervened between us and this right, but *now* we are here to show that the defendant, basely defamed by the plea of abandonment, returned to her home within an hour after she had parted there with the plaintiff, and has remained there day and night ever since." He stopped. "Did I say she had never absented herself during all this time? I was wrong. I spoke hastily. I forgot." He dropped his voice. "She did absent herself at one time,—for three days,—while she could come home to close her mother's dying eyes, and help me to lay her in the grave!" He tried to close his lips firmly again, but the sinuous line was broken by a convulsive twitching. "Perhaps," he resumed with the utmost gentleness, "the plaintiff returned in this interval, and, finding her gone, was confirmed in his belief that she had abandoned him."

He felt blindly about on the table with his trembling hands, and his whole figure had a pathos that gave the old dress-coat statuesque dignity. The spectators quietly changed their places, and occupied the benches near him, till Bartley was left sitting alone with his counsel. We are beginning to talk here at the East of the decline of oratory; but it is still a passion in the West, and his listeners now clustered about the Squire in keen appreciation of his power; it seemed to summon even the loiterers in the street, whose ascending tramp on the stairs continually made itself heard; the lawyers, the officers of the court, the judge, forgot their dinner, and posed themselves anew in their chairs to listen.

No doubt the electrical sphere of sympathy and admiration penetrated to the old man's consciousness. When he pulled off his black satin stock—the relic of ancient fashion which the piety of his daughter kept in repair—and laid it on the table, there was a deep, inarticulate murmur of satisfaction which he could not have mistaken. His voice rose again:

"If the plaintiff indeed came at that time, the walls of those empty rooms, into which he peered like a thief in the night, might have told him—if walls had tongues to speak as they have ears to hear—a tale that would have melted even *his* heart with remorse and shame. They might have told him of a woman waiting in hunger and cold for his return, and willing to starve and freeze, rather than own herself forsaken; waiting till she was hunted from her door by the creditors whom he had defrauded, and forced to confess her disgrace and her despair, in order to save herself from the unknown terrors of the law invoked upon her innocent head by his villainy. This is the history of the first two weeks of those two years, during which, as his perjured lips have sworn, he was using every effort to secure her return to him. I will not enlarge now upon this history, nor upon that of the days and weeks and months that followed, wringing the heart and all but crazing the brain of the wife who

would not, in the darkest hours of her desolation, believe herself willfully abandoned. But we have the record, unbroken and irrefragable, which shall not only right his victim, but shall bring yonder perjurer to justice."

The words had an iron weight; they fell like blows. Bartley did not stir; but Marcia moved uneasily in her chair, and a low, pitiful murmur broke from behind her veil. Her father stopped again, panting, and his dry lips closed and parted several times before he could find his voice again. But at that sound of grief he partly recovered himself, and went on brokenly.

"I now ask this Court, for due cause, to set aside the default upon which judgment has been rendered against the defendant, and I shall then ask leave to file her cross-petition for divorce."

Marcia started half-way from her chair, and then fell back again; she looked round at Halleck as if for help, and hid her face in her hands. Her father cast a glance at her as if for her approval of this development of his plan.

"Then, may it please the Court, upon the rendition of judgment in our favor upon that petition—a result of which I have no more doubt than of my own existence—I shall demand under your law the indictment of yonder perjurer for his crime, and I shall await in security the sentence which shall consign him to a felon's cell in a felon's garb ——"

Marcia flung herself upon her father's arm, outstretched toward Bartley.

"No! No! No!" she cried with deep, shuddering breaths, in a voice thick with horror. "Never! Let him go! I will not have it! I didn't understand! I never meant to harm him! Let him go! It is *my* cause, and I say ——"

The old man's arm dropped; he fixed a ghastly, bewildered look upon his daughter, and fell across the table at which he stood. The judge started from his chair; the people leaped over the benches, and crushed about the Squire, who fetched his breath in convulsive gasps. "Keep back!" "Give him air!" "Open the window!" "Get a doctor!" cried those next him.

Even Bartley's counsel had joined the crowd about the Squire, from the midst of which broke the long, frightened wail of a child. This was Bartley's opportunity. When his counsel turned to look for him, and advise his withdrawal from a place where he could do no good, and where possibly he might come to harm, he found that his advice had been anticipated: Bartley's chair was vacant.

XLI.

THAT night, when Halleck had left the old man to the care of Marcia and Olive, for the time, a note was brought to him from Bartley's lawyer, begging the favor of a few moments' interview on very important business. It might be some offer of reparation or advance in Marcia's interest, and Halleck went with the the bearer of the note. The lawyer met him hospitably at the door of his office. "How do you do, sir?" he said, shaking hands. Then he indicated a bulk withdrawn into a corner of the dimly lighted room; the blinds were drawn, and he locked the door after Halleck's entrance. "Mr. Hubbard, whom I think you know," he added. "I'll just step into the next room, gentlemen, and will be subject to your call at any moment."

The bulk lifted itself and moved some paces toward Halleck; Bartley even raised his hand, with the vague expectation of taking Halleck's, but seeing no responsive gesture on his part, he waved a salutation and dropped it again to his side.

"How d'ye do, Halleck? Rather a secret, black, and midnight interview," he said jocosely. "But I couldn't very well manage it otherwise. I'm *not* just in the position to offer you the freedom of the city."

"What do you want, Hubbard?" asked Halleck, bluntly.

"How is the old Squire?"

"The doctor thinks he may rally from the shock."

"Paralysis?"

"Yes."

"I have spent the day in the 'tall timber,' as our friends out here say, communing with nature; and I've only just come into town since dark, so I hadn't any particulars." He paused, as if expecting that Halleck might give them; but, upon his remaining silent, he resumed. "Of course, as the case now stands, I know very well that the law can't touch me. But I didn't know what the popular feeling might be. The Squire laid it on pretty hot, and he might have made it livelier for me than he intended: he isn't aware of the inflammable nature of the material out here." He gave a nervous chuckle. "I wanted to see you, Halleck, to tell you that I haven't forgotten that money I owe you, and that I mean to pay it all up some time yet. If it hadn't been for some expenses I've had lately,—doctor's bills, and so forth,—I haven't been very well, myself,"—he made a sort of involuntary appeal for Halleck's sympathy,—"and I've had to pay out a good deal of money,—I should be able to pay most of it now. As it is, I can only give you five hun-

dred of it." He tugged his portemonnaie with difficulty up the slope of his pantaloons. "That will leave me just three hundred to begin the world with; for of course I've got to clear out of *here*. And I'd got very comfortably settled after two years of pretty hard work at the printing business, and hard reading at the law. Well, it's all right. And I want to pay you this money, now, and I'll pay you the rest whenever I can. And I want you to tell Marcia that I did it. I always meant to do it."

"Hubbard," interrupted Halleck, "you don't owe me any money. Your father-in-law paid that debt two years ago. But you owe some one else a debt that no one can pay for you. We needn't waste words. What are you going to do to repair the wrong you have done the woman and the child——" He stopped; the effort had perhaps been too much.

Bartley saw his emotion, and in his benighted way he honored it. "Halleck, you are a good fellow. You are *such* a good fellow that you can't understand this thing. But it's played out. I felt badly about it myself, at one time; and if I hadn't been robbed of that money you lent me on my way here, I'd have gone back inside of forty-eight hours. I was sorry for Marcia; it almost broke my heart to think of the little one; but I knew they were in the hands of friends; and the more time I had to think it over, the more I was reconciled to what I had done. That was the only way out for either of us. We had tried it for three years, and we couldn't make it go; we never could have made it go; we were incompatible. Don't you suppose I knew Marcia's good qualities? No one knows them better, or appreciates them more. You might think that I applied for this divorce because I had some one else in view. Not any more in mine at present! But I thought we ought to be free, both of us; and if our marriage had become a chain, that we ought to break it." Bartley paused, apparently to give these facts and reasons time to sink into Halleck's mind. "But there's one thing I should like to have you tell her, Halleck: she was wrong about that girl; I never had anything to do with her. Marcia will understand." Halleck made no reply, and Bartley resumed, in a burst of generosity, which marked his fall into the abyss as nothing else could have done. "Look here, Halleck, I can't marry again for two years. But, as I understand the law, Marcia isn't bound in any way. I know that she always had a very high opinion of you, and that she thinks you are the best man in the world: why don't *you* fix it up with Marcia?"

Bartley was in effect driven into exile by the accidents of his suit for divorce which have been described. He was not in bodily danger after the first excitement passed off, if he was ever in bodily danger at all; but he could not reasonably hope to establish himself in a community which had witnessed such disagreeable facts concerning him; before which, indeed, he stood attainted of perjury, and only saved from the penalty of his crime by the refusal of his wife to press her case.

As soon as her father was strong enough to be removed, Marcia returned to the East with him, in the care of the friends who continued with them. They did not go back to Boston, but went directly to Equity, where in the first flush of the young and jubilant summer, they opened the dim old house at the end of the village street, and resumed their broken lives. Her father, with one side palsy-stricken, wavered out every morning to his office, and sat there all day, the tremulous shadow of his former will. Sometimes his old friends came in to see him, but no one expected now to hear the Squire "get going." He no longer got going on any topic; he had become as a little child—as the little child that played about him there, in the still, warm summer days and built houses with his law-books on the floor. He laughed feebly at her pranks, and submitted to her rule with pathetic meekness in everything where Marcia had not charged them both to the contrary. He was very obedient to Marcia, who looked vigilantly after his welfare, and knew all his goings and comings, as she knew those of his little comrade. Two or three times a day she ran out to see that they were safe; but for the rest she kept herself closely housed, and saw no one whom she was not forced to see; only the meat-man and the fish-man could speak authoritatively concerning her appearance and behavior before folks. They reported the latter as dry, cold, and uncommunicative. Doubtless the bitter experiences of her life had wrought their due effect in that passionate heart; but probably it was as much a morbid sensitiveness as a hardened indifference that turned her from her kind. The village inquisitiveness that invades, also suffers much eccentricity; and after it had been well ascertained that Marcia was as queer as her mother, she was allowed to lead her mother's unmolested life in the old house, which had always turned so cold a shoulder to the world. Toward the end of the summer the lame young man and his sister, who had been several times in Equity before, paid her a visit; but stayed only a day or two, as was accurately known by persons who had noted the opening and

closing of the spare-chamber blinds. In the winter he came again, but this time he came alone, and stayed at the hotel. He remained over a Sunday, and sat in the pulpit of the Orthodox church, where the minister extended to him the right hand of fellowship, and invited him to make the opening prayer. It was considered a good prayer, generally speaking, but it was criticised as not containing anything attractive to young people. He was understood to be on his way to take charge of a backwoods church down in Aroostook County, where probably his prayers would be more acceptable to the popular taste.

That winter Squire Gaylord had another stroke of paralysis, and late in the following spring he succumbed to a third. The old minister who had once been Mrs. Gaylord's pastor was now dead; and the Squire was buried by the lame man, who came up to Equity for that purpose, at the wish, often expressed, of the deceased. This at least was the common report, and it is certain that Halleck officiated.

In entering the ministry, he had returned to the faith which had been taught him almost before he could speak. He did not defend or justify this course on the part of a man who had once thrown off all allegiance to creeds; he said simply that for him there was no other course. He freely granted that he had not reasoned back to his old faith; he had fled to it as to a city of refuge. His unbelief had been helped, and he no longer suffered himself to doubt; he did not ask if the truth was here or there, any more; he only knew that he could not find it for himself, and he rested in his inherited belief. He accepted everything; if he took one jot or tittle away from the Book, the curse of doubt was on him. He had known the terrors of the law, and he preached them to his people; he had known the Divine mercy, and he also preached that.

The Squire's death occurred a few months before the news came of another event to which the press of the State referred with due recognition, but without great fullness of detail. This was the fatal case of shooting which occurred at Whited Sepulchre, Arizona, where Bartley Hubbard pitched his tent, and set up a printing-press after leaving Tecumseh. He began with the issue of a Sunday paper, and made it so spicy and so indispensable to all the residents of Whited Sepulchre, who enjoyed the study of their fellow-citizens' affairs, that he was looking hopefully forward to the establishment of a daily edition, when he unfortunately chanced to comment upon the domestic relations of "one of Whited Sepulchre's leading citizens." The leading citizen promptly took the war-path, as an esteemed contemporary expressed it, in reporting the difficulty with the cynical lightness and the profusion of felicitous head-lines with which our journalism often alleviates the history of tragic occurrences: the parenthetical truth in the closing statement, that "Mr. Hubbard leaves a (divorced) wife and child somewhere at the East," was quite in Bartley's own manner.

Marcia had been widowed so long before that this event,—consequence or penalty, as we choose to think it,—could make no outward change in her. What inner change, if any, it wrought, is one of those facts which fiction must seek in vain to disclose. But, if love such as hers had been did not deny his end the pang of a fresh grief, we may be sure that her sorrow was not unmixed with self-accusal as unavailing as it was passionate, and perhaps as unjust.

One evening, a year later, the Athertons sat talking over a letter from Halleck, which Atherton had brought from Boston with him. It was summer, and they were at their place on the Beverly shore. It was a long letter, and Atherton had read parts of it several times already, on his way down in the cars, and had since read it all to his wife. "It's a very morbid letter," he said, with a perplexed air, when he had finished.

"Yes," she assented. "But it's a very *good* letter. Poor Ben!"

Her husband took it up again, and read here and there a passage from it.

"But I am turning to you now for help in a matter on which my own conscience throws such a fitful and uncertain light that I cannot trust it. I know that you are a good man, Atherton, and I humbly beseech you to let me have your judgment without mercy: though it slay me, I will abide by it. . . . Since her father's death, she lives there quite alone with her child. I have seen her only once, but we write to each other, and there are times when it seems to me at last that I have the right to ask her to be my wife. The words give me a shock as I write them; and the things which I used to think reasons for my right rise up in witness against me. Above all, I remember with horror that *he* approved it, that he advised it!

". . . . It is true that I have never, by word or deed, suffered her to know what was in my heart; but has there ever been a moment when I could do so? It is true that I have waited for his death; but, if I have been willing he should die, am I not a potential murderer!"

"Oh, what ridiculous nonsense!" Clara indignantly protested.

Atherton read on: "These are the questions which I ask myself in my despair. She is free, now; but am I free? Am I not rather bound by the past to perpetual silence? There are times when I rebel against these tortures; when I feel a sanction for my love of her, an assurance from somewhere that it is right and good to love her; but then I sink again, for, if I ask whence this assurance comes — I beseech you to tell me what you think. Has my offence been so great that nothing can atone for it? Must I sacrifice to this fear all my hopes of what I could be to her, and for her?"

Atherton folded up the letter, and put it back into its envelope, with a frown of exasperation. "I can't see what should have infatuated Halleck with that woman. I don't believe now that he loves her; I believe he only pities her. She is altogether inferior to him: passionate, narrow-minded, jealous—she would make him miserable. He'd much better stay as he is. If it were not pathetic to have him deifying her in this way, it would be laughable."

"She had a jealous temperament," said Clara, looking down. "But all the Hallecks are fond of her. They think there is a great deal of good in her. I don't suppose Ben himself thinks she is perfect. But — "

"I dare say," interrupted her husband, "that he thinks he's entirely sincere in asking my advice. But you can see how he *wishes* to be advised."

"Of course. He wishes to marry her. It isn't so much a question of what a man ought to have, as what he wants to have, in marrying, is it? Even the best of men. If she *is* exacting and quick-tempered, he is good enough to get on with her. If she had a husband that she could thoroughly trust, she would be easy enough to get on with. There is no woman good enough to get on with a bad man. It's terrible to think of that poor creature living there by herself, with no one to look after her and her little girl; and if Ben — "

"What do you mean, Clara? Don't you see that his being in love with her when she was another man's wife is what he feels it to be—an indelible stain?"

"She never knew it; and no one ever knew it but you. You said it was our deeds that judged us. Didn't Ben go away when he realized his feeling for her?"

"He came back."

"But he did everything he could to find that poor wretch, and he tried to prevent the divorce. Ben is morbid about it; but there is no use in our being so."

"There was a time when he would have been glad to profit by a divorce."

"But he never did. You said the will didn't count. And now she is a widow, and any man may ask her to marry him."

"Any man but the one who loved her during her husband's life. That is, if he is such a man as Halleck. Of course, it isn't a question of mere right and wrong, of gross black and white—there are degrees, there are shades; there might be redemption for another sort of man in such a marriage; but for Halleck there could only be loss—deterioration—lapse from the ideal. I should think he might suffer something of this even in her eyes — "

"Oh, how hard you are! I wish Ben hadn't asked your advice. Why, you are worse than he is! You're *not* going to write that to him?"

Atherton flung the letter upon the table, and drew a troubled sigh. "Ah, I don't know! I don't know!"

THE END.

THE STATUE.

THERE was a statue, only common clay,
Which in the sunshine stood one summer day,
And just through one brief magic hour — I'm told,
Because the sun shone so, seemed finest gold.

There was a hero, hero but to one,
Who had his gilded hour beneath Love's Sun,
And then, Ah me! the sunshine died away,
And left the hero — bare, dull, common clay.

L'ENVOI.

ARE you the hero, or are you the sun?
A word, *mon ami*, and my fable's done.
If you must blame, — be just, and blame the sun.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LATE CENSUS.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE FIRST CENSUS.

NINETY years ago, the words United States designated a federal republic occupying seventeen degrees of latitude along the middle Atlantic coast of North America, and stretching westward to the Mississippi River from that entire ocean front, except that the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes formed its limit on the north. The tract thus bounded comprised about 820,000 square miles.

I have said that the republic occupied this vast extent of territory; but, indeed, it was only by its sovereignty that the republic could be said to occupy it entire. The population of 1790 was 3,929,214, being about 4.9 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of that date—about 1.3 inhabitants to the square mile of the territory of to-day.

But this population was far from being spread uniformly over the vast surface offered for settlement to the citizens of the new nation. At a varying distance from the coast, a range of mountains, of what may be called the third-class, ran north-east and south-west through nearly the entire length of the country, shedding the waters from their eastern slope into the Atlantic, across plains which, extending from the north temperate to the semi-tropical zone, exhibited almost as wide diversities of character and climate, and of consequent adaptation to the uses of man, for habitation or for cultivation, as those which exist between the shores of the Baltic and of the Mediterranean. Irregular as was the course of this mountain-chain, at some points much more closely approaching the coast than at others, it yet divided the then existing territory of the United States into two nearly equal parts.

It was almost wholly on the Atlantic slope of the Appalachian range that the population of 1790 was found by the first census. About 125,000 adventurous pioneers, chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, had crossed the mountains and settled about the Licking, Kentucky, Salt, and Green rivers in Kentucky, and in smaller numbers upon the Cumberland in Tennessee.

Of the area of the original thirteen States, only a little more than one-half was settled to an appreciable extent—but about 226,000 square miles being occupied by two or more inhabitants to the square mile, the region outside remaining destitute of all inhabitants or being visited only by the trapper or axman. Adding 14,000, sparsely populated, in the Ohio Valley, we have as the settled area of 1790, 240,000 square miles, with an average density of 16.4 inhabitants. This sum was divided almost equally between three classes: 83,000 had between 2 and 6 inhabitants; 83,000 between 6 and 18 inhabitants; 74,000 between 18 and 45 inhabitants to the square mile. Fifty-seven per cent. of the population resided upon eight per cent. of the territory of the United States, which was eighteen per cent. of the region east of the mountains. The region thus preferred for settlement extended south-westward from Portland, Maine, covering Concord (New Hampshire), Albany, Poughkeepsie, Harrisburgh, Harper's Ferry, Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville, and Raleigh.

Outside of this lay an irregular tract of sparse settlement, covering the immediate coast of Maine, along its entire length, extending upward well toward the northern limits of New Hampshire and Vermont; holding close to Lake Champlain and the Hudson, in New York, except as it ran out, in a narrow tongue, to include the central lakes of that State; crossing the Delaware almost coincident with the line of denser settlement, but spreading out to cover the southern half of Pennsylvania, then receding to follow in general the course of the Blue Ridge southward to the north-east corner of Georgia, where it ran down parallel to the Savannah River, and only the depth of a single county from it, till it reached the coast below the city of that name, whence it ran south to include four coast counties devoted to the rice culture, leaving all the rest of Georgia to those formidable Indian nations, the Creeks and Cherokees.

Six cities only, having a population of 8,000 or more, were in 1790 embraced within the limits described, comprising but one-thirtieth of the total population of the country, that is, having in the aggregate a population about equal to that of Newark to-day.

The occupations of the people were mainly agriculture and the fisheries, both pertaining to the so-called "extractive" industries. Throughout the northern half of the country the soil was cultivated by the mass of citizens, and the land was held in small tracts. The men who tilled the soil were not a peasantry. I will not say that they belonged to the same class,—for there were no class distinctions known to the society of that day,—but they were the same sort of men, without distinction, as those who filled the learned professions or held the offices of state. At the South, however, a widely different condition of things existed: the actual cultivators of the soil were

slaves, of a subject and degraded race; the land was held in large estates, and a social aristocracy wielded great political power by virtue of wealth, birth, and education.

With the surplus produce of agriculture and the fisheries, the United States of 1790 carried on a small foreign trade which supported the six little cities of that day. From Europe they obtained scanty supplies of manufactured goods; from the West Indies and the South American main-land came liberal stores of their characteristic products—coffee, sugar, rum, and molasses; while tea, spices, and dye-stuffs were brought from the East. Strange enough, among the exports in which these imports were paid, cotton does not figure. But a few thousand pounds of that staple, of which millions of bales now annually go abroad, are noted among the exports of 1790. It was not till three years later that Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE FOURTH CENSUS.

Let us move forward thirty years, and contemplate the United States as they were found by the fourth census. A vast accession of territory has taken place. The Mississippi is no longer our western boundary. The Pacific now beats against the shores of the republic for the length of four hundred miles. The acquisition of Louisiana, by Jefferson, has brought under the flag all the country, to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, whose streams empty into the Mississippi from the right, embracing the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, with a portion of Colorado, and the Territories of Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana; while, whether as "contiguous unsettled territory" carried by the force of the same treaty, or as territory first explored and occupied by our citizens, the region beyond the Rocky Mountains, embracing the present State of Oregon and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, has been added to the public domain. And, to the south of the "Old Thirteen," Florida has been acquired from the Spaniard by the treaty of 1819, although formal possession has not yet been given, thus carrying the United States four degrees farther south, and bringing the flag almost within the tropics, missing it by but a single degree of latitude.

The area of the United States is now about two millions of square miles, nearly equaling the extent of European Russia. Vast as has been the accession of territory, the increase of population has fully kept pace with it. The inhabitants of the United States now number 9,633,822, of whom more than two millions occupy the region west of the Appalachians. Seven States of the Union send their representatives to Congress across the great Atlantic chain.

The 240,000 square miles of settled territory have grown to 509,000, of which nearly forty per cent. is found beyond the mountains, or in the far south-west, upon the newly acquired territory. The frontier line now includes Ogdensburg, Buffalo and Erie, Toledo and Detroit, Columbus, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis (whence a narrow tongue of settlement runs out to Jefferson City), Paducah, Chattanooga and Huntsville. From the last point the frontier line bends sharply back to pass around the country of the Cherokees, and curves outward again to compass the eastern half of Georgia.

At the South, powerful Indian tribes—the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Seminoles—still withstand the progress of settlement; but in the north-west the members of that race who between 1791 and 1814 had defied the growing power of the whites in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, have been crushed into submission or wholly destroyed. For a time, the Miamis, and afterward the Shawnees, dared to stand across the path of the republic. But the victories of Wayne and of Harrison broke their strength, and reduced them to dependence and beggary.

The increase of population in the thirty years has been mainly devoted to the occupation of new territory, and the density of settlement within the occupied area is now but 18.9 to the square mile, against 16.4 in 1790. The six cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants at the earlier date have now become thirteen; but their aggregate population is still less than that of Chicago to-day. In 1820, one-twentieth only of the inhabitants of the United States resided in cities of the grade indicated.

The fact that the city population of the country has not increased more rapidly furnishes sufficient evidence, did we require it, that the occupations of the people and their social condition have not greatly changed in the thirty years since 1790. Agriculture still remains the predominant vocation, and is pursued in much the same spirit, and with much the same implements, as a generation before, except that, at the South, a Yankee school-master has invented a piece of apparatus by which millions of his countrymen are, through generations to come, to win their bread. "Cotton is king," crowned by Eli Whitney. Manufactures and foreign trade have had a troubled development; hurt and helped, helped and hurt, in turn, by embargo, non-intercourse, war and peace, till they stand on a most precarious footing.

The 9,500,000 of 1820 are even more homogeneous than the 4,000,000 of 1790, including possibly even a smaller absolute number, and certainly a much smaller proportion, of persons born in foreign lands than at the former date. The increase of population has been almost wholly out of the loins of our own people. No statistics of immigration exist prior to 1820, but it is not supposed that the accessions by foreign arrivals exceeded six or seven thousand a year for the whole of the thirty years' period then ending. An intermixture of foreign blood by the yearly addition of only one part in from five hundred to one thousand parts of the existing population could work no considerable effects.

Meanwhile the native population has been undergoing processes of consolidation and assimilation, especially in the central States of the Atlantic tier. The mere lapse of time and common experience of life would have done much to weld together the descendants of Puritan and Cavalier, Quaker, Moravian, Huguenot, Dutchman, and Swede, into something like a distinct national type of physical and intellectual character; but this result has been hastened by increasing facilities of intercommunication, by an intensifying nationality, and by foreign war.

The habits of the people are still simple; wealth is still distributed in the hands of the many, except at the South, where the land is held in great estates; luxury and state make a small appearance in the daily life of these still primitive communities. Even many years later, Mr. Webster could say of Massachusetts: "If there be a man in the State who maintains what is called an equipage, has servants in livery, or drives four horses in his coach, I am not acquainted with him."

THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEVENTH CENSUS.

When the seventh census was taken, in 1850, another vast expansion of territory had just been effected, under inspiration and impulse from the slave power of the South. By the annexation of Texas, in 1845, about 375,000 square miles of Mexican territory had been added to the United States. From this have since been set off extensive tracts, to form parts of New Mexico and Colorado, or to become public lands of the United States. Three years later, viz., in 1848, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 550,000 more square miles were obtained from the same source, as the fruit of successful buccaneering. Out of this acquisition have since been carved the States of California and Nevada, with a part of the State of Colorado, the Territories of Utah and Arizona, and a part of the Territory of New Mexico.

The area of the United States was thus brought nearly up to 3,000,000 square miles. The gains of population through these annexations had been but slight. All the new States and Territories were found, by the census of 1850, to have only about 375,000 inhabitants, of whom no small part had transferred themselves thither since the date of acquisition by the United States: into Texas, in order to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities which its fertile lands offered to slave labor, in comparison with the worn-out cotton fields of the older States; into California, in consequence of the discovery of gold made almost coincident with the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which that State was at once raised to the rank of the largest gold-producing region of the world.

The population of 1850 was found to be 23,067,262, or about 7.7 to the square mile throughout our entire territory. Only about one-third of the domain of the United States, however, or something less than a million of square miles, contained any appreciable population, making the average density of settlement in the populated region, 23.7. Two-thirds of our then area was roamed over by Indians, or visited only by trappers, prospectors, or occasional mining, lumbering, and fishing parties.

But while the Indian still roamed unrestrained over nearly the whole country west of the Missouri and north of Arkansas, the great confederations that so long withstood the settlement of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, had been carried bodily across many degrees of longitude and established in the region known as the Indian Territory, within which perpetual autonomy was guaranteed them by treaty. Scarcely had the trail of the savage been washed away by the first descending rain, when the whole country between the Altamaha and the Mississippi was covered with eager Georgians and Carolinians, who had long been withheld from invasion only by the stern inhibition of the Federal Government.

Of the populated area of 1850, only thirty-six per cent. lay within the limits of the thirteen original States; fifty-one per cent. was comprised within the group of States formed of Kentucky and Tennessee on the west, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan on the north-west, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama on the south-west, and Florida on the south; while in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas, the present Territories, and upon the Pacific slope, was found the remaining thirteen per cent. of the settled area of this date. In the first section, however, nearly seventy per cent. of the settled area was populated to the extent of eighteen or more

inhabitants to the square mile; while, in the second section, the proportion was but thirty per cent., and in the third section but ten.

The frontier line of settlement, toward the west, in 1850, was drawn from Green Bay irregularly across Wisconsin and Iowa to Council Bluffs; thence down the Missouri River to the boundary of the State of that name; thence, southward, the western limit of population was the western boundary of the States of Missouri and Arkansas, till the course of the Red River was reached, whence the line of population ran out two or three degrees to the west, and then turned south and south-west, taking in Austin and San Antonio, emerging on the Gulf at Corpus Christi.

Beyond this frontier were isolated patches of settlement, upon the Great Plains, at Salt Lake City, and in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joachim, then the scene of astonishing activity in the mining of gold.

Perhaps no fact illustrates more strikingly the changes in social and industrial conditions which took place in the thirty years succeeding 1820, than the increase of the city population of the United States. The thirteen cities of 1820 with 8,000 or more inhabitants had, in 1850, become eighty-five, with an aggregate population of nearly 3,000,000. Instead of one-twentieth, one-eighth of the population resided in cities of this grade. For the first time, a city of 500,000 inhabitants appears.

The change in the social conditions of the United States, so strikingly exhibited in the growth of urban populations during the thirty years ending in 1850, is also shown in the statistics of industry and in the statistics of the occupations of the people, the latter class of facts having been, for the first time, collected in the seventh census.

The United States has become a great manufacturing and mining nation. By the force of the remarkable mechanical genius of our population, by virtue of the bounteous stores of raw materials at command, in the way of timber, fibers, ores, cheap food, and with a high degree of natural "protection" through the distance interposed between our markets and foreign nations, we have become, with how much of help or of hinderance from incoherent and often contradictory legislation it is not necessary to discuss here, predominantly an industrial and commercial, as distinguished from an agricultural, people. Less than one-half—only forty-four per cent. indeed—of the persons of all ages and both sexes engaged in gainful occupations were in 1850 employed in agriculture—a proportion as small as this country is ever likely to reach. Only one year previously,—viz., in 1849,—80,000 persons had been suddenly transferred, from vocations of every name and character at the East, to work the newly discovered treasures of the precious metals on the extreme Pacific verge of the continent, while vast populations were engaged in developing the boundless wealth of coal and iron which underlie the whole extent of the great Appalachian chain.

With manufactures and growing trade, and the concentration of population into large cities, had come great changes in the manners of the American people. The power of fashion was vastly augmented, and the desire of pomp and luxury took a strong hold on the public mind. Increasing facility of communication with Europe accelerated these tendencies, which began to exert a marked influence upon the habits of our people respecting marriage and reproduction.

The access of foreign elements also began to be the occasion not only of social but of political disturbance. The census, for the first time, in 1850 gave exact information on several points respecting the constituents of the population. Then first was ascertained the number of persons residing in the United States who were of foreign birth. That number was found to be 2,225,000, or nine per cent. of the total population, or eleven per cent. of the total white population—probably constituting, when we take into consideration the excess of males and of adults among immigrants, *not less than twenty-eight per cent. of the adult white males* of that day, or more than one-quarter of the potential voting class. The concentration of the foreign elements in cities and large towns, together with the strong contrast existing as to race-characteristics and religious adherence between the majority of the new-comers and the great mass of the native population, made these elements almost the determining force in both local and national politics, and for a time the United States might, with very little of exaggeration, have been called New Ireland.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE TENTH CENSUS (1880).

The latest thirty-years' period of the history of the United States has witnessed no acquisition of territory which enters very importantly into an account of the national development. In 1853, Mexico ceded the country south of the River Gila, in New Mexico and Arizona, embracing a computed area of 45,000 square miles. This tract, which is known as the Gadsden Purchase, embraces the site of Tucson, and contains, besides the inhabitants of that frontier town, a few hundreds of prospecters and graziers.

In 1868, the United States purchased from

Russia her possessions in North America, lying north of British America and extending to the Arctic Ocean. This vast region, comprising a rudely computed area of 577,000 square miles, has not as yet been given a political character of any sort. It remains in reality the Province, in name the District, of Alaska: its pro-consul, the collector of customs at Sitka; its army and navy, a solitary revenue-cutter; its law, heaven knows what; its real masters and governors, a commercial company, having its offices at San Francisco. Its population is not, by the census law, made an integral part of that of the United States for any political purpose, although a very remarkable reconnaissance of the district has been made during the past two years by Mr. Ivan Petroff, a special agent of the census office, whose report, it is confidently expected, will constitute a magazine of valuable information respecting the social and industrial condition of the natives of Alaska, and respecting the geographical features and material resources of the country.

The period between 1850 and 1880 has been marked by the astonishingly rapid spread of population over the vast region brought under the flag of the United States by the purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, and the cessions from Mexico. The 980,000 square miles of territory occupied by settlements in 1850 have become 1,570,000. Of these, 384,820 have between 2 and 6 inhabitants to the square mile; 373,890 have between 6 and 18; 554,300 between 18 and 45; 232,010 between 45 and 90; while 24,550 have in excess of 90 inhabitants to the square mile. The population of the United States is now 50,155,783. The frontier line of settlement is, in general, the one hundredth degree of longitude as far north as the forty-second parallel of latitude, and, thence northward, the ninety-ninth and afterward the ninety-eighth degree.

The distribution of the population according to dominant topographical features may be thus stated: On the immediate Atlantic coast, north, 2,616,892; middle, 4,375,184; south, 875,387; on the Gulf coast, 1,055,851; in the hilly and mountainous region of the north-east, 1,669,226; in the mountainous region of the central Atlantic slope, 2,344,223; in the immediate region of the Lakes, 3,049,470; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 5,716,326; in the south central mountainous region, 2,695,085; in the Ohio Valley, 2,442,792; on the south interior table-lands and plateaus, 3,627,478; in the Mississippi belt, south, 710,268; north, 1,991,362; in the south-west central region, 2,932,807; in the central region, 4,401,246; in the prairie region, 5,722,485; in the Missouri River belt, 835,455; on the western plains, 323,819; in the heavily timber region of the north-west, 1,122,337; in the Cordilleran region, 932,311; on the Pacific coast, 715,789.

Although the territory of the United States extends to the forty-ninth parallel, only one-tenth of the population is found north of the forty-third. But so dense is the settlement below this line that, by the time the forty-first parallel is reached, about one-third of the population has been covered; the next single degree extends the proportion nearly to one-half, while more than two-thirds lie north of the thirty-eighth parallel. Between the forty-third and the thirty-eighth dwell 29,500,000 of our people. In 1870, 52.8 per cent. of the population was east of the eighty-fourth meridian. In 1880, only 49.4 per cent. was so placed. Eighty-four per cent. of the population is found east of the ninety-first meridian; 97 per cent. east of the ninety-seventh meridian.

The compactness and evenness with which our people are arranged longitudinally cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that, from the seventy-fifth meridian to the ninety-ninth, the gain of population, during the last decade, on the territory between any two meridians, has been, in six cases, between 250,000 and 300,000; in seven cases, between 300,000 and 400,000; in seven cases, between 400,000 and 500,000; and in four cases between 500,000 and 600,000.

Of the population of the United States in 1880, 9,152,296 lived less than 100 feet above sea level; 10,776,284 at altitudes from 100 to 500 feet; a number almost equal to both the previous classes—viz., 19,024,320—between 1000 and 1500 feet; 1,878,715 between 1500 and 2000 feet, leaving but 1,500,000 on all the higher altitudes. Of the latter, nearly 100,000 live more than 7000 feet above the sea. The gain since 1870 has been pretty uniformly distributed as between the lowest three hypsometric groups, while the population at the higher altitudes has been disproportionately increased.

The influence of temperature on the distribution of population is both direct and indirect: direct as it affects human propagation and the duration of life; indirect as it affects vegetation and the consequent possibilities of agriculture. About three-quarters of a million of the population was found, in 1880, in localities having a mean annual temperature either below 40° or above 70°. Between these extremes the population was ranged as follows:

Between 40° and 45°	3,498,226
Between 45° and 50°	15,022,030
Between 50° and 55°	15,793,958
Between 55° and 60°	6,649,287
Between 60° and 65°	5,190,923
Between 65° and 70°	3,293,261

It appears that the forty-six millions of people living between 45° and 70°, mean annual temperature, are divided into three nearly equal groups: one-third living between 45° and 50°; one-third, between 50° and 55°; and one-third between 55° and 70°.

The position of the United States, with reference to rainfall, may be expressed broadly as follows: 8,000,000 live where the annual precipitation is less than 35 inches; 34,000,000 where the precipitation is between 35 and 50 inches; 8,000,000 where it is in excess of 50 inches. The 34,000,000 spoken of are almost equally divided between the three hygrometric groups, having severally 35 to 40, 40 to 45, and 45 to 50 inches of rain and melted snow per annum.

The foreign elements of our population have varied widely since 1850. At that time foreigners constituted 9.5 per cent. of the total population; they now constitute 13.3 per cent. Of the foreign residents of 1850, 43.5 per cent. were Irish; 26.4, Germans; 13.9, English and Welsh; 6.7, British-Americans; while the Scandinavians formed less than one per cent. Since that time, the proportion of Irish to the other foreign elements has steadily declined. Of the arrivals in the ten years ending in 1850, the Germans were but 25 per cent.; of those in the ten years ending in 1860, they were 37 per cent. Between 1860 and 1870, other foreign elements began to assume importance through the fast increasing immigration of Swedes and Norwegians across the ocean, and of Canadians across our northern border. We have seen that the Irish of 1850 constituted 43.5 per cent. of the total foreign population. In 1860, this proportion had fallen to 38.9, and in 1870, still further, to 33.3. Although the statistics of nationality at the census of 1880 are not yet published, it is not probable that the Irish to-day constitute more than 27 per cent. of the foreign population of the country.

To-day, the number of foreigners living among us is a little over 6,500,000, while the members of the colored race reach almost the same number. Speaking roundly, then, the following is the table of our population:

Whole number	50,000,000
Foreigners	6,500,000
Total native-born	43,500,000
Colored	6,500,000
Total native-born whites	37,000,000

The location of the colored and the foreign elements of our population, as shown by the census, is, in a high degree, complemental. In general, where the one element is largely found, the other is absent. Within each two successive parallels, from the forty-ninth degree of latitude down to the forty-second, the foreign element comprises between 21 and 40 per cent. of the total population, while the colored element is practically wanting. On the other hand, from the thirty-seventh down to the thirty-first, the colored element comprises between 26 and 50 per cent. of the total population between each two successive parallels, while the foreign element never reaches 2 per cent. South of the thirtieth parallel, however, a phenomenon of a contradictory character appears, foreigners and negroes both becoming important constituents of the population within the same belt. This is due to the peculiar conditions of the settlement of Texas, a former slave State, yet the subject of a large ante-bellum German immigration, and, since the war, a favorite objective point for intending settlers.

Owing to the fact that, while the sixty-seventh degree of longitude touches the eastern border of the United States, none of the former slave States extend further to the east than the seventy-fifth degree, the proportion of the colored element does not become considerable until that meridian is reached, although from the very north-east corner of the country the foreign element makes a conspicuous appearance. Beginning with the seventy-sixth degree, however, the longitudinal layers of the colored population are remarkable for regularity. For the sixteen degrees westward from this meridian, comprising, in all, ten-elevenths of the colored population, the number of that race between any two successive degrees never sinks below 242,000, or rises above 469,000. In two cases the number is below 300,000; in nine, between 300,000 and 350,000; in two, between 350,000 and 400,000; in three, above 400,000.

The longitudinal arrangement of the foreign population is much less regular. Thirty-six per cent. of all the foreigners in the country are found in a solid body, below the seventy-first and seventy-sixth meridians. Eastward of the former and westward of the latter line, the foreign population is spread out more widely than the colored, reaching further toward "the setting sun," the occurrence of large bodies being somewhat eccentric.

Having reference to the dominant topographical features of the country, we find that 93 per cent. of the colored population resides within the following regions: Middle Atlantic coast, 517,207; south Atlantic coast, 485,439; Gulf coast, 448,090; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 722,129; in the mountainous regions of the south central district, 432,318; on the southern interior table-lands and plateaus, 1,973,073; in the South Mississippi river belt,

458,004; in the south-west central region, 637,816; in the central district, 410,880.

On the other hand, we find the foreign population much more liberally distributed, being represented fully in all the topographical divisions which were mentioned in connection with the aggregate population, except in the South.

For moisture in the atmosphere, the colored population show an abnormal appetency. We have seen that but 16 per cent. of the aggregate population is placed where the rainfall exceeds 50 inches a year. Of the colored race, however, not less than 55 per cent. occupy these regions. Scarcely more than 2 per cent. of the foreigners are found there. Ninety per cent. of the foreigners live in districts having between 30 and 50 inches of rain and melted snow, annually.

The aptitude of the colored race for the lower elevations is very strikingly shown by a comparison with the foreign element of the population in this respect, it being borne in mind that the actual numbers of the two elements differ only by 100,000.

Feet above sea level.	*Colored.*	*Foreign.*
0 to 100	1,466,233	1,891,247
100 to 500	2,958,864	942,196
500 to 1000	1,704,158	2,469,816
1000 to 1500	354,013	934,178
Above 1500	97,525	442,506

The normal proportion of the sexes, by which females should be very slightly in excess, has been greatly disturbed within the United States, as a whole, by immigration from Europe and Asia, males largely preponderating among the arrivals from the former continent, and forming substantially the whole of the Asiatic element received at the Pacific ports; while, as between the States, the normal proportions, both of the two sexes and of the various ages of life, have been even more largely disturbed by the westward migration of the native population, in which those who are best fitted to bear the hardships and privations of frontier life go forward to build up new States, leaving women and children behind.

Throughout all the States of the Atlantic coast, and in Alabama and Louisiana among the Gulf States, females are in excess. Everywhere else males exceed females: in the older States in a low degree, in the newer States in a large degree—which becomes extravagant when we reach the mining and grazing States and Territories, in some of which the males form two-thirds and more of the population. The total number of males is 25,518,820; of females, 24,636,963.

The growth of the urban population during the last of the thirty-year periods of our history under the Constitution has been most remarkable. The 85 cities with 8000 or more inhabitants of 1850 have become 285, with an aggregate population of 11,308,756, which is not less than 22.5 per cent. of the total population of the country.

Of these cities, 109 contain between 8000 and 12,000; 76 between 12,000 and 20,000; 55 between 20,000 and 40,000; 21 between 40,000 and 75,000; 9 between 75,000 and 125,000; 7 between 125,000 and 250,000; 4 between 250,000 and 500,000; while 4 exceed 500,000, one rising nearly to 1,250,000. Were the enumeration to be carried down to bodies of population exceeding 4000, irrespective of municipal organization, the number of cities of this grade would reach 578, and the aggregate urban population would approach 13,000,000, being more than one-fourth the inhabitants of the United States.

It is not necessary to descant here upon the significance of this rapid growth of urban population. The social and industrial developments of the last thirty years have been all in the directions which are pointed out when writing of the population of 1850, but the new forces have now attained something like a uniform and calculable rate of working. The most marked single features have been the reduction of the marrying class; the procrastination of marriage within that class, and the close restraint put upon reproduction within the married state among the native population of the north-eastern part of the country, and in the cities of the West. It is only among the foreigners of the East, among the residents of the prairies of the West, and among the Southern people generally, that the old-fashioned birth-rate is maintained.

One other social and industrial change is at once so important and so highly susceptible of statistical proof that it deserves to be mentioned here. This is the influence of the abolition of slavery, and the impoverishment of the old land-holding class at the South, as the result of the war of secession.

The following table shows the number of farms in each of eight late slave States, in comparison with the corresponding numbers in 1850, 1860, and 1870:

No. of farms.	1880.	1870.	1860.	1850.
Alabama	135,864	67,382	55,128	41,964
Arkansas	94,433	49,424	39,004	17,758
Florida	23,438	10,241	6,568	4,304
Georgia	138,626	69,956	62,003	51,759
Louisiana	48,292	28,481	17,328	13,422
Mississippi	101,772	68,023	48,240	33,960
N. Carolina	157,609	93,565	75,203	56,963
S. Carolina	93,864	51,889	33,171	29,967

The industrial, social, and, it is fair to say, also, political consequences of this subdivision of landed property at the South cannot fail to reach far and profoundly affect the future of this section, and, indeed, of the republic.

Francis A. Walker.

SOME LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE letters which follow, hitherto unpublished, were written by Charles Lamb to John Howard Payne within the years 1822 and 1823, as nearly as can be conjectured, for it will be observed some of them bear no dates, while others are not completely dated. Such inadvertence on the part of Lamb was not uncommon. Of the letter he wrote to Gilman, after the funeral of Coleridge, Talfourd says: "Like most of Lamb's letters it is undated." Talfourd also says, in his preface to the "Final Memoirs," that "there is, indeed, scarcely a note (a notelet he used to call his very little letters) Lamb ever wrote which has not some tinge of that quiet sweetness—some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim—which distinguish him from all other poets and humorists." This statement is confirmed by the brief correspondence with Payne.

A few words here concerning John Howard Payne will, it is thought, not be out of place. He was born in the city of New York (or on Long Island), in June, 1792, and before he went to Europe, in 1813, he seems to have been "everything by turns and nothing long"—actor (he was styled the "Young American Roscius"), clerk, writer for the newspapers, etc. While abroad, and after quitting the stage, he became a playwright,—successful at times, but often suffering great hardship. The writer of this has seen and read letters written by Payne while he was in Paris, engaged in the adaptation of French pieces to the English stage, to Mrs. Glover, the actress,—with whom he seems to have been on terms of great intimacy,—which disclose a condition of impecuniosity almost incredible—sponging on his acquaintances for money to pay the postage on his letters to Mrs. Glover, denied by his landlady access to his scanty wardrobe, occasionally foraging in restaurants for a daily meal (often nothing but bread and cheese), or some other similar shift. It has been said that the poor-devil author in Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" had his original in Payne, who was well acquainted with Irving, as he was with most of the literary men of his day during his sojourn in England. He returned to his own country in 1834, and, among other literary ventures, endeavored to establish in New York a magazine with the fanciful Persian title Jam-Jeham-Nima (cup of the universe), but the attempt was a failure. During the administration of President Tyler he was appointed consul to Tunis, where he served several years. He was reappointed to the same position when Fillmore was President, and died at Tunis, while United States consul, in the year 1852. His most successful plays were "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin," and "Clari; or, the Maid of Milan." The former was written, or constructed, for the elder Kean, and still keeps possession of the stage. In the latter occurs the popular song of "Home, Sweet Home," the words of which have probably been the means of preserving his name from oblivion. In constructing the tragedy of "Brutus," Payne laid many authors of plays based on the same theme under contribution, and it is believed wrote very little of the text himself. This, no doubt, might be truthfully said of nearly every play bearing his name.

To return to Lamb. The accomplished Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, *née* Victoria Novello, in an article published in the "National Magazine," entitled "Recollections of the Lambs, by One who Knew Them," speaks of Payne in the subjoined paragraph:

> "Mary Lamb, ever thoughtful to procure a pleasure for young people, finding that one of her and her brother's acquaintances—Howard Payne—was going to France, requested him, on his way to Paris, to call at Boulogne and see Victoria Novello, who had been placed by her parents in a family there for a time, to learn the language. Knowing how welcome a visit from any one who had lately seen her friends in England would be to the young girl, Miss Lamb urged Howard Payne not to omit this; her brother Charles seconding her by adding, in his usual sportive style, 'Do; you needn't be afraid of Miss Novello; she speaks only a little coast French.'"

The temptation, in introducing the letters and notes which follow, to enlarge upon what other lovers of Lamb have written touching his genius, his charitable heart, and that "long life of silent heroism," is very great, but must be resisted. The letters are given exactly as they were written, and this surely is what would be desired by all who are thoroughly in sympathy with Elia. In one of the letters (that dated "1822—Thursday") it will be observed that Lamb himself confirms the statement made by some of his biographers, and stoutly denied by others, that he sometimes drank to excess. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his volume entitled "Mary and Charles Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains," writes:

"In 'A Character of the late Elia,' 1823, one of the most admirable, perhaps, of his essays, Lamb himself has touched upon this point. His words are these: 'He [Elia] was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness.' * * * My father recollects the proprietor of the neighboring tavern sending in his account for porter—an invoice of portentous amount, as regarded the pots of porter charged, but ingeniously compressed into one line, which Lamb called 'truly H-Homeric!'"

The Shakspere picture, mentioned in the same letter of 1822, was, no doubt, an attempted deception of W. H. Ireland, who, toward the close of the eighteenth century, startled Shakspere scholars by the announcement of the discovery of certain Shakspere autographs, letters, confession of faith, *et cetera*, of great literary value; finally an alleged drama by Shakspere—"Vortigern"—was brought forth and was put upon the stage by Kemble. The pretended discoverer's father, Samuel Ireland, was himself deceived, it is said, and many people had faith for a while in the discoveries—just as many had believed in those of poor Chatterton; but Malone attacked the imposture, and soon after Ireland himself made and published his "Confessions."

R. S. Chilton.

THE LETTERS.

1822—Thursday.

Ali Pacha will do. I sent my sister the first night, not having been able to go myself, and her report of its effect was most favorable. I saw it last night—the third night—and it was most satisfactorily received. I have been sadly disappointed in Talfourd, who does the critiques in the "Times," and who promised his strenuous services, but by some damn'd arrangement, he was sent to the wrong house, and a most iniquitous account of Ali substituted for his, which I am sure would have been a kind one. The "Morning Herald" did it ample justice, without appearing to puff it. It is an abominable misrepresentation of the "Times," that Farren played Ali like Lord Ogilby. He acted infirmity of body, but not of voice or purpose. His manner was even grand. A grand old gentleman. His falling to the earth when his son's death was announced, was fine as anything I ever saw. It was as if he had been blasted. Miss Foote looked helpless and beautiful, and greatly helped the piece. It is going on steadily, I am sure, for *many nights*. Marry, I was a little disappointed with Hassan, who tells us he subsists by cracking court jests before Hali, but he made none. In all the rest, scenery and machinery, it was faultless. I hope it will bring you here. I should be most glad of that. I have a room for you, and you shall order your own dinner three days in the week. I must retain my own authority for the rest. As far as magazines go, I can answer for Talfourd in the "New Monthly." He cannot be put out there. But it is established as a favorite, and can do without these expletives. I long to talk over with you the Shakspeare Picture. My doubts of its being a forgery mainly rest upon the goodness of the picture. The bellows might be trumped up, but where did the painter spring from? Is Ireland a consummate artist—or any of Ireland's accomplices?—but we shall confer upon it, I hope. The "New Times," I understand, was favorable to Ali, but I have not seen it. I am sensible of the want of method in this letter, but I have been deprived of the connecting organ, by a practice I have fallen into since I left Paris, of taking too much strong spirits of a night. I must return to the Hotel del Europe, and Macon.

How is Kenny? Have you seen my friend White? What is Poole about, &c.? Do not write, but come and answer me.

The weather is charming, and there is a mermaid to be seen in London. You may not have the opportunity of inspecting such a *Poisarde* once again in ten centuries.

My sister joins me in the hope of seeing you. Yours truly.

C. Lamb.

Wednsd., 13 Nov., '22.

Dear P.—Owing to the inconvenience of having two lodgings, I did not get your letter quite so soon as I should. The India House is my proper address, where I am sure for the fore part of every day. The instant I got it, I addressed a letter, for Kemble to see to my friend Henry Robertson, the Treasurer of Covent Garden Theater. He had a conference with Kemble, and the result is, that Robertson, in the name of the management, recognized to me the full ratifying of your bargain: £250 for Ali, the Slaves, and another piece which they had not received. He assures me the whole will be paid you, or the proportion for the two former, as soon as ever the Treasury will permit it. He offered to write the same to you, if I pleased. He thinks in a month or so they will be able to liquidate it. He is positive no trick could be meant you, as Mr. Planche's alterations, which were trifling, were not at all considered as affecting your bargain. With respect to the copy-right of Ali, he was of opinion no money would be given for it, as Ali is quite laid aside. This explanation being

given, you would not think of printing the two copies together by way of recrimination. He told me the secret of the two Galley Slaves at Drury Lane. Elliston, if he is informed right, engaged Poole to translate it, but before Poole's translation arrived, finding it coming out at Cov. Gar., he procured copies of two several translations of it in London. So you see here are four translations, reckoning yours. I fear no copy-right would be got for it, for anybody may print it and anybody has. Your's has run seven nights, and R. is of opinion it will not exceed in number of nights the nights of Ali,—about thirteen. But your full right to your bargain with the management is in the fullest manner recognized by him officially. He gave me every hope the money will be spared as soon as they can spare it. He said *a month or two*, but seemed to me to mean about *a month*. A new lady is coming out in Juliet, to whom they look very confidently for replenishing their treasury. Robertson is a very good fellow and I can rely upon his statement. Should you have any more pieces, and want to get a copy-right for them, I am the worst person to negotiate with any bookseller, having been cheated by all I have had to do with (except Taylor and Hessey,—but they do not publish theatrical pieces), and I know not how to go about it or who to apply to. But if you had no better negotiator, I should know the minimum you expect, for I should not like to make a bargain out of my own head, being (after the Duke of Wellington) the worst of all negotiators. I find from Robertson you have written to Bishop on the subject. Have you named anything of the copy-right of the Slaves? R. thinks no publisher would pay for it, and you would not risque it on your own account. This is a mere business letter, so I will just send my love to my little wife at Versailles, to her dear mother, etc.

Believe me, yours truly, C. L.

23 Jan., '23.

DEAR PAYNE: I have no mornings (my day begins at 5 P. M.) to transact business in, or talents for it, so I employ Mary, who has seen Robertson, who says that the Piece which is to be Operafied was sent to you six weeks since by a Mr. Hunter, whose journey has been delayed, but he supposes you have it by this time. On receiving it back properly done, the rest of your dues will be forthcoming. You have received £30 from Harwood, I hope? Bishop was at the theater when Mary called, and he has put your other piece into C. Kemble's hands (the piece you talk of offering Elliston) and C. K. sent down word that he had not yet had time to read it. So stand your affairs at present. Glossop has got the Murderer. Will you address him on the subject, or shall I—that is, Mary? She says you must write more *showable* letters about these matters, for, with all our trouble of crossing out this word, and giving a cleaner turn to th' other, and folding down at this part, and squeezing an obnoxious epithet into a corner, she can hardly communicate their contents without offence. What, man, put less gall in your ink, or write me a biting tragedy! C. LAMB.

MY DEAR MISS LAMB: I have enclosed for you Mr. Payne's piece called Grandpapa, which I regret to say is not thought to be of the nature that will suit this theater; but as there appears to be much merit in it, Mr. Kemble strongly recommends that you should send it to the English Opera House, for which it seems to be excellently adapted. As you have already been kind enough to be our medium of communication with Mr. Payne, I have imposed this trouble upon you; but if you do not like to act for Mr. Payne in the business, and have no means of disposing of the piece, I will forward it to Paris or elsewhere as you think he may prefer.

Very truly yours,
HENRY ROBERTSON.

T. R. C. G., 8 Feb., 1823.

DR. P——: We have just received the above, and want your instructions. It strikes me as a very merry little piece, that should be played by *very young actors*. It strikes me that Miss Clara Fisher would play the *boy* exactly. She is just such a forward chit. No young *man* would do it without its appearing absurd, but in a girl's hands it would have just all the reality that a short dream of an act requires. Then for the sister, if Miss Stevenson that was, were Miss Stevenson and younger, they two would carry it off. I do not know who they have got in that young line, besides Miss C. F., at Drury, nor how you would like Elliston to have it—has he not had it? I am thick with Arnold, but I have always heard that the very slender profits of the English Opera House do not admit of his giving above a trifle, or next to none, for a piece of this kind. Write me what I should do, what you would ask, &c. The music (printed) is returned with the piece, and the French original. Tell Mr. Grattan I thank him for his book, which as far as I have read it is a very *companionable one*. I have but just received it. It came the same hour with your packet from Cov. Gar., *i. e.*, yester-night, late, to my summer residence, where, tell

Kenny, the cow is quiet. Love to all at Versailles. Write quickly. C. L.

I have no acquaintance with Kemble at all, having only met him once or twice, but any information, &c., I can get from R., who is a good fellow, you may command. I am sorry the rogues are so dilitory, but I distinctly believe they mean to fulfill their engagement. I am sorry you are not here to see to these things. I am a poor man of business, but command me to the short extent of my tether. My sister's kind remembrance ever. C. L.

1823.

DEAR PAYNE: Your little books are most acceptable. 'Tis a delicate edition. They are gone to the binder's. When they come home I shall have two—the "Camp" and "Patrick's Day"—to read for the first time. I may say three, for I never read the "School for Scandal." "*Seen* it I have, and in its happier days." With the books Harwood left a truncheon, or mathematical instrument, of which we have not yet ascertained the use. It is like a telescope, but unglazed. Or a ruler, but not smooth enough. It opens, like a fan, and discovers a frame such as they weave lace upon at Lyons, and Chamberry. Possibly it is from those parts. I do not value the present the less, for not being quite able to detect its purport. When I can find any one coming your way I have a volume for you, my Elias collected. Tell Poole, his Cockney in the Lon. Mag. tickled me exceedingly. Harwood is to be with us this evening with Fanny, who comes to introduce a literary lady, who wants to see me,—and whose portentous name is *Plura*, in English "many things." Now of all God's creatures, I detest letters-affecting, authors-hunting ladies. But Fanny "will have it so." So Miss Many Things and I are to have a conference, of which you shall have the result. I dare say she does not play at whist. Treasurer Robertson, whose coffers are absolutely swelling with pantomimic receipts, called on me yesterday to say, he is going to write to you, but if I were also, I might as well say that your last bill is at the Banker's, and will be honored on the instant receipt of the third Piece, which you have stipulated for. If you have any such in readiness, strike while the iron is hot, before the Clown cools. Tell Mrs. Kenney, that the Miss F. H. (or H. F.) Kelley, who has begun so splendidly in Juliet, is the identical little Fanny Kelly, who used to play on their green before their great Lying-Inn Lodgings at Bayswater. Her career has stopt short by the injudicious bringing her out in a vile new Tragedy, and for a third character in a stupid old one,—the Earl of Essex. This is Macready's doing, who taught her. Her recitation, &c., *(not her voice or person)* is masculine. It is so clever, it seemed a male *Debut.* But cleverness is the bane of Female Tragedy especially. Passions uttered logically, &c. It is bad enough in men-actors. Could you do nothing for little Clara Fisher? Are there no French Pieces with a Child in them? By Pieces I mean here dramas, to prevent male-constructions. Did not the Blue Girl remind you of some of Congreve's women? Angelica or Millamant? To me she was a vision of Genteel Comedy realized. Those kind of people never come to see one. *N'import*—hav'nt I Miss Many Things coming? Will you ask Horace Smith to——[The remainder of this letter has been lost].

DEAR PAYNE: A friend and fellow-clerk of mine, Mr. White (a good fellow) coming to your parts, I would fain have accompanied him, but am forced instead to send a part of me, verse and prose, most of it from 20 to 30 years old, such as I then was, and I am not much altered.

Paris, which I hardly knew whether I liked when I was in it, is an object of no small magnitude with me now. I want to be going, to the Jardin des Plantes (is that right, Louisa?) with you—to Pere de la Chaise, La Morgue, and all the sentimentalities. How is Talma, and his (my) dear Shakspeare?

N. B.—My friend White knows Paris thoroughly, and does not want a guide. We did, and had one. We both join in thanks. Do you remember a Blue-Silk Girl (English) at the Luxembourg, that did not much seem to attend to the Pictures, who fell in love with you, and whom I fell in love with—an inquisitive, prying, curious Beauty—where is she?

Votre Tres Humble Serviteur,
CHARLOIS AGNEAU,
alias C. LAMB.

Guichy is well, and much as usual. He seems blind to all the distinctions of life, except to those of sex. Remembrance to Kenny, and Poole.

(No Date.)

DEAR J. H. P.: Thank you. I shall certainly attend your farce if in town; but as 'tis possible I shall ruralize this week, I will have no orders of you till next week. All Sundays I am ready to ambulate with you, but will make no engagement for this week, —to leave the poor residue of my holidays unembarrassed. Yours truly,
C. L.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

XXI.

THEY moved away and went to the supper-room themselves, leaving Tredennis to his reflections. What these were he scarcely knew himself for a few seconds. The murmur of voices and passing to and fro confused him. For half an hour of quiet in some friendly corner, where none could see his face, he felt that he would have given a year or so of his life—perhaps a greater number of years than a happier man would have been willing to part with. It was of Bertha these people had been speaking—of Bertha, and it was Bertha he could see through the opened doors of the supper-room, eating ices, listening to compliment and laughter and jest! It was Planefield who was holding her flowers, and the man who had just picked up her fan was one of his friends; in two or three others near her, Tredennis recognized his associates: it seemed as if the ground had been ceded to them by those who had at first formed her little court.

Tredennis was seized with a wild desire to make his way into their midst, take her hand in his arm, and compel her to come away—to leave them all, to let him take her home—to safety and honor and her children. He was so filled with the absurd impulse that he took half a step forward, stopping and smiling bitterly, when he realized what he was prompted to do.

"How she would like it," he thought, "and like me for doing it; and what a paragraph it would make for the society column!"

Incidents which had occurred within the last few weeks came back to him with a significance they had never before borne. Speeches and moods of Richard's, things he had done, occasional unconscious displays of eagerness to please Planefield and cultivate him, his manner toward Bertha, and certain touches of uneasiness when she was not at her best.

From the first, the Colonel had not felt himself as entirely prepossessed by this amiable and charming young man as he desired to be, and he had been compelled to admit that he was not always pleased by his gay good humor, evanescent enthusiasms, and by his happy irresponsible fashion of looking at life. When he had at last made this confession to himself he had not shrunk from giving himself an explanation of the matter, from which a nature more sparing of itself would have flinched. He had said that his prejudice was one to blush at and conquer by persistent effort, and he had done his sternly honest best to subdue it. But he had not succeeded as he had hoped he should. When he fancied he was making progress and learning to be fair, some trifle continually occurred which made itself an obstacle in his path. He saw things he did not wish to see, and heard things he did not wish to hear—little things which made him doubt and ponder, and which somehow he could not shake off, even when he tried to forget them and persuade himself that after all they were of slight significance. And as he had seen more of the gay good humor and readiness to be moved, his first shadowy feeling had assumed more definite form. He had found himself confronted by a distrust which grew upon him; he had met the young man's smiling eyes with a sense of being repelled by their very candor and brightness; he had learned that they were not so candid as they seemed, and that his boyish frankness was not always to be relied upon. He had discovered that he was ready to make a promise and forget it; that his impressionable mind could shift itself and change its color, and that somehow its quickness of action had a fashion of invariably tending toward the accomplishment of some personal end—a mere vagary or graceful whim, perhaps, but always a fancy pertaining to the indulgence of self. Tredennis had heard him lie—not wickedly or awkwardly, so far—but with grace and freedom from embarrassment. It was his accidental detection of one of the most trivial and ready of these falsehoods which had first roused him to distrust. He remembered now, as by a flash, that it had been a lie about Planefield, and that it had been told to Bertha. He had wondered at

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the time what its object could be; now he thought he saw, and in a measure comprehended the short-sighted folly which had caused the weak, easily swayed nature to drift into such danger.

"He does not realize what he is doing," was his thought. "He would lie to me if I assured him of it."

Of these two things he was convinced—that the first step had been merely one of many whims, whatever the results following might be, and that no statement or promise Amory might make could be relied on. There was no knowing what he had done or what he would do. As he had found entertainment in the contents of the "museum," so it was as probable he had, at the outset, amused himself with his fancies concerning the Westoria lands, which had, at last, so far fascinated and dazed him as to lead him into the committal of follies he had not paused to excuse even to himself. He had not thought it necessary to excuse them. Why should he not take the legal business in hand, and since there was no reason against that, why should he not also interest himself in the investigations and be on intimate terms with the men who were a part of the brilliant project? Why should not his wife entertain them, as she entertained the rest of her friends and acquaintances? Tredennis felt that he had learned enough of the man's mental habits to follow him pretty closely in his reasoning—when he reasoned. While he had looked on silently, the Colonel had learned a great deal and grown worldly-wise and quicker of perception than he could have believed possible in times gone by. He was only half conscious that this was because he had now an object in view which he had not had before—that he was alert and watchful because there was some one he wished to shield—that he was no longer indifferent to the world and its ways, no longer given to underrating its strength and weaknesses, its faults and follies, because he wished to be able to defend himself against them, if such a thing should become necessary. He had gained wisdom enough to appreciate the full significance of the low-voiced, apparently carelessly uttered words he had just heard; and to feel his own almost entire helplessness in the matter. To appeal to Amory would be useless; to go to the Professor impossible; how could he carry to him such a story, unless it assumed proportions such as to make the step a last terrible resource? He had been looking older and acknowledging himself frailer during the last year; certainly he was neither mentally nor physically in the condition to meet such a blow, if it was possible to spare it to him.

Tredennis looked across the room at Bertha again. It seemed that there was only one very simple thing he could do now.

"She will probably be angry and think I have come to interfere, if I go to her," he said, "but I will go nevertheless. At least, I am not one of them—every one knows that—and perhaps it will occur to her to go home."

There was resolution on his face when he approached her. He wore the look which never failed to move her more strongly than any other thing on earth had ever done before, and whose power over her cost her all the resistance of which she was capable. It had sometimes made her wonder if, after all, it was true that women liked to be subdued—to be ruled a little—if their rulers were gentle as well as strong. She had heard it said so, and had often laughed at the sentiment of the popular fallacy. She used to smile at it when it presented itself to her even in this manner; but there had been occasions—times perhaps when she was very tired—when she had known that she would have been glad to give way before this look, to obey it, to feel the relief of deciding for herself no more.

Such a feeling rose within her now. She looked neither tired nor worn; but a certain deadly sense of fatigue, which was becoming a physical habit with her, had been growing upon her all the evening. The color on her cheeks was feverish, her limbs ached, her eyes were bright with her desperate eagerness to sustain herself. Once or twice, when she had laughed or spoken, she had been conscious of such an unnatural tone in her voice that her heart had trembled with fear lest others should have heard it too. It seemed impossible to her that they should not, and that these men who listened and applauded her should not see that often she scarcely heard them, and that she dared not stop for fear of forgetting them altogether and breaking down in some dreadful way, which would show that all her spirit and gayety was a lie, and only a lie poorly acted, after all.

She thought she knew what Tredennis had come to her for. She had not lost sight of him at any time. She had known where he stood or sat, and whom he spoke to, and had known that he had seen her also. She had met his eyes now and then, and smiled and looked away again—beginning to talk to her admirers with more spirit than ever each time. What else was there to do but go on as she had begun? She knew only too well what reason there was in herself that she should not falter. If it had been strong yesterday, it was ten times stronger

to-day, and would be stronger to-morrow and for many a bitter day to come. But when he came to her she only smiled up at him, as she would have smiled at Planefield, or the gallant and spacious Barnacles, or any other of the men she knew.

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening," she said. "You enjoy things of this sort so much, however, that you are always safe. I saw you talking in the most vivacious manner to that pretty Miss Stapleton—the one with the eyelashes—or rather you were listening vivaciously. You are such a good listener."

"That's an accomplishment, isn't it?" said Planefield, with his easy air.

"It is a gift of the gods," she answered. "And it was bestowed on Colonel Tredennis."

"There *are* talkers, you know," suggested the Senator, "who would make a good listener of a man without the assistance of the gods."

"Do you mean the Miss Stapleton with the eyelashes?" inquired Bertha blandly.

"Oh, come now," was the response. "I think you know I don't mean the Miss Stapleton with the eyelashes. If I did, it would be more economical to make the remark to her."

"Ah!" said Bertha, blandly again. "You mean me? I hoped so. Thank you very much. And I am glad you said it before Colonel Tredennis, because it may increase his confidence in me, which is not great. I am always glad when any one pays me a compliment in his presence."

"Does he never pay you compliments himself?" asked Planefield.

Bertha gave Tredennis a bright, full glance.

"Did you ever pay me a compliment?" she said. "Will you ever pay me a compliment—if I should chance to deserve one?"

"Yes," he answered, his face unsmiling, his voice inflexible. "May I begin now? You always deserve them. My only reason for failing to pay them is because I am not equal to inventing such as would be worthy of you. Your eyes are like stars—your dress is the prettiest in the room—every man present is your slave and every woman pales before you—the President is going home now only because you have ceased to smile upon him."

The color on Bertha's cheek faded a little, but her smile did not. She checked him with a gesture.

"Thank you," she said, "that will do! You are even better than Senator Planefield. My eyes are like stars, my dress is perfection! I myself am as brilliant as—as the chandelier! Really, there seems nothing left for me to do but to follow the President, who, as you said, has been good enough to take his leave and give us permission to retire." And she rose from her chair.

She made her adieus to Planefield, who bestowed upon Tredennis a sidelong scowl, thinking that it was he who was taking her away. It consoled him but little that she gave him her hand—in a most gracious farewell. He had been enjoying himself as he did not often enjoy himself, and the sight of the Colonel's unresponsive countenance filled him with silent rage. It happened that it was not the first time, or even the second, that this gentleman had presented himself inopportunely.

"The devil take his grim airs!" was his cordial mental exclamation. "What does he mean by them, and what is he always turning up for, when no one wants to see him?"

Something of this amiable sentiment was in his expression, but the Colonel did not seem to see it; his countenance was as unmoved as ever when he led his charge away, her little hand resting on his arm. In truth, he was thinking of other things. Suddenly he had made up his mind that there was one effort he could make: that, if he could conquer himself and his own natural feeling of reluctance, he might speak to Bertha herself in such words as she would be willing to listen to and reflect upon. It seemed impossible to tell her all, but surely he might frame such an appeal as would have some small weight with her. It was not an easy thing to do. He must present himself to her in the *rôle* of an individual who, having no right to interfere with her actions, still took upon himself to do so; who spoke when it would have seemed better taste to be silent; who delivered homilies with the manner of one who thought himself faultless, and so privileged to preach and advise.

"But what of that?" he said, checking himself impatiently in the midst of these thoughts. "I am always thinking of myself, and of how I shall appear in her eyes! Am I a boy lover trying to please her, or a man who would spare and shield her? Let her think poorly of me if she chooses—if she will only listen and realize her danger when her anger is over."

The standard for his own conduct which he had set up was not low, it will be observed. All that he demanded of himself was utter freedom from all human weakness, and even liability to temptation: an unselfishness without blemish, a self-control without flaw; that he should bear his own generous anguish

without the movement of a muscle; that he should wholly ignore the throbbing of his own wounds, remembering only the task he had set himself; that his watchfulness over himself should never falter, and his courage never be shaken. It was, perhaps, indicative of a certain degree of noble simplicity that he demanded this of himself, which he would have asked of no other human creature, and that at no time did the thought cross his mind that the thing he demanded was impossible of attainment. When he failed, as he knew he often did—when he found it difficult to efface himself utterly from his own thoughts and was guilty of the weakness of allowing himself to become a factor in them—when his unhappiness was stronger than himself—when he was stirred to resentment or conscious of weariness, and the longing to utter some word which would betray him and ask for pity, he never failed to condemn himself in bitterness of spirit as ignoble and unworthy.

"Let her be angry with me if she chooses," he thought now. "It is for me to say my say, and leave the rest to her—and I will try to say it kindly."

He would set aside the bitter feeling and resentment of her trifling, which had beset him more than once during the evening; he would forget them, as it was but right and just that they should be forgotten. When he spoke as they went up the staircase together, his tone was so kind that Bertha glanced up at him, and saw that his face had changed, and, though still grave, was kind too. When she joined him after leaving the cloak-room, he spoke to her of her wrap again, and asked her to draw it more closely about her; when he helped her into the carriage, there was that in his light touch which brought back to her with more than its usual strength the familiar sense of quiet protection and support.

"It would be easier," she thought, "if he would be angry. Why is he not angry? He was an hour ago—and surely I have done enough."

But he showed no signs of disapproval—he was determined that he would not do that—though their drive was rather a silent one again. And yet, by the time they reached home, Bertha was in some indefinite way prepared for the question he put to her as he assisted her to alight.

"May I come in for a little while?" he asked. "I know it is late, but—there is something I must say to you."

"Something you must say to me," she repeated. "I am sure it must be something interesting and something I should like to hear. Come in, by all means."

So they entered the house together, and went into the parlor. They found a fire burning there, and Bertha's chair drawn up before it. She loosened her wrap rather deliberately and threw it off, and then sat down as deliberately, arranging her footstool and draperies until she had attained the desired amount of languid comfort in her position. Tredennis did not speak until she was settled. He leaned against the mantel, his eyes bent on the fire.

Being fairly arranged, Bertha held out her hand.

"Will you give me that feather screen, if you please?" she said; "the one made of peacock feathers. When one attains years of discretion, one has some care for one's complexion. Did it ever occur to you how serious such matters are, and that the difference between being eighteen and eighty is almost wholly a matter of complexion? If one could remain pink and smooth, one might possibly overcome the rest, and there would be no such thing as growing old. It is not a single plank which is between ourselves and eternity, but a— Would the figure of speech appear appropriate if one said 'a single cuticle'? I am afraid not."

He took the screen from its place and regarded it a little absently.

"You had this in your hand the first night I came here," he said, "when you told the story of your great lady."

She took it from him.

"That was a pretty little story," she said. "It was a dear little story. My great lady was present to-night. We passed and repassed each other, and gazed placidly at each other's eyebrows. We were vaguely haunted by a faint fancy that we might have met before; but the faculties become dimmed with advancing years, and we could not remember where or how it happened. One often feels that one has met people, you know."

She balanced her gleaming screen gracefully, looking at him from under its shadow.

"And it is not only on account of my complexion that I want my peacock feathers," she continued, dropping her great lady by the way as if she had not picked her up in the interim. "I want them to conceal my emotions if your revelations surprise me. Have you never seen me use them when receiving the compliments of Senator Planefield and his friends? A little turn to the right or the left—the least graceful little turn, and I can look as I please, and they will see nothing and only hear my voice, which, I trust, is always sufficiently under control."

She wondered if it was sufficiently under control now. She was not sure, and because she was not sure she made the most reckless

speeches she could think of. There was a story she had heard of a diplomatist, who once so entirely bewildered his fellow diplomats that they found it impossible to cope with him—they were invariably outwitted by him: the greatest subtlety, the most wondrous *coup d'état*, he baffled alike; mystery surrounded him; his every act was enshrouded in it; with such diplomatic methods it was madness to combat. When his brilliant and marvelous career was at an end, his secret was discovered: on every occasion he had told the simple, exact truth. As she leaned back in her chair and played with her screen, Bertha thought of this story. She had applied it to herself before this. The one thing which would be incredible to him at this moment—the one thing it would appear more than incredible that she should tell him, would be the truth—if he realized what the truth was. Any other story, however wild, might have its air or suggestion of plausibility; but that, being what it was, she should have the nerve, the daring, the iron strength of self-control which it would require to make a fearless jest of the simple, terrible truth, it would seem to him the folly of a madman to believe, she knew. To look him in the eye with a smile, and tell him that she feared his glance and dreaded his words, would place the statement without the pale of probability. She had told him things as true before, and he had not once thought of believing them. "It is never difficult to persuade him *not* to believe me," she thought. There was no one of her many moods of which she felt such terror, in her more natural moments, as of the one which held possession of her now; and yet there was none she felt to be so safe, which roused her to such mental exhilaration while its hour lasted, or resulted in such reaction when it had passed. "I am never afraid then," she said to Agnes once. "There is nothing I could not bear. It seems as if I were made of steel, and had never been soft or timid in my life. Everything is gone but my power over myself, and—yes, it intoxicates me. Until it is over I am not really hurt, I think. There was something I read once about a man who was broken on the wheel, and while it was being done he laughed and shrieked and sang. I think all women are like that sometimes: while they are being broken they laugh and shriek and sing; but afterward—afterward—"

So now she spoke the simple truth.

"I shall have you at a disadvantage, you may observe," she said. "I shall see your face, and you will not see mine—unless I wish you to do so. A little turn of my wrist, and you have only my voice to rely upon. Do you wish to speak to me before Richard comes in? If so, I am afraid you must waste no time, as his train is due at twelve. You were going to say—"

"I am afraid it is something you will not like to hear," he answered, "though I did not contradict you when you suggested that it was."

"You were outside then," she replied, "and I might not have let you come in."

"No," he said, "you might not."

He looked at the feather screen which she had inclined a trifle.

"Your screen reminded me of your great lady, Bertha," he said, "because I saw her to-night, and—and heard her—and she was speaking of you."

"Of me!" she replied. "That was kind indeed."

"No," he returned, "it was not. She was neither generous nor lenient—she did not even speak the truth; and yet, as I heard her, I was obliged to confess that, to those who did not know you and only saw you as you were to-night, what she said might not appear so false."

Bertha turned her screen aside and looked at him composedly.

"She was speaking of Senator Planefield," she remarked, "and Judge Ballard, and Commander Barnacles. She reprehended my frivolity and deplored the tendency of the age."

"She was speaking of Senator Planefield," he answered.

She moved the screen a little.

"Has Senator Planefield been neglecting her?" she said. "I hope not."

"Lay your screen aside, Bertha," he commanded hotly. "You don't need it. What I have to say will not disturb you as I feared it would—no, I should say as I hoped it would. It is only this: that these people were speaking lightly of you—that they connected your name with Planefield's as—as no honest man is willing that the name of his wife should be connected with that of another man. That was all; and I, who am always interfering with your pleasures, could not bear it, and so have made the blunder of interfering again."

There were many things she had borne, of which she had said nothing to Agnes Sylvestre in telling her story—things she had forced herself to ignore or pass by; but just now some sudden, passionate realization of them was too much for her, and she answered him in words she felt it was madness to utter even as they leapt to her lips.

"Richard has not been unwilling," she said. "Richard has not resented it!"

"If he had been in my place," he began, feeling ill at ease—"if he understood—"

She dropped her screen upon her lap and looked at him with steady eyes.

"No," she interposed, "that is a mistake. He would not have looked upon the matter as you do. It is only a trifle, after all. You are overestimating its importance."

"Am I?" he said. "Do you regard it in that light?"

"Yes," she replied, "you are too fastidious. Is the spiteful comment of an ill-natured, unattractive woman, upon a woman who chances to be more fortunate than herself, of such weight that it is likely to influence people greatly? Women are always saying such things of one another when they are angry. I cannot say them of our friend, it is true, because—because she is so fortunate as to be placed by nature beyond reproach. If I had her charms and her manner, and her years, I should, perhaps, be beyond reproach too."

She wondered if he would deign to answer her at all. It seemed as if the execrable bad taste of her words must overwhelm him. If he had turned his back upon her and left the room, she would have felt no surprise. To have seen him do so would have been almost a relief. But, for him, he merely stood perfectly still and watched her.

"Go on," he said, at length.

She faintly smiled.

"Do you want me to say more?" she asked. "Is not that enough? My great lady was angry, and was stupid enough to proclaim the fact." She made a quick turn toward him. "To whom was she speaking?" she demanded. "To a man or a woman?"

"To a man," he answered.

She sank back into her chair and smiled again.

"Ah!" she said, "then it is of less consequence even than I imagined. It is pleasant to reflect that it was a man. One is not afraid of men."

She lifted the screen from her lap, and for a moment he could not see her face.

"Now he will go," she was saying to herself breathlessly, behind it. "Now he must go. He will go now—and he will not come back."

But he did not go. It was the irony of fate that he should spare her nothing. In the few moments of silence which followed he had a great struggle with himself. It was such a struggle that, when it was at an end, he was pale and looked subdued. There was a chair near her. He went to it and sat down at her side.

"Bertha," he said, "there has been one thing in the midst of all—all this, to which you have been true. You have loved your children when it has seemed that nothing else would touch you. I say 'seemed,' because I swear to you I am unmoved in my disbelief in what you persist in holding before me—for what reason, you know best. You love your children; you don't lie to me about that—you don't lie to yourself about it. Perhaps it is only nature, as you said once, and not tenderness; I don't know. I don't understand you; but give yourself a few moments to think of them now."

He saw the hand holding the screen tremble; he could not see her face.

"What—must I think of them?" she said.

He looked down at the floor, knitting his brows and dragging at his great mustache.

"I overestimate the importance of things," he said. "I don't seem to know much about the standards society sets up for itself; but it does not seem a trifle to me that their mother should be spoken of lightly. There was a girl I knew once—long ago——" He stopped and looked up at her with sudden, sad candor. "It is you I am thinking of, Bertha," he said; "you, as I remember you first when you came home from school. I was thinking of your mother and your dependence upon her, and the tenderness there was between you."

"And you were thinking," she added, "that Janey's mother would not be so good and worthy of trust. That is true."

"I have no answer to make to that, Bertha," he said. "None."

She laid the screen upon her lap once more.

"But it *is* true," she said, "it is *true*. Why do you refuse to believe it? Are you so good that you cannot? Yes, you are! As for me—what did I tell you? I am neither good nor bad, and I want excitement. Nine people out of ten are so, and I am no worse than the rest of the nine. One must be amused. If I were religious, I should have Dorcas societies and missions. As I am not, I have ——" She paused one second, no more. "I have Senator Planefield."

She could bear the inaction of sitting still no longer. She got up.

"You have an ideal for everything," she said, "for men, women, and children—especially for women, I think. You are always telling yourself that they are good and pure and loving and faithful; that they adore their children, and are true to their friends. It is very pretty, but it is not always the fact. You try to believe it is true of me; but it is not. I am not your ideal woman. I have told you so. Have you not found out yet that Bertha Amory is not what you were so sure Bertha Herrick would be?"

"Yes," he answered. "You—you have convinced me of that."

"It was inevitable," she continued. "I was very young then. I knew nothing of the world or of its distractions and temptations. A thousand things have happened to change me. And, after all, what right had you to expect so much of me. I was neither one thing nor the other, even then; I was only ignorant. You could not expect me to be ignorant always."

"Bertha," he demanded, "what are you trying to prove to me?"

"Only a little thing," she answered; "that I need my amusements, and cannot live without them."

He rose from his seat also.

"That you cannot live without Senator Planefield?" he said.

"Go and tell him so," was her reply. "It would please him, and perhaps this evening he would be inclined to place some confidence in the statement."

She turned and walked to the end of the room; then she came back and stood quite still before him.

"I am going to tell you something I would rather keep to myself," she said. "It may save us both trouble if I don't spare myself as my vanity prompts me to do. I said I was no worse than the other nine; but I am—a little. I am not very fond of anything or any one. Not so fond even of—Richard and the children, as I seem. I know that, though they do not. If they were not attractive and amiable, or if they interfered with my pleasures, my affection would not stand many shocks. In a certain way I am emotional enough always to appear better than I am. Things touch me for a moment. I was touched a little just now when you spoke of remembering my being a girl. I was moved when Janey was ill and you were so good to me. I almost persuaded myself that I was good too—and faithful and affectionate, and yet at the same time I knew it was only a fancy, and I should get over it. It is easy for me to laugh and cry when I choose. There are tears in my eyes now, but—they don't deceive me."

"They look like real tears, Bertha," he said. "They would have deceived me—if you had not given me warning."

"They always *look* real," she answered. "And is not there a sort of merit in my not allowing you to believe in them? Call it a merit, wont you?"

His face became like a mask. For several seconds he did not speak. The habit he had of taking refuge in utter silence was the strongest weapon he could use against her. He did not know its strength—he only knew that it was the signal of his own desperate helplessness—but it left her without defence or resource.

"Wont you?" she said, feeling that she must say something.

He hesitated before replying.

"No," he answered stonily after the pause. "I wont call it a merit. I wish you would leave me—something."

That was very hard.

"It is true," she returned, "that I do not—leave you very much."

The words cost her such an effort that there were breaks between them.

"No," he said, "not much."

There was something almost dogged in his manner. He could not bear a great deal more, and his consciousness of this truth forced him to brace himself to outward hardness.

"I don't ask very much," he said. "I only ask you to spare yourself and your children. I only ask you to keep out of danger. It is yourself I ask you to think of, not me. Treat me as you like, but don't—don't be cruel to yourself. I am afraid it does not do for a woman—even a woman as cool as you are—to trifle with herself and her name. I have heard it said so, and I could not remain silent after hearing what I did to-night."

He turned as if to move away.

"You are going?" she said.

"Yes," he replied. "It is very late, and it would be useless to say any more."

"You have not shaken hands with me," she said when he was half way to the door. The words forced themselves from her. Her power of endurance failed her at the last moment, as it had done before and would do again.

He came back to her.

"You will never hold out your hand to me when I shall not be ready to take it, Bertha," he said. "You know that."

She did not speak.

"You are chilled," he said. "Your hand is quite cold."

"Yes," she replied. "I shall lie down on the sofa by the fire a little while before going upstairs."

Without saying anything he left her, drew the sofa nearer to the hearth and arranged the cushions.

"I would advise you not to fall asleep," he said when this was done.

"I shall not fall asleep," she answered. She went to the sofa and sat down on it.

"Good-night," she said.

And he answered her "Good-night," and went out of the room.

She sat still a few seconds after he was gone, and then lay down. Her eyes wandered over the room. She saw the ornaments, the pictures on the wall, the design of the rug, every minute object with a clearness which seemed to magnify its importance and significance. There was a little Cloissoné jar whose pattern she never seemed to have seen before; she was looking at it when at last she spoke:

"It is very hard to live," she said. "I wish it was not—so hard. I wish there was some way of helping oneself, but there is not. One can only go on—and on—and there is always something worse coming."

She put her hand upon her breast. Something rose beneath it which gave her suffocating pain. She staggered to her feet, pressing one hand on the other to crush this pain down. No woman who has suffered such a moment but has done the same thing, and done it in vain. She fell, half kneeling, half sitting, upon the rug, her body against her chair, her arms flung out.

"Why do you struggle with me?" she cried, between her sobs. "Why do you look at me so? You—hurt me! I love you! Oh! let me go—let me go! Don't you know—I can't bear it!"

In the street she heard carriages rolling homeward from some gay gathering. One of them stopped a few doors away, and the people got out of it laughing and talking. "Don't laugh!" she said, shuddering. "No one—should laugh! I laugh! O God! O God!"

In half an hour Richard came in. He had taken Miss Varien home, and remained to talk with her a short time. As he entered the house Bertha was going up the staircase, her gleaming dress trailing behind her, her feather-trimmed wrap over her arm. She turned and smiled down at him.

'Your charms will desert you if you keep such hours as these," she said. "How did you enjoy yourself, or, rather, how did you enjoy Miss Varien, and how many dazzling remarks did she make?"

"More than I could count," he said, laughing. 'Wait a moment for me—I am coming up." And he ran up the steps lightly and joined her, slipping his arm about her waist.

'You look tired," he said, "but your charms never desert you. Was that the shudder of guilt? Whose peace of mind have you been destroying?"

"Colonel Tredennis's," she answered.

"Then it was not the shudder of guilt," he returned, laughing again. And as she leaned gently against him he bent and kissed her.

(To be continued.)

"IT IS NOT YESTERDAY."

(THE ANSWER OF A CHILD.)

POOR red flower of a mouth, you quiver so;—
What is the matter? Tell me—if you know.
Why don't you laugh out in your own one way?
"Because—because it is not yesterday."

I know, I know. Oh, yesterday was sweet.
It laid its one blue blossom at your feet.
It let you see that gracious old man pass,
Leading his cow to find the glad first grass.

To-day is dark, dark, dark. Somewhere I see
Quick lightning, and the sleet is on the tree
Where the bird, fluttering, thought about a nest.
And so you cry. Well, sometimes tears are best.

I do not know but I could hide my face
Deep in my arm, if I but had your grace,
And shed more tears than you can count, I say,
Because—ah me, it is not yesterday!

S. M. B. Piatt.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Century's" First Year under its New Name.

It has been the custom of the editor of this magazine to write occasionally to its readers an open letter; to felicitate himself and them upon the prosperity of an institution in which he and they are supposed to be equally interested; and to tell, in friendly confidence, those "secrets of Punchinello" which it is desirable should be known, not only to the present audience, but to all the world besides.

By way of honoring this pleasant custom, we beg leave to remind our readers that this October number completes the first year of the old periodical under its new name of The Century Magazine, and that, during this year, the magazine, owing to the enlargement effected last November, has been able to give a much greater amount and variety both of reading matter and of illustrations than ever before. What is still better, if the reader will examine the indices of the two volumes of the past year, he will find that never before in the history of this magazine, and seldom in that of any similar publication, has there been, in any single year, so able and so distinguished a list of contributors. Under these circumstances it is not strange that we can add the fact that the circulation of The Century during the magazine year now closed has been large beyond precedent. Every number of the magazine under its new name has had many thousands of readers more than the corresponding issues of preceding years.

Notwithstanding the astonishing growth during the past few years of the circulation of the magazine in Great Britain, The Century will adhere to its strictly American character. We say "notwithstanding," but perhaps it would be as well to say "on account of"; for if it is not the genuine American quality of the periodical that has attracted the curiosity, the interest, and the generous support of the hospitable intellectual public of "Our Old Home," we do not know what quality it can be. And we think that so long as The Century continues fairly to represent American life and thought, it will keep and will widen its foreign, as well as its home, audience.

During the year to come the magazine will, therefore, be especially characterized by the large amount, and, we believe, by the unusual value, of its additions to American fiction — from Howells, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burnett, Henry James, and others; and by its original contributions to American history, especially in the two series of papers by Eggleston and Cable. Yet, to be American does not imply that one must be provincial, or that the only subjects with which an American magazine must deal, and the only writers it must employ, are American subjects and American writers: otherwise Americans (of all men!) must care nothing for "abroad"; otherwise we should have to strike from our lists — past, present, and to come — such names as those of Carlyle, Froude, Morris, MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Rossetti, Lang, Saintsbury, Myers, Kegan Paul, Sir Julius Benedict, Marston, Bryce, Gosse, Dobson, Wallace, Hughes, Tourguéneff and Daudet.

We do not propose, however, to summarize here The Century's elsewhere printed prospectus for the coming year. But in calling attention to this, editorially, we wish to say that while we expect to abide by it with all possible punctiliousness, we, as usual, reserve the right,—under pressure of "timeliness," or of other specifically unexpected demands,— to vary the programme autocratically, always for "the greatest good of the greatest number" of our readers.

"Our readers!" — The most anonymous and impersonal of editors could not write that immemorial phrase, under such fortunate circumstances as the present, without some sort of sentimental feeling concerning it; without just a touch of honorable pride; without, indeed, a serious sense of responsibility. For, think what that means, with the "rule of five" (as it may be called), which quintuples the original purchaser and reader of each individual copy of a monthly periodical, and which makes the actual readers of The Century to number between six and seven hundred thousand persons,— an innumerable company scattered throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world! When one contemplates this enormous, watchful, and sensitive audience, no detail connected with the work of such a magazine as this seems trivial — neither writer, artist, engraver, printer, nor member of the editorial corps, can unduly magnify his office.

The best actors, the most accomplished and experienced speakers, lean heavily upon their audiences for support. Every one connected as contributor, publisher, or editor, with a periodical like The Century, feels the encouragement and inspiration that come from a great, an intelligent, and a generous audience. This magazine from its foundation has had the warm and sustaining sympathy of a large and always increasing constituency. In entering upon a new year, and one in which we hope to be able to do still better for "our readers" than in the past, we can say that we have no enemies of whom we are not proud, and no rivals who are not a credit to us; while our friends are more numerous than ever before in our history.

The Young South.

It is a commonplace of Northern politicians that the South has always wielded an influence in our national affairs altogether disproportionate to its population, its wealth, and its general intelligence. How this came about, under the old régime, it is easy to see: the men who owned the property and possessed the culture were forced to the front to look after their interests; there was, therefore, always in Congress, from the South, a trained band of expert parliamentarians and adroit managers, who easily took the lead in legislation.

These conditions have passed away, and we still see Southern men maintaining much of the old ascendency in our national discussions. We may explain this partly as a political survival. The habit of sending their best men to Congress still holds in the

Southern communities. It is a good habit and ought never to be abandoned. There is no call for sectional competition, but a State is fairly entitled to whatever advantage it may gain by keeping in Congress a strong delegation.

From that large class who were able to devote an ample leisure to the pursuits of statesmanship came the Southern leaders of the last generation. Most of the families belonging to this class have lost their property, and have been obliged to turn their energies to bread-winning; the new organization of labor promises far larger rewards, but it demands also much more careful attention; the time and thought of the ruling class of the South must henceforth be largely given to business. Shall we, then, find in the South, in the next generation, the stuff out of which leaders can be made? The prospect might seem dubious to a superficial observer, yet there are signs that the Southern people will be as well led in the future as they have been in the past.

The Southern States are now rearing a large number of young men before whom the outlook is bright. Some of them are sons of the old ruling families, but many of them have sprung from the lower and middle classes. They enjoy the advantages of poverty; they have no money to spend in luxuries or diversions; they have fortunes to retrieve or to gain; they have grown up since the war, and have inherited less than could be expected of its resentments. "Well," said a bright fellow at the close of a college commencement in Virginia last summer, "Lee and Jackson have been turned over in their graves but once to-day." The sigh of relief with which he said it indicates the feeling of many of these young men. They keep no grudges and have no wish to fight the war over again. The sentiment of patriotism is getting a deep root in their natures.

Yet they are full of faith in the future of their own section. Well they may be. During their lifetime the industry of the South has been revolutionized, and the results already achieved are marvelous. An era of prosperity has begun; and there are few intelligent men at the South to-day who will not at once confess that it is destined to be a far brighter era than they have ever seen. Free labor is unlocking the wealth of farms and mines and falling waters in a way that slave-labor never could have done. New machinery, new methods are bringing in a new day. In the midst of the stir and movement of this industrial revolution these young men are growing up. Hope and expectation are in the air: the stern discipline of poverty goads them on, and the promise of great success allures them. All the conditions are favorable for the development of strong character; and any one who will visit the Southern colleges and schools will find in them a generation of students, alert, vigorous, manly, and tremendously in earnest. Probably they do not spend, on an average, one-third as much money *per capita* as is spent by the students of the New England colleges; and in the refinements of scholarship the average Southern student would be found inferior to the average Northern student; but they are making the most of their opportunities. They ought to have better opportunities. Most of the Southern colleges and schools are crippled for lack of funds, and much more of the flood of Northern bounty might well be turned southward, to the endowment of schools and colleges for whites as well as blacks. The generous sentiment of the young South would thus be strengthened, and the bonds of union more firmly joined. But whatever may be done in this direction, it is evident that a race of exceptional moral earnestness and mental vigor is now growing up in the South, and that it is sure to be heard from. If the young fellows in the Northern colleges expect to hold their own in the competition for leadership, they must devote less of their resources to base-ball and rowing and champagne suppers, and "come down to business."

Mr. Howells on Divorce.

WE do not know whether the moral consideration was the chief one in view with the author of "A Modern Instance," the last chapters of which are printed in this number of THE CENTURY; but we are inclined to believe that since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there has appeared no American work of fiction having a stronger and wider moral bearing, or of greater power to affect public sentiment. "A Modern Instance" is a work of fuller maturity and of deeper philosophic subtlety than Mrs. Stowe's "epoch-making" book; its teachings are not so obvious, nor do they touch upon quite so palpable a theme. They are not likely to have so definite an influence as the inspiration of a Presidential party. They are not even concerned directly with human laws. They are addressed to the hearts and consciences of men and women in all grades of society and in all parts of the country. The effects of these teachings, therefore, can hardly be so immediate or so tangible as in the case of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but we are sure that they will be pervasive, lasting, and most salutary.

Other writers have discussed in these pages the statistics of divorce and the subject of divorce legislation, notably the Rev. Dr. Gladden, in his essay entitled "The Increase of Divorce."* Mr. Howells's argument is of a different kind. It is one that applies to the individual conscience; it touches and lays bare the springs of human conduct; it holds up a mirror, not merely to the hopelessly selfish and impure heart, but to many others; for there is hardly a human soul bound by sacred ties to another that might not be startled, warned, and strengthened by the image he or she can find in this divining glass fashioned by a true artist.

"Artist" we say, for if the author had forgotten his art under the stress of his moral message, he would have been untrue, not only to his own conscience but to life. We doubt if Mr. Howells's art was ever seen in greater perfection than in this his latest work. The precise method of which he is a master — consisting of minute observation and exact diction — has been ripened by years of conscientious literary labor, and is here brought to bear upon the most important human relations. The evolution of the moral purpose is mainly through the trend of the story, through dramatic situations; but the author no more hesitates to put a "moral" into words than does Hawthorne, George Eliot, or the Greek tragedians. The words into which is put the moral of "A Modern Instance"

*See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for January, 1882. Also page 783 of the same magazine for March.

have all the more weight because they are accompanied by so fair a statement of the highest argument that can be brought forward in behalf of an opposite conclusion. It would not be just to limit the moral meaning of Mr. Howells's serious, many-sided, and artistic work to what is its most timely, and appears to be its most deliberately intended point; but, unless we are mistaken, the gist of the whole matter, so far as it is directly expressed, is contained in a passage which is printed in its proper connection in this number,—but which is worth reprinting, not only here but in every journal in the United States. It is Atherton, the clear-headed, clean-hearted lawyer and man of the world, who speaks; he speaks to one whose heart and judgment for a while wavered, but whose act remained pure throughout; to a man whom destiny had forced into the attitude of friendship, and then love, for a woman who had been abandoned by a selfish and unworthy husband. "Have you really come back," says Atherton, "have you really come back here to give your father's honest name, and the example of a man of your own blameless life, in support of conditions that tempt people to marry with a mental reservation, and that weaken every marriage bond with the guilty hope of escape whenever a fickle mind, or secret lust, or wicked will may dictate? Have you come to join yourself to those miserable specters who go shrinking through the world, afraid of their own past, and anxious to hide it from those they hold dear; or do you propose to defy the world, to help form within it the community of outcasts with whom shame is not shame, nor dishonor dishonor?"

A Wise Printer.

A DEBT of gratitude, too long deferred, has been recently paid by the printers of London. The first printer in England has had his services acknowledged by the placing of a new stained-glass window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. In this window, Caxton, represented as a dignified, elderly man, in a dark-green, fur-trimmed robe, and in front of a printing-press, occupies the central position. To the left, dressed as a monk and writing in a book, is the venerable Bede, the representative of mediæval scholarship and of early book-making arts. In the window to the right, Erasmus, the wise and witty, once professor at Oxford, appears as a corrector of the press (as he was for Manutius and Froben), and as the forerunner of modern thought and science. It is the art that Caxton practiced that brings together the old and the new learning, and makes both the inheritance of the world. The titles of some of Caxton's books —the "Sept Pseaumes," "Dictes," and "Golden Legend," the arms of the county of Kent, where he was born (about 1422), and of the city of London, where he worked,—his trade-mark or device, with the year 1477, when it is supposed he began to print in England—these more clearly identify the man and his work. In its proper place shines the legend *Fiat lux*. From this fitly-chosen text, "Let there be light," on the last day of April, when the window was unveiled for the first time, Canon Farrar preached a sermon to an overflowing congregation.

In this sermon, and in the newspaper criticisms of the memorial, deserved tribute was paid to Caxton's worth as a man. His gratitude to his parents, of whom he says: "I am bounden to pray for my fader and moder's soules that in my youth sent me to schoole, by whiche, by the suffraunce of God, I get my living I hope truly"; his inferred fidelity as a favored apprentice of the London mercer, Large; his subsequent distinction as governor of the English merchants at Bruges, where he lived from 1442 to 1475; the respect shown him by the government and nobles of his own and other countries; his unwearied diligence as a translator and printer—all these, and more, have been fairly put before English readers. And there has been no lack of praise concerning the good done by printing. Yet there is now, as there has been for many years, a tincture of regret that Caxton did not do more. Gibbon pityingly notices him as a printer of frivolous books. Dibdin, the bibliographer, who aided the Roxburghe Club in putting up a tablet to Caxton's memory, cannot conceal his regret that Caxton did next to nothing for the revival of classical literature. Other English authors have too swiftly admitted that Caxton, although a worthy man, was not a great printer,—not to be compared with Froben and Manutius, with the Stephens and the Elzevirs,—and have implied that it is a national misfortune that Caxton did not print classic texts.

Is there not here too much of old-time pedantry? To be a great printer, must one print in Latin or Greek? A great deal of printing has been done during this century, with good results, but how much of it is in the learned languages? And which has been of more benefit to the reading world, the books in dead or in living tongues?

So far from being a fault, Caxton's preference for English is his most honorable distinction. He was the first of the early printers to see that the mission of printing was more to the people than to the patricians—that then and thereafter it was to get its greatest support from the uneducated or half educated. Not one of his contemporaries had the wit to see this truth. At Rome and Paris, at Strasburg and Venice —everywhere but in London—the early printers were catering to the tastes of ecclesiastics, scholars, or men of rank and wealth. More than nine-tenths of the books they printed were in Latin, and unreadable by common people. It is a question whether the new art of printing from types did as much for the education of ignorant people during its first half-century as had been previously done by the ruder art of printing from engraved blocks. Nor were there evidences of any intent to send downward the benefits of printing. The new art was welcomed in monasteries, but they did not found Bible and Tract Societies; in colleges and universities, but they did not aid in the establishment of newspapers and magazines; at courts, but it was not by courtesy that the liberty of the press was conceded. Printing had to begin as all healthy plant-growth begins, at the bottom and not at the top. Its roots stretched deep and wide in the soil, in coarse surroundings, among very rude people, before there was any noticeable flower or fruit.

Caxton saw that the world was getting ready for a new literature; but how little he found ready-made to his hand! Who were the readable English authors, and what were the books of merit, not scholastic or dialectic, of the fifteenth century? Begin counting on

the fingers, and you will soon stop. To provide the new reading, Caxton was obliged to translate from Latin, French, and Flemish. The character of the man and the literary tastes of his times are shown by his works. His first translation, "Stories about the Trojan War," begun, reluctantly, at the order of the Duchess of Burgundy, and finished in 1471, was so sought for that he "lerned at my [his] grete charge and dispence to ordeyne this sayd boke in prynte, after the manner and forme as ye may here see." The success of this book determined his future. Returning to England, he devoted his time, from 1477 to his death in 1491, to the translation and printing of books, of which he published fifty-six, in all about eighteen thousand pages, mostly in folio,—a great task for a man after he was fifty-five years old. One-half of these books are distinctly moral or religious, but of the most elementary form; the other half are histories, romances, poetry, and legend,—all translated, as Caxton assures us in one of his prefaces, "for the amendement of manners and the increase of vertuous lyving." Whatever critics may think of their literary merits they did a great deal for the making of England. No doubt Caxton builded better than he knew, for in providing good books that people would buy and read, he whetted a rapidly growing taste for books of a higher order. In a century English readers were ready to put away childish things, and were ready to read, and did read, Bacon and Shakspere. How wisely English-speaking people have made use of the printing-press is not to be told in a paragraph. It is enough to say that with them printing is as practical now as it was in the beginning — that it does something more than keep the records of the past: it makes the present and molds the future.

"American Art Students Abroad." *

As will be seen by the following correspondence, we were not mistaken in supposing that Mr. Frelinghuysen would do what he could to lighten the burden upon American artists abroad who desire to send their works home. In his letter to us, Mr. C. M. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club, Munich, stated that, "Virtually, the works of an American artist are free of duty; but they have always been subject to the payment of the small sum of fifty cents for consul's certificate. This last year, however, when the consular fees have been reduced on manufactured goods to a minimum, the same certificate for an American artist's work has been raised in value, so that the American artist must now pay two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) for consular certificate, and an additional two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) for the invoice. That, at least, has been the law practiced in Munich. From various consuls who have been questioned in regard to the matter, a diversity of opinions have been received in regard to the value of an invoice, or, in fact, whether an invoice is at all necessary."

By the following letters it will be seen that artists will not, hereafter, be mulcted in the unreasonable sum of five dollars. But we hope that the Government will yet see its way clear to throwing off the two dollars, letting the odd fifty cents, formerly an optional rate, stand as the legal rate.

*See page 459 THE CENTURY for July, 1882.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
August 9, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

SIR: Mr. Adee showed me the letter, addressed to you on the 17th of April last by Mr. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club of Munich, Bavaria, and which you had informally submitted to him for the purpose of obtaining an answer to the inquiries therein made touching the proper fee to be collected by the United States consuls abroad for the certification and invoicing of the original paintings of American artists shipped to the United States.

As the question so presented was one of considerable interest to a large class of American citizens abroad, and was one, moreover, for which the precedents found in this department afforded no certain solution, I referred Mr. Moore's letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. I have just received Mr. Folger's reply (a copy of which I inclose herewith), in which he decides that the ordinary certificate required upon all invoices, whether on the free list or not, may be combined with the special certificate that the article invoiced is the production of an American artist, and a single fee of two dollars and fifty cents charged therefor.

I am pleased to be able to communicate to you this decision, made in the interest of a meritorious class of our citizens abroad.

The letter addressed to you by Mr. Moore is herewith returned.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, August 4, 1882.

HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN, SECRETARY OF STATE.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, submitting a copy of a letter from Mr. C. M. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club, of Munich, addressed to the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, in regard to the exaction by United States consuls of a fee of two dollars and fifty cents for the declaration attached to the invoices of works of American artists (form 156, Consular Regulations), in addition to the usual fee of two dollars and fifty cents for certificate to invoice.

I concur with you in the opinion that American artists, in sending their productions to the United States, should not be subjected to the imposition of greater consular fees than those paid by shippers of dutiable merchandise, and would suggest that the certificate (form 156) may be properly consolidated with the ordinary certificate (form 140), and the fee of two dollars and fifty cents charged for the combined certificate. This modification is suggested for the reason that an invoice without the ordinary certificate would not be a certified invoice.

In regard to the suggestion of Mr. Moore that the consular invoice should be dispensed with, I would state that the rule is that such invoices shall be procured in all cases, whether the goods be dutiable or free, and the production of such invoices is advantageous, not only to the Government, but also to the artists, who frequently wish to have their works shipped to interior ports without examination at the original port of entry, which privilege could not be allowed in the absence of a regular consular invoice.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES J. FOLGER, Secretary.

Murder by Burial.

NO scientific discoveries have been made in our generation of greater importance than those of M. Pasteur. As many of our readers are aware, they relate to the propagation of disease through living organ-

isms, those known as *bacilli* and *bacteria* being most frequently connected with the morbid processes of disease. M. Pasteur finds that these microscopic forms of life exist especially in dead bodies; that they work their way up through the soil to the surface, are taken into the intestines of grazing cattle or are distributed by the winds, and so, it would seem probable, propagate a whole school of diseases— such as small-pox, scarlatina, typhoid and typhus fevers, diphtheria, tubercular consumption, pneumonia, erysipelas, etc., etc., and perhaps yellow fever. M. Pasteur mentions the splenic fever which prevails in France and other countries of Europe, and which annually destroys thousands of cattle and sheep. In one such case he discovered that an epidemic of this disease was followed after some years by its fresh outbreak among cattle that had been grazing in the fields where, previously, victims of the same disease had been buried under the pastures. The little *bacteria* had worked their way from the buried carcasses to the surface, and were found in swarms in the intestines of earth-worms gathered there.

It ought to be the business of scientific people to show the relation of these facts—if they can be accepted as facts—to our present method of disposing of the dead. If the breezes that blow from Greenwood, Mt. Auburn, and Laurel Hill, are laden with germs which propagate the diseases that have already slain our kindred, then the most expensive feature of those cities of the dead is not their costly monuments. It is worth while to ask ourselves whether the disciples of cremation have not a truth on their side, and whether some amendment is not needed in the modes of burial which, in this country especially, seem designed to resist the operations of nature as long as possible, and so to make a dead body a source of indefinite evil.

Indeed, the whole matter of our burial customs is one which urgently needs revision. It is astonishing that, in connection with risks so many and various as are involved in our modes of burying our dead, there should have been, in modern times, so little care and forethought. The dwellers in proximity to grave-yards who have been poisoned by their drainage, include a vast multitude whose number has never been reckoned.

Concerning such dangers, however, there has been of late a considerable awakening and some measure of reform, but the direct and immediate exposures which our funerals bring with them are perils to which, as a rule, people seem strangely indifferent. There is a custom which obtains in some of our chief cities which requires the attendance of a physician (draped usually in such a way as unmistakably to identify him) at the funeral of his patient. A cynic noting this on one occasion, remarked grimly: "Do they lead him behind the corpse in order that he may bear witness to his own work? It is a somewhat cruel retribution, and expensive, too, for a funeral takes out of the time of a popular physician some of the most precious and pecuniarily fruitful hours of his day." To which his listener replied: "True, but it is to be remembered that the doctor sees his account in the occasion. No imprudences are more profitable to the profession than those in connection with funerals." And this can easily be understood. People who are rendering the last offices to loved ones are indifferent to considerations by which at other times they would not hesitate to be governed. They would not choose to stand, for instance, in a draft, or with uncovered head on a cold winter's day, or on the wet ground, or in the snow, or linger among the death-disseminating vapors of a vault. But all these things kindred and friends will do, and are expected to do, in connection with funerals; and the withholding of the slightest mark of respect on such an occasion, whatever the rendering of it may cost, would be resented as an almost brutal indifference. Of course, there is something in such risks which must be accepted as inseparable from the occasion; but is there any reason why they should not be diminished, as far as possible, by those who have the official charge of such occasions? Does the undertaker need to make business brisk by the careful disregard with which he orders matters, so that relatives and friends shall jeopard their lives in honoring their dead? Who wants the ill-fitting and impracticable pair of gloves which the sexton tenders on such occasions, and which can usually neither be worn nor given away? But suppose this funereal personage should keep at hand a few skull-caps with which to cover the heads of those who take off their hats. Suppose it were demanded of cemetery companies, whose profits are usually in inverse ratio to their expenditures for their patrons, that, instead of requiring mourners and kindred to stand about a grave in the mud and slush, they should provide a decent temporary platform, and if need be a movable awning, which should shelter, for the time, those who come to the grave on their sad errand. Suppose that it were insisted that funeral processions in church porches should be arranged with a little less regard to scenic effect, and a little more consideration for the health and safety of the living. Suppose it were understood that no clergyman ought to be required to go down into a vault and read the Burial Service, while the undertaker and his assistants stand safe outside,—an experience which, not long ago, sent to his grave one of the foremost clergymen of our day. There is an especial sensitiveness, in the case of persons emotionally excited, which renders them preëminently liable to exposure or infection; and yet these are the very people who, ordinarily, in connection with death or infection, are most recklessly exposed.

It is time that the American people, the most patient, long-suffering, and all-enduring people on earth, should utter some explicit protest in regard to these matters; and anybody who shall institute a wholesome reform in this matter will make himself a benefactor of his generation.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Merriam's "The Way of Life": A Reply from the Author.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Will you allow me to correct a misapprehension in the review in your July number of "The Way of Life"? The reviewer has misunderstood my thought at the very point where the interest of most readers of the notice is likely to be strongest. The unfamiliarity of the idea I sought to express, and the brevity with which I indicated it, are the reviewer's excuse; may the interest of the subject be my excuse for troubling you with a correction? That subject is the resurrection of Jesus—the point where the accepted version of Christianity touches most closely the intensest questionings of the heart. The Evangelists' story of the resurrection is generally regarded either as literal truth or as wholly unreal. Your reviewer imputes to me the latter theory, though in a dress of imaginative feeling. This is his interpretation of my language:

"In the last paragraph of this chapter, Mr. Merriam undertakes to explain the marvelous change which took place in the characters of the Apostles after the death of Jesus, and attributes it to some new view that came to them of the moral and spiritual greatness of their Master, and of the undying influence of his life and work. It was this that made them say he was not dead. It was this that grew into the story of his resurrection. That these Apostles had the power to reach such a transcendental conception [adds the reviewer] may well be doubted."

This is very different indeed from what I meant—very different indeed from what I wrote. I wrote, in language as plain as I could command, that after the death of Jesus there came to his disciples a profound consciousness and assurance that he had passed into higher life—not that the "influence of his life and work" was "undying," but that *he lived*. To this conviction, consciousness, assurance, intuition, I said, their imaginative oriental minds attributed an outward form under the guise of actual bodily appearances and articulate words. As literal occurrences, in the world of sense, those appearances may be to us no longer credible; while the consciousness which underlay and inspired them—the sense of their Master's life translated into a higher realm of existence, invisible to sense, yet most real, present, eternal—this may commend itself to our fullest sympathy and acceptance.

Here is the paragraph which your reviewer mistranslates in the above quotation. I ask the reader to take the words in as simple, direct, and full a sense as he can give them:

"Those men, who had only half-understood their Master, who were far below him in all natural endowment and all attainment, had caught his spirit. Through love there had passed into their souls a capacity for higher truth than their minds could interpret. And he in whom there was in fullness that moral life which is the most vital and indestructible thing in the universe, he whose soul was a spark of immortal life, passing into the unseen realms, pierced the dividing veil with a sense of his living personality, which reached and filled those loving hearts. It broke upon them like a revelation—their Master was not dead! He had but passed into a higher life. His sympathy was with them. His victory was the pledge of theirs. His friendship was to be to them more than it had ever been. Through him they could feel that close relation with the unseen world which he had declared to them, but which had been to them a half-unreal thing until he had passed into that world. In that consciousness was a new inspiration, a baptism of fire. They were not transformed out of their old selves. Their minds could not shake off the old materializing tendency. Their imagination speedily filled with wonders and prodigies the story of their Master's life. Their sense of his risen life they expressed, as was natural to simple-minded Jews, under the figure of bodily appearances. Intense and unspeakable disclosures to the soul were interpreted in the language of revelation to bodily sense. But, below all imperfections of philosophy and confusions of the spiritual with the material, they laid hold on sure and sublime truth. Jesus had indeed risen. He lived and still lives. In him were life and immortality brought to light. They who enter into his spirit, and live his life of fidelity and love, shall, like him, enter into fellowship with God, the pledge and foretaste of a higher life beyond."

What I have thus far written, Mr. Editor, I may perhaps ask you to publish simply as matter of justice to one whom you have innocently misrepresented. Possibly the absorbing interest of the theme it touches may allow me a word further. I do not in the least care to argue in defense of the view expressed above. Such argumentation has no place in my book, small importance in my thoughts. The view may commend itself, without argument, to some who find the physical resurrection incredible, yet feel in its rejection as pure delusion an untruth to the deeper realities of human life. But, while there is a fascination in these speculations, in that fascination lies a danger. The resurrection of Jesus is only incidental to a greater theme, the immortality of the human soul; and immortality itself should be in our minds subordinate to the supreme matter of living the true life now and here. I should be the last one to seek the foundation and inspiration of a right life here, or the hope of a life hereafter, in any mere historical study of the origin of Christianity, or any speculative discussion of the soul's nature and destiny. There is but one way that leadeth unto life: it is to be resolutely faithful to the highest duty we know, to love and serve, to keep heart and mind open to all goodness, all beauty, all truth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!

It is by practicing that word, and the like words, of Jesus, that we appropriate the real good of his life, not by our speculations as to his divinity and resurrection; except as those speculations may incidentally make it easier for us to apply and appropriate the practical teachings. The only moral value I attach to the view I have taken of the person of Jesus—the natural as distinct from the supernatural view—is that it brings whatever is most vital and precious in him into the familiar region of universal human life. Instead of a perpetual struggle of the mind to accept a wholly unique and exceptional set of facts interpolated into history, we have then the sublimest spiritual realities playing harmoniously in and out with the consistent, universal constitution of life as we ourselves know it. Take, for example, this one subject of life beyond death.

All history, all observation, teach how profoundly a hope and aspiration toward such life is inrooted in human nature. And the spiritual history of mankind, in its higher stages, discloses a still loftier truth: that bereavement, at first sight the cruelest of human experiences, the seeming extinction of life's noblest and tenderest element, does in sober reality minister in true and strong natures to a yet richer and fairer development. It widens and deepens sympathy, it lifts the soul into purer realms, it yields profound hints and foreshadowings of greater realities than were known before. Even that personal affection at which its blow seemed most directly dealt becomes intenser and purer under its influence. It is bereavement—what we crudely call "loss by death"—to which we owe the most delicate flowers, the finest fruits, of human faith and hope and love. This too we see: while there is sometimes an opposite effect, a lowering of vitality and stunting of growth, under the influence of bereavement, yet it is where the one who dies is noblest, and where they who mourn have loved the best, that seeming loss is transmuted into greatest gain. It is the death of Socrates by which Plato's ingenious speculations on immortality are suddenly irradiated into glowing reality. John Brown, Lincoln, Emerson—it is when such heroes pass from sight that a whole people stand together as under a solemn day-dawn of truth and liberty. It is the mother whose baby is laid in its grave, whose eyes, even in their sorrow, shine with a deeper light than the happy mother's who folds her baby to her breast. It was a poet's love for his dead friend that gave us in "In Memoriam," our noblest poem of victory over death.

Let one come into the atmosphere of such experiences as these, let him appreciate them as belonging to life's universal, highest order, if he would know the deepest foreboding of immortality! Then it will not seem strange to him that, when the loftiest, tenderest soul whom history records was snatched from the midst of friends—crude indeed in intellect, but great in their love and devotion to him—there flashed upon them an uplifting, overwhelming sense that over such a soul death had indeed no power. That they spoke of bodily apparitions and dialogues will seem to him but the sincere and natural expression of simple-minded, imaginative Jews of eighteen centuries ago. And, if one thus thinks and feels of the matter, the objection urged so earnestly by the orthodox critics, that on the reality of the *bodily* appearances hangs the whole value of the history and the whole hope of human immortality, will move him to a sigh and a smile. Have they not yet heard their Master's gentle rebuke? "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Can we accept no guarantee of spiritual realities except material evidence?

To discuss the historical problems connected with the life of Jesus was an altogether secondary object of my little book. Your reviewer devotes most of his space to that, but the whole chapter on "The Character of Jesus" is but a quarter of the volume, and in that chapter the theological phase has but a small fraction. The main purpose of the book is, in its own language, to deal "in the simplest and directest way with the question *how to live*, as it comes to men and women to-day—how to live successfully and victoriously." As a single branch of this subject, I have discussed the right *attitude* toward the idea of immortality: the characteristic thought being this, that speculation (into which I have not entered at all) yields no finality, and probably never will, as to a future existence; but that to a rightly ordered life—a life not only strenuous in duty, not only wide and tender in affection, but also reverently and continuously open to the highest aspects of this divine universe in which we live—to such a life there comes surely, if slowly, a profound peace and rest, a sense of absolute encompassment by perfect good, an instinct of eternal life begun here and fulfilled hereafter. *Character*, not speculation, is the key to the matter; or, speculation only as it guides character.

For your reviewer's friendly words on what is unconnected with our theological differences, let me cordially thank him. They are welcome as illustrating how much "unity of the spirit" may co-exist with speculative divergence,—a unity which in our day is very deep and wide, among the men who are at once religious and thoughtful, and which is steadily and swiftly advancing amid all the conflict of creeds.

The Author of "The Way of Life."

Robinson's "Wild Garden."

[We have received the following communication which, although unsigned, is doubtless from the author of the book in question.—ED.]

WILL the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE kindly give me space for a few words on the review of my book, published in THE CENTURY for May, to say that the object of the book is not shown in that review? The "Wild Garden" is *not* "the kind of garden we have a good deal of in America, and of which they have very little in England." We have solitudes teeming with wild-flower life within an hour's ride of London, as beautiful as anything from the Sierras to the shores of New England. "In the matter of purely wild flowers" England is rich—not poor, as the reviewer says. But the object of the book was in no way to speak of English wild flowers, which can take care of themselves. If the aim of a book is not seen, anything may be said of it, and I will not occupy your valuable space in alluding to ideas and statements which do not occur in the book, and which have no relation to its aim. But it is odd the reviewer should say I do not mention the Hepatica, when it is mentioned several times (pp. 24, 25, 125), and given as an illustration of what may be done. As to the "Laurel" azalea, etc., American native shrubs, which he mentions, we grow them much more here than you do in America; but, as they had nothing to do with my theme, they were not included. The "Wild Garden" was written as one way out of the almost hopeless geometry and poverty under which the beautiful art of gardening has been suffering for ages, and by which its true charms are now hidden from the eyes of many who would profit by it and delight in it. It is an attempt to get ornamental gardening into line with nature, so to say, and into harmony with other arts, particularly the art of landscape painting. The wild flowers of England and of America are for the most part as yet able to take care of themselves, and will do so as long as we have a wood or a hedge-row!

LONDON, May 15, 1882.

The Metropolitan Museum.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, SEWANEE, TENN., August 10, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In your magazine for the present month I see an article in relation to the "Metropolitan Museum and its Director." As the name of my friend Mr. A. D. Savage is involved in that discussion, you will please allow me to say that I not only freely indorse what is said of him by Messrs. Crosby, Gilman, Gildersleeve and Harrison; but that, having known him from his infancy, I can truly say that a man of more upright and honorable character I have never known.

Very respectfully yours,
W. M. GREEN,
Bishop of Mississippi, and Chancellor of the University of the South.

"The Free Library Movement."

WE print, with much pleasure, the following communication with regard to "The New York Free Circulating Library." The institution has evidently gained, in a short space of time, enthusiastic and influential friends. The excellent work it has already performed is a guarantee of what its management could accomplish if more liberal means were placed at their disposal.

36 BOND STREET, NEW YORK, July 26, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In the June number of THE CENTURY you discuss the need of a public library in the city of New York. Permit me briefly to call your attention to what has already been done to supply free reading by the New York Free Circulating Library.

This society was incorporated in March, 1880, and among its present trustees and officers are Mr. H. E. Pellew, Mrs. F. C. Barlow, Miss A. Redmond, Mr. Benj. H. Field, Mr. F. W. Stevens, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; it aims to supply the public with useful and standard literature, in the principal modern languages, adapted to all classes and ages of readers and without payment; and it was the intention of the founders to establish several free libraries in different parts of the city for the greater convenience of the public.

The society first leased rooms in Bond street, beginning with a library of 1,800 volumes; these were loaned to any person in the city whose name and residence had been identified; and although the society has always avoided advertising or forcing the library into notice, on September 30, 1880, six months after opening, the circulation had been 22,000, and the number of books had increased to 3,600. During the year ending September 30, 1881, the library had increased to 4,500 volumes, and over 6,000 persons, from all parts of the city, were applicants for the privilege of taking out books; the eagerness with which these books were read is shown by the circulation for the period mentioned: viz., 69,300 volumes; and although most of this large circulation was among the very poor, only six books were lost. The circulation for the current year has shown a steady increase over 1881, but the society has only been able to increase the number of books to about 6,000, while the list of registered applicants is now nearly 9,500.

It is only by comparing these results with the figures of similar libraries that their importance is realized; they seem most astonishing to those who are most familiar with the usual ratio between the number of books and the number of readers in circulating libraries. Moreover, no effort has been made to swell the circulation by popular novels, and great care is exercised in the selection of fiction; the library is also deficient in books suitable for the young, in works relating to mechanical arts, and in popular histories; in view of these facts the very large distribution is the more remarkable.

The society has recently purchased an estate in Bond street for a library building, and proposes to establish other branches as soon as the funds permit. The managers feel that in the above facts they offer the strongest confirmation of the need of such a library as your article describes, and are encouraged to believe that they have laid the permanent foundation of such an institution.

Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM GREENOUGH, Acting Secretary.

"The Evolution of the American Yacht."

WINCHESTER, MASS.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In your account of "The Evolution of the American Yacht" published in THE CENTURY for July, 1882, and in referring to me as builder of the *Coquette*, you say I am a Swede and "evidently borrowed a few ideas on the subject from the famous pilot-boats of the Scandinavian peninsula." Permit me to say that I am a native of Denmark, where I served my time as an apprentice to a renowned boat-builder of Elsinore, and that all my ideas in regard to boat-building resulted from a long apprenticeship of seven years. I have been in this country fifty years and built a great many yachts and pilot-boats, among which are the *Coquette*, *Dancing Feather*, *Golden Gate*, *Actæa*, etc. I retired from the boat-building business in 1861.

Respectfully yours,
LEWIS WINDE.

Lincoln's Height.

ONE of our readers calls our attention to the fact that Lincoln was, as he himself expressed it in a brief autobiography, "in height, six feet, four inches, nearly," which is about three inches more than the height given by Mr. Volk's article on "The Lincoln Life-Mask" in THE CENTURY for December, 1881.

Bracken in America.

WATERBURY, CONN., Aug. 13, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In reading the charming article on "The Borderlands of Surrey," by Alice Maude Fenn, in the August number of THE CENTURY, I was struck by the statement that "We have no substitute for bracken in America."

Professor D. C. Eaton says: "We have all through North America the true and veritable bracken of Scotland in great abundance. Here (in New England) it grows from two to four feet high." Professor Gray, of Harvard, has pointed out that the lines in "The Lady of the Lake"—

> "The heath this night must be my bed,
> The bracken curtain for my head"—

might be said as truly of Massachusetts as of the highlands of Scotland. Sincerely yours, A. E. K.

LITERATURE.

Gorringe's "Egyptian Obelisks."*

TO THE countrymen of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who wish to learn what is known of obelisks,—a desire which the present troubles in Egypt are likely to awaken in many,—we commend this book as a piece of work on which neither pains nor expense has been spared. The abundance of illustrations is remarkable; among them we notice portraits of Cleopatra, the two Khedives, and Mr. Vanderbilt, but none of Mr. Gorringe. Let us hope that the first posthumous edition will supply this defect, but that none of the readers of the *editio princeps* will live to see it there.

About one-third of the book is an account of the engineering which brought New York its obelisk, and so well is it written that the layman in practical mechanics will finish this part with the pleasure which comes from understanding that about which one had doubts in the outset. It is a capital record of admirable engineering. As an appendix to this part of the book similar work in Rome, Paris, and London, is described by Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., Mr. Gorringe's assistant in removing the New York obelisk. If a layman may venture an opinion, we should say, that in the actual operations with the obelisk, the rapidity of progress was not far different in the various cases described, but that in economy of labor, in precision, and in certainty of safety, the latest engineer surpassed his predecessors. That the European residents of Alexandria and archæologists in the capital should object to the departure from Alexandria of its remaining obelisk was natural. Unfortunately their reluctance took shape in unworthy methods. But what shall be said of the four instances of obstruction in New York! (See pp. 32, 33, 39.)

The archæological portion of the book is amply provided for. One very full chapter gives an account of all known Egyptian obelisks, of which as many as twenty are photographed. In the chapter on the "Archæology of the New York Obelisk" the reader finds ample material for studying our Cleopatra's Needle. Excellent photographs establish the text of the inscriptions. The translations of those on the shaft are by Chabas and Brugsch. Mr. H. de Morgan, of New York, translates the inscriptions of the pyramidion, and Mr. Feuardent furnishes valuable remarks on the bronze crabs and their inscriptions in Greek and Latin. The latter inscriptions, however, are not reproduced with the distinctness which might have been attained. Mr. Gorringe seems to have entered upon this chapter with distaste caused by disbelief in the ability of Egyptologists to read Egyptian inscriptions; he cannot believe that generals and statesmen of extraordinary genius, like Thothmes III., and Ramses II. could have been, as he expresses it, such vainglorious fools as to leave on their obelisks this incomprehensible nonsense for posterity to judge them by. This shows a defect in historical vision. Not only did men not speak in Egypt some centuries before Moses as they do in America some centuries after Shakspere, but the inscriptions on obelisks are not the compositions of Thothmes, Ramses, and other kings, nor are they the records of the kings' achievements. They are the professional language of generations of Masters of Court Ceremonies, being simply the grand roll of the most august of all the names and titles of the king. The language of heraldry, whether in princely houses or in a lodge of Freemasons, has always rung with the pomp of sonorous titles. The office of a pair of obelisks towering in front of the portals of a palace-temple was to proclaim, like two gigantic heralds, the roll of titles of the Pharaoh, who was reckoned as divine. Then, as we listen, it sounds like a blast from ancient trumpets.

* Egyptian Obelisks. By Henry H. Gorringe, Lieut.-Commander U. S. N. Fifty-one Full-page Illustrations. New York: Published by the Author.

Gosse's "Gray." *

IN this latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series, Mr. Gosse gives us a thorough and skillful piece of biographical work. As a writer he is always charming, and in Gray he has a subject peculiarly suited to his tastes. His own experiments in domesticating French stanza forms, and his investigations into the structure of the Pindaric Ode, made in connection with his little collection of English Odes reviewed by us not long since, have doubtless sharpened his sense of the refinement of Gray's diction and of his brilliant metrical originality. He sketches with delicate precision the character of the shy, fastidious scholar, and his literary judgments are marked by the same sure-footed critical sense which we remarked in his admirable contributions to Ward's "English Poets."

Many readers know nothing of Gray's life beyond a few anecdotes and traditions: that he traveled and quarreled with Horace Walpole; that he spent seven years in polishing the "Elegy"; and that he had a horror of fire which was made the occasion of a rather brutal practical joke by Cambridge undergraduates. Mr. Gosse explains that no lives of Gray have hitherto been published except in connection with some part of his writings; and that the longest of these occupies no more than thirty pages. His task has therefore been largely that of original investigation, and his contribution to the series is in this respect more important than those which have heretofore appeared, and which have been mainly condensations from abundant published material.

To the student of literature the most interesting pages in this little volume will perhaps be those concerned with the issue raised between Matthew Arnold and Swinburne in Ward's anthology—as to whether Gray or Collins ranks higher as a lyric poet. We expressed ourselves at the time as thinking that Swinburne's lyrical instinct was in this instance

* Gray. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers.

truer than Mr. Arnold's trained insight. That spontaneity which we conceive to be of the essence of the lyric has always seemed to us absent from the somewhat artificial sound and fury of Gray's Pindarics. Mr. Gosse, however, throws the weight of his opinion on Mr. Arnold's side. As we are here at variance, we cannot perhaps do better than to close this notice by quoting a part of what he says.

"The solitary writer of authority who, since the death of Johnson, has ventured to depreciate Gray's poetry [is] Mr. Swinburne, who, in his ardor to do justice to Collins has been deeply and extravagantly unjust to the greater man. * * * It is only in the very latest generation and among a school of extremely refined critics that the ascendency of this ode ["The Bard"] has been questioned and certain pieces by Collins and even by Blake preferred to it. * * * The power of evolution has not been common among lyrical poets even of a high rank. * * In Collins, surely, we find the same failing; the power is a burst of emotion, but not an organism. The much-lauded Ode to Liberty, with its opening peal of music, ends with a foolish abruptness. * * * Gray, however, is the main example in our literature of a poet possessing this Greek quality of structure in his lyrical work."

"Guerndale."*

"GUERNDALE" is a disappointing story, both to the general reader and the critic; to the former, because it hardly satisfies his sense of justice; to the latter, because it fails to attain that harmony of proportions which so skillful a writer should have secured. Yet seldom does a new novel appear with a style so ripe, or with such precision of form; or a new writer with so much acuteness of observation and so keen a power of analysis, allied to generous university acquisitions. The atmosphere of the story is wholly modern and recent.

The plot of "Guerndale" has a strong suggestion of Hawthorne's methods. The story opens in a New-England grave-yard, among the tombstones, and has a scent of murder clinging to its origin—a scent, however, which grows fainter and fainter as we advance, and finally ceases as a scent, remaining only as a memory. Guyon Guerndale is of old English stock, a remote ancestor having been Sir Godfrey Guerndale, who came to America in the seventeenth century, bringing with him his son Guy, a lad of fifteen, and one John Simmons, "an old and valued servant." The son grew up as the "bad Sir Guy," a "sobriquet," however, "first accorded him after his father's death." With Philip Simmons, a son of old John, he built a smelting-furnace in the wilds of Massachusetts, and the two delved and dug and smelted in secret, cowering silently at night over the red furnace-fires, until they found a diamond of large size, fought over it, and Philip was slain,—"murdered," as the times would have it,—and Sir Guy, rather than be taken and punished as a murderer, slew himself, and was out of the way. But the diamond and the scent of murder were left.

The gem was still in the family in 1858, the heir to it being young Guyon, a lad of shy, shrinking nature, high-strung, imaginative, and even poetic. He loved the woods and fields, the ponds and swamps. He shunned the common village youth, partly from the aristocratic ichor in his veins, partly from a faint tinge of sunset colors still lingering in the family reputation. Annie Bonnymort and he together ranged through the woods and over the hills of New England, and a gentle sentiment grew up between them which is useful in the formation of Guy's character, and terribly productive of unhappiness in his later years. The purity and charm of these children are of the most delicate kind. Just how the two first tumbled into acquaintance by the little pool under the shade of poplars, and how they continued it at church and school, is well told, and furnishes a most attractive bit of New England shy life and interior scenery. The thin conversations, again suggesting Hawthorne, are loop-holes let into a tender sky through April clouds. The nature-painting has a charm as fresh as Theodore Winthrop's, though much more quiet than his; while the touches of New-England character have a Howells-like piquancy. Old Joe Bung is an admirable character, a good Yankee of the best type, of purer blood than the traditional Yankee of John Neal and James K. Paulding. The Rev. M. Frank Hanna is delightfully drawn.

"He called himself an eclectic. * * * He knew the existence and names of many things. * * * At one time he had dabbled in metaphysics, but this requiring too much mental exertion—for he was a very lazy man—he now contented himself with the Positivists. General denial is a very comfortable mental attitude. In his sermon he delighted in putting the boldest assertions of negation in their crudest forms. Nevertheless he kept on easy terms with the Deity. He would occasionally mention Christ with good-natured patronage, and made friendly allowance for the vagaries of the Evangelists. When he treated earnestly of things spiritual it was in quoting from Buddha, Confucius, or the Koran. He read large quantities of verse in his sermons, which were also full of metaphors derived from business and trade. He was actively interested in politics, affected worldliness in dress and manners, and hated to be taken for a clergyman. He was very popular in the parish, prominent in picnics and church dancing-parties, and a capital actor in private theatricals. Wine and cards he considered immoral; but, to avoid the charge of phariseeism, he frequented smoking-cars and familiarized himself with bar-rooms. He was fond of taking the maidens of his flock to drive in his buggy on Saturday afternoons, but his attentions were so universal that scandal never attached."

To these *dramatis personæ* add Norton Randolph, Phil Symonds, and half a dozen college young men of the "upper set," send them to Harvard, and plunge them at once into the modern speculations, at the university point of view, with all the university accompaniments of wine, pipes, slang, and fast life, and we have the material of the story for half a volume; but it would take many long extracts to show the real sparkle of wit which sometimes shines through the slang, and the spirit and intelligence of the philosophical discussions that go on among the young men. The tone of university life, its mingling of undergraduate frolic with the dawning seriousness of manly thought, is admirably caught, and caught at a high level.

But just here comes in the disappointment, one which the readers of Mr. Henry James have become so

*Guerndale. An Old Story. By J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

accustomed to. The pessimistic spirit invades the book in the person of Norton Randolph. For a time we think the author's mind is free from it; that he has got it outside of himself, and, under the guise of Guerndale, is wrestling with it; we keep on hoping against hope that he will conquer with the aid of a serious occupation on the part of his hero, and a sweet and high love which comes to the latter in time, when Annie Bonnymort has returned from foreign travel and become a noble, serious, and beautiful girl in Boston society. Unfortunately the victory is not won either for Guy or the author. Fate pursues every member of the group and, with a pure atmosphere in general, we have a tragedy instead of a struggle.

As a work of art, this is, to our mind, the weak point of the story, that when the author has massed the elements of success in Guyon's character and in Annie's essential, womanly nobility of soul, he fails to use them. He seems to have lost heart, or head, or got that perversely pessimistic twist into his thought which so wearies the healthy-minded in many of the naturalistic school of writers. For such a tragedy, if tragedy it were to be, Hawthorne would have massed the fatal elements more compactly, would have excluded the vitalizing forces from the lives of his victims, and, whatever should have happened to his hero and heroine, the reader would have been left at least the comforting conviction that God is just.

We speak thus strongly of what seems to us to be the failure of "Guerndale," because we feel strongly its fine promise. The writer has power, remarkable sense of beauty in character and scenery, rare delicacy of critical observation, and freshness and vigor of style.

Mrs. Amory's "Life of Copley."*

NEARLY all that there is of value in this handsome volume has already been told by the author of it in an article published in this magazine in March, 1881. Neither in that article, however, nor in the book of which it is an abstract, is any considerable addition made to what we already knew of Copley as an artist or as a man. We are provided with an ample store of private letters, written by the different members of the Copley family after their removal to London, to friends at home, but we shall read them in vain to find anything that brings us nearer, intellectually, to the artist, who is the nominal subject of Mrs. Amory's book. In truth, the public has little interest in the facts, from which the author never allows herself to wander far away, that Copley was well descended, well-related, and that he had for son a Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. No doubt these facts have their importance in certain society, but we for our part prefer to fix our eyes upon Copley himself, remembering the words of Gibbon: "The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet."

The defect in this book, and one that meets us on every page, is the author's want of the historic sense. It is a curious fact that she never alludes to the work of any other writer on the subject of her memoir, and yet all she tells us of the least importance about Copley is to be found in the sketch of his life by Cunningham, published in 1832, and in the memoir prefixed to Mr. A. T. Perkins's list of Copley's paintings, published in 1873. So absorbed is the author in tracing the artist's descent from people who were somebody, that she actually forgets to give us the date of his birth, not mentioning even the year.

More important, however, than any omission is the support Mrs. Amory gives to the alleged fact of the spontaneous and unaided growth of Copley's talent. Yet, in spite of the quoted authority of Lord Lyndhurst and of Mrs. Copley, the slightest examination shows that Copley's advantages for the study of art in America, though slim, undoubtedly, compared with what he would have had in Europe,— were not so slim as has been said. Besides that, there were not a few respectable pictures in Boston in Copley's time: the fact that Copley's mother married for her second husband Mr. Peter Pelham, a painter and engraver, is of no little importance. "The household of Peter Pelham," says Mr. Perkins, "was perhaps the only place in New England where painting and engraving were the predominant pursuits." And it is worth while to consider whether we do not find in Copley's art the evidences of just the schooling and training he received in his early years from his step-father. It is very interesting to find in its hardness, its coldness, its precision, its want of pictorial effect, the signs of his early lessons in engraving. In its own way, Copley's art has a strong family relationship to the work of those early Florentines, who had their first training in the shops of the goldsmiths and workers in niello. As for Titian, to whom even so cold-blooded a man as West did not hesitate to compare Copley, and Cunningham by implication approves the saying, it only shows how little at that time was really known about the great Venetian.

The state of the mind to be influenced is of far more importance than the amount of actual genius in the artist from whom the influence comes; and therefore it is not surprising that an artist like Smybert, a man of no genius and of only moderate talent, should have been of benefit to Copley, whose natural turn for painting had been fostered by his step-father's teachings. Mrs. Amory thinks that, since Smybert "died in March, 1751, when Copley was only thirteen or fourteen years of age, it appears impossible that he could have profited to any extent by the instruction of that eminent portrait-painter." But, for a beginner to profit by the direct instruction of another artist is one thing, and for him to profit by the study of that artist's works is another. If Copley did not actually study with Smybert, he learned from him, having access to his copies of Italian pictures, his casts, and in particular to his copy of Vandyck's portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio. Allston's expressed acknowledgments to this copy of Vandyck have been often quoted, and Trumbull was indebted to it as well.

Our space permits us only to hint at the element we find wanting in Mrs. Amory's book. Perhaps some day an author will appear who will trace clearly for us

* The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R. A. With Notices of his Works, and Reminiscences of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By his granddaughter, Martha Babcock Amory. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the beginnings and the growth of our early art. In this history Copley will undoubtedly play an important part; he was the first painter of any merit likely to endure that was born on American soil.

Kilbourne's "Game Fishes of the United States." *

THIS work is a credit to American art, science, and enterprise, and will delight equally the artist, the angler, the naturalist, and the lover of nature. Without exception, these plates give the most accurate and artistic portraiture of fishes this country has yet produced, and may serve as a standard to others who hereafter may undertake similar works. Other artists and naturalists have drawn as well — but none, to our knowledge, has equaled Kilbourne in color, and in artistic effect. Indeed to those who are only familiar with the faded colors and flaccid forms of the fish of the markets, these plates will reveal a new world of beauty.

Mr. Kilbourne has succeeded in a difficult task. He has succeeded in uniting in his delineation the accuracy in details of form and coloring required by the naturalist, with that freedom of style, delicacy of handling, and naturalness of surroundings demanded by the artist.

Often in works similar to the "Game Fishes of the United States," one does not look beyond the acknowledged excellence of the illustrations, and regards the text merely as the usual garnish of a choice viand. But not so in this case. The naturalist, the angler, and he who is interested in fish as commercial products, will find a text which has been so carefully prepared in accuracy and conciseness, that in the brief space of two pages to each fish, Mr. Goode has condensed all the information of first importance. As an example, let us make a few extracts from his text on the black-basses.

"It was formerly believed that there were many American species of *Micropterus*. Different communities christened them to their own liking; and naturalists, misled by the numerous popular names, described and catalogued as distinct, forms which they would have considered the same had they seen them side by side. Twenty-two separately named species are on record; but in 1873, after studying specimens gathered from all parts of the United States by the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Gill came to the decision that there were only two. * * * it has been thought desirable to illustrate them, by accurate drawings of the species under discussion, the Large-mouth (*Micropterus pallidus*) and the Small-mouth (*M. achigan*) [the *M. salmoides*, and the *M. Dolomieu* respectively of Dr. Henshall.] The size of the mouth is the best character; in one species the upper jaw extends far behind the eye; in the other to a point below it. * * * These illustrations were drawn by Mr. H. L. Todd, and have had the careful criticism of Professor Gill. [A careful study of these admirable drawings and the remembrance of the relation between the position of the eye and the length of the upper jaw, will enable any one readily to distinguish the Small-mouth from the Large-mouth black bass.]

"* * * Both species are widely distributed over the Atlantic slope of the continent. The Large-mouth and the Small-mouth dwell together in the Great Lakes, and in the upper part of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi basins. The Small-mouth is found north as far as latitude 47°, and west to Wisconsin; while southward it ranges to latitude 33°, where it is found in the head-waters of the Chattahoochee and Ocmulgee rivers, the latter being the only stream emptying east of the Alleghanies which contains it, into which it is not known to have been introduced. The Large-mouth ranges further to the West and North, being found in the Red River of the North, in latitude 50°. It abounds in all the rivers of the South from the James to the St. John, and in the lower reaches of the streams and bayous to Texas, in latitude 27°. The Small-mouth found its way into the Hudson in 1825, or soon after, through the newly opened Erie Canal, and has since been introduced by man into hundreds of eastern lakes and rivers.

"* * * The black bass will never become the food of the millions, as may be judged from the fact that New York market probably receives less than sixty thousand pounds annually; yet hundreds of bodies of waste water are now stocked with them in sufficient number to afford pleasant sport and considerable quantities of excellent food. 'Valued as the brook-trout is for its game qualities,' writes Mr. Hallock, 'widely distributed as it is, and much extolled in song as it has been, the black bass has now a wider range (at least of latitude), and being common to both cold and warm waters, and to northern and southern climes, seems destined to become the leading game fish of America, and to take the place of the wild brook trout, which vanishes like the aborigines before civilization and settlements.'"

This work has been published in twenty parts, each part containing two colored plates, and two pages of text, illustrated by skillfully executed wood-cuts. The map which accompanies the work, showing the "Geographical Distribution of the Game Fishes of Eastern America," will be studied with interest by all anglers and naturalists.

Caroline Fox's "Memories of Old Friends." *

CAROLINE FOX was the daughter of Robert Were Fox, of Penjerrick, near Falmouth in Cornwall, a man of scientific attainments and the inventor of the "Deflector Dipping Needle," which has done so much service on Arctic expeditions. The family were members of the Society of Friends, and their home was the seat of a cordial and simple hospitality which drew within their circle the best minds in England — philanthropists, scientists, poets, artists, and philosophers. The diary, which extends from 1835 to 1871, contains many precious memorials of the Carlyles, Mills, Coleridges, Sterlings, Bunsens, and many others. Indeed, almost every one worth knowing of that generation was in the list of Caroline Fox's acquaintance. She was especially intimate with J. S. Mill and John Sterling, and the entries in her journals recording their walks and talks together add many delightful details to our knowledge of those two fine spirits.

There is to many readers something exasperating about the fragmentary and jerky character of a published journal — the raw material, as it were, of a book, rather than a genuine book. But in this volume there is little of that repetition and dull, trivial gossip which make the reading of most journals mere exercises in

* Game Fishes of the United States. By S. A. Kilbourne. Text by G. Brown Goode. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Memories of Old Friends. The Journal and Letters of Caroline Fox. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

judicious skipping. The author is an almost ideal reporter, a bright, eager little dame with great openness of mind, a dash of humor, and that quick sympathy and appreciation which only a clever woman has. Caroline Fox might be described as a Quakeress relaxed — even as Mr. Henry James, we believe it was, described one of his characters as a "Bostonian relaxed." About a Quaker household of the last generation, where the decent quietism and piety of the sect were tempered by wealth and worldly culture, there was a certain quaint charm such as we get a hint of in Puritan families of Milton's time, like the Hutchinsons and Fairfaxes, where there were music, classic learning, and a rich, civic gravity in dress and decoration. Our diarist's Quakerism crops out mainly in a disposition to *tutoyer* her correspondents and in a traditional attachment to the peace doctrine. She gives us a measure of the distance between the ameliorated article and the older-fashioned type, in a little sketch of Samuel Rundall, an aboriginal Friend.

"He was a perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided * * * simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry, with ceaseless iteration, 'The kingdom of God is within you!' Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him."

This passage will be enough to show that the author had a sharp eye and a sure hand. If we should begin to quote the good things that she reports and the shrewd comments of the reporter, we should be tempted beyond our limits. The reader of these journals may count upon an introduction into the best of good society, and may spend an evening in listening to capital talk at the Chevalier Bunsen's, the next at a lecture by Faraday on Ozone or by Thackeray on the English Humorists, the next at Laurence's studio or in looking at Professor Owen's dodo or taking a peep through Lord Rosse's big telescope; and may conclude, for a characteristic touch, with a Ragged School meeting or an assembly called to consider the abolition of slavery and the proclamation of a universal peace.

"A Reverend Idol."*

"A Reverend Idol" is a study of summer life, which will better repay reading than critical examination. The scene of the story is laid on Cape Cod in vacation time, when the Rev. Kenyon Leigh and Miss Monny Rivers have got nicely domiciled in a quiet boarding-house — the one to work on his next winter's sermons, the other to pursue her rather solitary art-studies. The minister, though a discreet and earnest man withal, has been hopelessly and helplessly a "reverend idol" among the women of the congregation of St. Ancient's, and has fled to the Cape for a few summer weeks to possess his soul in peace and have the "usual half-holiday." He dreams, poor man, that, so far as female idolatry is concerned, he is safely "out of the business." Miss Monny Rivers, who has been more or less a revered idol among the young men, and is certainly a piquant and charming girl, has come for a similar purpose. That is, she, too, would like a half-holiday from lovers.

These two explosives could hardly come together without some detonation. At the first contact both "go off" — that is, the minister indiscreetly mentions to the landlady his perturbation of soul at the presence of a young lady in the house, and then goes off, but unsuccessfully, in search of another boarding-house; Miss Rivers, to whom the amiable landlady tells all her troubles, learns of this one, and goes off in a fit of wrath to the shore. She is indignant with the natural indignation of youth and feminine pride.

After such an explosion, it takes some time to collect the scattered elements and prepare them for the inevitable summer courtship. When this has been done effectively, and the sensitive artist and the sensible preacher are harmonious, the secondary explosion takes place. The first train is laid cleverly, with a good deal of spicy narrative, the elements coming wholly from easily managed incidents. The second train is the work of Mrs. Van Cortlandt, a beautiful tigress from the congregation of St. Ancient's, and is laid in the old way.

The plot being thus simple and old-fashioned, the scenery is plain and easily moved, seldom shifted. The reverend hero is drawn not as a reverend, but as a hero. A shipwreck, with an overstrained and unnatural rescue — unnatural under the circumstances — gives him his heroic side; some quick and appreciative art criticism serves for the intellectual element. The other grand qualities are for the most part indicated rather than incorporated. The young lady's character is more nicely put together, as well as more skillfully picked to pieces. It is not strong, nor particularly deep, nor wonderfully redundant of mental attractions. Given a lively spirit, a saucy tongue, but a good heart, an artistic temperament, and an unbounded capacity of worship for the unknown and unknowable qualities of the heroic in man, and we have the ever old, ever new, and ever delightful woman whom it is always a pleasure to see fall to the lot of a worthy man.

An idea of the sprightliness of Monny's character is conveyed by the following paragraph. Her landlady having retailed to her the report that all the ladies of Leigh's congregation are "after him,"—

"Monny received this last announcement with a shriek of merriment: 'The idea of anybody's being after that enormous! Any woman who wasn't a horrid giraffe would have to stand up on stilts to marry him, or she might have a strap put through his arm to reach up and hold on by — the way they do in the horse-cars,' said the girl, twisting her pocket-handkerchief into a loop, with a peculiarity she had of losing herself for the moment in any passing fancy. 'Graceful, to come down the aisle leaning on your bridegroom this way!' she said, suggesting, with a single upward thrust of her white arms, the tableau of an average woman clutching at the noosed elbow of a Titan about fifteen feet high."

The local color amounts to little. Save for the description of a house, which is somewhat peculiar to the Cape Cod towns, we find almost nothing which

*A Reverend Idol. A Novel. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

might not have been found at any other sea-shore place with plenty of sand.

"A Perfect Day," by Miss Coolbrith.*

MISS COOLBRITH, who is already known in the West for a sweet singer, belongs to a school of writers who are, perhaps, too consciously meditative. While the hands are busy with toil, the thought is equally busy with comment on the worth of toil and the rewards of it, on the difficulty of living, and the value of life. She finds it impossible to follow the suggestion so well put in her own poem of "March":

> "'The song were sweeter and better,
> If only the thought were glad.'
> Be hidden the chafe of the fetter,
> The scars of the wounds you have had;
> Be silent of strife and endeavor,
> But shout of the victory won!
> You may sit in the shadow forever,
> If only you'll sing of the sun."

Her spirit is more heavily weighed down by the sadness of life. In her poems, which are sometimes light and airy, but more often plaintive, we find a nearly continuous strain of comment leaning to the balance of injustice in our relations with earth and heaven,—too much, perhaps, of the old Puritan spirit to which life presented more evil than good, and death more good than evil. The bright forces may be at work to make us better, but they only succeed in making us resigned. Resignation is but a cheap virtue for an earthly existence. To buoy us up—and that should be the finest work of true poetry—we need in the poet, not, perhaps, a "robustious, periwig-pated fellow," but one more full of hope and health than of resignation. The poetical mind is naturally sensitive to the extreme ills of human experience—physical pain, weariness, loss, and disappointment, but it should be equally sensitive to the opposite extreme. It should reflect brightly the beauty of rest, of friendship, of love,—the rhythm and order and harmony of nature's work. It should so intermarry the sense of good with that of evil as, without concealing or distorting anything, to leave us serene in the presence of life. There is plenty of joy and reward in human existence, and the poet is bound to discover it for us. This is, perhaps, a high standard by which to judge such simple, unassuming verses as Miss Coolbrith gives us. Her work expresses very well the alternate elation and depression of a mind that passes quickly from one sentiment to another, and fails to attain any one strong, prevailing mood, either of despair or well-grounded hope. She touches, in a natural manner and with many graces of song, on various themes in wayside nature, and in the suburbs, so to speak, of human experience—many irritating surface moods, but she seldom clears for us the moral atmosphere, or lifts us up to the heights where we can see broadly what is below, or serenely what is above in the heavens.

*A Perfect Day, and other Poems. By Ina D. Coolbrith. Author's special subscription edition. San Francisco.

Sermons by the Rev. R. Francis Colton.

SERMONS are such proverbially dull reading that they usually retain undisturbed possession of the places on the library shelves to which they were first assigned; and yet some of the most vigorous writing of each era may be found among this contemned class of literature. This is probably due to the fact that the sermons of well-known and brilliant pulpit orators rarely read well. The very qualities which, with the reënforcement of personal magnetism, inthrall an audience, will often utterly fail of commanding the attention and respect of an unbiased public when the sense of personal relation, and the sympathy which years have established between pastor and people, are wanting. Dr. Chalmers, whose "Astronomical Discourses" so electrified Great Britain, proves tiresome reading by reason of his habit of reiteration. Whitefield, one of the greatest pulpit orators of modern times, scarcely rises above contempt in his few published utterances. On the other hand, John Foster, whose influence through his writing has been so very great, according to his own pathetic statement, was never asked to preach twice in the same place.

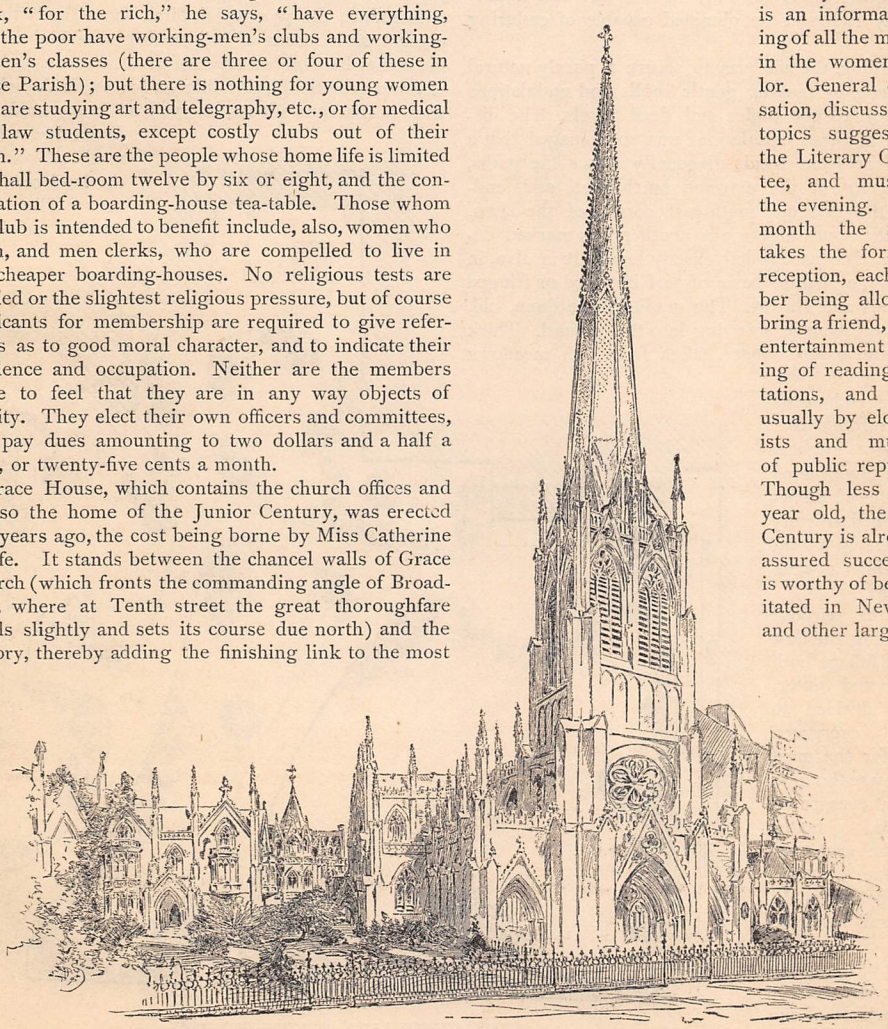
The sermons of the Rev. Francis Colton belong to neither one of these classes. They were clear, earnest, simple expositions, and, printed, bear the severest scrutiny. He was one of the most learned men of his years in his own denomination: his range of reading was simply marvelous, and his appreciation of secular literature of the keenest kind. The literature of eleven languages was open to him, and this great linguistic knowledge was valued not as an attainment in itself, but only as a means to many a buried treasure. The ripe scholarship which had had time to mature in his quiet and secluded life appears only as a strengthening and refining influence in his work. Cheap display of classic allusion or quotation never mars the quiet simplicity of his direct and manly English. The message he was commissioned to deliver is illuminated by a serene intelligence and animated by a lofty sense of spiritual truth. There is nothing to make this volume especially popular, but it can scarcely fail to enlighten and benefit any one who will read it.

* Sermons Preached in the Church of Our Saviour, Jenkintown, Pa., by the late rector, Rev. R. Francis Colton, Professor of Hebrew in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, West Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Episcopal Book-store, 1224 Chestnut street

The Junior Century Club.

THIS young namesake of a noted literary club is the protégé of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, of Grace Church. In effect, it consists of two clubs, one for men and one for women, the membership of both together being limited to one hundred, because the rooms will not accommodate more. The object of the Junior Century is "to provide means and opportunities for reading, social intercourse and recreation, for a limited number of those, who, by their residence and occupations in New York, are separated from their homes and families, and are living in boarding-houses and lodgings." Thus, it aims to reach what the founder calls "the neglected class" in New York, "for the rich," he says, "have everything, and the poor have working-men's clubs and working-women's classes (there are three or four of these in Grace Parish); but there is nothing for young women who are studying art and telegraphy, etc., or for medical and law students, except costly clubs out of their reach." These are the people whose home life is limited to a hall bed-room twelve by six or eight, and the conversation of a boarding-house tea-table. Those whom the club is intended to benefit include, also, women who teach, and men clerks, who are compelled to live in the cheaper boarding-houses. No religious tests are applied or the slightest religious pressure, but of course applicants for membership are required to give references as to good moral character, and to indicate their residence and occupation. Neither are the members made to feel that they are in any way objects of charity. They elect their own officers and committees, and pay dues amounting to two dollars and a half a year, or twenty-five cents a month.

Grace House, which contains the church offices and is also the home of the Junior Century, was erected two years ago, the cost being borne by Miss Catherine Wolfe. It stands between the chancel walls of Grace Church (which fronts the commanding angle of Broadway, where at Tenth street the great thoroughfare bends slightly and sets its course due north) and the rectory, thereby adding the finishing link to the most picturesque and attractive church establishment in the metropolis. The men's club, numbering fifty-two, occupies the parlor on the first floor, in connection with a room devoted to chess, backgammon, and draughts. In the second story is the double parlor of the women's club, numbering forty-eight members, who also have a chess-room and a toilet and bath-room. Both parlors are carpeted and handsomely furnished, and each division of the club is provided with the best American and English weeklies and magazines, and a growing library already numbering several hundred volumes of miscellaneous books. The club-rooms are open from three to six in the afternoon, and from seven to ten in the evening. Every Monday evening there is an informal meeting of all the members in the women's parlor. General conversation, discussions of topics suggested by the Literary Committee, and music, fill the evening. Once a month the reunion takes the form of a reception, each member being allowed to bring a friend, and the entertainment consisting of readings, recitations, and music, usually by elocutionists and musicians of public reputation. Though less than a year old, the Junior Century is already an assured success, and is worthy of being imitated in New York and other large cities.



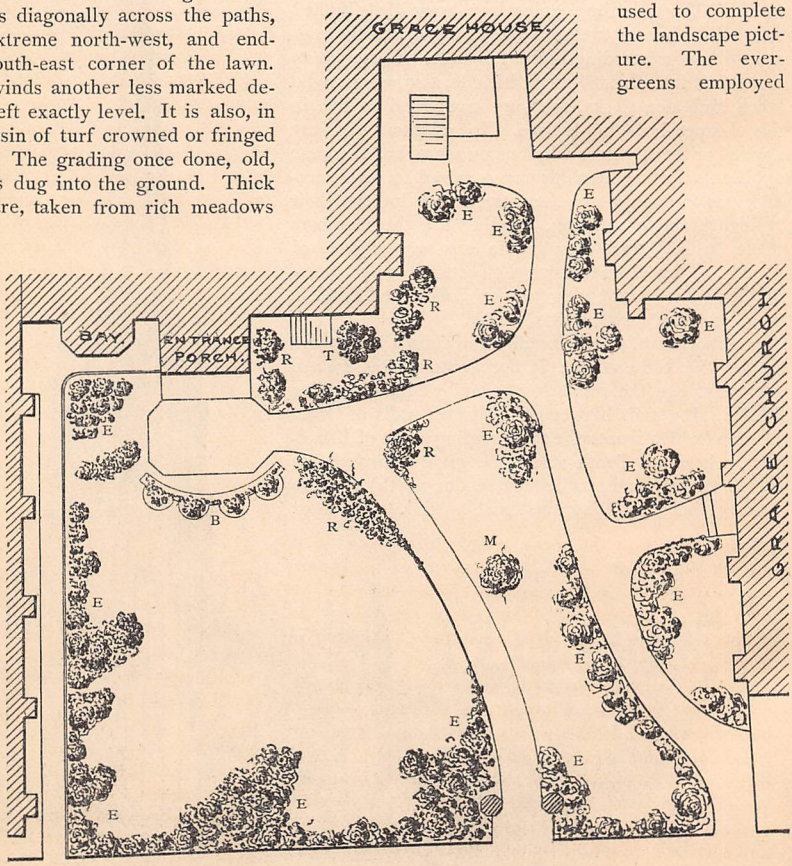
THE RECTORY, GRACE HOUSE, AND GRACE CHURCH.

Grace Church Lawn.

In view of the evident lack of interest in the ornamentation of church grounds, it may be profitable to consider briefly what I think is a good example of a city church-lawn—that of Grace Church. Grace House and the Rectory form together an irregular background to a lawn some sixty feet deep by one hundred feet long. Although this spot is unusually large for city grounds, and therefore more airy and suitable for planting, it has two great drawbacks. Reflected heat from high brick and stone walls, and the exclusion of all but westerly winds, make it parchingly hot at certain times during the summer. The soil in Grace Church yard was so poor, it was found necessary to replace one hundred loads of it with fresh yellow loam from the country. All the ground was trenched or turned over to the depth of eighteen inches with the spade, before the grading was undertaken. This deep culture is of prime importance in the construction of any good lawn, for only in this way can a permanently rich sod be obtained capable of enduring drought.

In grading, the aim was to secure a purely natural appearance, by making gentle knolls and undulations instead of abrupt angles and dead levels. The disposition of these undulations was so managed that a slight depression winds diagonally across the paths, commencing at the extreme north-west, and ending at the extreme south-east corner of the lawn. Down the south side winds another less marked depression. No part is left exactly level. It is also, in some sort, a shallow basin of turf crowned or fringed with trees and shrubs. The grading once done, old, well-rotted manure was dug into the ground. Thick sods about a foot square, taken from rich meadows where grass was abundant and weeds scarce, were laid over the entire surface, with the edges joined neatly, the whole being rammed so firmly that scarcely a joint was visible a week afterward.

For the purpose of securing the best effect of foliage both summer and winter, it was decided to employ evergreen plants for the most part. It was thought, also, that evergreens composed better with the architectural lines of the church buildings. In a general way, the system of planting was simple, consisting of a fringe about the outskirts of the yard. The entire border is, however, diversified with capes and points of foliage jutting out in the center of the greensward. By the Rectory, in front of a window, grows a tall and very fine specimen of box-tree about ten feet high. This box-tree is made the key-note of an effect, composed of broad-leaved evergreen foliage plants, that are massed on either side of it and of the Rectory porch. There are to be found here specimen plants of rhododendron (*R. maximum* and *R. Catawbiénse*), the former blooming much later than the latter. Smaller rhododendrons, azaleas, and euonymuses, cluster about the base of the group, and appear again on either side of adjacent paths. About midway of the grass-plot, on the border of the main walk, stands, and must have stood at least for a score of years, a grand specimen of the Chinese magnolia (*Soulangeana*). Although the lateness of the season at the time of the planting required that only evergreens should be used, it is the intention another year to add bright touches of gold and red, by the employment of suitable deciduous trees and shrubs, such as the Japanese maple and purple beech. It is also expected to introduce the pyramidal birch more freely than at present, as a means of brightening at a higher level the somewhat somber effect of the evergreens. A line of lower growth of bulbs, lilies, crocuses, and hyacinths, with herbaceous plants, as well as honeysuckle and Japan ivy, will be used to complete the landscape picture. The evergreens employed



GRACE CHURCH LAWN FRONTING BROADWAY.

B. Bedding plants. E. Conifers. R. Rhododendrons. M. Chinese magnolia. T. Box-tree.

are chiefly waving and fern-like in appearance, consisting largely of Japanese cypresses, with a sprinkling of arbor vitæs,—pyramidal arbor vitæs especially,—and weeping and dwarf silver firs. Japanese cypresses have been selected because experience has shown that they are extremely hardy and well suited to the conditions of city planting. The diversity of form and color, too, among many single specimens of the different varieties of these Japanese evergreens is very wonderful. They are golden and green, and blue or bluish gray in color, and feathery and grotesque in form, as the case may be. To form the proper second line of evergreens in front of the larger kinds (to which the eye is thus led by agreeable and inabrupt transitions), there were used, dwarf arbor vitæs, Japanese cypresses, and the lovely Japanese *thinopsis Standishii*. A far greater variety of evergreens might have been employed, but it was thought that other kinds would not harmonize so agreeably, nor endure so well the urban summers and winters.

Samuel Parsons, Jr.

Servants and Household Economy.*

THE servant question is becoming one of the most puzzling practical problems of the day, for the liberty and equality idea has converted a large proportion of our lower classes into would-be ladies and gentlemen, who put up with domestic servitude as a repugnant chrysalis state, preliminary to the winged bliss of perpetual idleness. A servant who is willing to be called a servant, who looks forward to servitude as a life-work, is almost unheard-of nowadays. Any honest effort to correct this absurd assumption, so common in our lower classes, to teach them the true dignity of work, and to train them in habits of industry, and cleanliness, and intelligent labor, should meet with the fullest sympathy.

No movement of the present day, in the way of education, promises more than that inaugurated by Miss Emily Huntington, five years ago. The experiment first tried in 1877 has grown into a complete system, under the care of "The Kitchen Garden Association." The primary idea of the association is the establishment of schools and classes on the principle of the Kindergarten, where all the games shall be turned to practical account. The children originally taken were entirely of the poorest classes; the little waifs and strays of humanity who crowd the door-steps and alley-ways of the most squalid streets were gathered in and taught in the most delightful way how to do all the work of a house. The method is the natural way a judicious mother would choose to teach her own little children at home, only organized and adapted to the poor little creatures who have no homes, or worse than none.

Imagine a wretched little girl whose only experience of life had been of hunger, and dirt, and cold,—of hard blows and harder words,—suddenly turned into a school-room, clean, and warm, and bright, with birds and flowers. She doesn't have to learn her lessons out of books, with the meaningless reiteration of A, B, C; but from the very first the letters of her alphabet are delightful toys. The course is divided into six parts, one for each month. First of all small bundles of sticks are put into the untrained hands, and the little one is taught how to build a fire, and to use matches, charcoal, and coal. These things must, of course, be taught in an orderly way, and to a number of children at once; and this is effected by timing each action to music, as is done in the Kindergarten system. Other games are added, dear to the heart of every little girl, such as scrubbing, ironing and folding clothes, tending the door, etc., etc.

The second month brings more interesting work. The children are ranged around a table, on which is placed, in front of each, a small toy table with cups and saucers, plates, knives, forks, dishes, napkins, and all the paraphernalia of a well-ordered breakfast-table. Each child is taught the name of every article, how to lay the cloth, and to set the table. Afterward she is made to clear away the things, wash the dishes, and put them away, and to polish the glass and silver, all the while singing little jingles that impress the idea of thoroughness and order upon their minds. This is as much of a game to the children as are the Kindergarten games, with the added significance that they are like the occupations of the older people around them, which every little girl takes especial delight in.

In the same way the children are taught in the succeeding months how to wait on the table, how to do laundry and chamber work, including sweeping, and dusting, and polishing furniture, and other lessons, concluding with the making of "mud pies," which is dignified by the name of molding. For this last game they are provided with pans and molding-boards and rolling-pins. Besides the pleasure that comes in the learning, the children have supplied to them a direct motive for well-doing. A good situation is promised to them at twelve years of age if they have learned their lessons well.

It is easy to see that this training is equally valuable to women who are to become wives and mothers, and have their own work to do, and that it may be of the greatest value, as well, to those who shall have establishments of their own with servants to control. No woman can direct her household so well as one who knows all the details of the work to be performed under her orders. For this reason classes of children in the higher walks of life have been formed, and are fully and delightedly attended.

The association was formed in 1880. At the end of a year, in May, 1881, a printed report was issued, from which it appears that nine hundred and ninety children were instructed in New York alone. Classes had already been established in Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, as well as in the colored institute at Hampton, Virginia. England is waking up to the importance of the movement, and the idea has even been carried to Bombay by a converted Brahmin, who hopes to help his countrywomen by introducing among them a modified system adapted to their peculiar needs.

The work of the Kitchen Garden Association for 1881–2 has been supplemented by the preparation of a manual of household economy, which it is hoped will be introduced into both public and private schools. In this book a large amount of valuable information in regard to all matters pertaining to the household

* Household Economy. A manual for use in schools, published under the direction of the Kitchen Garden Association. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. New York and Chicago.

is condensed and classified; each division being supplied with questions to aid the teacher.

This manual was submitted in manuscript to the Bureau of Education at Washington, as well as to many prominent educators elsewhere, with reference to its introduction into public and private schools, and received the hearty approval of them all. A very favorable report was issued by the Commissioners of Education in 1878. *S. B. H.*

Jenny Lind's Courtship.

"I AM a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphian recently said to me, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to our city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that 'Jane Lyon, a very *wicked woman*, was on her way to this country to sing,' and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday matinee. We had seats in the balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in nowise disposed to applaud; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which, we boys reënforced her, and, observing her face light up — I can see the love-light on it yet — we clapped furiously until the applause spread through the audience. When he had finished playing a second time, my brother and I set the ball in motion, and the applause was great enough to satisfy even the *fiancée* of Otto Goldschmidt."

M. W. F.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Shop Conveniences.

A NUMBER of inventions have been recently brought out that are designed to save labor in shops and retail stores. The aim has been to find some means of conveying small parcels and packages from one part of the store or building to another without the aid of "cash" or elevator boys. The first of these examined was an elevator in an open well extending from the basement to the top of the building. At opposite corners of the well are wrought iron guides for the elevator platform or car. This car consists of a simple box, open on all sides and supported by a single wire rope. This rope, after passing over a wheel at the top of the well, returns to the basement where it is wound round a steel drum. This winding drum is controlled by gearing from a simple belt-shifting device, the power being delivered by means of a belt from the engine in the building. Connected with the winding drum is a brake for controlling the elevator and keeping the platform firmly suspended at any desired point. It is not intended to carry anything more than light freight. The usual chain or wire rope used to control the movement of elevators is replaced by a steel rod extending the whole length of the well. At every floor an arm is pivoted to this rod so that, by moving any one of the arms, the rod can be moved up or down sufficiently to control the winding drum. At every floor there is also a horizontal arm or lever having a gear at the end in the form of a segment of a circle. This gear is fitted to gears on the rod. By this arrangement the rod can be turned on its axis from every floor. Just above each floor there is placed on the rod a "dog" or stop. By turning the handle on any floor the rod can be rotated till one of these stops projects outward into the well. To understand the operation of this novel form of elevator, we may suppose the car is at the first floor and is filled with goods intended for the fifth floor. The attendant moves the horizontal handle over a graduated scale until the figure five is reached. In this position, all the stops on the rod are turned away, except the stop at the fifth floor. The starting handle is then moved, and the car ascends with its load. It passes clear of all the stops until the fifth is reached, when the car catches in the stop and by its upward movement lifts the rod. This movement shifts the belts and puts on the brake, and the car stops. At the same time an alarm is sounded to give warning that the car has arrived. Perhaps the next trip is down to the second floor. The lever is moved over the scale to the figure 2, and the starting lever is moved. The movement of the rod releases the brake and shifts the belts below at the same time. The car descends and is stopped as before. The elevator has already been put in a number of shoe-shops and other light factories.

In large retail stores where a great variety of goods are sold in one building, it has been found necessary to employ children to carry the money to the cashier and to take the goods to the packing and delivery departments. To get rid of the expense and inconvenience of having so many "cash" boys and girls in such stores, a number of inventions have been brought out, designed to act as substitutes. The most simple of these is a light iron rail suspended from the ceiling of the store over the counters. On this rail run small two-wheel cars, each intended to carry a receptacle for money or parcels, or both. The salesman, on receiving the money for the goods, puts it in a car on the rail overhead, and it rolls by gravity down the rail to the cashier's desk. Here the car is taken off and the change is made and put in it, and the car is placed upon another rail and returned to the salesman. When there are a number of salesmen on one line of rails there must be some means of stopping each car on the return track at the right salesman or "station." To accomplish this there is at each station a graduated stop so arranged

that it allows all the cars intended for stations beyond to pass, and stops the one intended for that place. How this may be accomplished will be made plain in describing other kinds of cash carriers. This system, it will be seen, is simply an adaptation of the common wire rope transport system often used in handling coals and minerals in mines and yards. In the system examined there seemed to be no provision for guiding the cars from one track to another or to branch tracks, a boy being employed in every case to lift the cars off one line and transfer them to another.

The familiar pneumatic dispatch tube system has already been used in one store in this country for conveying the money from the various departments to the cashier's desk. Two brass tubes are arranged overhead from each counter to the cashier. Each is connected, by means of another pipe system, with the blowers or exhaust fans. By means of suitable power a strong blast is drawn through all the pipes, and the money inclosed in small cylinders is blown through them. The system examined did not appear to differ from the ordinary pneumatic tubes and, while it is much more rapid than the system just described, it did not offer any special advantages. The stations were too far apart, and the multiplicity of pipes unsightly and inconvenient. For long distances and where light goods are to be moved from one building to another, the pneumatic system has one advantage over any railway depending upon gravity for a motive power, as the tubes can be carried under streets or over the roofs and through narrow passages where a railway would be impracticable.

Perhaps the most complete and convenient system of carrying cash from one part of a store to another is a new one based on the simple form of tram-way used in bowling alleys to return the balls to the players. The carrier consists of a hollow wooden ball cut in halves and provided with a simple device for locking the two parts together. Inside each half is a coiled spring supporting a metallic disk. The cash is put in one half of the carrier and the two parts are locked together, the money being firmly held between the two springs so that it cannot rattle or move about as the carrier travels on its track. There are, in this system, two tracks suspended from the ceiling directly over the counters in the store. In the examples seen, these tracks were in some instances placed one over the other, or side by side as the case required. They passed by easy curves from one part of the store to another and had a number of branches or switches, and even extended by means of elevators from one floor to another. To understand the working of the system it must be noticed that the outward track, from the counters to the cashier's desk, was, as far as possible, arranged in a single line. At intervals along the counters are small elevators. These consist of two metal rods hanging down from the ceiling and serving as guides for a car that may be raised by pulling a cord. The salesman, on receiving the cash, puts it in one of the hollow balls designed and numbered for that station, and places the ball in the elevator. The bottom of the elevator is inclined, and the ball would roll out were it not for a latch that bars the lower side of the elevator. On pulling the cord the car is raised till it meets the track overhead. Here the latch is automatically opened and the ball drops out upon an inclined plane. It rolls down this plane to the track, and starts upon its journey. This plane is pivoted, and when at rest is horizontal and does not touch the track. When the ball falls upon it the weight throws it down and it assumes an inclined position and gives the ball an impetus at the start. At the same time, other balls moving on the track from stations above pass under the plane without hindrance. When the carrier reaches the cashier it is taken off, and the change is made and returned to the ball. The inward and outward tracks are in convenient reach of the desk, and the cashier has only to transfer them from one track to another. On the inward track all the carriers are going to one place. On the outward track there may be, say, eight carriers going to eight different stations. To send each carrier to its own place the balls are of different sizes, the largest ball intended for the first station, the smallest for the last. At each station is a switch in the track, a portion of the track being pivoted so that it will open and allow the ball to drop into a basket suspended under the rails. Each of these switches is locked, and cannot be opened except by the passage of the ball intended for that station. Over the track at each station is a stop or guard, each being of a different height above the rails. When the largest ball intended for the first station meets the guard it strikes it, and this blow releases the lock on the switch. The ball enters the switch and forces it open by its weight and drops into the basket below. All the balls for stations beyond pass under this guard, and, as the switch remains closed, they pass over it to their destination. In the same manner the switches for guiding the balls upon branch lines are controlled by the balls: all the balls of a certain size opening the switches and taking branches, while all the smaller balls pass under the guard and keep on the main line. For transferring the balls from one floor to another, the elevators are used to lift them to the upper track system while they are allowed to drop through pipes to the tracks below. This system has already been introduced into a large number of retail stores.

Closely allied to this invention is another, intended to be used on horse-cars as a substitute for a conductor. An inclined plane is placed at the side of the car, down which the coins paid for fares roll into the cash-box. The plane is protected by glass to keep the coins on edge and to serve as guides. Openings are arranged at intervals into which the fare may be dropped. The motion of the car assists in rolling the coins along the track.

To transport light goods from one part of a store to another is far more difficult than to merely send money. A new apparatus, recently made the object of experiment, seeks to accomplish this by means of an endless belt driven by steam or other power. The belt is intended to be placed over the counter or under it, as may be most convenient. In the store inspected it is placed above the counter and behind the goods hung up for display. The belt is made to travel in one direction at all times, and is kept within wooden guides that also serve for ways or tracks on which light boxes or carriers may slide. At intervals on the belt are brass stops pivoted in such a way that in passing on either the upper or lower

side of the belt, and in passing round the wheels that move the belt they always maintain an upright position. On making a sale and receiving the money the salesman puts the cash and the goods in the carrier, and then places it on the upper track. The belt passes under it until one of the stops approaches, strikes the carrier, and pushes it along the ways toward the cashier's desk. At the side of the carrier is a piece of stout wire forming a projection or handle. This is fitted to each car in a different position. On reaching the end of the line this projection strikes an arm or stop beside the track, and the carrier is tipped over and falls off the line into a basket. After the change is ready and the goods packed, they are put in the carrier, and it is placed on the other track to be returned to its proper station. At each station the stop is placed in a different position. All the carriers intended for stations beyond pass without detention, and the car intended for that place is turned aside and thrown off into a basket beside the track. In this system the belt is moving continually and the outgoing carriers are placed on the track at any place desired. No elevators are required to lift the carriers to the track, and the tracks may be level. On the other hand, the track must be straight and there is no provision for turning a corner or for branch lines. The apparatus examined worked well and was reported to require only a moderate amount of power.

Improved Damper Regulator.

In the management of stationary boilers, whether they are designed for heating or power, it is important to regulate the draft of the fire so as to keep the heat and pressure constant. Various contrivances for making the steam pressure regulate the draft have already been tried with more or less success. Among the most recent of these is a steam damper regulator that appeared on inspection in actual operation to work with an unusual degree of precision. The apparatus consists essentially of a steam cylinder and piston that controls the damper in the chimney and is itself controlled by a safety valve. The regulator is designed to be placed on a bracket on the wall near the boiler, and is connected with it by means of a steam-pipe. At the bottom of the regulator is a valve controlled by a lever on which a weight may be hung at any point desired. When the steam pressure reaches the point where it can move the valve by raising the lever, it enters the interior of the cylinder. The piston is fixed, but the cylinder is free to rise. The upward movement of the cylinder allows a cord fixed to the top to rise, this cord controlling the damper in the chimney. A weight is fixed to the handle of the damper and so arranged that as soon as the cord is released the damper is closed. The fire at once slackens and the steam pressure falls below the point where the lever is fixed. The valve then closes and the steam in the cylinder condenses, and the weight of the cylinder causes it to fall, and this in turn opens the damper again. While the details of the operation appear complicated, the apparatus is really quite simple. Those examined appeared to be in constant motion, and to be susceptible to very slight changes in the pressure. The regulator, by means of the weighted lever, can be adjusted to any required pressure according to the demand for steam.

New Steam Pump.

In a new steam pump recently designed the aim has been to simplify the valve-movement. The movement of the piston in the steam-cylinder is controlled by a slide-valve placed in a smaller cylinder and also by a small piston that moves freely in the cylinder. Steam is admitted alternately to the front and back of this piston by means of a second and smaller slide-valve that has a vertical motion within a small steam-chest. The movement of this second slide-valve is controlled by means of a plug that rests directly on the piston-rod of the pump.

On the piston-rod is a ring-shaped depression, and the plug, resting on the rod, drops into this as the rod moves forward and backward. At the beginning of the stroke it rests on a shoulder at the end of the rod. As the rod moves the plug slips off this shoulder and moves the slide-valve. The piston-rod moves under the plug till the depression is reached, when the plug drops into it and again moves the valve. By this simple arrangement the piston-rod of the pump directly controls the valves independently of any eccentric. While this idea is said to be quite new, it has been applied for some time to both steam and air-driven rock-drills. In a rock-drill driven by steam, and where the secondary slide-valve is fastened to a plug resting on the piston-rod of the drill, the operation of the valves seemed to be all that could be desired. In the drills the piston-rod is beveled, and the plug rests on the inclined or beveled portion, so that it may be moved whether the stroke is long or short. The slide-valve is also controlled by a helical groove on the plug, so that by turning the plug round by means of a lever on the top, the amount of steam admitted by the slide-valve may be placed under complete control. This system of valves has been in use in rock-drills for some years, and appears to be quite successful. There seems to be no reason why it may not be equally successful when applied to steam-pumps.

Progress in Gas Lighting.

The experiments that have been made to improve the lamps used in burning gas have apparently taken two directions. One may be called the regenerative system, and the other the incandescent. The regenerative lamps, already described here, are now made with cages or cones of some refractory material like lime or magnesium wire. The air for combustion is raised to a high pressure, and both gas and air are heated by a small gas furnace separate from the lamp. The flame is directed against the cage of wire, and it is heated till it gives more or less light by incandescence. The incandescent lamps depend more on the heated material for light than on the gas itself. A Bunsen burner is arranged to spread its hot non-luminous flame over a cage of platinum wire. The air for combustion is not heated, but is supplied to the lamp under a moderate pressure. When first lighted this form of lamp gives very little light, with only a noisy, flickering blue flame. When the platinum wire becomes white hot, a soft and steady light of great intensity is obtained.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Cophetua.

(IN THE NEW STYLE.)

HER arms were swathed in dainty kid,
She was less shy than I shall say,
With jaunty graces not all hid,
Before the king Cophetua.
In blushing maze the king did gaze
(A bashful monarch by the way),
She smiled so pertly up at him
From 'neath her plumèd hat so gay!

She smiled, then laughed; she bent her head
With sidelong glance and bit her ring;
Advanced a step, then mimicked dread,
With airs as coy, as bold as spring.
The royal arms stretched royal palms:
She rushed between them with a fling,
And on his breast, with kisses, cried,
"You *dear* old Cophy, be my king!"

Xenos Clark.

A Child's Wisdom.

"'Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"
Austin Dobson.

BETWEEN the half-drawn curtains faintly gleamed
The early dawn's first pale and glimmering ray;
But through my heart rang ever, as I dreamed,
The poet's plaint: "Give me but Yesterday!"

Through swiftly-opening doors, with flying feet,
My little daughter with her curls of gold
Came eagerly the morning sun to greet;—
The little maid whom yesterday we told

To-morrow, if the skies were not unkind,
Out into country meadows she should go,
With beating heart and shining eyes to find
The sweet, shy haunts of wild flowers, hiding low.

Flushed in the morning light, she danced and sang;
While I forgot the poet's murmuring lay,
As through the room her sweeter wisdom rang:
"Mamma! mamma! To-morrow is To-day!"

Alice Wellington Rollins.

Nature Abhors a Vacuum.

LONG ago, when refreshingly green,
As at present—thank Fortune!—I'm not,
If your sweet fascinations I'd seen,
They had touched a susceptible spot.

Such a figure, such hair,—if it's real,—
Such a face,—your whole physical plan
Makes a school-girl's complete beau-ideal,
And her utter quintessence of man.

But when older and wiser, how sad
Such complete disillusion to get,
And behind such a stately façade
To have found just *apartments to let!*

An you love me—don't say I'm not kind—
Find some maiden more easy to please,
More indulgent to absence of mind,
And content with the graces she *sees*.

Though you claim I have tortured your heart,
In defense it may surely be said
That I never could once make you smart,
Since I could not remodel your head.

So spare your affection to tell,
An avowal I too well divine,
For the next girl will do just as well,
And her heart may be softer than mine.

So, in view of the danger it brings,
There's a line where flirtation must stop;
For the hollowest, windiest things
Are the likeliest always "to pop."

C.

The Garland.

An often-translated poem frequently suggests, by a comparison of widely varying versions, a middle-ground on which the exigences of rhyme and rhythm in a strange tongue may more nearly meet the letter and spirit of the original. The following pretty conceit of Uhland's has been done into English several times, notably with exquisite grace by Thackeray, but there has still seemed to be room for an attempt at closer fidelity.

PLUCKING the flowerets many-hued,
A child played on the sunny lea;
There came from out the leafy wood
A lady, fair to see.

With loving look she met the maid,
And twined a garland in her hair:
"Though bloomless, soon 'twill bloom," she said,—
"Oh, wear it ever there!"

And when the child reached maidhood's years,
And strolled in the clear moonlight's flood,
And wept love's sweet and tender tears,
The wreath grew rich with bud.

And when, a bride, her lover true
Clasped her in strong enfolding arm,
Forth from the buds there sprang to view
Fair blossoms, filled with charm.

Time passed,—a winsome baby lay
On the young mother-breast, and cooed;
Then gleamed amid the twining spray
Full fruitage, golden-good.

And when her heart's love passed away
To the dank darkness of the tomb,
Still on her tangled tresses lay
A sere wreath, void of bloom.

Soon, too, the wife in pallid death
Lay, and in death the chaplet wore,—
And lo! a marvel! for the wreath
Bright bloom and fruitage bore!

Alvey A. Adee.

Uncle Gabe at the Corn-Shucking.

De stars is shinin' out de sky de brightes' ebber seen:
De shucks behine', de corn befo', de niggers in between;
De likely gals is he'pin' an' deir shiny eyes a-blinkin';
De shucks is flyin' libely an' de pile o' corn is swinkin'; *

De weeds is gittin' jewy—we mus' push de bizniss fas',—
Dar's a little jug behin' us jes' a-waitin' in de grass.
(You fellers stop your co'tin' tell you hear me raise de chune,
An' you better medjer orf de cloud dat's slidin' 'cross de moon!)
Now cl'ar your th'oats an' he'p me jes' sing a song or two;
We'll start out wid de "Johnson Gals" an' see what we kin do:

JOHNSON GALS.

(Song by UNCLE GABE, all the corn-shucking company joining in the chorus.)

Oh! 'taint nuffin' tall like de Johnson gals,
For dey bangs all de county out!
Folks on de Creek gwine to look mighty sharp
When de Johnson gals come 'bout;
Dey libs in de quarters on de j'inin' place,
Right close to de en' o' de lane;
Dey's sweet as a hole in de 'lasses-bar'l
An' nice as de sugar-cane!

CHORUS.

Den, cl'ar de track for de Johnson gals!
Johnson gals!!
Johnson *gals!!!*
Oh! cl'ar de track for de Johnson gals!
Johnson gals is de gals for me!!

Oh! nigger wuk hard in de new groun' trac',
An' he git mighty tired in de plantin';
But he sing jes' same as a frog in de swamp,
When de ebenin' sun go to slantin';
No matter ef de plow-p'int hit 'g'in' de rocks,
An' de day git hot as it please,—
He know he gwine to see dem Johnson gals
When de moon clammin' up froo de trees!

De morkin' sing when de bright day breakin',
An' he wake up de bushes all aroun';
But he aint half sweet as de old whipperwill,
Dat sing when de sun gone down!
De morkin' tell you when to hitch up de team,
An' he call out de niggers to de hoes;
De whipperwill talk 'bout de Johnson gals,
'Cause he sing when de moon done rose!!

Den, far' you well, Miss Susie, dear,—
Far' you well, Miss Jane!
I gwine out to see dat sweet bunch o' gals
Dat lib at de en' o' de lane!

Far' you well, my old true love,—
I aint got time to stay!
I been out long wid de Johnson gals,
An' dey stole my heart away!

(At this stage of the musical entertainment, Uncle Gabe was accidentally struck on the head by an ear of corn, thrown from the hand of some one sitting behind him. The interruption called forth something like the following parenthetical observation in stalwart prose:—"Lookee 'ere! what club-foot vilyun flung dat corn? You kin shuck jes' as well widout bu's'in' de bark dat way! You settin' in de wrong place, 'way back dar, anyhow! Ef you piny woods niggers can't tell de top o' my head fum de pile o' clean corn, you better go home; an' ef you aint got 'nough strenk in your arm to pitch a ear o' corn ten foot, you better lay down an' res' awhile! Brer Ab, you lif' de nex' chune; my head gone to yoonin' same as a bumler-bee nes'!")

J. A. Macon.

* Shrinking.

Her Fan.

So I am to keep you, little fan!
While she goes to waltz with the eighteenth man.

Well! now that I have you, the question, sweet,
Is, whether to kiss you, or batter and beat?

That you've been her accomplice, in moments gone by,
In tricks to torment me, you cannot deny!

How oft, from her side, I've been ordered to go,
To hunt for your fanship, high and low,

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,
While, 'neath her own furbelows, basely you hid!

If you weren't just warm from her clasp, I fear
You'd have fluttered your last at *soirées*, my dear! * * *

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,
In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists;

And this, the edge she'd do nothing but bite,
When I prayed for one word, in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her foot,
In its dainty, supremely absurd little boot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise,
From those tender lips, and shy, sweet eyes!

And she looks, to-night, in that white robe's flow,
Fair and pure as a lily in snow:)

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—
The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue!—

That she likes me a little, I can't help believing!—
If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

* * * Here she comes back, at last, grown a rose, in the waltz!
Fanling! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your faults!

C. E. S.